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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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WINTER WALKING-DRESS. JACKET: BACK.

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WINTER WALKING-DRESS. JACKET: FRONT.

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NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

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NEW STYLES OF HATS AND BONNETS.

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IN SILK EMBROIDERY. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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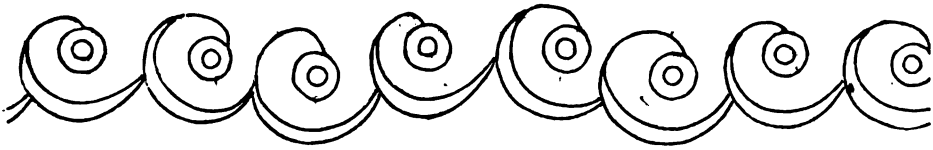

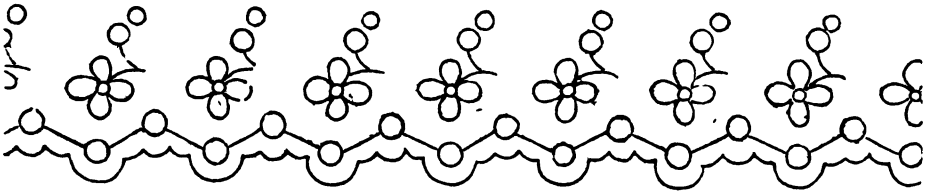

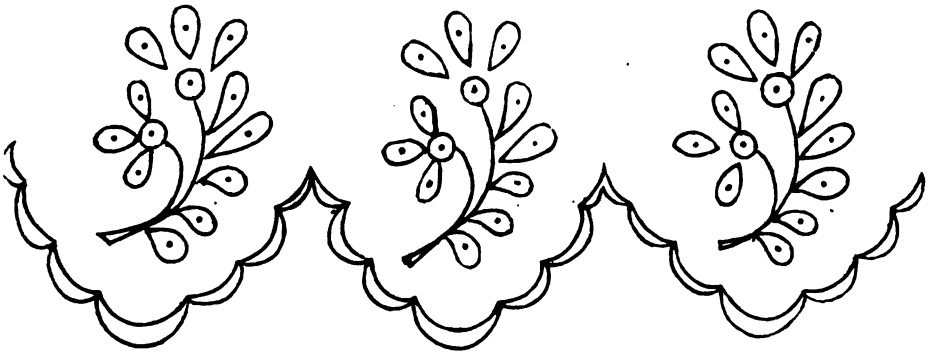

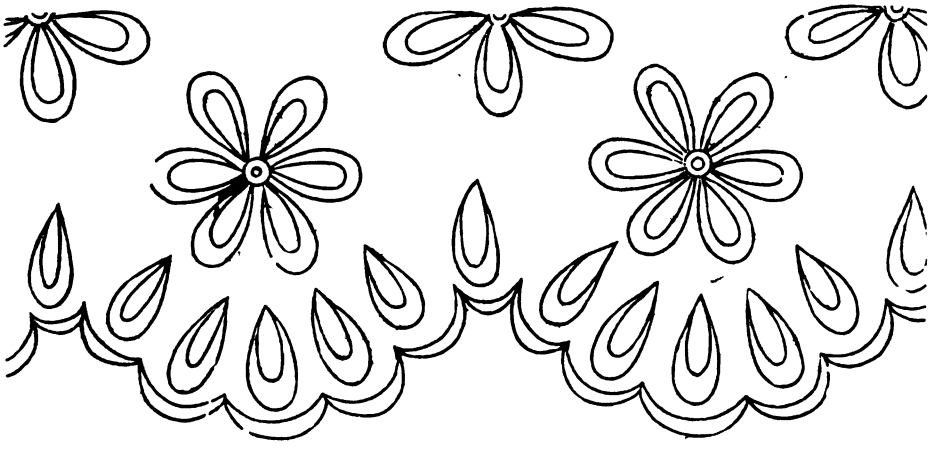

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY. EDGINGS.

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Where are the Friends of my Youth?

As published by SEP. WINNER'S Son, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.

GEORGE BARKER.

Andante con espress. *a tempo.* *rall.*

Piano.

1. Where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone? And
2. Say, can I ev - er a - gain, Such ties can I ev - er re - new? Or

why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn? Their
feel those warm pulses a - gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The

voices still sound in mine ear, Their features I see in my dreams, And the
world as a Winter is cold, Each charm seems to vanish a - way, My

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world is a wil - derness drear, As a wide-spreading des - sert it
heart is now blighted and old, It shares in all na - ture's de-

p

seems. Ah! . . . . where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones
cay. Ah! . . . . where are the friends of my youth, Ah! where are those cherish'd ones

pp

f *p* *ad lib.*

gone? And why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to

f *p* *ad lib.*

1st verse. *2d verse.*

mourn?

a tempo. *a tempo.*

ritard. *ritard.*

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NEW STYLE WINTER COAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1877. No. 1.

"OH! COUSIN CHARLEY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," "THE MODERN RUTH," ETC., ETC.

"COUSIN CHARLEY'S coming home. Cousin Charley's coming home," cried little, twelve-year-old Maud Bentley, darting breathlessly, full of the important news, into the breakfast-room. "Pa has just had a letter. I heard him telling mamma, in the dressing-room, as I went in to kiss her."

Her elder sister, Kate, who presided at the urn, changed color, and her heart began to beat fast; but she said nothing, an omission which excited Maud's indignation.

"Why don't you say something, Sister Kate?" she cried, shaking her by the sleeve. "Ain't you glad? If I was a boy, I'd hurrah."

"I'll hurrah for you," said Master Freddy, a youngster of eight, with his mouth full of buttered toast. "I don't remember Cousin Charley, but they say he's a brick. He'll bring me, maybe, a big knife with twenty blades from London! Jim Stanley has a bully one, that his father bought there for him. Hurrah!"

"Freddy, dear," said Kate, mildly. "Don't use such slang phrases, please. Gentlemen never do."

"Just so," answered Freddy, coolly. "But then, you see, I'm not a gentleman yet. I'm only a school-boy." And he went on, stuffing himself with toast.

Notwithstanding her assumed indifference, Kate's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Up to four years ago, when Cousin Charley had gone abroad, to finish his education at an English university, Kate and he had been all in all to each other. She was, at that time, nearly sixteen, and he four years older. Charley had been, as it were, brought up in the family, for when his parents died he was only five years old, and as his father had been Mr. Bentley's cousin, the boy had been committed to the latter's guardianship. All Charley's holidays, therefore, had been spent at the Bentleys; in winter at their town-house, in summer at their country-seat. As Kate developed into girlhood, he and she became inseparable. He would have no other partner at the children's parties they attended together in town. In the country she would go out with no one else, fishing, or rambling in the woods. It was one of those childish attachments at which the elders of the family smile good-naturedly, aware that they generally come to nothing. It began to look more serious, however, when, at twenty, Cousin Charley still persisted in his devotion. "He is going abroad, however, for four years," said Mr. Bentley, when his wife expressed some anxiety on the subject; "and when he comes back, it will probably be with an English wife. Of course there is no objection to Charley in himself. He has a good fortune, and is everything that is desirable. But Kate, at least, is too young to think of marriage."

Cousin Charley received a hint of his uncle's opinions on this subject, and went away without any formal engagement to Kate. It must be confessed she was surprised. But she remained true, nevertheless. A year after, when she began to go into society, his image still had such power over her, that no one of her many suitors was able to supplant it. Thus she had reached the age of twenty, and was still unmarried. People called her cold. Even her parents thought it odd, for they had long ceased to connect her and Cousin Charley together.

But now we know why Kate's heart beat so fast, on that December morning; and why, nevertheless, she assumed such an air of unconcern.

Cousin Charley came, and more than realized her maiden ideal, for he was still as merry and kind-hearted as of old, with the most distinguished manners superadded. But alas! for poor Kate: there was no renewal of the old intimacy. At their first interview she held back, and Cousin Charley had little to say—in fact, seemed rather

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embarrassed. The secret was soon out. Kate had an old school-mate, who had come, that day, to spend the holidays with her, a beautiful, Juno-like girl. The moment that Livia Randolph entered the room, Cousin Charley's whole manner changed. It came out that he and Livia were old friends, and had spent most of the preceding winter in Paris together. Kate was quite left out of the conversation. Nevertheless, she could not help admiring Cousin Charley's quick wit, his eloquent language, his warm enthusiasm as to all things noble and good. "I am nobody," she said to herself, with a sigh. "He forgets the old times altogether."

As the days went on, and Christmas drew near, this conviction became more fixed. Cousin Charley came constantly to the house. But it was always with Livia he talked. There seemed a complete understanding between them. She was invariably in the drawing-room, awaiting his visit, and before he had been there long, she and he managed to be together, on some distant sofa, whispering. Kate could not help thinking this was rude; but her heart was sore, and she forgot that the same law cannot be applied to lovers as to others. Now and then, Cousin Charley, as if recollecting his good manners, would address himself to Kate, but it was always in a stiff, constrained way; and Kate, instinctively, answered in the same cold and reserved fashion.

Great preparations were being made at the Bentleys to celebrate Christmas and New Year. There was to be a dancing-party and a supper on Christmas Eve, and the dining-room was to have, suspended from the chandelier, a huge bunch of mistletoe; and woe be to the pretty girl that was caught under it, for the old-fashioned penalty of a kiss would be sure to be exacted. The arrangements were superintended by Kate herself, she being practically housekeeper, her mother having been, for years, very much of an invalid. All day Kate was busy, going and coming. She even denied herself to callers. But Livia, as a guest, was of course free from all these cares, and sat in the drawing-room, resplendent in beauty, receiving visitors till late in the afternoon. Just before dusk, Cousin Charley came. Kate happened to be passing through the back part of the hall, and heard him ask the footman if Miss Randolph was in. She noticed, particularly, that he did not inquire for her. "He knew I was to be busy," she said, "and has chosen this day on purpose: I have no doubt he is going to propose for her. Well, I wish, with all my heart, they may be happy." But alas! poor girl, her sigh, and her woe-begone face, belied her words.

About fifteen minutes later, Kate, returning from the kitchen, glanced into the back parlor, the door of which was just opposite the foot of the hall staircase. Livia and Cousin Charley were standing by the mantel-piece, in full sight. Cousin Charley was handing Livia a miniature, which she began immediately to kiss passionately. They were so absorbed that they did not hear Kate's footsteps, which indeed were hardly audible on the thick Axminster carpet: and in a moment she had darted up the staircase, and was out of sight.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, when she had gained her own room, and locked the door behind her, and she pressed both hands on her heart, which, she thought, would break. Then she flung herself on the bed, face downward, and burst into an agony of tears.

She had thought she was prepared for the blow; but she found she was not. A little hope, after all, had lingered in her heart, fed by looks that Cousin Charley gave her now and then, or that she fancied he gave. But now even this slight bit of comfort was gone. She had seen, with her own eyes, the engagement. Cousin Charley had given Livia his miniature, and the passionate way in which she kissed it, showed how she loved him.

Poor Kate! We draw a veil over the next half hour. By-and-bye she washed her eyes, readjusted her hair, and went back to her household duties. Then she met the family at dinner, and talked as cheerfully as if nothing had happened, and was particularly amiable to Livia, who, it was plain to see, was in the most extravagant spirits. The conversation was principally about the ball in the evening, which everybody predicted was going to be a great success.

"You must look your prettiest, to-night, Sister Kate," said the talkative Freddy, "for everybody says that you and Livia are the two handsomest girls in town; and it wouldn't do, you know, to be pretty, and not do justice to it; and a stunning dress goes a great way." And the precocious young critic nodded his head as sagaciously as Lord Burleigh, while everybody laughed.

Kate had no heart for fine clothes; but she knew it was expected of her that she should look particularly elegant; so she chose a stiff, white silk, which, with its appropriate trimmings, everybody declared made her look bewilderingly. She finished her toilet early, in order that she might make the tour of the rooms, to be sure that nothing was neglected. She first visited the parlors, and then passed on to the

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dining-room. Here she saw that the small tables were set for the guests, and that nothing remained but to serve the supper at the proper hour. She rang the bell, and summoned the page, splendid in a new suit, with multitudinous buttons, to cross-question him as to whether he remembered the duties he had to perform; and, finding all right, dismissed him, and turned to leave the room.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her, and turning quickly, found herself almost in Cousin Charley's arms, and directly under the mistletoe. Instinctively she struggled to get free. But Cousin Charley was too strong for her. Half laughingly, yet radiant with triumph, he clasped her by the waist, held her tight, and kissed her.

Kate's first feeling, on finding herself in those dear arms—shall we confess it?—was one of exquisite bliss. And if she could have lain there forever, sure of Cousin Charley's love, she would have been perfectly content. For just one moment she gave herself up to this delicious dream. For just one moment she let Cousin Charley's heart beat against her own. Only she looked up at him, half-shyly, half-beseechingly, blushing furiously, and whispered, in maidenly protest,

"Oh, Cousin Charley!"

Then, all at once, she remembered Livia, and the scene she had witnessed that afternoon. The whole current of her feelings was changed in an instant. With an angry gesture, she freed herself from Cousin Charley, crimsoning redder than ever, but this time with shame for herself and indignation at him.

"How dare you? How dare you?" she cried, passionately; and then breaking down, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Cousin Charley drew back, frightened, and began to stroke his mustache, looking at her with wide-open eyes, the very picture of dismay and bewilderment.

"It was mean, cowardly, to take advantage of a girl, because she was weaker than yourself," she sobbed.

"But—but," stammered Cousin Charley, rallying at last, "I thought it was understood, that, when a girl was caught under the mistletoe, one had a right to kiss her. 'Pon my soul, I did. I'm awfully sorry that I've offended you, Kate. I didn't mean it, I'm sure. I've been on the look-out, for days, for a chance to speak to you alone." Kate, in spite of her tears, opened her eyes wide. "I came early to-night, hoping to catch you before others arrived. I thought I was the happiest fellow alive, when I found you here. But I see how it is. You've hardly spoken a kind word to me since I came home. The old days are forgotten——"

"Stop," interrupted Kate, angrier than ever, for she did not believe a word of this. She believed, on the contrary, that he was trifling with her. He had learned in Paris, she said to herself, to do these things. "Don't think you can talk to everybody," she went on, vehemently, "as you talk to Livia. Go to her"—sobbing, "if you want—kisses."

Now if Kate had been herself she would never have said this. No well-conducted young lady would. But Kate was tormented out of all self-control by jealousy and outraged maidenliness.

"Livia! What has Livia to do with it?" said Cousin Charley, more astounded than ever. "It isn't Livia I love. It is you."

His voice, as he spoke these last words, quivered with emotion and tenderness. In his eagerness, he drew nearer to Kate again.

"Me!" cried Kate, moving away quickly. She could not believe it. This was only another form of insult. Was he a Grand Turk, to throw his handkerchief to everybody? "Don't touch me. I know you too well. Didn't I see you—this very afternoon, leaning over Lydia—giving her your miniature—and now you dare to speak to me in this—this way."

"Good heavens!" cried Cousin Charley, beside himself with despair, "how you misconceive! Don't leave the room," stepping forward to intercept her. "Or only hear one word first. I thought everybody knew—you, especially—that Livia was engaged to Harry——"

"Engaged?" interrupted Kate, unconsciously.

"Yes, engaged to Harry Johnstone, whom I left in London. He and Livia met, last winter, in Paris. I brought Harry's miniature over, which he had just had painted, to give to Livia; but I mislaid it stupidly, and only found it again this morning. Oh, Lord, I'll never do a kind action again." And he turned away, and wiped his forehead, where great drops of agony had gathered.

There was silence for a moment. Then came a soft, low voice.

"And—and—you don't really love Livia?" it said. "It was all a mistake."

"I've never loved anybody but you," answered Cousin Charley, with his face still averted, "and it's cruelly unjust to a fellow."

There was another moment of silence. Then Kate drew near, and stole a little hand, shyly, into his.

"You won't be angry with me, Cousin Charley, will you?" whispered the soft, low voice.

"Angry with you?" cried Cousin Charley,

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turning quickly. Then he saw what made him catch her in his arms. "And you mean to say you love me? God bless you, darling! Oh! how can I thank you?"

Neither of them noticed, in that supreme instant, the mischievous page leaving the room. The young scapegrace had been going, when Cousin Charley entered, but the encounter under the mistletoe had arrested him, for he thought it great fun. He had stood with his hands on his knees, grinning all over, till the passionate scene that followed had begun to frighten him. Then he did not dare to move, lest he should be detected. But now that Cousin Charley and Kate were absorbed in each other, he took advantage of it to escape, and darted into the kitchen, down stairs, astounding cook, footman, scullery-maid, and the rest of the conclave assembled there, by clapping both hands on his knees, as he had done in the dining-room, and breaking into uncontrollable laughter, till his fat, lazy sides shook again.

"Golly, gosh!" was his elegant exclamation, in an interval of his mirth, "isn't it fun? Oh, isn't it fun?" And he rubbed and rubbed his impish legs, and danced up and down in glee. "Cousin Charley's up stairs, under the mistletoe, a-kissing Miss Kate; and she's—she's," choking with laughter, his voice rising to a shrill falsetto, "a-taking to it like a duck takes to water."

Of course the intelligence soon spread from the kitchen, and before the evening was half over, everybody in the house knew that Cousin Charley and Kate were engaged. The lovers were puzzled, at first, to know how the secret leaked out. But Cousin Charley soon hunted the gossip to its source. He took summary vengeance on the offender, by pulling his ears, till he howled again, in the butler's pantry, where he was found eating sweets.

Late in the evening, behind one of the voluminous curtains of the drawing-room, Cousin Charley whispered the story, laughingly, to Kate.

But Kate took the intelligence less jestingly. She could only think of the young imp, standing in the dining-room, and watching Cousin Charley kissing her. The blushes dyed even her white neck, as she murmured, lifting her eyes, tenderly, but half abashed,

"Oh, Cousin Charley!"

WOULD YOU MISS ME?

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

If within my grave I lay,
Would you miss me much?
Would you miss, with yearning pain,
Answering voice and touch?
Would you wish that I could come
To you in your lonely room?

Would you miss the eyes which found
Watching for you, sweet?
Would the coming home be drear,
Which they could not greet?
Miss the hands that strove to be
Faithful in their ministry?

Would you miss me when the cares
Of the day were o'er?
Would you sadly wish for me,
By your side once more?
Miss the quiet talks, which drew
Heart to heart, in bonds more true?

Would you all my faults forgive,
And forget them, too?
Just remember that my heart
Faithful was, and true;
That its love was all your own,
Full, entire, and yours alone.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY SARAH DOUDREY.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, meekly kneeling
Before Thee, while the Old Year softly dies,
In this calm hour mine inmost soul revealing
To Thy most holy eyes.

I bless Thee for the sad year's labor ended,
And for the strength that made my burdens light;
I praise Thee for the tender hands extended
Over my home to night.

I bless Thee for the love that chastened kindly
My wilful spirit in the days of old,
When I, Thy wayward child, was choosing blindly
The dross before the gold!

I bless Thee for the voice of consolation,
That speaks, in gentlest tones, of pardoned sin,
And bids me strive, through sorrow and temptation,
My golden cross to win.

Oh, for His sake whose love all love excelleth,
Extend Thy care through coming nights and days;
And from the place wherein Thine honor dwelleth,
Receive this New Year's praise!

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IN THE RED DAYS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PROLOGUE.

It was early mid-winter, twilight, deep in the heart of Alsace. The good dame had come to the door of her cottage to take a look at the weather, and stood there, with her knitting in her hand, and her children around her. She glanced with a shiver at the black sky, the leafless woods, the snow-covered ground, and a couple of poor women, in the distance, who were staggering under a load of faggots, which they had been to the woods to gather, in order to light a fire at their poverty-stricken hearths.

Suddenly, one of the little ones plucked at her gown, and said, "Look! look!" Turning, at the words, she beheld a young girl, weary and faint-looking, who carried a guitar, as if a wandering gipsy. The difference between the appearance of the well-fed, portly matron of forty, and this poor, half-starved wanderer, was very striking; and yet, on a second glance, it might be seen that the stranger, under more favorable circumstances, would have been rarely beautiful. Now, however, her exhausted limbs appeared scarcely able to drag her to the door.

"Food, and a night's rest, for the love of God!" she cried, looking eagerly up at the mistress of the cottage.

Something, in the tone of the voice, the face, the eyes, struck the hearer. She gazed intently at the girl for a moment.

"Gracious heavens!" she cried, "it is Clemence. Oh! my poor foster-child, how came you to such straits as this?"

With a wild cry, the girl flung her arms about the neck of the matron, calling her by name, and then fainted outright.

Ten years before this, there had not been a happier household in all France, than that at the Chateau Les Estriere, in Burgundy, where this now orphaned wanderer had been born. The family consisted of the Marquis, and his only child, Clemence; and it was that daughter who had now fainted on the threshold of the cottage. To explain how she came to this pass, we must take up the thread of our story a little earlier.

CHAPTER I.

It is a night, late in May, in 1793, in the height of the Reign of Terror. Mad Paris is daily growing madder. The hours of struggle left to the Girondists are already numbered.

In a shabby, uncomfortable room of a dark, dreary house, in one of the gloomiest streets of the great capital, a man sat at a table covered with letters and papers, busily writing, taking notes and making out lists from the documents before him.

A man who had been sneered at, jeered at, reviled, execrated; a man whom, physically, nature had seemed to take a morbid pleasure in rendering as repulsive as she had done mentally. But for all that, to-day there was no one to be more feared in the whole length and breadth of France. The king had been executed weeks and weeks ago—half a lifetime it appeared already, so many terrible events had happened since; and this man, with two others, was all powerful in the land. The man was Marat.

France was parcelled out into a series of military districts, and a military authority ruled over each; the military authority, in turn, in most cases, was watched, either openly or secretly, by a representative of the civil power.

Commandant Bochet, down in Burgundy, had been the special choice of Marat, who, if he liked anybody, rather liked the young officer. It was not a post of the first importance; there was little to do beyond superintending the forced levies of troops which were being made there; but it might pave the way to greater things—always supposing that the wheel of Fortune, which never revolved so swiftly as then, did not chance to send protector and protected under, before advancement could arrive!

It was a letter from Commandant Bochet which Marat had just interrupted his work to read. His hands were so soiled and black, that a fanciful person might have thought them stained with the blood he had caused to be shed. Such a villainous, repulsive face, which even its strength and intellect was not strong enough to redeem; eyes injected with blood, and livid patches on his unclean skin; a head so large, and a neck so short, that as he sat he looked positively deformed; wrapped in a tattered garment, half jacket, half dressing-gown; draping its ragged folds about him as if trying to imitate a Roman in his toga—posing, charlatan-like,

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though he did sit alone—as ill-kempt and villainous a caricature of a Diogenes, as was ever allowed to curse the world by getting out of his tub!

Commandant Bochet mentioned in his letter the name of a noble left in the district—the greatest of any there, so far as family went, in the days when that counted—styled the Marquis de L'Estriere, in the times when men owned titles. He was an old man, apparently harmless, but lynx-eyed Bochet kept a sharp watch upon all former owners of such fine sounding appellations.

"De L'Estriere! Bah, I remember him," quoth Marat, scowling at his ink-jug, as if it were a black familiar, with whom he proposed to hold a little converse. "He used to preach moderation to his class, and got well laughed at for his pains. I hate your aristos who set up for democrats! Harmless? There are none of them harmless! Let me see, let me see! Vancleux has an errand down into Burgundy in a few days. Where is the list I made out? There is room yet in that list; I know there is room."

He tossed his papers about with those unsightly hands till he found what he wanted.

"This is it," he muttered. "This is it! Just as I thought—exactly space for another fine, long name. Down it goes, and very well it looks. Antoine Ravellon, *ci-devant* Marquis de L'Estriere."

He chuckled as he wrote the line, like a hideous old vulture gorged almost to suffocation with carrion.

"That is the way we deal with your ancient aristocrats, who are apparently harmless, my little Bochet," he continued, as he laid down the pen. "Before June is a week old, we will have him safe in the Abbaye or La Force—the proper home for your harmless ones! No doubt mixed up in the Girondist plots—no doubt. Quite enough to make him *suspect*—quite enough."

The terrible Law of the Suspect, under which the father of Clemence was to be arrested, covered every charge from treason to the most baseless accusation that human wickedness, or, what is a more horrible demon still, human malice, could devise.

Having thus disposed of the Marquis, Marat plunged into another mass of papers, and forgot Commandant Bochet's letter and his own action thereon; griming himself deeper with ink, snuffing the guttering candles with his fingers, till a door opened, and Simonne Evrard entered, without the ceremony of a knock—as, indeed, why should she stop for that?—bringing Marat's supper, which meant a morsel of black, unsavory bread, and the strongest smelling onion that the market could furnish; bringing also a message that Marat was wanted, wanted by Danton and Robespierre. Bah! Draw the curtain before the hideous nightmare; let him go back to his Hades. Bye-and-bye we will try and get a glimpse of his heroic murderess, if only to help us to remember, that Retribution, heaven-sent, this time, I think, did not forget him and the ugly blot he made on the sunlight.

Meantime, Commandant Bochet little knew the mischief he had wrought, and which was very much more than he had intended. Ever since he had first seen Clemence, Bochet had been madly in love with her. Born of the people, as he had been, he would not have thought, ten years earlier, of daring to lift his eyes to her as a wife; but the Revolution had already broken down, to a greater or less degree, the barriers of caste; and now he lived only for one purpose, which was to love this high-born, haughty girl. True, she had never given him the slightest encouragement. Not only was he repulsive to her personally, but he was also deficient in all those courtly graces to which Clemence had been accustomed. Most women of her rank had been brought up in such strict notions of what was due to an ancient lineage, that a marriage between them and a man of the people would have seemed simply an impossibility. But Clemence and her father hardly shared in these prejudices. No heart could be truer, no character more pure, no judgment more just, than hers. The Commandant saw this, and did not despair. The times, he said to himself, favored aspiring, successful men. He would yet win her, was his constant assertion. Yet he could hardly explain her evident aversion. As part of his plan, he had written his letter to Marat, expecting an answer, which he would be able to show to Clemence, in order to prove that her father's life depended on his good-will. That the Marquis should be ordered for arrest, he neither desired nor expected.

After writing that letter, therefore, he had meant to leave Clemence alone for awhile. He had decided that he would neither pay his unwelcome visits at the chateau, nor force himself upon her companionship during her walks, as had been his habit of late. But it chanced that toward the twilight of the very evening in which Marat sat reading his communication, Bochet, passing along the highway, saw Mademoiselle de L'Estriere just turning into the road which led up to her home. She had been down into the village to inquire after an old sick woman, for even in these times of personal peril, of in-

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gratitude on the part of those who had known nothing but kindness from her father and herself, Clemence could not forget those sweet impulses of charity which lay at the very basis of her noble nature.

She saw Bochet approaching, and hastened on, hoping to begin the ascent before he could reach the point where their routes joined. He was near enough to notice her quickened pace, however, and he understood its intention. A hot, unreasoning rage thrilled his soul, which caused him utterly to forget his wise resolutions.

He hurried forward and confronted her; a man of perhaps eight and twenty, with a face full of intelligence, handsome, too, after a certain type, in a harsh, rugged fashion, though the countenance was marred by an expression, which revealed a power of vindictive passion, that might at times easily amount to ferocity.

"Were you hurrying on because you saw me?" he asked, abruptly.

"It is growing late. If I am not at home soon, my father will be anxious," she replied; and though her eyes looked troubled, even frightened, her voice was perfectly calm.

"I thought you were too proud to prevaricate," he said, with a bitter little laugh. "I did not think anything could make you do that."

The color deepened in her cheeks, her beautiful mouth looked at once proud and scornful, but there was no change in her tone.

"I had no intention of prevaricating," she answered. "My father will be expecting me."

"And you did not wish to avoid me?"

She remained silent. Her very silence irritated him more, perhaps, than harsh words would have done.

"You cannot deny it!" he repeated.

"I do not mean to," she replied, coldly; "but it is not my habit to say impolite things when it can be avoided."

"You despise me!" he continued, his voice shaking with the mingled emotions which tore at his soul. "Because I sprang from the people, because what I am I have made myself, you despise me! Am I not better educated than those outlawed young cowards of your own class," he continued, carried away by passion, "who are crowding foreign lands instead of aiding their country? Am I hideous, a monster, that you should shiver at the sight of me; shrink away as if the touch of my hand would be pollution?"

He had tried to speak quietly at first, but the very effort he made gave an added passion finally to face and voice; his hands twisted themselves hard over the hilt of his sword, and he trembled in every limb.

"You know that I do not deserve these charges," Clemence answered, feeling, for the first time, in all these weeks of persecution, a certain pity for his suffering, because she saw now that he did suffer. He had altered during this week that she had not seen him, grown thin and pale, and the passion which had taken such entire possession of his soul, seemed positively to have aged his countenance. "I do not deserve this, Commandant Bochet! I was prepared to be friendly and kind. But we cannot always be more, even if we wish. What fault there is has been your own. I must speak out at last. I must defend myself."

"Oh, do not hesitate," he interrupted. "I expect only harsh words from you. I never get any others now."

"And you know why that is, if you call them harsh," she answered, with the same firmness.

"Yes, I do know!" he said. "Because I have presumed to love you. That, forsooth, is a presumption you cannot forgive. No, no, because I am only Bochet, a man of the people!"

"You misrepresent——"

"Because I am this, and you a L'Estriere," he interrupted again, with a dogged persistency that would have been simply sullen, if it had not been for the fire in his eyes, the smothered energy of his tones.

While they talked, they had walked on up the road, which ran in a succession of sharp zig-zags toward the gates of the chateau, walked on, perhaps unconsciously to both, just obeying the instinct for movement which strong agitation always causes.

Clemence paused for an instant as she murmured,

"I have never given you cause to say this. Never——"

"What did you say?" he exclaimed. "I did not hear."

But she knew, by the look in his face, that he had heard, and had understood.

"You did not finish," he continued. "If you have a better reason than your scorn of my birth, I insist upon knowing it. I have a right!"

"Well, you make me speak," she said. "It is because I have no heart to give."

He started back a step, with an inarticulate murmur, that was half a groan, half a curse.

"Then what I have been told here is true. You are engaged to Gaston St. Foix?" he said, after an instant's silence.

"Yes, it is true."

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"Why did you not tell me so in the beginning?" he demanded. "Why did you let me love you? When I saw you first, last summer, when I was passing through Burgundy, why did you not tell me then?"

"Could I dream—could I imagine——"

"When I came here, this winter," he hurried on, regardless of her interruption, "why were you not honest enough to speak out? Oh, you must have known, even then, that I loved you; and you did know it—you did!"

"No!" she cried, desperately. "No, I did not."

"For what else should I have accepted this post, but that it would bring me near you? Do you think that I like this inactive life; that I would not rather be away with the army, as St. Foix is? Curse him! Yes, I will curse him. I am to be thrust aside for him. You let me love you. You——"

He paused with his sentence unfinished, from sheer inability to articulate, so overmastered was he by passion. His words had roused her to a pitch, where, for the moment, she forgot the danger there might be in irritating him further. She could remember only the gross injustice of his charge, which was so deep an insult to her womanhood, and she answered, hotly,

"It is not true! It is not true! I did not dream of your loving me. I could not believe my ears when you first—first told——"

"First dared to lay my heart down for you to trample on," he broke in. "Then you must have been both deaf and blind, Clemence de L'Estriere. What an idiot you must think me, if you suppose I will believe that!"

"Sir, you insult me! Let me pass! I am a woman; alone, defenceless! Shame on you! Let me pass!"

"Forgive me. I did not mean it. I forgot!" he groaned.

The agony in his voice and face softened her again.

"I tried to be friendly and kind," she said. "My father and I were here at your mercy. It was natural that I should wish you to be well-disposed toward us."

"Oh, very natural! We base creatures, we the people, so long viler than the dust beneath the feet of you nobles, have risen a little. There may be a use for us, if only to exterminate those by whom we were despised!"

"Nor was it only on account of your position, or your power. You were kind and obliging; we were so much alone here. Your society was a boon to my father. You know, too, that my father was almost a republican at heart, detested by his own order for his opinions, so that it would not have been possible for us to hold such sentiments as you try to believe."

"Go on," he said, mockingly; "make your case good."

"Only that you have no right to say I ever went beyond courtesy and friendship. I say that—I say no more."

He did not speak. He had suddenly grown ghastly white. His breath came in quick gasps, like that of a man exhausted by some great physical effort. He pressed his two hands hard over his heart, as if struggling against some actual bodily pain.

Frightened as she was at him; grown, as she had, during the past weeks, since he had so pitilessy persecuted her, absolutely to abhor the sight of him, she could not help a feeling of pity now for his suffering. When he first betrayed his affection, she had been grieved. It was not until he showed himself harsh and ungenerous—nay, beyond that, till he descended to threats, whose fulfillment would endanger her father, that she had come to loathe and detest him.

But she was touched by his pain. Nothing could ever render her hard enough to make her indifferent to suffering. It seemed to her, also, that a man capable of feeling so strongly, could not be utterly selfish and base. Surely he must credit her assertion, that she had not wittingly encouraged him. The sudden anguish which his face revealed, must have softened his wrath. If she could only, in this moment, appeal to his better self, find any words which might touch him.

"Oh," she cried, "be merciful to us, sir! An old man and a defenceless girl. Only think of our state and you cannot be cruel—cannot torture me as you have done of late. I beg you to have mercy on us!"

"I find no mercy anywhere," he answered, in a terrible voice. "Why, then, should I show it?"

She knew now, as she listened and looked, that nothing she could say would be of any avail. Still, to a certain extent, she misjudged him. He was softened. He was ashamed of his own past conduct and present violence; ashamed, and yet determined not to yield; so afraid he might, that he strove to lash himself into fiercer resentment to prevent the possibility.

"Gaston St. Foix!" he cried. "Of all men, that it should be he."

"You do not know him. He——"

"Not know him?" he repeated. "I think he has stood always in my way! When I was a child, my father lived upon his uncle's lands.

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He to be petted and cared for, as if made of something better than common clay. I his serf—his tool! I hated him then! Always he against me! He to have the very position in the army that ought by right to have been mine! He to have forestalled me in your heart!"

"Only listen to me," she pleaded.

"I will listen to nothing!" he cried. "I have been a fool—a fool! I dare say you are laughing at me now. No wonder!"

She lifted her hands with an imploring gesture.

"Do not speak! I will not hear!" he continued. "Do you listen to me, Clemence de L'Estriere? That man shall never have you. I swear it!"

She shrank back, pale as ashes.

He went on, fiercely.

"You refuse my love—despise—hate me! So be it! Then I take life as I find it—a hell to me, and so far as lies in my power," he fairly hissed the words out, "it shall be made a hell to others!"

Without another word he rushed off through the gathering twilight, so nearly mad that, for the time, he scarcely himself took note of the full meaning she might put upon his insane speech.

Clemence stood where he had left her, staring after him through the gloom, half-paralyzed by the fears which his threats had aroused in her mind—fears which so centred upon her father, that she could not remember her own share in the dangers which might lie beyond.

CHAPTER II.

Even less than a year before, one would have said that if any feudal house in France could be considered safe in those dark days, the chateau of L'Estriere was that abode. If any owner of a titled name might have a hope of remaining undisturbed amid the insanity of civil conflict, the old Marquis was that person. But in times like these men live so rapidly, that the opinions of a month gone by lie dead as the Pharaohs.

L'Estriere had come into his title late in life. He had been a younger son of a distant branch of the great family. Poor, ill-treated by his relatives, and a marked man among the aristocracy of the land, as holding opinions unworthy of the race from which he sprang—opinions which, in the days of his youth, were laughed at by his own order as the ravings of a lunatic, too idiotic to be dangerous.

He had lived half a century since then. Had lived to see himself the head of the family which had disowned him. Lived to see the Eutopian dreams of his youth grown a nightmare so thick, that he shuddered away from their realization as a man might from the picture of some beloved object distorted into the likeness of a fiend.

An old man when the revolution broke out; a widower with one child just grown into wo manhood, the offspring of a marriage which he had contracted at an age when more fortunate fathers see their sons and daughters already established in the world.

He had no mind and felt no necessity to escape, as so many of his own class had done when the wrongs of centuries broke into madness. He simply shut himself in his chateau, believing that the tempest would right itself, leaving France freer, more enlightened, governed by a monarch obedient to a wise constitution.

The execution of the King in January had been a shock, which for a time completely overpowered him. Up to the latest moment he had not believed that this vicarious sufferer for the sins of his ancestors would be called upon to complete the expiation by an ignominious death.

During that same month Bochet was sent into that portion of Burgundy as Commandant. His head-quarters were in reality at Chalons-Sur-Saone, but a *caserne* had been established in the little village below the chateau, and the raw recruits who lived in the province, underwent a brief season of discipline there, before being sent up to Paris.

The previous summer Bochet had passed through Burgundy upon some military errand, and made the acquaintance of the Marquis and his daughter, and when the new turn of affairs brought him back as Commandant, of course the old noble was glad to be on courteous terms with an authority of such importance, and congratulated himself that the man was at least educated and refined in his manners.

Unfortunately for them all, the wild love which Bochet had conceived for Clemence only grew stronger with time. He had, as he said of himself, risen from the people. An old priest had noticed the unusual talents possessed by the boy, and had educated him carefully during the days while he lived in Brittany, upon an estate belonging to Gaston St. Foix's uncle. When the first thunders of the revolution began to boom over the land, he had thrown himself heart and soul into the struggle, and quickly made himself noticeable.

Gaston St. Foix had been a relative of the late Marchioness, and a favorite with her, so that during his boyhood he was a great deal at L'Estriere. He had imbibed many of the Marquis's advanced liberal opinions. He had learned other lessons, too, at the chateau. Probably neither

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he nor Clemence could have told when their mutual love began. It grew up with them, and instead of lessening, as such childish sentiments so often do, had grown with their years, and strengthened with their strength. At an early age St. Foix entered the army as a Lieutenant. He had been almost constantly in active service, and during the past year had risen to the rank of Colonel. Early in the summer he had been for a time invalided, from the effects of a wound received while fighting under Dumourieux, and had passed his furlough at the chateau.

Those had been blessed weeks to the young pair. Perhaps the intensity of happiness, all the more complete, because they knew that separation loomed beyond. Pleasant, too, the old Marquis, also, for there were no secrets among them, and to watch the two had been like turning a page in the long-lost romance of his own youth.

When Gaston left them, he was betrothed to Clemence with the father's full consent. On the young man's side there was no one to consult; his Breton relatives were royalists to the heart's core, and had utterly disowned him when he joined the armies of the republic, instead of clinging to the fallen dynasty.

So the lovers parted. Of course communication between them was uncertain, and could only take place at rare intervals; but early in the winter Clemence learned that Gaston had been given a command under Gen. Hoche, and was with the forces on the eastern frontier.

Then into the midst of her quiet, dreamy life—because the horrors of that terrible season had scarcely drifted near their retired home—came without warning the troubles brought by the persecution of Martin Bochet's pursuit. He was a singular compound; a man capable of using almost any means to succeed in a design upon which he had set his mind; capable of harshness, cruelty, even baser things; yet beneath the morbid impulses of his brain and heart, there was an element which, under better teachings than those of his youth, might have developed into positive heroism, though now, warped and ill-directed as it was, it perhaps could do no more than bring him shame and remorse when too late.

He was of the order of men who seize with such intensity upon an idea, that they are incapable of looking on either side; with whom a passion or a theory becomes a positive monomania. Martin Bochet, from childhood, had brooded over the wrongs of his class. until his yearnings for liberty had become rather a longing to overthrow the oppressors than a desire to serve the cause of freedom. It had been the ruling power of his life until he met Clemence de L'Estriere; then that mad love became at once even a more potent influence—as likely, in a nature ill-directed as his, to prove a demon as a god.

As much as possible Clemence had kept from her father a knowledge of the persecution which during the winter she had endured from this man. She had rejected his love, kindly, but with a resolution which left no hope; and now, whether he hated or loved her, he himself sometimes was puzzled to tell. But he would not give in; he would attain the prize he coveted; by one means or another it should be his. If she were so blind and deaf that she could not be moved by his love, she should yield to the influence of fear, should be made to feel that her father's safety was in Bochet's hands, and should only be granted her on one condition.

Weeks before, she had endeavored, without giving her real reasons. to persuade her father to seek an asylum elsewhere, but had failed to move him. Her interview this night with Bochet, his vague threats, had filled her with such alarm that she dared hesitate no longer. They must get away—out of France, if possible. If not, at least beyond his reach.

After Bochet left her, she walked up and down for a time, among the avenues of the neglected Park, trying to regain an appearance of composure before going in-doors. She was brave and resolute, far beyond her years. She was only twenty now, poor child; but the man had frightened her, and the terror was the more absorbing, because it took the shape of alarm for her father, rather than that of personal fear. It was growing dusk when she returned to the chateau, and entered a room on the ground-floor, where the Marquis usually sat. She found him there now; old Jacques had brought the lamp; their frugal supper was already spread upon the table.

When, three-and-twenty years before, the Marquis inherited the title and the ancestral mansion, he inherited little else. The lavish noble before him had made an almost utter wreck of the once great fortune belonging to the family. His wife had brought a very small marriage-portion, and Clemence had grown up accustomed to a retired life and to a habit of economy, which, to most girls of her class, would have seemed poverty. The progress of the revolution had still further restricted their means. Workmen could not be had. The fields lay neglected; the vines uncared for. Requisition after requisition had come. Houses and grain had been taken, and for months past the father and daughter had lived in the chateau with no other household staff than the old gardener, Jacques, and his wife, who had been Clemence's nurse.

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Such plate as was left, a few valuable jewels, and the greater part of their little store of money, had been taken over to the old Episcopal town of Autun, and deposited in the convent there; for on several occasions rumors had come that the chateau risked being attacked by some of the savage hordes, who so frequently, in the year '92, found means, in spite of military authority, to make the war-cry of freedom an excuse for pillage and rapine.

The Marquis was seated in his great arm-chair near the table, occupied with a book. The weight of three-score years lay heavily upon him, but he was a handsome old man still, with soft, brown eyes and a pensive smile, though a single glance at his face would have told an acute observer that all his life he must have been a visionary, with little aptitude for comprehending and seizing the stern, practical side of existence.

He looked up as the door opened, and Clemence entered the vast room, where the one lamp only seemed to make the shadows more visible; and the fire burning upon the hearth, cast weird gleams over the portraits that adorned the walls, till they seemed looking in cold scorn at these last representatives of their race.

"So you have come at last, my child," he said. "I should have been frightened about you, but Jacques told me that you were walking in the grounds. I knew the air would do you good, and so did not send for you."

Clemence went up to him and kissed his forehead, speaking cheerfully of the beauty of the evening.

"I have kept you waiting for supper," she said, "but I will dress the salad, and you will have it at once."

A cold bird, some water-cresses, black bread, and a bottle of the rare wine which the cellars still contained—that made up the meal; and the portraits seemed watching it with a sort of stony surprise on their proud faces, except one portly Cardinal over the chimney, who kept his eyes rolled up as if the spectacle were really more than he could endure.

Before bed-time Clemence had told the whole story, and her father had consented that an effort to escape should be made.

"I know that in a fortnight the Commandant is to be absent for a few days," she said. "I was told so in the village. It will not be difficult, then. I must go over to Antrim and consult the Abbe Perrier; he will be able to give us good advice."

The Marquis bore the shock with the composure which comes rather from utter hopelessness than fortitude; but in truth, blow after blow had stricken him, until, beyond love for his child, and solicitude for her safety, he was perhaps past the possibility of keen emotion of any kind.

"I am a very helpless old man," he said, "but the good God will care for us. Do not let us forget that."

"No, father, no!"

Clemence threw her arms about his neck, laid his head on her bosom, and wept a few uncontrollable tears, but they were those of thankfulness, she told him, that he was willing to go.

"I know the Abbe can help us; he told me to come to him if we found it impossible to remain here," she said. "We may even succeed in getting to Geneva, where my aunt is; then we should indeed feel at rest."

The very fact that she had a dangerous task to execute, gave Clemence courage, and she slept that night more soundly than she had done for many nights.

Mademoiselle de L'Estriere allowed a week to pass before she made any movement, through a fear of awakening some suspicion in Bochet's mind, and during that time he at least left her free from the horror of his presence.

Old Doctor Bonchamps, the physician of the neighborhood, was going over to Autun, and she took advantage of this opportunity. It was a ride of nearly three hours to the town; even for this little journey a permission from the Commandant was necessary. Clemence sent Jacques down to the village with her request, which was accorded without remark. It was, indeed, no unusual thing for the young lady to go to Autun, and on one occasion since the reign of Bochet, the Marquis had accompanied her. But the last requisition had taken even their carriage-horses, and the Marquis had for years given up riding. However, Clemence's own horse still remained to her.

She had at first hesitated about accompanying the Doctor, because he expected to be detained until the next day, but her father urged her not to defer her journey. He did not mind being left alone for one night, and she could stay at the Abbe Perrier's house, where his old maid sister was only too glad always to welcome her.

The Marquis stood on the terrace and watched the pair down the avenue, then returned to the house to wear out the day as best he might, deprived of the sunshine of his darling's presence.

It was still early in the morning, but the village had been long astir. As the Doctor and Mademoiselle rode along the street, and across the little place where the women were washing their vegetables at the fountain, and the chil-

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dren playing and squabbling, there was now and then a courtesy dropped, a wish for a pleasant ride uttered. Even the dreadful memories of the past years, and the black hate which had grown up between class and class, could not entirely blot out the recollection of the unvarying kindness every soul had always received from the beautiful girl they had once been so proud to call "Our Mademoiselle."

Martin Bochet chanced to be crossing the square. He raised his hat in salutation, and walked on in silence.

The day passed quietly enough to the old Marquis, in his gloomy chateau. There was no stir or confusion down in the village; no new care or anxiety in Martin Bochet's heart.

The day passed; the sunset had come; the children were trooping homeward for their evening meal; housewives stood gossiping at their doors. The men were beginning to gather about the cafe, in the square, according to their nightly wont, in the hope that some fresh news might have blown down from Paris; if not, to argue about the former reports, and grow enthusiastic over their wine upon this new aspect of affairs, where freedom seemed mightily like the iron-handed despotism of a by-gone era, only taking to itself a fine name.

Commandant Bochet had finished such duties as he found at the *caserne*, and had returned to his lodgings in the square. As he stood in the door-way, giving some directions to an orderly, he became aware of a sudden stir and bustle in the vicinity. Everybody had hurried out of doors, and were staring up the narrow street which led toward the open country and the Chalons-sur-Saône road. Then there came the tramp of horses' hoofs, the jingle of sabres, and into the square swept a band of mounted soldiers, and up the street and in the fields beyond, loitered a score or two of fierce, ragged men, with a few women among their ranks; those birds of ill-omen which, in these days, were certain to hover about in the wake of any party of soldiers passing through a district bound upon an errand such as had brought Vancleux and his men hither.

The instant Bochet caught sight of the commanding officer, he knew what he had done by his unguarded letter. He advanced and exchanged greetings with the new-comer.

"I heard you were in Chalons," he said, "but I did not expect to see you, as this is out of your road."

"It is my road, on the contrary, my boy," returned the other. "I have a little errand here."

Bochet's face grew pale, and his lips quivered.

"Get off your horse and come in," he said; "you must drink a glass of wine, and tell me your business."

"The wine with pleasure," answered Vancleux. "As for my business, that is quickly told. They want your *ci-devant* Marquis up in Paris."

"De L'Estriere?"

"The same! Wanted particularly, my little angel. Oh, yes, most particularly," returned Vancleux, with a savage laugh, and a significant gesture with his forefinger, as if drawing a knife across his own throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIVORCED.

BY FLORENCE CARPENTER DENDON.

Gone! And I live, though spoken
  The last farewell on earth.
Oh, that this throbbing, aching heart
  Had died ere love had birth.
There is a shrill and mocking voice
  In this slow rolling river,
From out the black waves foamy hands
  Call me to rest. Forever!

The moon has grown a ghastly face,
  Whose light but mocks my woe;
Oh! many nights as calm and still
  Will ever come and go;
And I shall live. Against my prayers,
  Against my human will,
As years roll on, I shall grow old;
  We shall be parted still!

Not dead. There is no close-shut grave
  That keeps us sundered here.
It is *more* bitter! Love has flown;
  Mine! mine, are all the tears.
No grief must mark my face. My smile
  Must free be, as of yore.
Alone to live! Oh! slow, sad days,
  Come to me now, no more.

When will Death greet me, whose the place
  That should be always thine;
Who answer when I call for thee,
  Forgetting me and mine,
And all the sad, forsaken years,
  That shall drag *slowly* by,
Divorced, forgotten, left alone,
  At last, *alone* to die!

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AUNT PRUE'S NEW-YEAR'S DINNER.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"SOUR bread again, dear," said, or rather growled, Walter Alison, a rising young lawyer, as he pushed his plate away.

"Do you think it is sour, Wally? It seems to me only to taste a little of the yeast."

"Yeast? There's always an excuse, you know. It wasn't yeast that made the coffee bitter yesterday."

"But it hasn't been bitter before for months."

"It should never be. It seems to me a woman has time enough to attend thoroughly to all these trifling matters. I never knew my Aunt Prue to make a mistake. Pray, write to her, and get her receipt for bread. It was the lightest, sweetest——"

He looked up in astonishment. Bessy, his loving little Bessy, had rushed from the room.

"Always Aunt Prue! Always Aunt Prue!" cried Bessy, walking the floor of her chamber, distractedly. "I'm so tired of fault-finding, when I am doing my best. I'm almost sorry—— But no; I will not say that. 'For better, for worse.' Oh, dear me! I'll write to Aunt Prue, and tell her all about it."

As she sat down to her little writing-desk, a thought occurred to her, which provoked a perplexed and yet amused smile, and her pen was set speedily at work. We will only copy a sentence or two.

"I know that 'Wally' is the apple of your eye, as, indeed, he is of mine; but he has been so accustomed to your excellent housekeeping, to 'be cooked and cared for,' as he says, by his dear Aunt Prue, that he is a little, just a little, exacting. I know I was a poor housekeeper when we were first married, and then he was so very patient that I could not but try my best to improve; and having put heart and will in the work, I think my efforts have been successful. Indeed, I do my best to please him, but——

"You cannot tell with what delight I look forward to your long-promised visit. We have talked of it for weeks—baby, Walter, and I—and our little one has learned some sweet words of welcome for Aunt Prue. They sound so prettily from her cherry lips!

"But to the point. Walter is a good husband. Oh, don't think I like to speak of a single fault; but I must tell you how he disheartens me. When I think I have seasoned some favorite dish entirely to his liking, he is sure to find that I fail in something. 'Wait till Aunt Prue comes,' 'Just ask Aunt Prue how she does this or that,' or, 'I'd give half I'm worth,'—which ain't much, poor fellow,—'to taste one of Aunt Prue's nice dinners.' Now, Aunty, as we expect you here next week, for the New-Year's holidays, I have been thinking of asking you if you will cook the New-Year's-Day dinner, without Walter's knowledge, of course.

"'Saucy minx!' I fancy you will be tempted to say; and indeed I believe it is a little impertinent; but, nevertheless, I hope you will accede to the request, because you see I am almost desperate.

"There is some humor in the arrangement, too, as I look at it, and I know you enjoy fun; so please say 'Yes.' Then we shall see if Walter's criticisms are just, or whether that odious wolf-habit has fastened his fangs so strongly upon my dear, good husband, that he is almost, or quite unconscious of his fault."

Such was a part of the letter received by Miss Prue Webster, and which she read by her cheerful open grate.

"The poor child!" she murmured, taking off her spectacles. "The pretty, proud little thing! Wally must have transgressed, indeed, to bring out a plaint like that, for under all the playfulness there is a cry that goes to my heart. I know how it is, for his father was so before him. Yes, he must have a lesson, and Bessy has hit upon just the thing. How much I shall enjoy his criticism, either way!"

So she wrote to the niece she had never met in person, that she would cook the first dinner, and then refreshed her imagination by looking at Bessy's photograph.

She had well called her a proud, pretty little thing. Such sweetness and such pride are seldom combined in the same countenance. Every feature was replete with beauty of its kind; the nose straight and delicate, the lips firm, yet tenderly arched; the eyes smiling and lustrous; the face a perfect oval; and, to crown all, the soft, wavy hair thrown carelessly from the low brow, and braided in a massive coronet. This was the picture of which Walter had written just two years ago, as follows:

"It is not half as beautiful as the original:

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color, motion, and grace are wanting. But oh, Aunty, she is a thousand times too lovely and too good for me. Shall I ever be worthy of such a treasure?"

"And now, since she has condescended to step down from the pedestal of worship, and care for and cook for him, he must needs find fault with every effort she makes to please his fastidious palate," she said, indignantly. "I'll give him a lesson." And she indulged her sense of amusement by contemplating the sort of punishment she intended to mete out to her erring nephew.

The thirtieth of December came, and when Walter returned home, at night, he said,

"I had a telegraph this morning. Aunt Prue will be here by the seven o'clock train to-morrow. I suppose you have everything ready?"

"Quite ready," was Bessy's reply, "and very anxious to make her comfortable. Would you like to see her room?"

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," said Walter, who had come home in an exceptionally good humor; and taking little Lulu upon his shoulder, the child crowing with delight, he followed his wife up stairs, thinking that very probably he might be able to suggest some improvement. It was his way rather to suggest alterations, than to speak well of what was already done. "Don't you think you've looped the curtains too low?" he queried. "And isn't it rather childish to tie them with blue?"

"I thought blue was your favorite color," said Bessy, who had fancied her arrangement of the one bay-window a masterpiece.

"Yes; but—you see the hanging-basket in the centre, being necessarily composed of green plants and vines, makes the contrast unpleasant."

"True enough," said Bessy, with the least possible tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "I might have looped them with green. But then, you see, I must have draped the toilet-table with green; and the carpet, happening to be blue and fawn, perhaps the contrast might have been still more unpleasant. Shall I take the basket down? You know you said your aunt was fond of plants."

"Perhaps, if she is, she may not like them in her bed-room. However, let the thing be," he added, graciously. "I would loop the curtains a foot higher, though."

"And spoil it all," said Bessy, almost petulantly, for she often of late found herself inclined to "snap," under the constant succession of mildly irritating criticisms, in which her husband indulged.

"No—render the effect a hundred times prettier. But no matter I am a man, and I suppose my opinion goes for nothing. Still I would like to see the curtains changed."

Little Lulu, meantime, applauded her mother's handiwork with loud acclamations. "Pitty, pitty!" she cried, pursing up her rosy mouth, and clapping her baby-hands, as she looked from point to point.

"Wouldn't blue have looked better upon the bed?" asked Walter, whose wide glances could find no fault in all the other arrangements.

"It seems to me white was more appropriate," Bessy made answer; "but, if you prefer the blue, I will put it on."

"Most decidedly!" said Walter, delighted with this concession. "I knew the room wanted something, and that was it. I am sure you will be better pleased yourself. It won't be much trouble. You've all day to-morrow, and I particularly want Aunt Prue to be pleased. From what I have said of you, she will have no ordinary expectations as to your taste and ability. So, do me honor."

It was always ME with lordly Walter Allison. Bessy looked up in the face of her tall, handsome, stalwart husband, as he stood there, so kingly in his beauty, the lovely babe still smiling from his shoulder; one chubby arm encircling his neck; one dimpled, white-fingered hand half-hidden in his luxurious whiskers.

Superb in his royal privileges as dictator and commander, how could he fathom the expression of that too pale, yet tender face, whose sweet serenity his thoughtless fault-finding so often clouded? And yet she was grieving that moment because he so seldom praised her.

The next day Aunt Prue came punctually, at seven in the evening. Bessy, the baby, everything, looked charming by gas-light. As to Aunt Prue, Bessy's first longing was to fall on her bosom, and feel herself encircled by such an embrace as she fancied her mother would have given her; for Bessy's mother had been in heaven many years.

Aunt Prue was very weary, being unused to traveling, and declined supper, taking only a cup of milk, and retiring almost immediately.

"How do you like her?" asked Walter.

"Very much. I am sure I shall love her dearly, before long."

"I think you will. Has she not a lovely face? She is not as beautiful as my mother was, but she has always seemed like a mother to me. We must try to make her visit enjoyable. The only thing I tremble about is, the table—the fare. Of course, you will do the best you can, but there is a knack about these things, I might almost say a genius, which only the favored few

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possess. I was glad she declined the supper; she is so very particular about her tea. I dread to-morrow's dinner more than I can tell. It will be New-Year, and we ought to have something fine."

"Why should you dread it?" asked Bessy, looking up.

"Oh, I am sure you will do your best. I believe you always do your best," he repeated, in a way that intimated quite plainly, "but that best is so poor!"

Bessy smiled, but he did not see her.

"You think I am very particular about my food," he went on. "Wait till you taste some of Aunt Prue's dishes, and you will understand why. Food well cooked and assimilated has much to do with the spiritual, as well as the physical being of man. It makes the monster good-natured, too. Why, I have tasted a bitter cup of coffee all day, and, likely as not, been cross to my clerks on account of it. So you see how much depends on the *cuisine*. Now, suppose we make out a bill of fare."

The next morning, at breakfast, Walter made a wry face three times, and quite as many excuses for everything that was served. Aunt Prue said nothing, though she enjoyed her meal. But she took mental notes.

Bessy did not look as well by daylight; an expression of fatigue pervaded her whole being. The baby had been restless; Walter's way evidently annoyed her. She had worked too hard at this well-arranged breakfast.

"I will go now, and make my New-Year's calls," said Walter, as he rose from the table. "That will give you, Bessy and Aunt Prue, a good, long morning together."

"It isn't possible that you do all the cooking!" said Aunt Prue, as the two women left the dining-room, Bessy holding the heavy baby.

"The girl helps me a little," was Bessy's reply, "and is willing to do more; but Walter is always dissatisfied with her cooking. Indeed, Aunt Prue, it is a great pleasure for me—if I could only please him; but since baby came, it is not always possible. I had a nurse for a time, but Walter objects to a nurse; and it *is* hard to get a good one."

"How often do you go out?" asked Aunt Prue.

"How often? Oh, dear me! I haven't been outside the house for months, hardly," was the answer, with a nervous little laugh.

"How men do yoke and goad their angels!" said Aunt Prue, half to herself.

"What did you say, Aunt Prue?"

"I was thinking of an expression in one of Walter's love-letters."

"Oh!" And Bessy's cheek grew radiant with a girlish blush.

"I mean one of his letters to me, when he was in love, in which he makes mention of certain angel."

"Indeed?" And Bessy laughed in her olden fashion.

"We must take him in hand," said Aunt Prue, seriously. "This 'all work and no play' will never answer. I'm sure, my dear, if you always give him half such nice meals as that of this morning, he has no right to complain."

"But you saw——" said Bessy, timidly.

"Yes, yes, I saw that he was trying to make the food seem more palatable by underrating it. But never mind; we'll try and establish a cure. Now, to-day I'll get up one of my best dinners, and you shall do nothing but look on. Just give me a kitchen apron, my dear, and wish me good speed."

They had a merry time of it that morning. Baby was happy and jolly under the superintendence of her mother; the oven worked to a charm, and everything was in readiness for the lord of the household, who awaited dinner with more than a little trepidation, quite unconscious that the aunt, paler than usual from exertion, and the wife over-flushed from anticipation, had changed places expressly on his account.

So they sat down to dinner, each one more or less expectant. Walter ran his eye over the table.

"Bessy, dear, I don't think it's an improvement to stack the knives and forks over the napkins, like a parcel of guns," he said. "Tell Mary I like the other way the best. Ah, quite too rare, I'm afraid!" as he plunged his knife into the beef. "Aunt Prue, I'm afraid I can't suit you to-day. I remember how thoroughly your roasts were always done, and yet were juicy. The gravy is browner than usual," he added, dipping into the dish. "I don't know about the butter-beans; yours were always delicious." And so on to the end of the chapter. For every dish there was some hint or glance of disparagement, and it was all Bessy could do, with her almost painful sense of the ludicrous, to keep from laughing outright, as occasionally Aunt Prue's speaking eyes met hers.

"I'm so sorry, Aunt Prue," said Bessy, at last, mustering all the gravity she could command, "that after your having taken the trouble to get up this nice dinner expressly for Walter, he should have found fault with everything you have done."

"What?" cried Walter, explosively, half rising, and looking from one to the other.

"My dear! after your cooking, I expected he

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would," said Aunt Prue, quietly. "The sample you gave of your powers, this morning, was quite beyond my poor efforts."

Then a bright-red flush covered the man's face, even to his brow. Were these two women making sport of him? Had he heard aright? In his own opinion, he was one of the most acute men alive. That nobody could deceive him, had always been a favorite maxim of his.

"I wanted to make the experiment," said Aunt Prue, in the most innocent manner imaginable, "and I find, Walter, that you have been quite spoiled by your wife."

"Bessy! Aunt Prue! why didn't you tell me? Oh, hang it!" And he turned away, too deeply mortified to express himself fittingly.

"Pray, don't mind it," said Aunt Prue. "You know, my dear, I am getting a little old-fashioned."

But Walter had received his lesson. He was too keen not to see that it had been purposely given; and he was man enough to feel profoundly ashamed of himself. Indeed, in time, he confessed as much, and applauded the ingenuity that had so completely taken the ground from under his feet.

Aunt Prue's visit proved so delightful to all parties, that she made arrangements to remain with them for an indefinite time; and henceforth Bessy's cares were lightened, and she became, as in former days, the angel and blessing of home. But she always maintained that she owed something of it, at least, to AUNT PRUE'S NEW-YEAR'S DINNER.

RETROSPECTION.

BY J. J. MAXFIELD.

I'm sixty years of age to-day,
  And feel a trifle jaded;
My hair has changed from black to gray—
  My eyes and cheeks have faded.
But God, whose love still keeps me strong,
  Has blessed my life with plenty;
And yet my heart is full of song,
  As when I was but twenty.

How strange, that forty years have fled,
  Since John and I were married!
And yet I know what words were said,
  And how the people tarried,
To drink to us a double health—
  For I was John's own cousin—
And wished us both long life and wealth,
  And blessings by the dozen.

When thinking of those happy hours,
  I scarce can keep from weeping—
For twenty years the Summer flowers
  Have bloomed when John is sleeping.
And lying there among the dead—
  Ah me! how great the number—
Not all the bird-songs overhead,
  Can break his peaceful slumber.

And yet I journey, staff in hand,
  My heart within me musing;
By three-score years my life is spanned,
  And all of Heaven's choosing;
For, years ago, borne down with cares,
  Hope ceased her gorgeous painting,
And on my lips were frozen prayers,
  Which told of inward fainting.

And, half-unconscious of my pain,
  I craved the bliss of dying,
While tears, as plenteous as the rain,
  Fell fast where I was lying.
At last I found, on bended knee,
  When grief and tears were blended,
That Heaven's strength had come to me,
  Just where my own had ended.

And now, in moments sweet and rare,
  I live my young life over,
When all the world seemed fresh and fair,
  As fields of blooming clover.
I seem to hear familiar songs
  Of birds in native wild-wood,
And Memory, spite of all Life's wrongs,
  Brings back my happy childhood.

The meadow, sloping to the stream,
  Where stood the giant beeches,
Is fair as pictures in a dream,
  And full of silent speeches,
Which tell of early April flowers,
  That bloomed in tender grasses,
And culled, in those fresh morning hours,
  By smiling lads and lasses.

The banks of violets, wet with dew,
  Where John and I were courting—
When we were lovers tried and true,
  And done with idle sporting—
Are just as sweet and fresh to me,
  In all their bright adorning,
As when we stood beneath the tree,
  On that fair Summer morning,

And pledged to each our mutual love,
  Through fair and stormy weather,
To keep our hearts on things above,
  And journey on together.
But John grew weary in the way,
  And died when waves were tossing;
And left me where I stand to-day,
  Just at the river's crossing.

I watch and wait, but not in vain;
  There comes a fair to-morrow;
The good shall surely meet again,
  Where God dispels all sorrow;
And John will speak the words at last,
  His lips would fain have spoken;
And I shall know, when life is past,
  Why love's sweet dream was broken.

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A LITTLE SIMPLETON.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

She came in late, and looking hurried, and a little frightened, as she glanced at her mother, and slipped into her seat between the table and the wall. People stared at her, of course, as people at the table of a *pension*, or hotel, always do stare at a late arrival. But it was not the stares that frightened her; she was quite oblivious to them. She saw only that majestic matron, her mother, who transfixed her with a basilisk eye, and addressed her in that suppressed undertone of fearful politeness, which is so blood-curdling to a timid culprit.

"Will you oblige me by looking at your watch, Rosa?" she said.

"Yes, mamma," answered Rosey, and blushed furiously, and made an awkward effort to produce the article in question, which was of course entangled in something, and refused to be produced, and finally came out with a jerk, and brought some sous with it, said sous bouncing out and rolling, rattling on the floor, to Rosey's manifest agony.

"Tell him to let them remain where they are," said Mrs. Shandon, when Rosey's favorite waiter flew to pick them up. He was a susceptible young man, who adored her in secret, and evinced his affection by bringing her the choice cuttings "Madame" intended for the richest and most irascible of her guests.

Rosey obeyed in decidedly French-English. This was another of her daily tortures. The French she must speak upon all occasions, to the utter confusion and bewilderment of the parties addressed.

"It is half-past six, mamma," she ventured meekly, after referring to the watch.

"And I believe you understand Madame's dinner-hour to be six," observed Mrs. Shandon.

"I am very sorry," faltered Miss Rosey. "I think I forgot the time, mamma. It was rather stupid in me to go out after four as I did; and I met some little children I knew on the Champs Elyseès; and I played with them some time; and after they were gone I meant to turn back, but I saw some other children—quite poor children—and they were looking at the goat-carriages so wistfully, that—that I could not help paying for a ride for them; and then I stopped to watch them. That was how I happened to have the sous in my pocket. They were the change the woman gave me."

"That is enough," said her mother; "quite enough. I have no more to say. You went out alone after four, and you went to the Champs Elyseès, and you 'played' with children. You, a young lady nineteen years of age!"

"I—only caught the ball and held Tito's balloon," gasped conscience-stricken Rosey. "It was not exactly playing, and it was in the very quietest part—quite far back."

Mrs. Shandon continued without condescending to acknowledge this protest at all.

"And not content with this, you remained to hire goat-carriages for other children—poor children—and watch them, and—that is quite sufficient. Be kind enough to eat your dinner or send it away."

Rosey said nothing more. She bent over her plate and tried to do as she was bidden, but her sense of iniquity choked her, and she was obliged to glance appealingly at Pierre, who darted to her assistance with unwise zeal, and removed the soup with a flourish.

"What a little fool that girl is!" remarked Madame's friend and factotum, who sat at her right hand, and had so sat ever since the *pension* had been a *pension*. "What a little fool!"

Madame shrugged her portly shoulders.

"Pouf!" she said. "It is almost a pity that she is so pretty. It is a waste of good looks."

"But the mother is the greatest simpleton of the two," exclaimed Mademoiselle Joseph, who was frank, if not fastidious, in her choice of straightforward phrases.

On the other side of the channel this lady would have been simple Miss Rebecca Joseph; in Paris, at 52 *bis* Boulevard Blanc, she was Mademoiselle Joseph, the friend of Madame, and a power in the establishment herself. She had the most comfortable room, and doubtless paid well for it, notwithstanding the friendship. She had the strongest coffee and the first attendance; the servants addressed her with awe and reverence; in short, she had the care of a guest and the importance of a head of the household. She was not an ill-natured person, however, though she was sharp and business-like. If she scolded, she was generous; and if she abused her antipa-

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thies, it was usually with a certain brusque justice. Her contempt for Mrs. Shandon, and her pretensions, was a candid enough sentiment. She ignored her dignity, and sneered at her affectations: and as to the shrill venom of her polite ill temper, she had no patience with it. But she had no jeers for Rosey. In secret she was positively fond of the child. "She was a little simpleton," she had announced at the outset, but she could accuse her of nothing else. She had never yet found heart to agree with Madame, that her loveliness was a waste of good looks.

Just glance at this guilty young person, as she tries to eat her boiled fowl in such a manner as will not attract the attention of her mother. If she was an American, she would be a different young person altogether, though she could hardly be a sweeter little simpleton than she is. She is just nineteen, and up to her eighteenth birth-day the existence of three unmarried sisters kept her in the nursery, and limited her to social bread and butter. She has a sweet, undeveloped face, and a slight, undeveloped figure; too slender yet, and still with a certain reed-like grace about it. She has large, harebell-tinted eyes, and yellow-blonde hair, very badly dressed close to her small head. In a few years she will be a bewilderingly beautiful woman if she learns discretion and is freed from thraldom; but at present she has the look of a school-girl, and is far too timid and sensitive to have her wits about her.

"Where she has got her manner from, I do not know," Mrs. Shandon was wont to remark. "She blushes and stumbles over her dress, and stammers. Her sisters had more self-possession at sixteen. She is continually making blunders, and she has no more idea of propriety than a young savage. All caution and reproof are wasted upon her."

Certainly Rosey had had enough of both. Twenty years in the British army had fitted Mrs. Shandon for command. She had been a far more important personage in the regiment than the meek, bibulous Colonel himself. Nobody stood in awe of "Old Shandon," as he had been disrespectfully called; but even the boldest lost courage before the keen, chill eye, and the severe majesty of the Colonel's wife. For her three elder daughters, who had grown up tall, somewhat discouraging, but correct young women, Mrs. Shandon had struggled manfully. She had kept them free from foolish entanglements, and had looked sharply about her. She knew the exact extent of her capital, and speculated wisely. Cecilia had a fine figure; Jane had a clear complexion and good eyes; Emily possessed an excellent voice, and was a thorough musician. So Cecilia exhibited her fine figure on horseback; Jane dressed and danced; and Emily entertained eligible musical visitors. It was a long battle, but it was well fought; and on Rosey's eighteenth birth-day, she was introduced to society as Emily's first bridesmaid; and after the wedding was over, Mrs. Shandon seated herself with a sigh of relief, and ejaculated, with an air of tragic devoutness,

"Thank Heaven!"

In secret, she felt great hopes of Rosey at the outset. Rosey was going to be more than ordinarily pretty. She was not like the other three. She was the kind of girl men are apt to rave about. The others had married comfortably, but Rosey would certainly be a success, if she was well managed. But in a month's time Mrs. Shandon's sentiments began to alter. Instead of a young lady of correct views, she had a stupid child on her hands, a child who was shy and timid, and absurdly ignorant of the Shandon proprieties; a child who blushed until the tears came into her eyes, and who would stop in the street to talk to a cripple, or pity a beggar baby. It was only when she committed some glaring impropriety that Rosey was unconscious and self-possessed.

"I think, sometimes," said Mrs. Shandon, sternly, once, "that you must be utterly depraved and hardened." And she had no pity for the poor little maiden, when she clasped her hands, and cried out in remorseful agony,

"Oh, mamma! mamma!"

To the end, Mrs. Shandon began to think that this remnant of her flock would be a greater trial to her than all the rest. Despairing of other remedies, she turned to foreign travel. She had been a widow now for three or four years, and her small property sufficed for her well regulated requirements So she took Rosey and began with Paris. They would stay at least a year in Paris, and Rosey should improve her French accent. They established themselves at 52 *bis* Boulevard Blanc, on advantageous terms, and there Rosey's new trials began. She felt herself a criminal of the deepest dye, and yet her iniquities were always such sins as this afternoon's escapade with the children and the goat carriages.

She was weighed down with her sense of guilt, when she left the dinner-table. Mrs. Shandon walked into the salon, and securing a chair by the fire, produced some severe looking lace-work of geometrical pattern. Not knowing what else to do, Rosey would have joined her, but Mademoiselle Joseph stopped her.

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"Come up stairs with me to my room," she said. "I have a fire there—and something else for good girls."

Perhaps the consciousness that she was already in disgrace, made Rosey bolder than she would otherwise have been. She smiled faintly, and hesitated.

"Tut!" said Mademoiselle Joseph, laying her hand on her shoulder, and giving her a good-natured little push forward. "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

So Rosey allowed herself to stray from the path of rectitude, and went up stairs to the cosey room Mademoiselle had fitted up after her own ease-loving taste.

She sank into a low, deep, cushioned chair, Mademoiselle Joseph placed for her on the hearth-rug, and she glanced around with a sigh of pleasure.

"It is so nice here," she said. "Oh, Mademoiselle, how I wish I were you!"

Mademoiselle had just advanced towards her, with a gaily-painted bon-bon box in her hand, but hearing this, she stopped short, regarding the young face with quite a startled look.

"You do?" she exclaimed. "You? Wish you were an ugly old spinster of fifty? Chut, chut! That is worse than I thought. Don't you know I have not a soul on earth to care for me?"

"Yes," answered Rosey, innocently. "And that was why I——" But there she checked herself, with her usual frightened blush.

Mademoiselle Joseph pushed the bon-bon box on to her lap with a motherly tact and kindliness which did her credit.

"Here, try these," she said. "There are none better in Paris. Those crystalized things are even better than they look. And you did not eat half a dinner. I will sit down and help you, too. I have a sweet tooth myself, if I am fifty."

There could have been no greater luxury to Rosey than such treatment as this. Much as she liked the bon-bons, she liked Mademoiselle Joseph far better. She felt that it would be possible to adore her brusqueness, and her blunt, inquisitive nose. Her own was the most exquisite of little aquiline noses; and she had rather objected to Mademoiselle Joseph's at the outset of their acquaintance, but now she thought it almost beautiful.

She picked over the crystalized dainties, and grew flushed and charming in the glow of the fire. She was often chill enough in her mother's society. Mrs. Shandon had a theory of her own concerning fires and complexions.

"What is that tapping sound?" she asked, at last. "I can hear it in my room. I hear it every day."

"It is in the apartment on the first floor," answered Mademoiselle Joseph. "The furnishers and carpenters are at work there. It is to be fitted up for a Monsieur Bertrand."

"But it does not belong to the *pension*," said Rosey, alarmed at once at the mention of a stranger.

"No, no," returned her friend; "it has nothing to do with us. It is an apartment of itself, a whole floor, and this gentleman rents it alone from the proprietor. He is very rich, they say—this Bertrand—and this is one of his caprices. He likes to have change, and so he flits from one quarter of Paris to the other. He is a gay bachelor, you see, and has no family. He does not know what to do with his money, it is plain, from the manner in which he is wasting it on this last folly."

"Is it so very beautiful?" asked Rosey, feeling interested. "Have you seen it?"

"The doors are open"—with a laugh—"and I strayed in. It will be perfection when it is complete. But what a fancy, for a man who has no wife to teach him caprices."

Rosey looked thoughtful.

"I wonder if he is a happy person?" she moaned, half in soliloquy.

Mademoiselle Joseph lifted her shoulders.

"They say not," she replied. "They tell odd tales about him. They say he is whimsical and misanthropic. When men are rich and lonely, and reach his age, it is often so. They have time to learn how the world balances them in the scale against their money, or with it."

"Poor man!" said Rosey. "Poor man!"

It was late before she went to her room, and she heard much of their new neighbor before she took her departure.

Mademoiselle Joseph had explored the place pretty thoroughly, and was inclined to be loquacious on the subject.

"I asked the workmen some little question," she said, candidly. "It is always as well to know things, and I am interested in the matter somehow. I have heard such queer things of the man, but I shall not tell them to you. Eat as many goodies as you can, my dear, and you shall have the rest to take to your room."

When Rosey stole up the third staircase with the bon-bon box on her arm, she was thinking quite excitedly of Monsieur Bertrand. She was interested, too, thanks to Mademoiselle Joseph. She felt a great longing to see the luxurious rooms, and she was conscious that she would like to see Monsieur himself, if she could take a

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peep at him when she was quite sure that he would know nothing of her presence.

When she went out for her morning walk the next day, she glanced through the open door, as she passed it. There were rolls of carpet piled together near the entrance, and mysteriously-shrouded objects standing in corners.

"I wonder if he is very lonely?" thought Rosey, hurrying down the staircase, lest some one should see her.

The wife of the concierge, who stood at her glass-door, broom in hand, spoke to her as she went out. The good woman was a faithful admirer of hers, and made a point of praising her faltering French most volubly.

"We are somewhat disturbed, Mademoiselle sees," she said. "One has the broom in one's hand all day. What with straw and muddy feet, I shall be rejoiced when Monsieur has his preparations completed. Things are being carried in from morning till night—pictures, cabinets, carpets, and even marble women, such as we see in the galleries. Always something. Monsieur does not spare his purse."

So it happened that, on her return, Rosey stopped on the first floor again. It was so dull up stairs. There was nothing to do, and no one talk to. Mrs. Shandon did not allow her to friends with strangers, and she knew acy nobody but Mademoiselle Joseph. She od upon the threshold sorely tempted.

"It could not be very wrong," she said, "or Mademoiselle Joseph would not have done it. The workmen have gone to their luncheon, and it would not take many minutes." And of course she ended by slipping inside. She felt terribly guilty, and her heart beat very fast at first, but as she became interested, she became hardened. She found the appointments even more beautiful than Mademoiselle Joseph had described them, and she was betrayed into wandering from one room to another, until she was very much farther from the staircase than she had intended going. The beauty and lavishness she saw fascinated and bewildered her. She was not used to luxury, particularly such luxury as this. And this was only a whim—one of many.

She had been half-an-hour in the place, without being conscious of the fact, when she reached a room, the door of which stood ajar, and showed her a rather small, mysterious-looking apartment, furnished in some strange, antique fashion: all its colors rich and sombre, and adding to the darkness caused by the heavy curtains being drawn across the window.

She pushed the door open, and advanced hesitantly.

"How dark it is!" she said, aloud. "I don't think I like this as well as the rest. It is too dark to be pretty."

Before she had fairly finished speaking, she was quite sure that her heart leaped into her throat. A large, dark object rose from a divan quite close to her, crossed the room to the window, and flung back the curtains with a strong, impatient arm.

The bright light flooded the apartment, and almost blinded her as she stood trembling. She could barely distinguish the figure of a large, powerfully-built man, who gave the purple drapery another push, and looked at her curiously.

"Tito!" he said, in a half-undertone. "A pretty child, who was curious." And then added, more loudly, "Do not alarm yourself, Mademoiselle. I only desired to see who honored me with a visit."

"I beg pardon!" faltered Rosey, hurriedly, alarmed beyond all self control. "I do, indeed, Monsieur. I did not intend—I only—I am Rosey Shandon, and I live at the *pension*, on the next floor."

Her eyes positively implored him for mercy; she was red and white by turns, and she had not really the remotest idea what she was saying. She only knew that her voice shook, and her words tumbled over each other. She dropped the little parcels she had been holding, and bent down to pick them up. Suppose he should tell her mamma.

But he actually indulged in a half laugh, and spoke, as if to himself, again,

"She is Rosey Shandon, and lives at the *pension*, on the next floor," he said, as if her stupidity pleased him.

He stooped, and restored a stray package, with a bow.

"Pray, be seated, Mademoiselle," he said.

Rosey thought the suggestion cruel. The tears started to her eyes.

"Monsieur," she said, "I did not mean to do anything wrong. I only came in because Mademoiselle Joseph told me everything was so beautiful, and—and it is so dull up stairs, and I was lonely."

"Dull?" he echoed, smiling stealthily at the simplicity of her poor little protest. "Dull in Paris? And lonely also?"

"I am always dull," said Rosey. "And it is worse in Paris than anywhere else; but I will not come here again, and I am very sorry I was so rude and foolish. Good morning, Monsieur—if you please."

But he was not ready to let her go. She amused him, and he was not often amused.

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"Nay," he said, "that will never do. Mademoiselle will not come here again? That is ill news. I am unfortunate."

Rosey's eyes fell, and she almost dropped her parcels again. She thought of Mrs. Shandon, and her soul quailed within her.

"If mamma knew I had come," she said, "she would never forgive me. Oh! Monsieur, if—if you would only promise not to tell her," her dread getting the better of her. "She would never forgive me—never."

"Not to tell her?" cried Bertrand—of course it was Bertrand. "Not to tell the mamma—Madame Shandon?" And he bit his bearded lip, the better to restrain his mirth. He had seen Madame Shandon, and the idea of his mounting the staircase, to request a personal interview with her, to report her daughter's misdeeds, was a joke not without a piquancy of flavor. But Rosey was quite in earnest.

"I do so many wrong things," she answered. "and I am so stupid and troublesome, that she is always angry; at least, I am always trying her patience."

"Mademoiselle," said Bertrand, gravely, "let us make a compact. If you will promise to come here, and look at my books and pictures whenever the caprice seizes you, I will promise not to tell your mamma."

Rosey hesitated.

"You are *very* good, but——" she began.

"I am rarely here," he interrupted. "It was mere chance that brought me to-day, and—stay, I have a brilliant idea. When I intend coming, I will send you a little bouquet by way of warning."

"Oh, please, no!" cried Rosey. "Mamma——"

"I will not send it to Madame Shandon," he returned. "You will find it in the room of your friend, Mademoiselle Joseph."

Anything for freedom, thought Rosey, and so she faltered a reluctant compliance.

"I will come sometimes—perhaps," she said, "if I may go now. And, indeed, you are very kind to forgive me so."

She fairly flew down the passages, and up the stairs, to her own room. She shut the door, and sat down on the edge of her bed, panting. One of her parcels was missing, after all. But she was safe, and nobody had seen her.

Monsieur Bertrand found the three-inch package in his room, and opened it, and took out a small roll of dark-blue ribbon, laughing to himself.

"Just the shade for that child-blonde hair," he said. "I will keep it, and I will not tell mamma. What an adventure, to be sure, for a little simpleton!"

On her way from breakfast the next morning, Rosey was stopped by Mademoiselle Joseph, who opened her door and called her in.

On the table stood a light Venetian vase, holding a bouquet of pure white and deep-blue flowers, one large pink rose in their centre.

Rosey stood still, with fear-opened eyes.

"Look at them," said Mademoiselle Joseph, "and then tell me who they are from. I must know, or I will not take them. I will have no little simpleton's folly on my hands. There is a note—under the rose."

Rosey looked, and found it, and read it despairingly.

"Mademoiselle need not fear," it ran. "This is a bouquet of greeting, not of warning. I go to Cannes to-day, and trust Mademoiselle is well, and will remember her promise. Adieu.

"BERTRAND."

"Well?" demanded Mademoiselle Joseph.

Rosey sank into a chair, and clasped her hands.

"What would mamma say!" she exclaimed. "What *would* mamma say?"

Mademoiselle Joseph began to feel slightly alarmed.

"What have you been doing?" she asked. "Tell me, quickly."

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" cried Rosey. "Read it yourself. It is from Monsieur Bertrand, and I do not know what to do."

Then she told the whole story. When she had finished, something she saw in Mademoiselle Joseph's face gave her a sense of relief.

"Was it very wrong?" she asked. "Was it all my fault!"

"Tut!" answered her friend. "You may keep your flowers. You have only acted like an innocent. He sees you are a child, and laughs at you. It is only a joke to him."

"Laughs at me!" echoed Rosey, ruefully. "I do not like people to laugh at me."

But she could not help admiring her flowers, and at last even summoned up courage to make a little blue and white breast-knot, and fasten it on her pink cravat.

"I do not think he laughs at me," she said to herself; "and he was very kind to send the flowers."

She did not visit the first floor, however, during the week that followed. When she went out she hurried past the door, and never felt safe until she reached the street. And yet she thought very often of her acquaintance. She did not find

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it easy to forget him, in fact. He was an imposing fellow, this Bertrand, and had fascinated, even while he alarmed her. He had fine eyes, and a deep, rich voice, and the gay grace of a man who had seen the great world, and who possessed more than ordinary natural gifts. Sometimes Rosey blushed and started when she remembered the smile with which he had regarded her, but then when did Rosey not blush and start? She would have blushed quite as deeply if he had frowned.

It was the middle of the third week before she heard anything more of him, and then, coming in to breakfast one morning, she found Madame's guests in a commotion of interest.

"There will be no more tap-tap-tapping all day, then, if he is in such a strait as that," remarked a red-faced gourmand, whom Rosey hated. "He will have to give up his fine whims since he has not money to indulge in them."

"Nothing has been brought in for several days," said Madame herself. "And the concierge tells me the people have ceased work."

"He is not a man of family," condescended Mrs. Shandon, frigidly.

"A bachelor," answered Mademoiselle Joseph. "And a fine match he would have been thought three weeks ago."

"Let us hope," enunciated Mrs. Shandon, "that there are no sentimental entanglements."

"He is not a sentimental man, Monsieur Bertrand," returned Mademoiselle Joseph; and as she said it she glanced at Rosey, and wondered rather impatiently what ailed the child.

The fact of the matter was, that Rosey was tender little simpleton enough to be suffering a keen pang for the sake of a man who she had only seen once, and from whom she had run away as if he had been a plague. The beautiful rooms were never to reach their full beauty. In some mysterious way all the wealth and power had vanished, and Monsieur Bertrand had been reduced to the rank of some work-a-day mortal. Ah, how sorry she was for him! How dreadful it must seem to him! What would he do? If he had been unhappy before, how wretched he must be now. She did not know that an honest bread and butter struggle is sometimes the best of remedies for the melancholy of one order of misanthropist. She lost her appetite, poor child, in her sympathy for Monsieur Bertrand.

"Is it true?" she whispered to Mademoiselle Joseph, as soon as the chance presented itself.

"It seems so," answered Mademoiselle. "We hear it at last. There has been a great crash in the city, and they say he has suffered immense losses."

"Is he in Paris?"

"No—it is said not. One of the workmen told the concierge that he telegraphed from Cannes simply the words, 'Stop your work.' Pouf, child! You look as if it hurt you."

"It does hurt me," said simple Rosey. "I am so sorry for him."

She thought of him all the morning, and grew so sad at heart, that she even shed a gentle tear or so. Her small head was full of the fall of Monsieur Bertrand when she went out for the dreary constitutional Mrs. Shandon considered necessary for the preservation of her complexion; and when, after an hour's absence, she returned to the *pension*, she mounted the stairs in no better spirits than she had descended them. Arriving at the first landing, she was surprised to find the entrance-door standing open.

"I wonder why," she said, "since he is not in Paris, and they are not at work. But, perhaps, the concierge has had orders to do something to the rooms."

Thus it was that a certain wistful longing to see the beautiful things once again took possession of her. She was not afraid of the concierge, and then, also, she remembered the promise she had so reluctantly made and had not kept.

"I will go in and say good-bye," she decided, at length. "It is odd that I should care to say good-bye to Monsieur Bertrand, but I do. It is because I am sorry, I think—and, perhaps, because he remembered to send me the flowers,"

She felt so certain of finding her friend, the concierge, somewhere, that she was not afraid as she had been the first time. She heard footsteps in one of the farther rooms, and followed the sound. It led her toward the very apartment where she had met with her adventure, and she advanced the more eagerly, because she knew that the good-natured little door-keeper would be quite willing to talk of the sensation of the hour.

But it was not the voice of the concierge she heard when she reached the door. It was the voice of a man who spoke as if to himself, and his words were accompanied by a sharp metallic click, repeating itself two or three times.

"So," he said, "it works well. There will be no blundering. Pah! Let it be clean, short work, since it is to be done. Every man to his taste, but to mine a bullet is the best of all."

Something in the bitter half-laugh following the words struck terror to Rosey's trembling heart. She knew the voice well, though it did not sound as it had done when she heard it last. Scarcely aware what she did, she stepped forward and stood upon the threshold.

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The curtains were drawn across the windows, as they had been on her first visit, but they were not drawn quite so closely, and one beam of sunlight streamed in between the folds of the purple, and fell upon Monsieur Bertrand; and a certain terrible shining something he held in his hand—a shining something Rosey's first glance told her was a pistol.

"It will soon be over," she heard him mutter. "A few moments—perhaps less. Adieu, life. Now——" And he raised his hand.

But it did not do its work. There was a cry and a rush of light feet, and Rosey was clinging to his arm and dragging it down.

"Monsieur!" she cried out, wildly. "Monsieur! Monsieur!"

She was unconscious enough now; all her shyness had vanished. She feared nothing but that she should not have strength to hold the powerful arm. She even shook its owner in her passion of childish emotional courage. Her fright made her strong.

But the man did not even try to free himself after the first unconscious struggle. He staggered back, and looked down in a dazed way at the white, young face and imploring eyes. The pistol hung loosely in his grasp.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "What have we here?"

He strode to the window, taking her with him, and drawing her into the light.

"What?" he said. "It is she! The little English Mademoiselle, again!"

"Monsieur," said Rosey, "you would have killed yourself. You were going to kill yourself!" She would not let him go, but held him with all her might. "Give me the pistol!" she demanded. "You would have killed yourself!"

It was not wonderful that he should look unlike himself at such a crisis, but he looked very strange, indeed, as he handed her the weapon, and spoke in a slow, half-comprehending style. His face was flushed, and his eyes bloodshot.

"Yes," he said; "I would have killed myself." He put his hand up to his forehead, and made a weak, uncertain step forward. "Do not be alarmed," he said, smiling. "I trust I am too gallant a man to be guilty of such a breach of decorum in the presence of a lady.

"Monsieur," cried Rosey, alarmed again, "you are going to be ill. You must sit down. You——"

She was too late, however. Evidently feeling his strength failing him, he put out his hand, blindly, for a chair, missed it, and went down with the smile on his lips.

Rosey flung herself upon the carpet, and made a frantic effort to raise him, which, of course, was a failure. He lay like a dead man, only that he breathed stertorously, and the half smile fused itself into such grimness.

"What must I do?" the poor child cried, wringing her hands. "Where can I find some one to help him?"

Then she thought of Mademoiselle Joseph, and sprang to her feet. But before she flew out of the room, she had the presence of mind to do one thing. She picked up the pistol, and pushed it far back into a drawer, and then locked the drawer.

In fifteen seconds she stood breathless at the door of Mademoiselle Joseph's room.

"Mademoiselle," she panted, when that lady answered her summons, and stood staring at her, "he has fallen down on the floor of the little black-oak room. And he looks as if he would die there. Come to him. Mademoiselle, it is Monsieur Bertrand, you know, and he may die before we get there."

"Monsieur Bertrand!" echoed Mademoiselle Joseph, but she had wit enough not to stop to ask questions. "Don't come with me," she said to Rosey. "Run down to the concierge and order a doctor. And then go and shut yourself in your room, if you don't want to get into trouble."

Rosey did as she was told; but somehow, in her interest in Monsieur Bertrand, she seemed to have lost much of her awe of her mother, and after speaking to the concierge, she went to her room, quite reluctantly. She almost felt brave enough to have gone back to the first floor, notwithstanding Mrs. Shandon.

She did not feel so courageous, however, when she saw that lady, and heard her discuss the matter afterwards.

"It appears it was Mademoiselle Joseph who discovered him," she said. "It is well that Mademoiselle Joseph is not a younger person. As it is, I desire you will check your intimacy with her somewhat, Rosa. A person whose curiosity leads her into the committal of such indiscretions, is hardly the companion for a young lady. For my part," with a stately shudder, "I have always found the woman obnoxious."

"But, mamma," stammered Rosey, the tips of her ears burning, "he would have died, if nobody had found him."

Mrs. Shandon transfixed her with a frigid glance.

"Are you interested in Monsieur Bertrand?" she asked. "If so, I will say no more."

Rosey had nothing to say. In her heart of hearts she knew she was interested, and her

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knowledge of the fact overwhelmed her with confusion.

She saw nothing of Mademoiselle Joseph that day, nor even the next, and she did not dare to ask questions. She listened attentively, however, and gathered from the remarks she heard, that the kindly creature kept her place at the sick man's side staunchly, and intended so to keep it until he was out of danger, or his friends came forward.

"For," explained Madame, "whether it is that he is supposed to be out of Paris, or whether that he is of no particular value, since his misfortunes, not a soul has presented himself as yet, and he lies there alone, so to speak."

It was too much for Rosey to bear. Hers was the shrinking, timid nature which always gains strength at the knowledge of sorrow and pain. She was a foolish little coward before coldness and hard words. She was afraid of her mother and shy of strangers, under ordinary circumstances; but she could forget all fear in the cause of anything more helpless than herself—from a fallen foe to a frightened child, or a tortured animal.

On the evening of the third day, Mademoiselle Joseph answered a faint tinkle of the door-bell, and started back to find herself confronting a youthful figure, standing in the dusk of the staircase.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed. "Is it you, child? What are you doing here? Where is your mother?"

"Mademoiselle," said Rosey, "I want to know if it is true, that he has no friend but you? I could not sleep last night, Mademoiselle. It seemed so sad to think that after—after all these years—" the tears rising in her sweet voice—"he should not have a single friend in all this gay, rich Paris, so full—so full of people."

"Step inside for a moment," answered her friend. "It won't do for you to stand out there."

When Rosey stepped in, she shut the entrance-door, and the light of the candle she held showed that she looked quite fagged out.

"See!" she said. "It is true, every word of it, and a miserable tale it is to tell. People are worse than I thought they were. No one has come to ask if he is a living man or a dead one; not a soul, though the doctor found out two or three of his fine friends, and told them how the matter stands. As to nurses, I sent for one, and when she came she gave him a side glance, and asked who was going to pay. I could have paid her myself, but I sent her about her business after that. The wife of the concierge is a good little soul, and she is willing enough, but she has six babies on her hands, and a husband who is as bad as twelve; so I am going to stand it alone as long as I can. The man's haggard face has taken hold of me, somehow, and I mean to stand his friend, as there is no one better."

Rosey's excitement and sympathy got the better of her. She put out her hand and caught Mademoiselle Joseph's, and kissed it.

"Bless me!" cried Mademoiselle Joseph. "What does that mean?"

"It means that you are so good—so good!" cried Rosey. "And it means that I cannot help loving you. And I want to help you, if I may. Oh, please let me! No one will ever know, at all, and it cannot be wrong to want to help some one who has no friends. I will come down when every one is in bed, and I will do everything I can, and it can be a secret between us always."

Mademoiselle Joseph almost let her light fall.

"You would do that? You?" she gasped.

"Yes," said Rosey, "and not be afraid, at all."

"Well," said Mademoiselle, "I should not wonder if you would. And commend me to these simple little souls for cleverness, when the worst comes to the worst."

She opened the door, laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, kissed her, and pushed her gently outside.

"Go up stairs, and get a good night's rest, and come again to-morrow," she said. "You shall do your share, do not fear, even if it is something else."

"But, Mademoiselle—" began Rosey, feeling bewildered.

"Do as I tell you," was the answer she received. "And don't get me into trouble because I am fond of you. There, run away. I cannot wait longer." And she shut the door, and left Rosey in the shadow, uncertain whether her plan was an accepted one or not.

In fact, it was scarcely either accepted or rejected. Mademoiselle Joseph was as good as her word, and gave her plenty to do, in one way or another. There were purchases to be made, and various small tasks to be performed, and occasionally Rosey found herself allowed to pay a quiet visit to the sick-room, when Mrs. Shandon was satisfactorily disposed of.

"If you had a sensible woman for a mother, I should be ashamed of myself," said Mademoiselle, brusquely, "but if you had a sensible woman for a mother, she would have no objection to your doing your duty towards a suffering fellow-creature, and she would be here with you, helping you to do it."

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Still it was perilous for Rosey. If the powerful and fortunate Monsieur Bertrand had made an impression upon her, how much more did the Monsieur Bertrand of the dark, haggard face, wearied with restless pain, touch her tender heart. She became accustomed to bearing his image in her thoughts night and day, and to being full of gentle sadness for him. She often wondered what she could do with herself when he was well enough to go away, and be quite lost to her in his great busy world.

It was almost a shock to her when Mademoiselle Joseph met her at the door, one morning, and told her that he was entirely conscious, and even strong enough to ask questions, and insist on being answered.

"Questions of all kinds," said Mademoiselle Joseph. "He is as determined aud inquisitive as if he had never had a pain in his life."

"I am very glad," said Rosey, slowly. "I suppose you will not need me again, Mademoiselle; but I am very glad."

She went away wondering what questions he had asked, and whether he had remembered anything of their last meeting in the black-oak room. In fact, Monsieur had remembered it very clearly after the mists had cleared away from his brain; and after he had gathered divers facts from Mademoiselle Joseph, he had lain thinking gravely of the pitying eyes and sweet, frightened face, which had faded from his vision as he fell.

"And it is you whom I must thank for existence, Mademoiselle," he said, to Mademoiselle Joseph.

"You may thank me, and you may thank another," she answered; "but you must thank the other first."

Monsieur smiled a little.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "my last memory of this world is the memory of a face like a flower, and a pair of timid eyes, and some loose braids of hair, blonde, like a child's. Is that the other one?"

"I suppose I may as well confess that it is," she replied.

Monsieur smiled again, but this time with wonderful tenderness.

"And since then I have had fancies of this face," he proceeded, "and have listened longingly from time to time for a low, young voice I sometimes heard. Is it true that I sometimes heard this voice, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes," returned Mademoiselle Joseph, half-grudgingly, "it is true."

"And——" he began again.

Mademoiselle Joseph advanced to the bedside, and regarded him with the steadfast look of a practical and honest woman.

"Stay, Monsieur," she said. "The pretty face is the face of a child, as yet; and I must know more of you before I answer any further questions."

But Monsieur did not appear at all baffled.

"Sit down, Mademoiselle," he said, "and ask of me what you like. I am a man of the world, but I am ready to answer."

He was so plainly in earnest, that Mademoiselle Joseph obeyed him. Perhaps she rather enjoyed the prospect of satisfying her curiosity. And Monsieur was so frank that she did satisfy it. She could have told her friends of the *pension*, a whimsical enough story, before an hour was over; that is, if she had so chosen, and the final incident was more whimsical than all the rest.

"I had made up my mind," said Monsieur, "that when I next crossed the threshold it would be when I was carried forth a dead man. The world and my solitariness had wearied me, and, with the fever working in my brain, I was not sane. It was not the loss of the money. I fancy I am not so nearly ruined as my kind friends imagine, but I was morbid and half-mad. And I held the pistol in my hand, thinking the last moment had come. What a fool I see myself, now that my blood has cooled! And she sprang forward, this pretty child, and clung to my arm, and cried out to me in her clear, anguished voice. And so I was saved. And I lie here to-day," he added softly, after a moment's pause. "I lie here to-day, and think of her with passionate gratitude."

After this, he dictated to Mademoiselle Joseph a letter to his lawyer, and it was sent out at once by the concierge. This being done, Monsieur composed himself to sleep, and slept long and peacefully.

"I wish to recover as rapidly as possible," he said. "I am a strong man, and I have an object in view. I shall take a seat on that chair by the fire in ten days at the latest."

He was awake when his lawyer arrived, and was strong enough to bear a lengthy interview, and to ask more questions, and even to give divers directions concerning his affairs.

"And as to his being ruined," said Mademoiselle Joseph, when she took her place at the table two days after, "that is all folly and nonsense. His losses are a mere bagatelle, and a pleasant affair it is for those gay friends of his. He is no more ruined than I am. And he has a jest of his own, too, for fashionable Paris. He is a wit which does not spare."

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"And you thought him well enough to leave him?" asked some one.

Mademoiselle Joseph nodded significantly.

"I can trust him with a nurse now," she said. "You should hear him give his orders when he has a whim. The creature would sooner lose the tip of her tongue than disobey him."

Accordingly, Monsieur recovered; and when, during his gradual convalescence, he appeared silent and preoccupied, and Mademoisielle Joseph regarded him inquiringly, he answered her, with a smile,

"I think, Mademoiselle, of my hopes."

Every morning there was left at the door a bouquet for Rosey, and, astonishing to relate, Mrs. Shandon made no remark.

One evening, however, she came into Rosey's room, and advancing with her most majestic air of maternal affection, kissed the girl's forehead.

"My dear Rosa," she said, "you have my permission to go down to the salon of Monsieur Bertrand, and I will add that your conduct has been most praiseworthy."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Rosey.

"Go at once, my dear Rosa," said Mrs. Shandon, waving her hand. "I am perfectly satisfied."

The door of the salon, opening slowly a few minutes later, caused Monsieur Bertrand to stop in his pacing to and fro, and advance to greet the approach of the sweet, distressed face.

"Monsieur," faltered Rosey, "I—I am very glad you are better, and—and thank you for the flowers."

She was so overwhelmed with shyness, that the eyes she raised to his were suggestive of tears.

"I am very glad you are better, Monsieur," she began again, and ventured to hold out her little hand.

But Monsieur seemed stirred by some emotion, too deep for ordinary words.

"Mademoiselle," he said—"Rose—you do not fear me—you who have saved me—you? You will not send me from you—since I love you."

He held out his hands.

"I—" whispered Rosey, hanging her pretty head. "Monsieur—I——"

But she went to him, obeying his tender gesture, and he folded her—softly, as if she had been a child—to his heart.

MIGNONETTE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

Sweet and faint
Steals the perfume from the South;
See, dear saint,
Flowers bloom on in rain or drouth.
Music falls,
Through the vines all dewey, wet—
O'er the walls
Where we planted Mignonette.

Happy flowers!
Thus to careless spring and fade;
Through the hours,
Sweet alike in sun or shade.

Long I wait,
Does my heedless love forget?
Strange how fate—
Links me to thee, Mignonette!

Meek and fair
Rise these blossoms from the mould
Should I care
If the night grows dark and cold?
Suns shall rise
After all these suns shall set;
In love lies
Hope for all things, Mignonette!

THE HAPPIEST HOUR.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

Gayly sing, my happy bird,
Let thy sweetest song,
With its tenderest trills be borne
By the breeze along,
Till upon the busy street
One home coming it may greet.

Laugh and shout, my bonnie boy,
For the hour has come,
Gayest, gladdest, happiest hour,
Which brings papa home;
Hour more dear there scarce could be,
In this world, I think, to me.

Childish wrongs in papa's arms
Soon are all forgot,
Near to him more light the cares
Vexing woman's lot,
All Life's ills lose half their power
O'er my heart in this glad hour.

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HOW SHE DID IT.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

"I MEAN to get into society," said Mrs. Cyrus Glenn, in a very decided tone of voice, as she stood at the parlor window of her handsome mansion on Beechnut Avenue, and looked out upon a wintry scene, which was all sparkling, new-fallen snow beneath, and an azure, cloudless sky, and glittering sunshine overhead.

Now the lady was entirely alone at the moment that she spoke; therefore, her remark, addressed in an authoritative tone to herself, was in no danger of meeting with either contradiction or argument.

Mrs. Glenn turned from the window, and glanced around her sumptuous parlors. They looked very well, indeed, in the clear light of that January morning. Everything was of the handsomest, and with the gloss of freshness still upon it: Aubresson carpets, brocatelle furniture, satin curtains, pictures upon the walls, books, pretty knick-knacks in gilt, carved ivory, and porcelain; a good bronze or two, a pair of very creditable busts, in white marble—really, the effect was excellent! And yet, Mrs. Glenn sighed, as she looked around, and in her inmost heart declared that her elegant rooms were unto her as a howling wilderness. For, dreadful to relate, Mrs. Glenn was not in society.

The Glenns had not always been wealthy. Sudden riches, whether by inheritance, or through speculation, or by one of those lucky chances that a few years ago turned not a few of our citizens into millionaires, it matters not to our story, had swooped down upon them in their quiet, suburban home, and had totally changed the current of their daily lives. From Pecan Street, a two-story brick, with a garden in front, to the glories of a Beechnut Avenue, and a mansion, all marble front, and plate-glass windows, the step had been a wide one. But Mrs. Glenn took it easily and gracefully, as most of our American women contrive to do, under similar circumstances. She sported her fine servants, silken furniture, French dresses, and open carriage, as though she had been born to the purple. She had a good eye for color, and so dressed well. She had some taste, partly natural, partly acquired, which taught her to furnish her house properly. She had read up extensively concerning lace aud gems, in the days when a book had been her great recreation, beside her baby's cradle, or in the intervals of doing up collars or mending shirts. So she was quite prepared to look critical over a fold of old *point-de-venise*, or to converse learnedly respecting the relative merits of cameos and coral. So far, so good. But the hidden aspirations of her soul remained unsatisfied. She knew nobody!

What to her, after the first novelty of possession had worn off, availed her French dresses, and her handsome rooms? There was nobody to admire either. Not but what she might have had as much society as she chose, had she been willing to take up with anybody, or anything. Mrs. Billings, who lived ten doors off, and whose husband was a manufacturer of scented soap on an extensive scale, had called almost immediately, and had begged Mrs. Glenn to "come in and be intimate." Mrs. O'Keefe, the rich widow, whose late spouse had been an Irish army contractor, and who was herself of Milesian extraction, had manifested a like disposition to cultivate Mrs. Glenn. But Mrs. Glenn refused to be cultivated by such people. She had "a soul above soap and shoddy," she said. Either she would have the very best and choicest of society, she declared, or she would have none at all. So she "declined, with thanks," an invitation to tea at the house of Mrs. Billings, and one to a ball at that of Mrs. O'Keefe; and refrained from asking to see either of those ladies when she returned their calls; in consequence of which the acquaintance ended then and there; and Mrs. Billings was afterwards heard to describe Mrs. Glenn by the epithet "stuck-up," if anybody knows what that means.

Yes. Mrs. Glenn had resolved to soar to the topmost heights of the social pinnacle; and on the particular morning on which our story opens, she sat soberly and seriously down to review the situation. Her thoughts, translated into the ordinary speech of mortals, were somewhat as follows:

"Here am I, after fourteen months of prosperity, as far from my object as ever. Yet it is an object that can be achieved, and I will achieve it, and that, too, before I am two years older. Let me see. How do the drawbacks of my position weigh against its advantages? To begin with, I am not ill-looking, nor handsome. That

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fact of itself would turn the women that I want to conciliate against me; but what is better still, I am naturally stylish, tall, slender, with a pale complexion, and of what may be termed a good presence and carriage. Secondly, I am not a fool. Thirdly, I possess that extra sense, known as tact. Fourthly, lastly, and most important item of all, I have money, and I am willing to spend it.

"Now for the drawbacks. I think they may be summed up in one item. I know no one—literally, no one—belonging to the set into which I wish to enter. Only let me insert the point of the wedge, and I will cleave the oak, never fear. But the entering-point of the wedge—how am I to find that?"

Mrs. Glenn took her seat upon the sofa, and meditated profoundly. At the time of which we write, three families reigned paramount in the city where she lived, and not to know them, argued oneself unknown. First came the Clendennings, a wealthy and widowed mother, of ancient descent and aristocratic manners, with an only daughter, Miss Bertha Clendenning, who was a reigning belle, as befitted her prospective heiresship, as well as the blueness of her blood. Next came the Davenants—the family of Admiral Davenant; three daughters, Mary, Meta and Emily; two sons, a distinguished father, and a lady-mother, descended from the very "first" of F. F. V.'s. Thirdly, the Hautons—blue blood on both sides—not much money, but an infinity of style and fashion; two daughters, Anne and Maud, both in society; and two sons, one of whom was reported to be attentive to Emily Davenant. These three families formed, so to speak, the point, or apex, of that social pinnacle to which Mrs. Glenn aspired to climb. Once gain the social sanction of each, or all of these, and her object would be attained.

But where, when, and, above all, how? Already had she occupied for months a pew at the fashionable church of St. Boanerges, just next to that held by Mrs. Davenant. Already had her two pretty daughters, Agnes and Carrie, formed speaking acquaintances, at dancing-school, with Mrs. Hauton's youngest daughter, Alice, a girl about their own age, namely, somewhere between twelve and fourteen. The acquaintance, however, had never progressed any farther. To be sure, Mrs. Clendenning had been heard to ask, one Sunday, on coming out of St. Boanerges', "Who is that elegantly-dressed woman?" meaning Mrs. Glenn; but the reply, "It is Mrs. Glenn, who has just bought a house on Beechnut Avenue," was withering, and its subject wilted accordingly. But she was not subdued or daunted. Far from it! She meant to accomplish her purpose, and she clung with all a woman's tenacity to its achievement. But how—how? Ah, there was the rub.

Mrs. Glenn left her seat on the sofa, and strolled idly to her old position at the window. There she stood, looking out, as though to take counsel of the sunshine and the snow, in regard to her social difficulties. But "her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away." She was picturing herself, to herself, in the character of a hostess, receiving the *elite* of the town; introducing distinguished strangers to "her friend, Miss Clendenning;" making the tour of her crowded parlors, leaning on the arm of Admiral Davenant; tapping Mrs. Hauton playfully on the shoulder with her fan; calling James Hauton a "sad, naughty boy," in mirthful tones. She had a vision of herself in her last Worth toilet, presiding at the head of a gorgeous dinner-table, and looking across a space, glittering with silver and crystal, perfumed with flowers, and gay with delicate porcelain, at one of the magnates of the land, seated just opposite to her. But from these radiant dreams she was rudely aroused by the more actual and positive appearance of a baggage express-wagon, loaded with trunks, which drew up at the house just opposite.

The house in question was a neat edifice enough, with a brown-stone front, plate-glass windows, and all the other appliances of modern civilization. It had been offered for rent some few months before, and the bill had only just been removed. With her usual keen eye to possibilities, Mrs. Glenn had not failed to inquire, or rather to cause Mr. Glenn to inquire, as to who had taken it. But the answer, "A Dr. Landelle, who has been residing abroad," was not particularly promising; and she had dismissed the subject from her mind. Something, however, (was it preoccupation or idle curiosity, or was it not destiny?—Mrs. Glenn rather thought it was the latter,) led her to linger at the window, to watch the disembarkation of the baggage. There were a good many trunks taken off and carried up the steps. And, finally, a pretty, brown-eyed girl, in a neat morning-dress, came to the door to give some final instructions, or possibly to settle about payment. But at that moment, what was Mrs. Glenn's amazement to see Meta Davenant, who happened to be passing her house, rush frantically across the street, and embrace the aforesaid pretty girl, with all the effusiveness of a young lady-friendship of long standing.

That sight was enough. Mrs. Glenn only lin-

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gered long enough at the window to see the two girls enter the house together, and then she turned away with a very settled, not to say comfortable conviction, that the Landelles were worth knowing, and with a firm resolution to call at the earliest available moment. She had too much tact to commence her campaign at once, before carpets and curtains, etc., were all fully in their places in the new home of her opposite neighbors. She resolved to bide her time, and, meanwhile, she set about gathering up all the stray scraps of information respecting the Landelles, which she could collect. Every particular, which came to her knowledge, was in the highest degree satisfactory. Mrs. Landelle, who was something of an invalid, was of a well-known old family, and Dr. Landelle of an equally old one. They had resided abroad for some years, chiefly to educate their children. One daughter had married in England, and as the climate of Europe no longer suited the health of Mrs. Landelle, the Doctor had resolved to return to the United States, and to resume the practice of his profession. One son and one daughter comprised his household, the daughter being, of course, the pretty girl of whom we have spoken—Kate Landelle—who numbered among her friends, not only Meta Davenant, but Maud Houton, Bertha Clendenning, and a score or so more of the daughters of the best families.

The momentous call was duly made, and Mrs. Glenn was courteously received by the refined and delicate Mrs. Landelle, who saw in the elegantly-dressed and well-mannered woman before her nothing to cavil at, and who had been absent too long from her native city to be able to place any strange name very definitely. Mrs. Glenn stayed just long enough to make a favorable impression, and then retired with a hope that she should soon have the pleasure of welcoming her new neighbor to her own house. The visit was duly returned in the course of the next week, and then Mrs. Glenn felt "her soul in arms and eager for the fray."

She was too wise to rush into any sudden intimacy, or to make any display of her anxiety to cultivate her new acquaintance. But she began the campaign with a series of delicate attentions: an offer of her carriage when Mrs. Landelle seemed more than usually ailing; a bouquet of flowers from the spacious conservatory attached to the Glenn mansion; a seat in an opera-box occasionally for Miss Kate, etc., till Miss Glenn's name became quite a household word in the Landelle mansion. Gradually the acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Mrs. Landelle was really grateful to the kindly lady, who seemed to take so much interest in her own welfare and that of her daughter. To be sure, a number of her fashionable friends had asked who is Mrs. Glenn, but no one could give any derogatory answer. If she did not belong to the fashionable set, she did not belong to any objectionable one. So Mrs. Landelle and Kate, never meeting any unpleasant persons at the house of Mrs. Glenn, and appreciating to the full all her manifold attentions, became thoroughly reconciled, first to the acquaintanceship, and secondly to the intimacy.

Of course, Mrs. Glenn, in her constant intercourse with the Landelles, could not fail to come into contact with most of their other visitors. She had very soon the rapture of receiving a civil bend of the head from Mrs. Houton, and of being entitled to bow, not only to that lady, but to Mrs. Davenant and others of that set, when she met them in the street. That, for the present, sufficed for her ambition. She had no idea of mincing everything by indiscriminate pushing. Had she called upon the ladies, at that stage of her upward progress, a very decided snub, and possibly a cut direct, would have been the consequence. Women of the world, with some five or six hundred names on their visiting lists, do not, as a rule, crave new acquaintances. Mrs. Glenn felt that she must show them that she was an acquaintance worth knowing, before she ventured on such a decided step as a visit, much less an invitation.

Lent came late that year, so it was fully the middle of April before Mrs. Glenn resolved upon playing her first card in the society-game. She would give a dinner-party, in honor of the Landelles. Now, a dinner-party, though in many respects one of the most elegant and recherche forms of entertainment, as it is also one of the most costly, does not demand from its giver an extensive visiting list. Mrs. Glenn's guests were to be wholly culled from among the acquaintances she had made at the house of her new friend. Mrs. Landelle and Kate, of course, headed the list of the ladies. Then came a Mrs. Escott, a pretty little widow, who was nobody in particular, but who had a superb and highly cultivated voice, and was in consequence invited everywhere. Next on the list were the Misses Danvers, two lively young sisters, who were wild on the subject of entertainments, and went everywhere they were asked. Last came Miss Arabin, a society belle of a certain age, well born and well connected, but who, being rather in the sear and yellow leaf, was not averse to accepting such stray invitations as came in her way, even though they did not emanate from one of "our set." Six gentlemen—Dr. Lan-

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delle and his son; two of Kate's most devoted admirers, in the shape of James Hauton and Carroll Davenant; Harry Danvers, a cousin of the Danvers girls aforesaid; and finally, Harrison Ffrench, a society bachelor, who lived, moved, and breathed only for society—made up the number to which Mrs. Glenn declared she had restricted herself, though, sooth to say, she would have been somewhat puzzled to increase it. But when her invitations had all been sent out and answered, she could not help feeling that she had begun very well. And to say that her heart did not give a throb of exultation, when she received the acceptances of Messrs. Hauton and Davenant, would have been to have declared that she was more than mortal.

She was almost equally charmed with the acceptance of Harrison Ffrench, who, if not a very grand aristocrat, was a thorough man of the world, agreeable, cultivated, and talented, who could draw caricatures, play a waltz or a galop on the piano, for dancing, if required, and who, above all things, was a great talker. In the absence of a Morning Post, or Court Journal, Mrs. Glenn looked to Harrison Ffrench to advertise, so to speak, her dinner-party. Guests, flowers, viands, appurtenances—she knew a full inventory of the whole would be retailed at the very next house he entered. And she intended that the story should be worth the telling. Not that she thought that the guests she had collected were worth any especial amount of pains, or of splendor, to do them honor. But she meant to make her entertainment "tell," and to achieve that end, an immense amount of thought and trouble would be necessary.

She rose to the height of the occasion, like the woman of spirit that she was. Money, of course, she did not intend to spare. She was playing her first card in an important game, and she meant to win. She at once secured a certain dinner-service of old Dresden, of extreme beauty and fabulous cost, which had once belonged to the German Ambassador, and had been transferred from Washington when his Excellency had sold out his effects, prior to yielding the post to his successor. Her solid silver-service was well-nigh complete, but she added to it a pair of massive pitchers, of classical form, and rare beauty of design. She ransacked all the stores before she could find an epergne of sufficient elegance to grace the centre of her table. The most experienced of head-waiters was engaged, and the chief caterer of the city received a carte-blanche order. As to the wines, Mr. Glenn took charge of those in a highly satisfactory manner. The flowers were Mrs. Glenn's chief care, and a famous florist outdid himself on the occasion. There were masses of flowers everywhere. A bouquet for each lady, and a *boutonniere* for each gentleman, were placed opposite the plates on the dinner table.

Everything passed off as well as possible. Mr. Glenn, portly, gray-haired, and taciturn, did no discredit to his superbly-decked table and elegant-looking wife. The guests did full justice to the viands and the wines. Harrison Ffrench told some of his best stories, and Kate Landelle flirted to her heart's content with her two admirers. There was a new fruit, just imported from the West Indies, introduced at dessert, as well as a novel mould for ice, the pattern of which had never before been seen. After dinner, there was an impromptu dance, Harrison Ffrench acting as musician; and the party did not break up till a late hour. Altogether, the whole affair was a decided success; and, thanks to the energetic gossiping powers of Harrison Ffrench, all upper-tendom was soon acquainted with that fact. Actually, the Glenn dinner, taking place as it did, in a period of great social dearth, was talked about for no less than three days.

After that first effort, the taking, so to speak, of the first trick in the game she was playing, Mrs. Glenn rested on her laurels, or rather she considered her cards warily, and revolved what should be her next play.

The summer campaign came on in due order. In this, the Landelles could aid but little, if at all, for they had accepted an invitation to pass part of the season with a friend who owned a cottage at Newport. Mrs. Glenn looked about her for a suitable place of resort, and finally fixed on Seachester, a fashionable watering-place by the ocean; for at Seachester was a certain well-known hotel, called Granville's, a pet of the upper ten of her city. It was a quaint, old-fashioned building, well-kept and in good repute; and the best families had been in the habit of passing their summers there, from time immemorial. Thither Mrs. Glenn betook herself, only too happy to secure a small back room, at an exorbitant price, and silencing Mr. Glenn's objections and grumblings by a promise of Saratoga or the White Mountains, in the fall. At Granville's, she met her quondam guests, Miss Arabin and the Misses Danvers; she improved her acquaintance with Mrs. Hauton and Mrs. Davenant, and by dint of judicious little attentions, such as invitations to dine, loans of new novels, etc., and a general avoidance of undue pushing, or forwardness, she managed to increase her list of acquaintances to a considerable extent, and

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to get up for herself a general reputation for civility and good breeding. The *rôle* that she had to play was indeed a difficult one. To make her way in that exclusive set, yet not to appear pushing; to be sociable in the face of a certain calm coldness of demeanor, far more repressing than actual rudeness; to make acquaintance with ladies, each of whom knew two-thirds of the guests in the hotel, and cared about as much for a new acquaintance as a bird would for three wings. All this demanded no small degree of circumspection and tact. She carried off the situation triumphantly, however, and before the season had ended, Mrs. Clendenning had been heard to speak of her as an "intelligent person, with decidedly good manners." Altogether, when Mrs. Glenn quitted Seachester, to afford Mr. Glenn an opportunity of drinking the waters of Saratoga, she could set down, in the accounts of her social game, her six weeks stay at Granville's, as the taking of trick number two.

The autumn came, and brought with it new aspirations, new plans, and, it must be confessed, new misgivings also. For Mrs. Glenn longed, above all things, to give a party. She knew very well that you must sow entertainments in order to reap invitations, and that a successful ball would advance her more than months of striving and myriads of dinner-parties could ever do. But where were the guests to come from? Ah! there was the rub. Thanks to her Seachester campaign, she had a speaking acquaintance with a tolerably fair sprinkling of the best set in town, and her dinner-party had enabled her to start a visiting book, without its pages being totally blank. But count and stare, and look over the lists of her acquaintances as she might, she could not get the number of persons whom, on any pretext it was possible for her to invite, over one hundred.

The winter season arrived, and found her well-nigh in despair. By dint of small suppers and little reunions, she had contrived to make her house known, and to give it a reputation for pleasant and profuse hospitality; but the grand *coup* had not yet been stricken; and daring as Mrs. Glenn was, she still hesitated about making the attempt. "Suppose I were to fail," she thought, and the very idea gave her a cold chill; for such a failure would of course imply the quenching of her social aspirations forever. But just before the holidays, an event took place, which decided Mrs. Glenn's wavering mind, as a vigorous push will send a shivering bather plump into the cold waters of the stream into which he longed, yet dreaded to plunge. Miss Sallie Danvers was wooed and won by a rich Bostonian, who insisted on a brief engagement and a speedy marriage. Now, Miss Sallie, being resolved to do things in style, made up her mind to have a grand wedding, with all the necessary paraphernalia and train of attendants, including in the latter six bridesmaids. And being desirous of surrounding the occasion with as much *eclat* as possible, she selected the bridesmaids aforesaid, not from among her relatives or intimate friends, but from among the "swells" of her acquaintance. Of course, her sister Lizzie was one of the six; but Kate Landelle, Bertha Clendenning, Maud Hauton, Emily Davenant, and Susan Raybrooke (this last a first cousin of the Clendennings), filled out her list. At once, Mrs. Glenn was stirred to enthusiasm at the idea of giving a party to the bride "There was nothing," as she confidentially remarked to Miss Arabin, "that she so much admired as a young bride, with her attendant train of lovely young girls; and she positively *must* give dear Sallie an entertainment after her marriage. She had thought of a dinner-party, but she believed the young ladies would best enjoy a dance, and so she had decided on an evening entertainment. Not a large affair—oh, no; crushes were her abhorrence—just a small, pretty party, enough to fill her rooms comfortably; but the flowers, the supper, and the German favors, should surpass anything as yet seen that season. She was resolved, "for dear Sallie's sake," that it should be as elegant as possible."

She repeated the same speech, in succession, to several of her friends, including Harrison Ffrench; and then, in sheer desperation, set out to give a ball, with a visiting list that numbered not quite one hundred.

The experiment was a bold and a desperate one, but it succeeded, as dash and daring always deserve to do. The season was a dull one; there was but little going on; and the *eclat* afforded by the names of the bridesmaids, combined with the reputation for wealth and lavish hospitality, which the Glenns were beginning to enjoy, lent a special attractiveness to the occasion. The opportune arrival of several Southern and New York belles, who had come to attend the approaching assembly, gave Mrs. Glenn an opportunity, which she eagerly seized, of calling upon and inviting, not only the new-comers, but the ladies with whom they were staying, as well. Harrison Ffrench suggested names, and brought young society-men to call, and interested himself generally in the whole affair. One way or another, the list of invitations grew and swelled, and attained majestic proportions, like the bean-

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stalk, planted by the celebrated Jack, of nursery lore.

At last the eventful evening arrived. The spacious parlors were more than comfortably filled. The bride was there, resplendent in point-lace and pearls, as was also the majority of her bridesmaids, though Maud Hauton did plead illness at the last moment, and Miss Raybrooke sent a polite, but formal, "regret." The Clendennings and the Davenants, seeing so much display, and meeting their own friends on every side, were reconciled to their new acquaintance. James Hauton led the German, with Miss Clendenning, assisted by Carroll Davenant, who had the youngest Miss Danvers for a partner. The flowers on the supper-table, all purely white, as befitted an entertainment given to a bride, were deservedly and enthusiastically admired. Mrs. Glenn's toilet, Worth's latest combination of impossible colors, was regarded with much favor. The toys for the German were all exquisite little Parisian knick-knacks, "imported expressly for the occasion," as Harrison Ffrench whispered, with polite exaggeration. And when the whole affair was over, when the last musician and the latest dancer had departed, somewhere about five in the morning, Mrs. Glenn retired to rest, a desperately tired, but a triumphant woman. For the game was won. Tact, wealth and persistence had stormed the social fortress, carrying it by assault.

These events happened some years ago. Of Mrs. Glenn's subsequent progress along the upward path, we can give no better idea than will be afforded by a conversation we recently overheard, between her and Miss Anne Hauton, on the steps of Virgil & Sticknight's dry-goods store.

"Who are these Wilkies, that one meets everywhere, now-a-days?" queried Miss Hauton, of her companion.

"My dear Anne," quoth Mrs. Glenn, with a wave of her Russian-sable muff, "how can I possibly tell? I never even heard of them, before this winter. They do not belong to our set at all. And now do come in, and help me to choose a dress for the Raybrooke's ball, next week. I have decided to get a velvet, but I am hesitating between a royal-purple and a dark, rich blue."

Reader, the thing was done, and we have told you HOW SHE DID IT.

THE REASON WHY.

BY KATIE HIGGINS.

You ask me why I do not cause
My muse to sing
Of Love, and all the countless joys
That he doth bring?

Why, though I sing of varied themes,
No word I say
Of all those happy, youthful dreams,
That gild Life's way?

How can I sing, in words that glow,
Of Love's bright flame,
When I the passion only know,
As yet, in name?

How can I tell how keen the smart
Love's arrows give;
When never yet, my happy heart
Did one receive?

How can I paint the bliss, the joy,
Love doth bestow;
The happiness without alloy,
That lovers know?

When o'er my heart his magic chain,
Love ne'er hath thrown;
When of its bliss, or of its pain,
I naught have known.

Then leave me to those idle themes,
Which first I chose;
And ask of Love, and all his dreams,
Of one who knows.

SLUMBER, DEAREST.

BY EMMA LOW.

SLUMBER, dearest, while above thee
Angels' eyes are bending now;
And their starry pinions waving,
Lightly fan thy placid brow;
All is hushed and still around thee,
While my lonely watch I keep;
Thou art dreaming, sweetly dreaming—
Sleep on, darling, peaceful sleep!

Deeper, now, the midnight shadows
Gather in the valley fair;
Softly, through the lattice stealing,
Comes the cool, refreshing air;
Till the rosy light of morning
Spangles o'er the crystal deep,
Wrapt in dreams of heav'n and beauty,
Sleep on, darling, peaceful sleep!

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A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"You know," said Meg, as she took out her porte-monnaie to pay her car fare, "that it is one thing to go shopping with a full purse, and quite another to go with an empty one. The latter is my case, and I always think of the person who said that her porte-monnaie looked as if an elephant had stepped on it."

She was talking to her friend, and the car was nearly empty; but the conductor smiled as he took her ticket; and an elderly lady in the opposite corner did not lose a word that was said. She glanced once at the bright face, with its youthful bloom, and setting of fluffy, brown hair, and saw that "lady" was written from the crown of the graceful head to the hem of her quiet dress. Margaret Clayfield was a thorough lady, but full of youthful spirits, and with a happy disposition to extract amusement from vexations and disappointments.

Her friend, who was a somewhat angular, matter-of-fact damsel, listened while she rattled on,

"All very well, you know, to talk of its being exhilarating to look for a new spring bonnet; but I don't find it so exhilarating. My first sensation is one of utter amazement at the abominable prices asked for a mouthful of ribbon and flowers, that I could put together, myself, in a jiffy—only that I never feel I can give it just the air the milliners do. But mine has to go without the air, for I generally make it myself. So, the programme is: first, a tour of the shops, to see how dear everything is, and to get some ideas on the subject of trimming, when those overpowering females, with their hair frizzed, and braided, and curled, and their dresses flounced, and puffed, and ruffled, and sashed, who guard the shrine of bonnets and artificial flowers, advance upon you with, 'What did you wish?' and look as though their eyes bored, like gimlets, to the very bottom of your evil intentions. Their supercilious aspect, when you decline their obliging offer of taking your address if you seem to admire any particular creation, is refreshing to behold. Once out of that snare, probably with a bonnet-frame, and a cone-shaped parcel, enclosing a spray of flowers in your hand, you rush wildly around for silk or ribbon of excellent quality for almost nothing; then hurry home to put your materials together in a state of disgust, and conclude that you are a veritable fright, as you finally survey yourself in the mirror, tired out and haggard-looking, with the bonnet you have achieved at all this expenditure of mind and body perched on your head. I fairly hate the business!"

"Come," said Lottie Wayland, laughing, "things are not quite so bad as all that. And you make lovely bonnets, Meg."

"Do you know what I should really enjoy?" continued the other. "Just to have a fairy godmother, or something of that sort, appear at my elbow when I am looking covetously at bonnets and dresses, and say benignly, 'My dear child, for once I want you to be satisfied. Select whatever you like, irrespective of price, and I will see that you get it.' It would be so lovely to know how anything like that feels."

"What a child you are!" giggled Lottie, "I never would have thought of such a thing; and there are no fairy godmothers now-a-days."

"But there are plenty who might be," persisted Meg, "and be all the happier for it. I have no doubt that, at this very moment, there is some rich old lady, perhaps not very far off, with no one to spend money on, to whom such a needy creature as I am would really be a windfall, if we could only meet. I know if I were a rich old woman I should take a real delight in finding out some nice young girl with everything she wanted. Why don't people do such things often, I wonder? They never seem to think of any one who is beyond loaves of bread and blankets. I really feel sorry for the wealthy dame to whom I might give so much pleasure if I could only find her."

"One would think you were talking right out of a book," said Miss Wayland, calmly. "I suppose that Nettie Higginson is having lots of lovely things made up."

"Oh, yes," sighed Meg. "That is one of the beauties of getting married—having such a pile of pretty new things all at once. But Nettie always had lots of pretty things before. I may be driven to some desperate step yet, Lottie. I have a venerable admirer with half a million."

"Just as if your father, the Rev. Mr. Clayfield, or your sweet, lady-like mother, would countenance anything like that!" said Lottie, indignantly.

"Or Margaret Clayfield, herself," added the young lady, with heightened color. "But, speak-

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ing of mamma, there is her black silk hat I must not forget to match. It is to have new sleeves this season. Sleeves, you know, proclaim the age of a dress more than any other part. Mamma's black silk is as much of a puzzle as the boy's jack-knife, that first had new blades, and then a new handle, and persisted in being the same knife after all."

The conductor gazed kindly after Meg as she alighted, and the elderly lady in the corner appeared to have business in the same spot, for she got out, too, and slowly followed the girls into a large millinery establishment.

"O-h!" sighed Meg, with a long breath of delight as she gazed about her. Bonnets were prettier than ever, and one exquisite affair of white chip and sweet peas immediately caught her eye.

Meanwhile, the nameless lady, who had a decided air of command about her, and a look of having been born to wealth, walked quietly to the end of the shop, and held a short conversation with the person in authority. She immediately telegraphed to the assistant, who had come forward at the entrance of the young ladies; and when Meg ventured to inquire the price of the lovely sweet-pea structure, that had taken her captive at a glance, she was fairly thunderstruck to hear that it was only five dollars.

"It has been reduced," said the lady in waiting, very serenely. "We *did* ask more than three times that sum for it."

Meg was too happy to inquire into the cause of this unprecedented reduction, and her friend was in a trance of amazement.

"I do believe things are getting cheaper," whispered the delighted girl, while her address was being put down for the sweet-pea bonnet. "I really have hopes of a new suit, now."

Besides the new bonnet, Meg soon found herself in possession of a lovely Rubens hat, with a long ostrich-plume, an article she had coveted for some time, but had scarcely dared to look at. This one, however, was offered her for such a mere song, that she did not feel called upon to decline it. Wondering "if I be I," she next turned her steps to the dry-goods store, for her mother's black silk.

She found this so ridiculously cheap, that, instead of sleeves, she took an entire dress of it. She just glanced at some beautiful organdies, and sighed a little over a white suit, completely made up. The mysterious lady still hovered in the background, but Meg was too busy to notice her.

The two damsels exchanged exclamations of surprise at the cheapness of everything, when they were fairly out of the store; and Meg was so excited by her success, that she fairly rushed home to unfold her budget of news to her mother.

Mrs. Clayfield was genuinely pleased. A clergyman's moderate stipend could not give his pretty daughter, when there were several younger children to be provided for, many things that did not come under the head of necessaries; and it was a comfort to know that for once fastidious Meg was abundantly satisfied.

But two head coverings, and one dress, besides a few lesser articles, could not possibly fill the collection of boxes and parcels that arrived that afternoon, all plainly directed to "Miss Margaret Clayfield" Meg was nearly beside herself with excitement, as, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, she rapidly undid them, and transformed the sitting-room into a sort of bazaar. There was a whole box of gloves, (just the right size, too,) another of neck-ties, ditto of handkerchiefs, half a dozen lovely dresses, and other things too numerous to mention.

"What *does* this mean?" asked Mrs. Clayfield, in dismay; and then, from a beautiful fan-box, rolled out all the money that Meg had paid that morning, and a slip of paper, on which was written: "For Little Meg. From her Fairy Godmother."

It was exactly like a fairy tale, and no one knew what it meant. But the pretty dresses and things showed no signs of vanishing; and Meg came at last to realize that all this wealth was her's.

Meanwhile, the fairy, who weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, was seated in a grand-looking dining-room, in an imposing, old-time mansion, lecturing her younger brother, a presumptuous infant of fifty or so. He had just made a modest announcement of his intention to commit matrimony.

Miss Honoria eyed him severely.

"What grounds have you," she asked, between supplies of roast lamb and green peas, "for supposing that this Miss Clayfield cares for you?"

"Why," was the somewhat confused reply, "she is always very pleasant when I see her."

"Silas Brendleford," exclaimed his sister, suddenly, "you are an old goose! To expect, at your time of life, to be married to a chit like that, for anything but your money! You have not proposed to her yet, you say?"

"N—o! I spoke to you first, because I didn't know how you'd take it."

"I shall not take it at all," said Miss Honoria. "I do not want a sister-in-law; but we both

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want some one to pet and make much of. We are living selfish lives, Silas; and I've had my eyes opened to-day. This little Meg is a sweet creature, and I intend to have her here as often as I can, to put some sunshine into the house. The truth is, we have more money than is good for us."

"Meg!" repeated her brother, in surprise. "Why, how did you know about her?"

"I made her acquaintance to-day, although she does not know me; and I am going to write her to come and see us. But there must be no nonsense, Silas. If you cannot feel toward her like a father, better let her stay where she is."

Poor Silas! In spite of his spectacles, and the bald place on his head, he was conscious of a sad lack of parental feeling; and it seemed rather hard, when his mouth was all fixed for roses, to have it, as it were, filled with saw-dust.

But Miss Honoria was inexorable. She even told her misguided brother of Meg's allusion to her venerable admirer; and this came upon him, of course, like a cold shower-bath.

"Besides," continued the spinster, coolly, "I have other views for Meg. There is Darrach, you know; and those two are certainly just cut out for each other."

The poor man was breathless at the rapid strides things were taking; his pearl seemed likely to be wooed, and married, and all before they could turn around. Darrach was their one nephew, a thoroughly splendid fellow, and high in favor at some foreign court, by reason of his wonderful inventions. But he was coming back soon, with a fortune, and had promised to settle down in the old house that was one day to be his. Meg would doubtless prefer the nephew to the uncle, and who could wonder at it?

The next day an invitation arrived for Miss Margaret Clayfield to visit her fairy godmother; and Mr. Clayfield, having taken his daughter to the old-fashioned mansion, was very well satisfied to leave her in such hands as Miss Honoria's.

Meg's surprise may be imagined, when she encountered her elderly admirer, and heard the whole story of her new friend's Quixotic proceedings; but she enjoyed it all thoroughly, and found Mr. Brendleford less lover-like, and more agreeable, than usual. Miss Honoria was delightful; and Meg considered herself a remarkably fortunate girl.

Finally, she became so attached to the old house and its inmates, that she took up her abode there altogether; but it must be confessed that a certain Darrach Brendleford was at the bottom of this.

Meg declared that it all came of having a FAIRY GODMOTHER.

DIED—A SOUL.

BY HELEN LADD WARNER.

LIKE a shrouded river gliding
  Slowly on its sinuous way;
Like the water-lilies hiding
  Where the level marshes lay;
On an isle so small and narrow,
  Eye can reach from shore to shore;
Where the crocus and the yarrow
  Fleck its dimpled surface o'er.
Where the sunrise climbs the mountains,
  And the days'-lengths reach a span,
In a valley cooled by fountains,
  There my little life began.
Just one soul, with its belongings,
  Launched upon the waves of time,
Freighted with immortal longings,
  Hurrying to a hidden shrine,
All unconscious still of evil—
  Reaching upward to the skies;
Struggling for a loftier level,
  Striving for earth's purest prize.
There was just one precious minute,
  That the wine of life was mine;
But I missed the nectar in it,
  Which should make it taste divine.
'Twas a full and sparkling chalice,
  Such as mortal rarely sips,
But the cup was dashed in malice,
  From my eager, thirsting lips.
Not the treasures of Bonanza
  Could replace my vanished crown,
When my ship, named Esperanza,
  With her precious freight went down.
Now no longer do I wonder
  At the few who reach the heights,
While the thousands grope and blunder
  Through the drear, Cimmerian nights.
Music's rarest inspirations
  Wake no echoes in my soul,
Friendship offers sweet libations,
  Ghostly phantoms fill the bowl.
Foaming flood, and shimmering ripple,
  Golden sunsets, billowy grain,
Are but landscapes done in stipple,
  On my dull and torpid brain.
Should our crafts drift near each other,
  On life's smiling, treacherous sea,
Just remember, oh, my brother,
  That a soul once lived in me.
Lived and revelled in its whiteness,
  "Loved and suffered, and grew strong,"
Guileless in its own uprightness,
  Died—of consciousness of wrong.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian o Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

La Costa, the great prima-donna, was coming. The news was heralded everywhere in the daily journals, emblazoned gorgeously on the vacant walls of the city, talked of in the clubs, and made an exciting subject of conversation through all the grades of upper-tendom.

Who was this woman who had driven half Europe mad with her wonderful fascinations—her wit, her superb beauty, and the rare enchantment of her voice? No one could answer that question, though a hundred romantic stories were floating around the world about her. She had drifted, no doubt, from some obscure position, through various gradations of the operatic stage; no doubt, disappeared long enough to have her identity lost; studied hard at her profession, and blazed out all at once into the glorious nature, whose voice was a miracle, and whose life was a mystery.

The European journals sent La Costa's praises over sea with a silvery trumpet-blast; compared with her, they said, all other artists were stilted or tame. Her lightest laugh was music, her smile a joyous inspiration, her movements the embodiment of grace, her style of beauty in rich harmony with the wavy lightness of her action on the stage.

Was she young?

Not exactly in the first bloom of her youth, but a marvel of loveliness for all that. One does not expect apple-blossoms to give out the full flavor of their after-prime with their first dewy fragrance. That dies before the perfect fruit swells and ripens.

La Costa had left girlhood behind her, when she came out of the obscurity which may be found in a crowd of chorus-singers, into the light of a great success. This made her triumph more wonderful and complete. A swarm of admirers crowded round her. Fashion forgot to be rigid or supercilious, and made her its goddess. Her garments gave new grace to the toilets of court ladies. Her jewels were the lavish gifts of royalty. Race-horses and skye-terriers grew famous under her stage name. She went in triumph from one European court to another, and in the zenith of her fame took a sudden ca price to visit America.

This was, in simple truth, all that the Bohemians of the stage, or the people at large, knew of the actress; but the stories about her were full of romance, and all the appliances of success were brought to bear upon her advent in the country.

The enchantress had decided to come early, before the season commenced, that she might test the effect of a strange climate on her voice. Besides, she craved rest after the fatigue of her incessant triumphs.

All these details the journals gave forth day after day, until public expectation became intense, and the very wharf boys rushed eagerly out from their hiding-places, whenever an ocean steamer came in, hoping to get a first glimpse of the face that had smiled upon them from the illustrated paper stands, and shop-windows, for weeks.

When a telegram announced that the steamer which conveyed the great actress to our shores, was in the lower bay, the Empire City was all in commotion. Bulletins were hastily prepared, telegraph wires vibrated with the news; the Grand Opera-House was all in commotion; and crowds rushed down to the wharves, eager to obtain a distant view of the vessel as she came in, and, above all, of the splendid turn-out that had been prepared to convey the great artiste from the steamer to her apartments at the hotel.

Among the crowd, loitering around the ferry, two street gamins, looking jolly and almost picturesque in their rags and barefooted independence, stood, with eager faces turned seaward, watching for the steamer as she swept up the bay.

"That's her! That's the 'dentical craft that Limpera wanted me to watch for."

"Who's Limpera, Joe?"

"Oh, she's she—a gurl as I knows about, and means ter interduce you to one of these days."

The lad, addressed as Dave, drew himself up, and pushed his cap on one side.

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"Well, Joe, I won't make no objections, seeing as it's you; but as a general thing——"

Joe broke up the sentence with a jerk at the speaker's arm.

"There he comes! Oh, jimminy! ain't that a hull team and a hoss to let!"

"Oh, my! ain't it, though!"

The object that had excited so much admiration was an open landeau, satin-lined and gold-mounted, over which a stout coachman, in pearl-colored livery, presided in front, and two footmen, in like costume, sat with folded arms behind, looking grandly down on the crowd through which the carriage rolled toward the Jersey City ferry-boat. In the back seat of the carriage sat a stout, fair man, whose ash-colored mustache curved upward from a rather pleasant mouth, like an inverted bow, and waves of thick, bright hair were visible beneath the soft hat. The cape of an ample military cloak was thrown over his left shoulder, thus brightening his dress with a glimpse of the scarlet lining. There was the magnetism of conscious strength in the smiling blue eyes, with which he surveyed the crowd, and a dash of pleasant audacity in his air as he now and then saluted a friend in the crowd, which was calculated to win favor from the throng through which his four black horses made their way, tossing their heads, and beating their patrician hoofs on the pavement, as if they felt the nearness of some loaded carts that followed them to the ferry-boat, as an insult to their blood and breeding.

As this man drove upon the boat, a faint cheer followed him, to which he responded with a smile and a careless lift of the hat. When the ferry-boat touched the opposite shore, those restless horses thundered over the plank bridge, and were drawn up conspicuously on the wharf, when the steamer rounded with majestic slowness into her berth.

For a time the occupant of the carriage kept his seat, and watched with searching interest the confusion that reigned among the newly-arrived passengers, all eager to leave the vessel. When the stairs were in place, and the throng had partly dispersed, he descended from the carriage, and directly his tall, robust form was seen moving across the deck. He spoke to one or two persons, and disappeared. After awhile he came in sight again; a lady was leaning on his arm, whom he was addressing with bent head and an air of almost vulgar gallantry.

If this was the prima-donna, there was little of the professional in her appearance, except that she walked with subtle grace, and seemed disposed to shrink from observation. She moved forward without lifting her veil, though the eager crowd stood ready to receive her, and a noble view of the city lay before her.

A portion of the crowd swarmed up to the steps as she came down them, and, as her feet touched the wharf, the first murmurs of welcome ran through the throng.

"Lift your veil, I entreat you! Let them see your face,' said her escort, under his breath.

The actress drew her hand from the arm on which she had leaned rather heavily, and flinging back the veil, revealed the wondrous beauty of her face.

Then a shout broke forth, her name resounded from lip to lip, and men flung up their hats in wild enthusiasm, for those practised lips had smiled down upon her worshippers as they had lavished sunshine on thousands before, always bringing back a burst of adulation.

"Let us pass, my friends," said her escort, waving his hand with an air of pleasant authority that became him well. "La Costa will thank you in some more convenient place. She is strange to the country yet."

"Yes, a stranger—a stranger," murmured the woman, in a pathetic undertone, and she hastily dropped her veil to conceal the tears that swelled into her eyes, for a rush of feeling, that astonished even herself, swept over her, and she was crying like a child.

"Does their homage frighten you?" inquired her escort, drawing her hand more firmly through his arms.

"No, no! But it is so strange, so dreary. Not one face that I ever saw. That makes me cry so foolishly," answered the lady, with a sweet, hysterical laugh, speaking in French, as she had done from the first.

"They are all your friends," was the soothing reply. "This rough welcome is a proof that your fame has reached them before they looked upon the beauty that has driven them wild."

This broad compliment was not even heard by its object, adown whose face the tears were quietly stealing. If it had been, she would not have regarded it; for flattery to her was common as sunshine, and at most times as little heeded.

After a little the man spoke again.

"This is only a harbinger of the success that will follow. We Americans are an enthusiastic nation."

"I—I cannot believe it. To me they have always seemed to be hard, cruel and treacherous."

The woman spoke the last words of this sentence so hoarsely, that they failed to reach her companion, but he understood the beginning.

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"But we are both enthusiastic and generous. Wait till you know us better. See, the crowd is making a path for you. How they lean forward! Pray, lift your veil again."

La Costa lifted her hand under the veil, and swept the tears from her eyes; then threw the gauzy fabric back, and made a poor effort to smile, but her face was flushed, and for a moment her beautiful lips quivered with something more pathetic than a smile.

As she turned her head, taking in at one glance those nearest to her, she started, leaned heavily on her escort a second, and paused in her walk, one small hand trembling on the arm to which she clung, as if seized with a spasm of pain.

It was over in an instant. Before her escort could look down in his surprise, the woman was composed, but he saw that her eyes were fixed doubtfully, anxiously, on a man who stood in the fore ranks of the crowd, gazing on her with intense curiosity; a plain, elderly man, in the dress of a mechanic, nothing more; but the fixed look of his eyes seemed to trouble her, for she pulled down her veil again and walked on hurriedly.

Passing from the deck, without any further attempt at recognizing the attention bestowed upon her, La Costa entered the carriage, which moved slowly toward the ferry, still followed by the crowd.

Out of this crowd two men separated themselves, and drew near to the carriage in which the actress leaned back wearily. One was the man whose intense gaze had disturbed La Costa; the other was far different in appearance, and in the station of life he evidently filled. This man was still in his youth, but without its bloom or freshness. There was something singular in his appearance, what the beholder at first failed to discover; for his features were so purely classical, that an artist would have turned twice to gaze upon him, and perhaps no one but an artist might have discovered that the defect which puzzled him lay in color rather than form. Though his hair was jet black, with the gloss of a raven's neck upon it, and his complexion of that opaque white which harmonized well with the dark tint, his eyes were of a light-bluish gray, clouded with a certain cunning sleepiness, even when gazing upon that animated face in the carriage, which they dwelt upon with a strange mesmeric significance that seemed to draw the lady's restless glance directly upon him. On the instant there was mutual recognition The actress started, leaned forward, and drew herself back as if checked by some after-thought. Then her eyelids drooped, and weaving her fingers together, she made some sign, enforcing it with a cautious side-glance, which he evidently understood, for his eyes lost their brief, questioning look, and he turned them indifferently away from the carriage.

The other person was the old man whom La Costa had singled out in the crowd as she passed to the carriage. He was evidently some hard-working mechanic, half worn out with toil, and nearly poverty-stricken in his garments. After regarding the actress earnestly a few moments, the old man turned away, and stood looking down upon the water with a thoughtful, anxious gaze.

After awhile he returned to his post, and watched the proceedings around him with a keen, anxious gaze. This was just as the lady met the eyes of the younger man, who had been so steadily regarding her, and gave him that scarcely perceptible signal with her fingers. Then it was that the old man's face changed to deadly whiteness. The swift entanglement of those slender fingers he had seen before. Up to this moment he had been in doubt. Now his hands began to shake, and his eyes were absolutely fear-haunted.

"Who is that woman?" he questioned, laying his hard hand on the shoulder of the young man.

The young man started, and turned sharply. He had not seen the old mechanic before, and did not understand him now.

"What woman?" he questioned, looking in the crowd for some special object. "I see no one in particular."

"Yonder in the carriage. She was speaking to you with her fingers. I understood that language once."

"It is La Costa."

"La Costa? I do not understand," answered the old man, in great bewilderment.

"I dare say not. How should you?" retorted the other, eyeing him from head to foot. "I should not say that 'you patronized the opera often."

With these words, uttered with careless scorn, the young man glided into the crowd, evidently annoyed by such strange questioning. Directly another man took his place, a bluff, good-natured fellow, who never thought of resenting it, when the old mechanic touched his shoulder, and again put his question,

"Who—who is she, sir?"

"What—that woman in the carriage? Why, La Costa, the new prima-donna."

"A prima-donna? She? Not the one they expect at the Grand Opera House?"

"Just that. Sings like a mocking-bird, and dashes in the notes in a way that drives an audience mad."

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"Opera? That woman? It is impossible."

"Impossible? If you doubt it, go to the Grand Opera when it opens, my friend. That is, if you you can get in," added the other, rather amused by the old man's pertinacity.

"Go to the Grand Opera House? As if I was not there every day of my life! But the lady's name? That which you give me should be French."

"So it is. The lady is French all over, body, name and soul. Go see her, if you have a doubt of that; and old fellows like you care for such things. No English or American woman that lives, ever got that air."

"You know this?" questioned the old man, anxiously, without regarding the good-natured taunt. "You are certain about her being French?"

"Know it? Of course! I have seen her twenty times, in Vienna, Paris and Petersburg, where she drove the people stark mad, both in and out of the theatre. A dangerous, fascinating woman is La Costa."

"A dangerous woman? She was a dangerous woman," muttered the old man—"a very dangerous woman!"

The good-natured man went on, without hearing this muttered comment.

"Her success has been marvelous, though. A pure triumph of graceful audacity."

"French and audacious! Has she no other claim?"

"What other claim is needed? To be a foreigner is almost enough. But when that foreigner is endorsed by Emperors, can speak no English, and is more than ready to outrage all our ideas of music, she has a double claim on American favor."

"Are you sure this woman speaks no English?" questioned the old man, with singular persistence.

"Quite sure. She hates the language!"

The old man drew back, muttering to himself,

"The young man was a foreigner, too. I am sure of that; and they recognized each other. What could have put that strange idea into my mind? But it troubles me yet. It troubles me yet."

Again the old man turned his wistful eyes on the lady in the carriage; but she had drawn down her veil.

"Just like her!" exclaimed the man with whom he had been conversing. "Always retires when the enthusiasm is highest."

This moment the ferry-boat jarred against the wharf; but in the hurry a hand fell on the speaker's shoulder.

"Who is that young man near her now, with his face turned, as if he did not wish to be noticed. Can you tell me that?"

The man broke into a jovial, pleasant laugh, and glanced carelessly toward the carriage.

"How can one pick out a particular individual among so many?" he said. "The whole crowd seems to be thronging into the carriage-way."

"I mean that slender young fellow, with black hair, and a little gold-headed cane lifted to his lips."

"That? Let me get a good look at his face. Oh, that is young Cole, a foreigner, I think, who means to settle in the country. I fancy he knew La Costa abroad, and is not proud of the acquaintance; for he certainly does look shy. A very popular young fellow among the aristocracy is Harmer Cole. But wait a minute. Who are you, my fine old fellow? It isn't often that a man with gray hairs—and—and of your——"

"Appearance," added the old man, mildly.

"Well, yes—appearance. Takes such interest in the opera."

"I am only a poor carpenter, and get my living by hard work in the Grand Opera House," answered the old man, lifting his hat. "Excuse me; I ought not to have troubled you with my questions."

"I say, Mr. Weed, ain't she a stunner?"

The old man paused as his foot touched the wharf, and looked kindly down on the lad who had caught hold of his coat.

"Ah, is it you, Joe? Searching for a job about the ferry, I dare say. That's right! Always be in the way of Providence, my boy."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Weed; I mean to be on hand for something. But what do you think of her?"

Here Joe nodded toward the retreating carriage.

"I—I don't know what to think," answered the old man, nervously.

"I say," continued the lad, speaking in a low, confidential way, "she's come now, and Limpera will be crazy about their orders. She's only been a waiting for something superior, like her in the carriage. I reckon you'll see about it, right off."

"Yes; if my granddaughter has her heart set upon it, I will do my best."

"There!" exclaimed Joe, turning to his companion. "Didn't I tell you so, Mr. Weed? This is my friend, Dave—Dave Sanders. Tell Limpera I mean that I means ter bring him round; and reduce her to him. As prime a feller as you ever sot eyes on, Mr Weed. Sich a talent for bisness. It's wonderful!"

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The old man was following La Costa's carriage with his eyes, and most of this eager eulogium was lost upon him. As the four black horses swept out of sight, he drew a deep breath, and looking down on the boy, made a kindly effort to gather up his thoughts.

"You were saying something to me, I think, Joe?"

"Yes, in course. I was a telling of you that this here young gentleman is my friend; and I wants yer to consider him as sich."

"Certainly. Certainly, Joe. We always look on you as one of us at the house."

"You see," exclaimed Joe," nodding his head to his friend, "carpet-bags to a feller waiting for un on the wharf a rainy day, ain't more welcome than you'll be. I told yer so, all along."

Dave Saunders, who stood by with both hands in his pockets, and his face bathed in smiles, while his friend was speaking, came forward now, and lifted the rusty cap from his head, with something of natural grace.

"You know my friend Hooker," he said. "Good as gold, but flowery, so flowery, that the sight of that 'ere lovely lady in the carriage drew him right into poetry, sir. Six carpet-bags, a valise, and two lunch-baskets, went by, right afore his eyes, and he never seed em. That ain't bisness, in course; but there never was sich a heart as Joe's got; an ox hasn't one half as big. There goes a bird-cage, Joe, and an old woman a-hind it. Cut in! Cut in!"

Joe only stayed to say, "Good-bye, Mr. Weed," and darted after the old woman, while the old carpenter turned away and walked up the wharf.

CHAPTER II.

In the best apartments in an up-town hotel, La Costa was housed, like a queen in her palace. The couch upon which she sat, or rather lounged, was heaped up with silken cushions, taken from her own abundant luggage—scarlet cushions, heavy with golden embroidery from the East, which glowed like fire against the soft canary-color of the couch. Each of the great, low, easy-chairs in the room was made doubly luxurious by one of these oriental cushions. Curtains of rich silk, tinted like a canaray's breast, swept from the ceiling to the floor, streaming over a carpet soft and white as ermine, trampled down with wild roses and clustering violets. Under these curtains gleamed a gossamer frost-work of lace, and back of that glowed jardineres, crowded with perfume-breathing flowers. Tables of Florentine-mosaic stood around, laden with ornaments, so crowded that they only gave an idea of sumptuous confusion and profligate accumulation. Over all, swinging from the frescoed ceiling, from which living flowers seemed ready to drop, was a chandelier of cut crystal, every pendant quivering with diamond-light, every branch casting a rainbow into the room.

Through an open door you saw the snow-drift whiteness of a bed, a gleam of azure curtains, and the moonshine of a dimly-shaded lamp, whose flame seemed imprisoned in the heart of some mighty pearl.

Near the couch, on which the actress stretched her indolent length, stood a marble Venus, exquisitely copied from the Florentine gallery, and farther away, taking life from the chandelier, a bacchante, crowned with vine-leaves, crushing grapes into an uplifted goblet.

Amid all this gorgeous confusion, the woman herself rested—resting from the fatigues of a sea-voyage. Her head lay on one of the scarlet cushions, and under it was thrust her hand, which clenched itself in the loose masses of hair that she had thrust back from her temples. Her face was uplifted to the chandelier, not smiling as it had been exhibited to the crowd, but with an anxious frown contracting the forehead, and a firm compression of the mouth, which changed the whole aspect of her features.

In this way her thoughts ran,

"So, they have got me here at last; as if I would have come for all their lavish offers, but that I had wishes of my own. Things to learn, and things to avenge. Their money, indeed! What is it to me? Something to melt in my hand like dew, or cast away like flowers. What do I care for the luxury? It brings nothing. It satiates without giving satisfaction. I am sick of it all. Oh, for one hour of real rest, one free breath, one word of love!"

She started up, flung one of the cushions to the floor, and sat down upon it, pressing her head on the couch; for the demon of unrest was harassing her.

"What is it that disturbs me so?" she thought. "The air, the sight of a city in which I have lived, suffered, and made others suffer—for I was not the only one. They drove me forth like a Pariah, brought me up like a slave; but I am back again to disturb their pompous respectability, if it so pleases me."

For a time the woman rested her head despondently on the couch, her eyes closed, and a sickening sensation seemed to settle down upon her. Then she became restless again, and her lips began to move.

"What was it that disturbed me so in the

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crowd? Nothing, unless it was that face, lost in an instant. Was it pride or fear that compelled me to pull down my veil and crowd behind it, like a culprit, while the people shouted so? If any was left, he has trampled it to death. Ha!"

The woman sprang to her feet, pushed the hair back from her temples, and looked wildly at the door. Her nerves were indeed shaken, when a single knock could so startle her.

"Enter!" she said, at last, seating herself.

It was only a servant, carrying a small silver waiter, on which a card was lying—her own servant, for she submitted to no other attendance.

"A gentleman, madam," he said, in French.

She took the card, cast it into a mosaic reservoir that stood near the door, and gave a signal that the visitor should be admitted.

Directly the young man whom we have seen at the ferry came into the room, daintily dressed, and carrying a slender cane in his hand.

"I saw by the papers that you were coming here," he said, in French, tossing his cane to a table, and coming eagerly toward the lady, whose hand he took and kissed more than once. "You forbade me to meet you openly, or I should have been there."

"Yes, Harmer, it was better that you did not seem to know me except in this room. You and I must be strangers as yet."

"Unless I can get some one to introduce me," said the young man, laughing. "Then I might mingle in your train of adorers unnoticed."

La Costa shook her head.

"We must run no risks. Now tell me, have you any news? Speak English; my maid is in the next room?"

"Yes, I have seen him."

"Yourself, face to face?"

"Yes, face to face. He is very bitter."

"With me? Oh, not with me?"

"I could not make him comprehend that we had done our best to save him."

"But you told him? You made it clear that by his work at the gaming-table, by his unheard-of extravagance, he had placed it beyond my power to do much?"

"Yes, I told him that, and more. No man could have placed your generosity and devotion in a fairer light."

"And he?"

"Listened in dogged silence."

But the lady drooped for a moment, and her lips trembled, but directly she brightened up.

"But when we have set him free, when I have poured gold out like water, which I will——"

"Ah, then he will understand; but now he thinks you are enjoying the liberty his misfortune gives you, and has no wish to cut it short."

"The ingrate! Did he not know that I was coming? Did he think that anything on earth could bring me to this hateful country but the hope of dragging him from it, of punishing his enemies and mine?"

"I knew that nothing could keep you back. But he is in confinement, unreasonable and vindictive against all mankind."

La Costa became excited. Her eyes shone, her form dilated.

"He shall believe in me. His doubts are cruel—an insult. Have I not done more than this many times for him? Why should he distrust me now?"

"Because he is a prisoner, and fearfully restless."

"Harmer, I must see him——"

"You?"

"Yes, at once. You will go with me?"

"I will go with you anywhere. But how can you? Think of the crowds that have seen your face."

The actress laughed. She could laugh now, having devised a plan which partook of the excitement of her profession.

"What time is it?" she questioned, touching a tiny watch set in the bracelet on her arm. "Too late for any hopes of an interview, but not for preparations and the journey. Wait a minute."

La Costa went into the inner room, where soft shades of azure harmonized with the warmer hues of the parlor, and addressed a young girl, who was arranging some fine bows in a drawer.

"Ninette, bring me a ribbon. Take the measure of my shoulders, my waist, my height."

The girl obeyed. After searching in the drawer for a ribbon, she came forward and took the measurement with swift dexterity.

La Costa snatched it from her hand.

"This is enough. You will say to those who ask, that I do not receive any one to-morrow, being fatigued. I shall be about, but you need not say that."

"Madame shall be obeyed," answered the girl, demurely.

La Costa went into the parlor again, where the young man was standing.

"There is the measure. You understand, a young man of my size wishes to go with you to that dreadful place. Will you see that a proper dress is ready?"

"It shall be ready in two hours from this."

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CHAPTER III.

SOME hours after Harmer Cole took La Costa's orders, he came out from her apartments, accompanied by a well-gotten-up young man, slight, under-sized, but wonderfully self-possessed, and even jauntily gay in his deportment. This young man carried a slender cane, gold-mounted, and with a rich jewel shining in the head. His clothes were spotless, and the coat hung loosely around him, as one often sees among dandies of a business turn. In one hand he carried a small valise of Russia leather.

This person addressed some words in French to the foreign servant stationed outside of the door, who glanced at him without the slightest change of countenance, bowed profoundly, and said, in a low voice,

"Madame shall be obeyed."

This man did not even make an effort, as a less thorough-bred servant might have done, to relieve the young person of the valise, but, after he passed down stairs, muttered,

"Madam's servants do not fetch and carry for her visitors. She need not have cautioned me with her eyes, as if I did not always understand."

Meantime, the two travelers hurried into a carriage, and were driven down to the depot of a railroad that connects New York with Philadelphia, whence they crossed the ferry, and were soon rushing southward—one lying at full length on the sofa of the most luxurious apartment of a drawing-room car; the other, sitting in an easy-chair, near the cushion on which that handsome head rested, still shaded by its soft hat.

Cole lay back in his chair, gazing with interest, not unmixed with admiration, on the face which had taken a sad expression the moment those two reached the seclusion of a compartment. It was indeed a face which few men could have looked upon without interest of some kind. Evidences of great beauty were there: large hazel eyes, which peered out from the shade of that hat, with a haunted look, which, for a full half hour, never turned from a certain panel of the car; a mouth not much too small for a man, firm in its expression, and guarded with even, white teeth, the edges of which could be seen when the lips parted, as they did now and then, permitting a deep sigh to escape them.

A deluding cosmetic had changed the complexion somewhat; but even that could not conceal a red flush about the eyes, or those muscles of the face, which gave, even to the apparent young man, an air of experience, which was better calculated to deceive the observer, regarding to sex, than all the appliances of art that had been used for a disguise.

After awhile this strange creature turned, and fastened her eyes on Cole, who was intently regarding her.

"Well, what are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking what a wonderful woman you must have been once; how beautiful you still are."

"And how changed I shall be. Ah, me! It is true I fear. Hold unto it as I will, grasp after it as I do, this beauty, like everything else, will abandon me. I try so hard to keep it. Yet what a curse it has been. What a brood of sorrows it has brought upon me!"

"Yes, and of triumphs, too," said Cole.

"No, no!" cried the strange creature, springing up. "It was something fairer, stronger, more lasting than beauty, that won my triumphs, without ability, and the magnetism which crowns all. Beauty to any woman living is a snare to entangle herself in."

"Still all women crave it."

"Yes, and cling to it, when once theirs. I, most of all; knowing that it has caught many hearts, but never kept one. It is this which makes me so sad, when I will allow myself to be sad."

"As you were just now."

"Yes, as I was just now. Though it was not my beauty alone that won this man, the only heart that I can care to keep."

"But you have still enough of that to fascinate any man."

"No, Harmer. That power, once exhausted, never returns," answered the woman, with a sad wave of the head. "I was beautiful as ever when he left me so cruelly, so fatally, for himself; but that, and all I possessed, failed to keep him. Still I shrink from the thought that he will find me less lovely, as he must. Oh, yes, he must. In attempting to escape sorrow, I have been reckless of anything else. He will find me changed. I know it. I dread it."

"He will find you a generous, devoted woman, who has suffered everything for his sake, given everything——"

"Given! Suffered! That is nothing, Harman. I sometimes think gratitude in man is utterly incompatible with love. To aid one's husband or lover, is to wound his self-love. I have no hope from that. It is an obstacle to overcome."

Cole shook his head.

"I think you scarcely do this man justice. He must feel all that you have done for him!"

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"Have we had much proof of this? Even in his extremity, has he not commanded help, rather than asked it?"

"I know. I know. But remember his situation—the awful overthrow of his life."

"Do you think I ever forget it? In all my wild, wayward career, which the world think so brilliant, have I tasted one hour of peace, or been shaken by one thrill of joy? In the dead of night, on the stage, in the midst of after jesting, when enjoyment amounted to riot, the thought of that man, so accomplished, so handsome, so grand, in a prison, herding with felons, chained, perhaps. Oh, tell me, is he chained? I have not dared to ask before; but is he?"

"No. Do not distress yourself; few prisoners are kept in chains. None, I think, who obey the prison laws"

"But he never learned to obey anything. He was born to command, if ever a man was."

"I think he is too wise for rebellion, where degradation and punishment is so certain to follow it."

The woman's eyes dilated with sudden panic.

"Punishment! Is not imprisonment enough? Dare they add anything to that?"

"I hardly know what the rules are here; but in most prisons the discipline is very severe."

"Discipline for him! I wonder he does not kill them! Oh, Harmer, Harmer, shall I ever live to see him? And once near him, can I get strength to go into the world again?"

The woman sprang from her seat and paced the compartment like a lioness in her cage, wringing her hands, and moaning with an outbreak of passion which swept away all the arts of the actress, and left her at least womanly.

The young man watched her with a critical eye. This genuine passion surprised him, because it was genuine.

"You feel too much for this man, who is cold-hearted as a stone," he said. "I cannot bear to see your heart so wasted."

"Cold-hearted, is he?" cried La Costa, flashing fire at him through her angry tears. "Well, sir, that inheritance you are sure of. How dare you, of all men, speak of him in this way? Before me, too!"

The young man bore her impatience quietly; for he was one of those persons that self-centre themselves when storms of feeling sweep over others. He even smiled at her sharp fling at his own want of feeling.

Meeting no opposition, the excitement of the woman exhausted itself, and she sank on the sofa, panting.

"Why will you speak of him in this way?" she said, with pathetic tears in her eyes. "Have you no pity, no natural feeling?"

"It was your own distress that made me severe on him," answered the young man, soothingly.

"No, it is not that. You have been in this country a year now, armed with all the power I had to give, and nothing has been done."

"You mistake; much has been done. The name has been kept secret."

"Yes," answered La Costa, bitterly; "for your own sake, most of all."

"And for yours. In fact, I have obeyed you in all things, as you will find when this excitement is over, and we have time to converse."

"Don't speak to me. The things you have said about this awful prison have driven me mad. No wonder he is impatient, wrathful, bitter. What have we been doing, that he is left there? Don't attempt to defend yourself! I won't listen to a word! It is enough for me to know that the man I love better than my own soul—yes, better than plaudit or praise—is in torment, and that you have seemed to leave him there, without a struggle."

After hurling this angry sentence at her companion, La Costa buried her face in the sofa-cushion, pulled the soft hat low over her eyes, and lay silent, with her back turned upon him.

The train moved on, tearing its way through a bright, pleasant country, drawing up with a crash, and a clang of rails now and then, and plunging forward with a force of speed that seemed to hurl the poor woman, lying so sullenly on the sofa, toward her destination, with a swiftness that took her breath; for her errand was one for which she panted, and yet shrank from with feverish dread.

After half-an-hour of this dull silence, during which the young man sat in the easy-chair, with his eyes half-closed, resting after the storm, the car rolled slowly into a large depot, and a voice cried out, "Philadelphia!"

CHAPTER IV.

A GREAT, gloomy building, in the outskirts of a great city, full of life, teeming with human misery, yet silent as the vast tombs, in which the monarchs of Egypt have slept for centuries. Now and then a massive gate swung open, or a side door turned on its hinges, through which some employe crept out into the sunshine of the world. Beyond the gate lay a large, desolate yard, unblessed by flower or the foliage of trees. Then appeared the vast, half-circular hall, from which gloomy ranges of cells radiated with end-

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less suggestions of distress—silent, enduring, but terrible. From this hall a keeper could send his glances down the whole length of these stone avenues, threaded with galleries and perforated with iron doors, so tomb-like that they chilled the blood.

In front of this building the two travelers waited; one trembling under her disguise with unappeased dread, the other anxious, but, as usual, self-possessed. They were admitted at last, entered the office, and proceeded to one of the branching corridors.

"Great Heavens! Is this the place?"

"Yes, this is the way to his cell," Cole spoke, under his breath, and turned his eyes apprehensively on the dead whiteness of the face which turned upon him with a look of wild appeal; for the gloom of those heavy walls, the darkness of the entrance, and the associations they harrowed up, gave a shock, even to his nerves.

"And he is here?"

"Yes, he is here, or dead; one or the other is positive."

"Oh, yes, terribly positive," murmured the disguised woman, pulling the hat over her eyes. "Well, what do you wait for? Do you see how, like a child, I am trembling, and wish to give me time? Go on! I am ready!"

The woman was ready, though her eyes looked frightened, and her knees trembled under her. It was with difficulty that she refrained from seizing her companion by the arm, thus betraying the weakness of her sex. Indeed, a mist seemed floating all around her, and she walked on like one struggling through a hideous dream. The woman still acted her part well, and gave no outward sign of the anguish that tortured her, for an officer walked before her, and she was an actress still, in the depths of her misery. At length a door opened, exposing a cell, clean to ghastliness, in which, trembling in all her limbs, and dizzy of brain, she saw a wooden loom, and, seated on a slanting board that ran in front of it, a man who seemed strange to her.

"Not here? Not this room? How can you torture me so? It is another man I wish to see—a foreigner! His name is—is——"

The man on the loom dropped the shuttle, which he was filling, from his hand, turning sharply upon her.

"Hush!"

The name died upon La Costa's white lips; her great eyes widened, and with both trembling hands uplifted, she shrunk away, appalled, yet fascinated by the evil beauty of the face turned so fiercely upon her.

"Ah!"

This exclamation broke, as it were, in fragments from the prisoner's lips.

"Oh, mon Dieu! It is he, it is he!" cried the disguised woman. "Here? Here, and working like a menial. Man, how dare you?"

She turned upon the keeper in a blaze of sudden wrath.

"It isn't my fault," answered the man. "People should think of that before they commit crimes that bring them here."

"It is your fault. It is the fault of the whole world," answered the actress, shaking in all her limbs. "Do yon know who it is that you degrade with work? Have you any idea?"

"Step this way a moment'" said Cole, laying his hand on tke keeper's arm.

The man passed through the door, but stood cautiously on the other side.

"It is his son. You can forgive such language, knowing that, "he said, gently. "It is grief, rather than anger."

As he spoke, the young man touched the keeper's hand, which closed on a ten-dollar note.

"Of course, of course people have their feelings, and it ain't no use being hard with 'em," answered the man, turning his back on the tempter long enough to examine the denomination of the note. "It isn't often that we let people break in upon the prisoner's solitary confinement. That's the specialty of this 'institution;' but there are cases——"

"If you could give these people an hour now," observed Cole, slowly retreating from the door, and holding another note in his fingers—"making sure that all is safe, of course?"

The keeper shook his head virtuously, but retreated all the time, and before they had reached beyond ear-shot, the young man's fingers were disencumbered.

"It goes agin one's heart to carry out these cast-iron rules," said this man of feeling, "and an hour is nothing but an hour, which hurts nobody. Still 'safe bind safe find.' I will just turn the key."

When La Costa heard that key grate in its lock, and knew that she was alone, she drew close to the prisoner, who sat with his arms folded on the cloth-beam of his loom, regarding her with a half-sullen, half-shamed look.

"Oh, my beloved! Oh, Norman! My Norman, what a meeting for us——"

The man gave a lift to his shoulder, which rudely dislodged the white arm she had thrown caressingly over it.

"So you have got awake to the fact at last, and come creeping this way with your white face,

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and nothing but tears to give. Why did you not help me when help would have kept me out of this infernal hole?"

"Help you? How could I do more?" replied the woman, with pitiful humility. "I did send Harmer over with all the money I could raise, but he says the trial was hurried on so swiftly, that he had no chance."

"Hurried on, and why? Do you know that? Because that precious brother, whose hate is poison—or some other of the old set got secret information that I was in the grip of the law and urged the prosecuting attorney on with brutal speed? That was why your help came too late, Madam."

"Madam! Oh, Norman, is this the way you address me?"

"How else should I address a woman who failed to take the first steamer when she learned that her husband was in trouble, but waited till he was chained in torment, and then comes to gloat over him in this accursed hole, which he can never leave till his hair is gray and his back bent with the monotony of this dainty work?"

"Oh, Norman, it was not my fault. You had taken all my money. I was tied up by my engagements. You had pledged my jewels."

"Taken your money? Who had a better right? Pledged your jewels, as if any one of your lordly givers would not have redeemed them for you?"

The poor tortured woman dropped her face on to the convict's shoulder and wept bitterly. He did not shake her off, but turned his face upon her, as if some feeling of remorse were at work within his bad heart. This threw her hat on one side, and the glitter of her diamond ear-rings, bright as stars, and large as filberts, broke through her short false hair. The sight stung him to wrath again.

"You always delighted in contrasts, Madam. Not content, you can study them here to advantage. Step out and look at me. Hair rapped to the skull. Clothes that the beggars you were so fond of feeding would have loathed. Do you see the cloth I am weaving? Prison-gray, with a curse twisted in every thread. This is what I have come to; while you— Yes, yes! stand up, I want to look at you. For once you have cast your finery aside, but I can imagine it."

"Forgive me! Forgive me! I did not think of my dress."

CHAPTER V.

La Costa stood in the middle of the cell, and drawing her figure up to challenge criticism, with a half shrinking, half mischievous smile.

"Now tell me," she said, "how do I look? You never saw me in male attire before, at least, off the stage. Is the deception complete?"

"It would be strange if it were not; an adept should be perfect."

"Ah, Norman, how cruel you can be!"

"Prisons do not make men polite or merciful."

"But you should be both with me; you, of all men on earth. I have never carried my art into your life, and if I do it now, it is in the hope of saving you from this terrible place."

Great tears stood in her eyes as she spoke, and she looked impatiently down upon her disguise, as if she longed to tear it off.

"I thought it might be of service hereafter. Women have saved their husbands by such means."

"And may again. And if that can be done, you will attempt it, I dare say. Now, what is it you wish of me?"

"Only to say, if I bear myself well, if, after puzzling you, I can be sure of deceiving others."

The prisoner glanced over her from head to foot, and the first gleam of a smile came to his lips.

"You look like a dissipated youngster, making a quick run to perdition," he said.

The woman made an impatient gesture.

"You trifle with me. The love of torment has not left you," she said, half piqued.

"You asked for the truth, and I for once gave it to you," he answered, drily.

Her reply was vehement, almost angry.

"I dressed thus, only that I might win my way to you. But how dare they put those wretched garments on you. Still, my Norman, they cannot prevent you looking like a king, even in them."

The splendid beauty of the convict's face blazed out now, for La Costa's flattery—if a deluded woman's fancy can be called such—was far more potent than her tears.

"They have done their best," he said, with a glow of satisfied vanity; "but I told them it would fail; a month of liberty, and I should be all right again."

La Costa began to smile through her tears.

"Months and years you shall yet have, my Norman," she said, winding her arms about the neck that now bent to her caress. "It is this that brings me to America. Nothing less could have forced me back to this hateful soil If persuasion can win, or money buy your freedom, it is secured."

The prisoner smiled. Then, indeed, his face was splendid—sinister, but beautiful.

"There is nothing which a woman's persua-

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sion, backed with money, cannot secure, if adroitly used," he said, with a cynical laugh, the first evidence of even bitter mirth that had curved his handsome mouth since he entered that prison. "If there is a woman on earth that can use both potently, it is you, my sweet friend."

These words had scarcely left his lips, when they were broken up with swift, eager kisses.

"You think that—you know that I will perish or set you free, no matter what means must be used; no matter how much it costs. This awful place shall not hold you three months longer. Trust me for the means, and, Norman, for carrying them out. I say, Norman, you did not know me at first?"

"No; not at first."

"Thank Heaven for that. I am so anxious to escape the eyes of the people, and work for you in freedom. So I deceived you—you, of all persons in the world."

"One seldom sees that used-up look in a woman's eyes. But for that, you might have found disguise more difficult."

"Ah, Norman, I have wept so much."

"Yes, yes, I dare say! But there is something in your look beside, which helps the disguise wonderfully."

"How could I live and suffer so, without some change," said La Costa, apologetically."

"Of course, of course; but we are wasting time. The keeper may be upon us any minute."

La Costa pushed back the sleeve of her coat, touched the watch clasped in her bracelet, and saw that they had already wasted fifteen minutes.

"Harmer has led him away, and we have time yet," she said. "But oh, how the moments fly!"

"Come, sit by me, and speak low. If anything is to be done, we must understand each other," said the prisoner, moving on his seat before the loom. La Costa sprang to the vacant place, and clung to the man as if she were afraid of falling, while they entered into a subdued but rapid conversation. Not only about the means of escape, but regarding some severe and subtle vengeance, that was to precede or follow it, upon those who had aided in bringing the man to justice.

After awhile the man lifted his voice a little.

"But what hold have you on Harmer?" he said, rather anxiously.

"Only that I have been his best friend."

A loud laugh broke from the prisoner.

"As if that were anything. The lad is my son, remember, and I have not been over-grateful. Why should you expect it of him?"

"He has no one else to look to for the future," suggested La Costa."

"That is something, but not enough. Be on the alert for some better hold, for I doubt much if he is anxious to see me abroad again."

"Ah, there you wrong him. Why should he prove so inhuman?"

"This is an inexpensive place, you see," was the cynical reply. "There isn't much chance of spending your money here, while it flew so swiftly, that he saw little of it. The lad is not fool enough really to wish me at the old work again. He is sharp as I was at his age. So, find some better means of binding him than gratitude if you wish efficient help."

"I will," said La Costa, earnestly, "I surely will."

"And bind him securely to a fair division. Your talent is great, and your beauty—well, in wonderful preservation. But they cannot last forever; and if you put this young fellow in the way of a solid fortune, we must be considered."

"I had not thought of that. The idea of bringing that haughty family to the dust was my sole impulse."

"I have no doubt of it. Always reckless about money! Now I am never that."

"Oh, Norman!"

"In the way of securing it, I mean; spending is another thing. But no lawyer is sharper when money is to be made. You have got a hint about this young man, act upon it."

"I will, I will. Now let all this rest, and tell me of yourself—here, while my head is on your bosom, and I can read your dear eyes. Tell me—tell me, am I still beloved?"

The man longed to torment her with rudeness or evasion; but he dared not send her away disheartened or indignant, when his whole future was at stake. So he conquered the unmanly impulse, and folded her to his bosom. The poor woman rested in that ignoble clasp, though her cheek was frayed by those coarse convict garments, with a sense of happiness that should have won forgiveness for a world of faults; for under all, there lay so much pure womanliness, that she could love with uncalculating fidelity.

"And you are so lonely here," she said, with a world of pity in her eyes. "Alone? Alone?"

"Always alone," answered the convict, looking drearily around his cell, ghastly with whitewash, and so coldly clean that its desolation was complete. "Sometimes I talk to myself, and answer myself, from a desperate wish to hear a human voice; for the dead silence is maddening."

"Oh, how I pity you!"

"It was a refinement of cruelty when the law,

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which makes us slaves, forbade us all human intercourse. Punishments, from which men recoil in horror, are nothing to the dull, heavy, eternal sameness of these walls. To chain up a man's senses, is worse than any irons that gird or gall his limbs. There have been times since I came here, *ma belle*, when I would have given ten years of this miserable life to speak with the vilest beggar that ever took alms from me. When the cry of a child would have made my heart leap, and my eyes swim, and its laugh, the laugh of a child, in these walls, would drive me mad with joy."

"My poor Norman! My poor, wronged husband!" murmured the woman, clinging to the culprit closer, and shedding pitiful tears on his bosom. "Ah, I did not dream how terrible it was!"

"Sometimes," continued the prisoner, "a step in the corridor makes my heart stand still and sink back with disappointment; but that is something; any sensation is a blessing here. You pity me because of this work—this heavy loom—which your feet could hardly tread. But this is all the mercy they give us. Without work, men here grow mad. In the ground cells, far below this, are men from whom the mercy of work is denied, shut in with walls so thick that they cannot hear each other groan, when the agony of silence breaks all control. Like beasts in a pen, they are closed in forever from the world. A little light is given, just enough to enable them to read a Bible, studied over and over again in the interminable solitude of a life-sentence. How can they live? They do not live. Their punishment finds an awful termination. After five or six years, these men become insane, or idiotic, unless death saves them from both, and so the law is fulfilled."

La Costa trembled and moaned on the convict's bosom.

"And this they might have done by you," she whispered, hoarsely, for this awful description of a terrible truth had shocked her to the soul.

"It might have been. My enemies tried hard enough to make it a solitary life-sentence, but they failed. So I have light, and I have work; for the sunshine sometimes creeps through that grating, and scatters silver on the walls. The loom has become my friend—doubly my friend; for it makes a noise, and sometimes, when the long monotony of the shuttle drives me mad, I quarrel with it, bang the lathe with all my might, and trample down the treadles till their pullies shriek again. That is a relief. If the loom could only talk to me, or fight back, it would seem like a human being; but it only complains and submits."

"As I did!" sobbed the woman. "As I did!"

"Yes, as you did, or I should never have loved you," answered the prisoner.

"And did you love me? Do you love me? Oh, say it once—again—a thousand times. I never can tire of hearing."

Poor woman! She was right. That is a question which no man or woman who truly loved ever wearied of asking, or was ever satisfied with an answer.

The prisoner strained her to his bosom, and great tears filled his eyes, as he gazed down upon her. He was humanized now. The sullen pride which made him almost brutal when she came in and saw him crouching on the loom, in that cell, clothed in a convict's dress, had melted away under her loving sympathy.

"Yes, my poor wife, I did love you, wronging you all the time. I have been your evil genius, but I loved you."

The woman drew a deep, happy breath.

"And now? Now?"

"Better than ever; for you have seen me in this awful degradation, and have not faltered or shrunk away."

"Ah!" said she, "if I could only stay with you here!"

"But you cannot. Hush! They are coming."

La Costa snatched one wild kiss from her husband's lips, and sprang to the floor, where she stood watching the entrance with burning eyes, like a she eagle guarding her nest.

A key was turned, slowly, in the door, which was deliberately pushed open, and the keeper looked in.

"It's a quarter more than the hour," he said, "and we must be leaving."

La Costa moved toward the door, casting a mournful look behind, which the keeper was too honorable to observe. She went through, heard the door clang behind her, the sullen turn of the key, and joined young Cole, who was waiting for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

WHAT is Life? A strange commingling—
Lights and shadows, hopes and fears;
Piercing thorns and bright-hued flowers,
Bridal wreaths and widows' tears.

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"MY SHABBY WIFE."

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

Some people are born neat, some achieve neatness, and some have neatness thrust upon them. Alas, I was not born neat! From my earliest childhood, my tendencies all seemed to point in just the opposite direction. Was I arrayed in a new dress? Either I fell up stairs, or tumbled down, making a great rent in the fabric, and bringing disgrace upon myself for the rest of the day. Was I sent to dancing-school, in a pair of delicately-colored gaiters? Of course I stepped into a mud-puddle, and became everybody's butt in consequence thereof. Did some relenting maiden aunt "work" for me a charming little bag, rainbow-tinted, and lined with dainty silk? The first time I took it out with me I lost it, and afterwards learned, to my childish horror, that the magnificent gold watch, with charms and seals, which Aunt Araminta, the donor of the bag, had promised to leave me in her will, was to be given to a niece—oh, biting contrast!—who "never lost anything that was given her."

Even after I grew up, I did not succeed in achieving neatness. What other women did with ease was up-hill work to me. And to this day I view with envy and admiration the shining coils of lustrous hair, the delicate frills, the spotless toilet of some neat representative of the sex, of which I am such a hapless member; and I wonder, like a baby, "how they do it?"

Neither has neatness been thrust upon me. Happy had it been so! If my parents had belonged to that class of rigid individuals, who insist upon neatness as the great essential, perhaps even I might have compassed that, to me, most difficult of sciences. But alas! it is not so. My parents were only too indulgent in this, as in all other matters. And so I came to the conclusion that pencils without points, garments minus hooks and buttons, laces without tags, collars that were too big or too little, gloves out at the fingers, snagged dresses, bad fits, and so on to the end of the chapter, were my destiny. I concluded it was no use to fight against fate, and after a feeble struggle gave up the attempt in despair.

Well, this did pretty well, until I married. For, odd enough, I had suitors. Perhaps there may be other qualities than neatness that win men, though Aunt Araminta always wound up her "scoldings" by eyeing me severely, and declaring, "No man with eyes in his head will ever want you for a wife, I can assure you."

But the man who married me did have eyes in his head, and very wonderful eyes, too. Clear as jewels, ever changing, and each change livelier than the last. But he was fastidious. His tastes were æsthetic. Hence my woes.

Yet he was eminently practical, with it all. Let me give an instance. One warm summer afternoon, expecting my husband at five, I donned a lovely Chinese gauze, with a train; and when I heard his step, ran to meet him, with a silvery, "Is it you, dear?"

"Yes, my——" He stopped, and exclaimed, "But what have you put on all that elegance for? Are we to have company?" This accompanied by a glance, not of approbation.

"Why, I thought that I—that you would like to see me dressed," stammered I.

"Yes, dear, certainly; but you know I am a practical man, and I can't help thinking that if you put on the only really handsome summer dress you have (how well he knew my limited wardrobe,) every day, that when you are invited out, you will have nothing to wear."

Why couldn't I have been sensible, and said, "Certainly, dear, you are right," and quietly changed my dress, without more to-do. But how often are young wives sensible?

At all events, I was not. Angry tears arose to my eyes, my bosom heaved, my breath came and went with quick resentment. I flew to my bed-room; my train of gauze caught in the stairs in my upward flight, and a huge, unsightly rent was the result. But in my foolish anger I cared but little for this. I tore off the now despised dress, and in doing so, by a careless jerk, detached my beautiful watch—my husband's wedding gift—with such force that it flew out of my hand, and struck sharply against a marble corner of the mantelpiece, breaking its crystal, and injuring the works to such an extent, that it cost me (or rather my husband, for I had not a penny in my own right,) a matter of ten dollars for repairs.

Another peculiarity of mine was a love for making "bargains." I got the idea that the less money I spent on my clothes, the more I should have for benevolence. I therefore bought cheap gloves, which split at once in the wearing;

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horrid boots, that made my feet, which naturally were slim and arching, appear thick and flat; and dress materials purchased at establishments where they were always "selling out at a sacrifice," that did not pay for the making-up. My husband detested "bargains," for he said they "always cost double in the end;" but he remonstrated with me in vain; and being too wise a man to waste words, in the end simply shrugged his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows over my obstinate perversity, which, by this time, had become fatuity. He called me, meantime, laughingly, "My shabby wife." But I felt the thorn beneath the smile, and cried once or twice in secret over it.

My husband was a man of letters, with a hobby—Conchology. He had made some discoveries of note in this direction, and his "collection" was considered the best in the country. So well established was his reputation, that certain famous professors, in one of our greatest cities, had invited him to deliver a lecture upon his specialty.

"Of course you will take me with you," said I.

"Certainly. But you must have a new bonnet," he replied.

At another time I should have protested, for I prided myself upon wearing my bonnets until they were so entirely out of date, that even I was ashamed to don them; and I had fully expected to take another winter out of my present head-gear.

Well, I went into town, for we lived in the country; and as, of course, I was in pursuit of a bargain, I hurried to a certain milliner's shop, famed for its cheapness. Here I selected a bonnet suitable in shape and general appearance for a woman of about seventy. It was black velvet, with a coarse blue flower in it. The latter offended even my taste, and having heard that brown was fashionable, without stopping to consider that brown and black were the ugliest of all contrasts, I immediately ordered the blue to be replaced by brown face trimmings.

My husband, absorbed in the preparation of his "lecture," thought no more of the bonnet. The day we started we were behind time, and we barely caught the train, so that the full effect of my appearance did not dawn upon his astonished gaze, until the cars were fairly under way. To make matters worse, I had mounted a fur jacket, which I had also purchased a bargain; and this jacket being clumsily put together, and much too large for me, gave me an appearance decidedly bearish.

My husband viewed me with astonishment, and said, in an intense whisper,

"That bonnet! Where did you get it? Were it not for all these people, I would pitch it out of the car window. And as for that jacket——" Here words failed him.

Of course, as usual, I was angry, forgetting that my husband's æsthetic sense made him suffer keenly, whenever his eye rested upon me.

We reached our destination at last. All the professors were "so delighted" to meet my husband, etc., etc. But I could not but see that they eyed me askance, and in private they asked my better-half, "What part of England did your wife come from?" They could not understand how an American lady could make such an "object" of herself.

The eventful evening came, and all my wifely pride was aroused. Of course I secured a prominent place in the audience, selecting one where my husband could not fail to see me. There was a large and intellectual assemblage, and my husband did remarkably well, at least at the commencement. But suddenly his gaze fell full upon me. He began to stammer and stutter. In vain he strove to avert his gaze. A dreadful fascination held him. He could not recover himself, and made a failure of what ought to have been, and would otherwise have been, the most learned lecture of the season.

As the audience slowly moved out, I had the mortification of hearing one say to the other, "What was the matter with the man? A truly remarkable lecture spoiled in the delivery."

And then, to cap the climax, I heard one of the professors, elegant in his evening toilet, declare to the lady beside him, in a vehement undertone, "How can you wonder? If I had such a shabby-looking woman for a wife, and saw her sitting there so conspicuously, staring me out of countenance, I should have failed too."

My husband afterward confessed to me, that the "awful bonnet" was the cause of it all. He told me it had pursued him like a nightmare, from the moment he first beheld it; and as soon as he saw it in the lecture-room, it had confused his utterance, and tripped him up all the way through his lecture.

Since that fortunate evening—as I now regard it—I am a changed woman. I buy no more "bargains." If my cap offends my Petruchio, I abolish it. I study the laws of good taste—very nearly akin to those of good sense. I get honest opinions from trustworthy friends. I try to dress well, for I realize its importance. In short, I hope the day will presently come, when my husband, who has long ceased to speak of me as such, will no longer have occasion even to think of me as, "MY SHABBY WIFE."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, a half-trained skirt of all-wool black and white shepherd's plaid, made with a flounce and puffing, above a fine knife-plaiting of black cashmere. The tunic is cut very long, and almost straight round, plaited very much at the sides, as may be seen in the back view, which we give, as well as the front. Two broad bands of black cashmere trim the front, between which are three bows of gros-grain ribbon, with fringed ends; full pocket on the left side, ornamented likewise with bows of ribbon. The front edge of the tunic has a plaited trimming, and the back a band of black cashmere. The fullness of the back breadth is left unsewed in at the waist, trimmed with a like band of cashmere, and folded in the Arab style, making a very pretty drape at the back. Cuirass waist, with five seams at the back, edged and trimmed down the back with the cashmere, which is also used for the sleeves; cuffs of the plaid box-plaited on the outside of the arm, and ornamented with four buttons and simulated button-holes. A plaiting of the plaid, over a plaiting of the cashmere, is introduced at the back of the jacket. Eight to nine yards of double-width goods, with two and a half yards of cashmere for trimming, will be required. Shepherds' plaid cost from 50 cents to $1.50 per yard, according to quality.

We give, next, a model for making a black silk, trimmed with velvet, but which may easily

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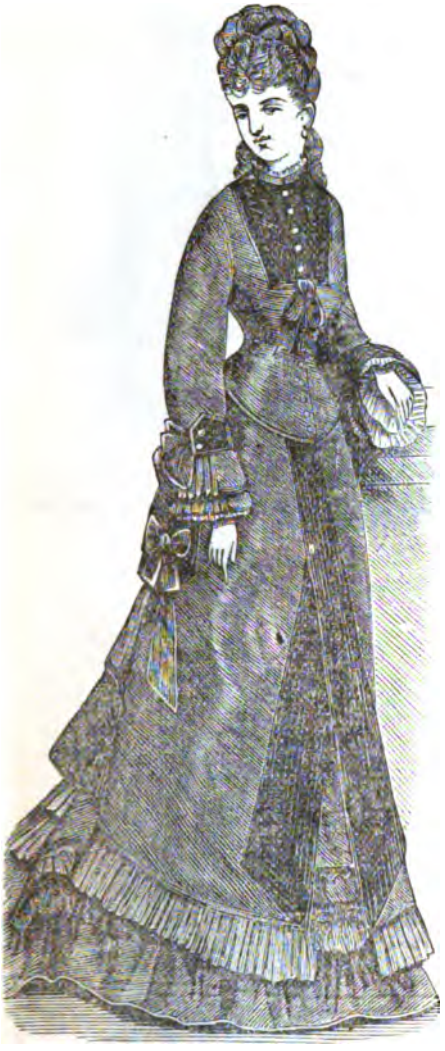
be carried out in less expensive material, or a partly-worn silk can be remodeled, and made to



look "smaith as well as new," and with but trifling expense. Take the old silk for the under-skirt, make with a demi-train border the front and side gores, with a gathered flounce five to six inches deep, headed by a puff and plaiting to stand up. The back breadth is trimmed with plaitings which ascend as high as the wide loops of silk and velvet, that form a pouf at the back. The tablier is formed of the square breadths, turned back with velvet revers, and terminating with a plaiting at the bottom; cuirass bodice, with velvet plastroon; tightly-fitting coat-sleeves, with cuff formed of plaiting and velvet, as seen. One yard of velvet, and from seven to eight yards of silk, will be enough for the over-dress; a dozen and a half of small silk buttons for the bodice and sleeves. There is a velvet pocket, ornamented with bows and ends, which is suspended from the waist on the right side, or it may be fastened on the dress, if preferred. Cashmere, merino, or Henrietta cloth, trimmed in this style, with crape, would be very appropriate for a handsome mourning costume.

Next, we give an outside Polonaise of gray or fawn-colored camel's-hair cloth, showing the front

and back view. The Polonaise fastens down the front to a short distance from the lower edge. Rows of narrow silk or mohair braid are arranged on the collar, cuffs, and in two groups around the lower edge, when they are further finished by a worsted or crepe fringe. The long-pointed pocket is entirely covered with the braid. At the back the garment is draped as a scarf, with fringed ends. The remainder of the trimming consists of bows and bands of silk to match. These long garments will be much the fashion

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for winter wear, and one of this style will answer for a winter wrap, with some warm, wadded waist underneath. Five yards of cloth is usually

the quantity sold for Polonaise; a dozen and a half of buttons, forty-eight yards of narrow mohair or silk braid, or less, if the number of rows forming the trimming be diminished. This is for the individual taste to decide, as well as the pocket.

Next, a suit for a little boy of three years. The front is made with a wide, double box-plait from the neck, buttoning all the way down the left side; back made with a like double box-plait; fullness allowed to be plaited in under the side seams; a wide sash of the material, fringed at the ends, belts the waist. There are long loops for the sash to pass through, and keep it in place. Sailor collar, tied in front with a ribbon; coat-sleeves with pointed cuffs. Three and a half yards of single-width plaid.

Costume for a young miss of from twelve to fourteen years. It is made of gray bege, with a

flounce; gray and blue plaid, and band of plain gray; tunic and jacket of the plaid, trimmed with the gray. At the back and on the sleeves are bows of gray gros-grain ribbon. Dark-blue and white shepherds' plaid are much used for misses' costumes

Next is a pretty velveteen suit for a boy of three. Kilted skirt, with gored front, and jacket-back slashed at the waist—the whole trimmed with white guipure lace edge; standing collar

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and cuffs to match. Four yards of velveteen, poplin, merino, or plaid, may be substituted; then trim with braid, to match, or velvet ribbon.

KNITTED CUFFS—WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS FOR ONE PAIR.—One ounce of white, two ounces of blue, single Berlin wool; four steel pins, No. 14 (bell-gauge;) two tricot-hooks.

Cast on fifty stitches on three pins, and knit in the round.

1st, 2d, and 3d rounds (with white wool:) Knit two, purl one. Repeat.

4th, 5th, and 6th rounds (with blue wool:) Repeat from * three times more. Now work twelve rows plain knitting with the blue wool, decreasing one at the beginning and middle of the 3d, 6th, 9th, and 12th plain-knitted rows. (The decrease is made by knitting two together.)

For the over-cuff, (made with blue wool and in tricot,) turn the knitted cuff on the wrong side, and work off the stitches on the pin as a foundation of first-row of tricot; work off as ordinary tricot. For the first two or three rows, the two tricot-hooks will be required. An opening is left on the under side of cuff. An increase is made in the beginning and middle of the 2d, 4th, and 6th rows of tricot, by pulling up two loops in one. The middle increase stitches in the 2d, 4th, and 6th rows, are worked with white wool. Five rows of the tricot are made of the blue wool, the 6th row with white; and on this last row work a row of double crochet with white wool. Sew up the tricot part of cuff on the wrong side, and work a row of double crochet into the lower ledge of cuff with white wool.

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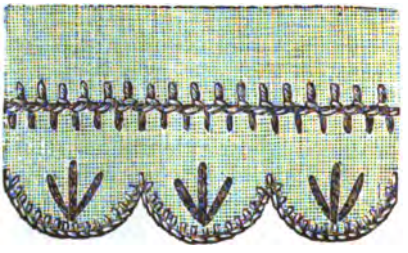
EMBROIDERED EDGES FOR UNDER-LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



WALKING-SUIT FOR CHILD.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a walking-suit for a child, either a little girl or boy, from five to six years old. On the next page we give diagrams by which to cut it out. These diagrams, of course, will have to be enlarged, a process which almost anybody can do without instruction. But in

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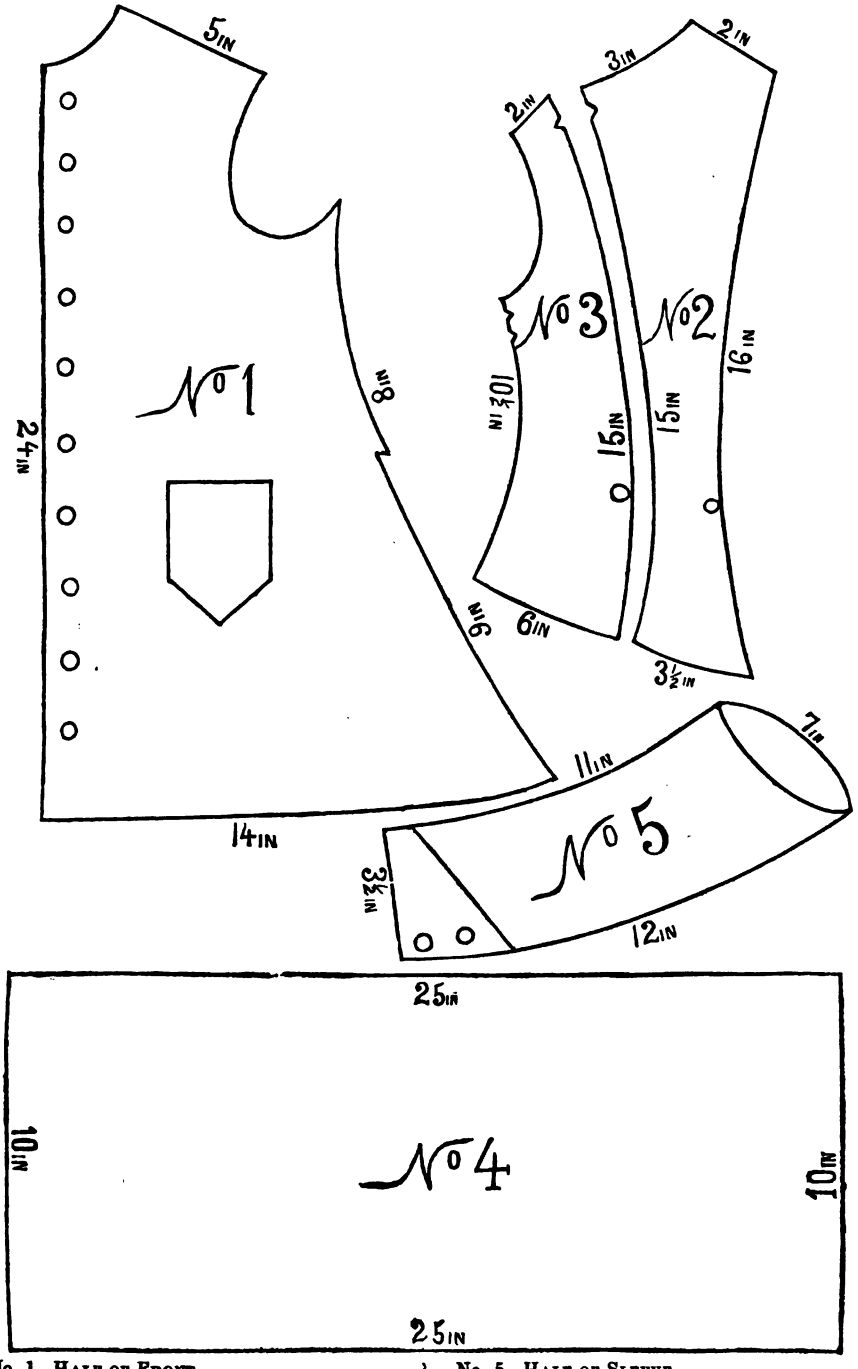
former numbers we have often explained this process, and will do so again this year, for new subscribers, if requested. We gave some hints on the subject in the December number.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side Back.
No. 4. Half of Skirt for back to be kilt-plated.
No. 5. Half of Sleeve.

Make of camel's-hair cloth, and trim with wide mohair braid.

Altogether, the prettiest of the season.

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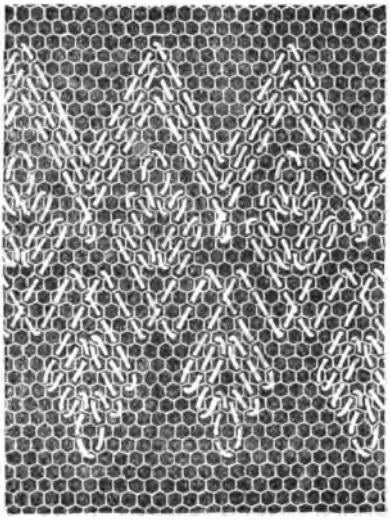
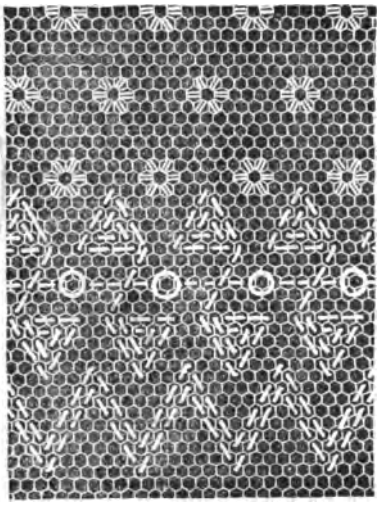
NEW DESIGNS FOR DARNED NET, FOR CRAVAT ENDS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





JACKET IN TRICOT, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

First, cut a paper pattern of the complete jacket.

MATERIAL.—Quarter of a pound of partridge wool, two ounces of white, one ounce of black, Berlin wool; medium-size bone tricot-hook.

With partridge wool, make a chain sufficiently long to go round the bottom of jacket, allowing two and a half inches from the bottom, and on each front for the border. The foundation of jacket is not put under the border.

Work up and off in tricot.

Pattern Row: Pass over one loop, work up the next: now work up the loop passed over. Repeat throughout the row. Work off as in ordinary tricot.

The pattern row and working it off is repeated throughout. The work should be frequently laid on the pattern to keep it to shape; the increase and decrease being made in the edge stitches, except under the arm, where two loops must occasionally be worked together. The shoulder seams must be sewn upon the wrong side. Work in the same way for sleeves. They are made open, and seamed together.

For the border, which is made separately, and afterward sewn on, fulling it very little at the

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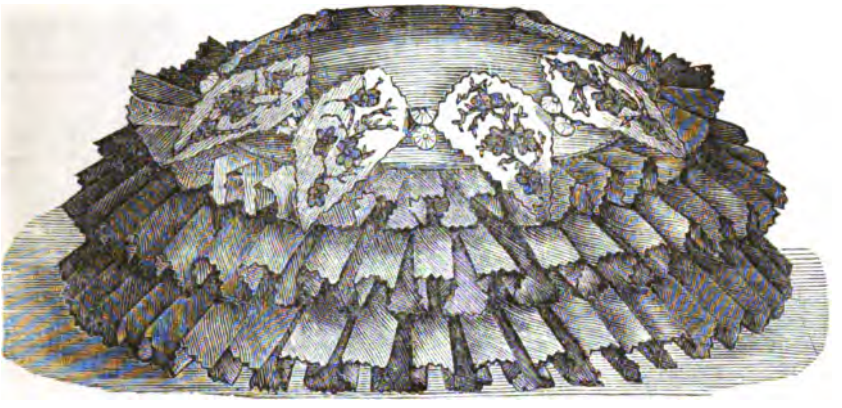
lower corners of fronts, make a chain long enough for the bottoms and fronts. (The collar is made by itself.) Work in tricot thus: Put the hook quite through between each perpendicular loop; pull up a loop. Repeat. Work off as in ordinary tricot. The edge is worked into the border in crochet. One double, four-chain, one treble in the first, pass over two. Repeat throughout. Work on both sides. The stitches (in black and partridge wool) are worked with a Berlin wool needle. The jacket ties at the throat with a cord and tassels.

TOILET CUSHION—WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Foundation of cushion: Sky-blue cashmere. The embroidered pieces (we give one of the full size above) are done on bits of white cloth, either pinked out on the edges, or button-holed. The design is done in various colored silks, and the pieces are joined by two white field daisies, with gold-colored centres These are embroidered on the foundation. The cushion is circular, and finished with three rows of blue silk, cut on the bias, the edges pinked out, and the frills put on with box-pleating. The lower one, of course, just three times as wide as the upper one. Care must be taken in the arrangement. This cushion would make a nice New-Year's gift.

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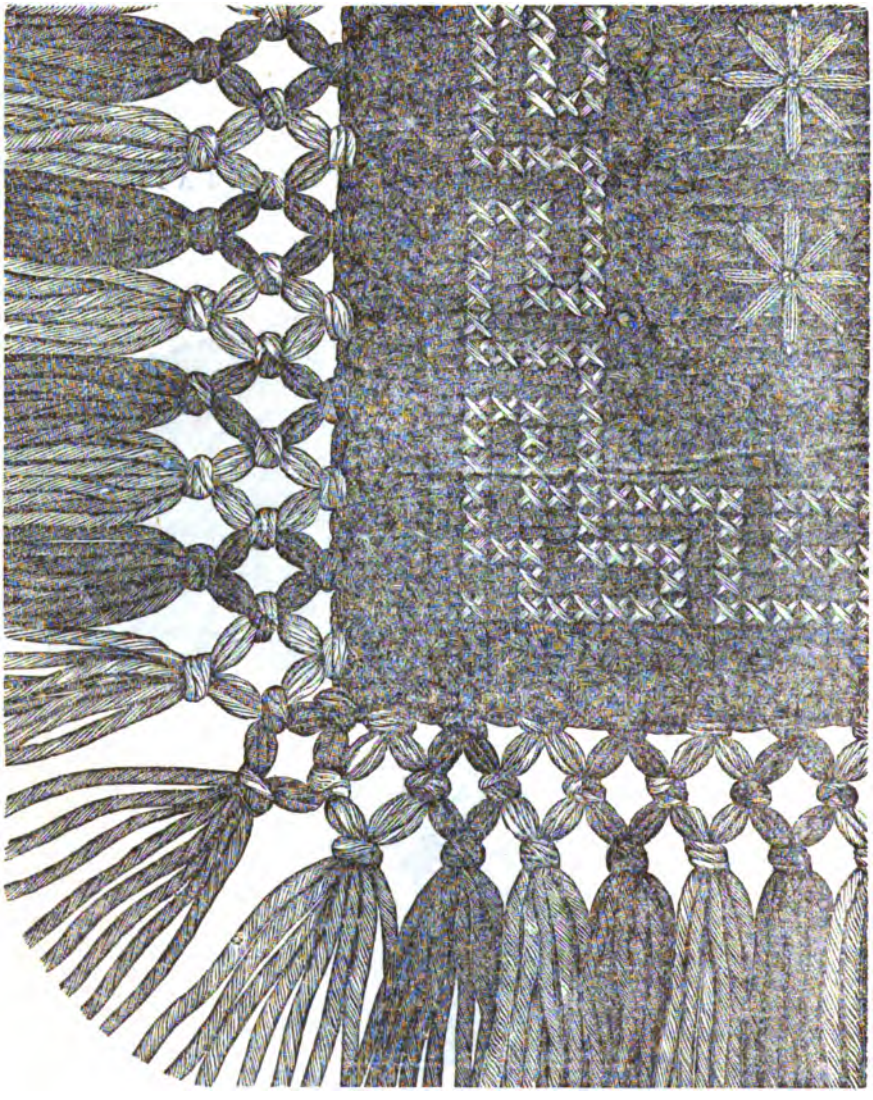
INFANT'S CARRIAGE-BLANKET.



Work the middle in crochet á tricoter, with brown or light gray Berlin wool, making use of rather a small needle, so that the work may be close. In crochet á tricoter the stitches are taken up in every alternate row, and looped off in the return row. Work the raised spots round the edge in the return rows by making 5 chain for each spot. Work the spots in the ends by putting in the chain-stitches after every two loops, observing to reverse the spots in the second row. Work the spots at the sides by putting in the chain-stitches, first in one row, and then in the succeeding row, also reversing the position. When the centre is finished, work on it, with filoselle, the stars according to illustration, varying the colors according to taste, and making a knotted stitch with yellow silk in the centre of each star. Then work the arabesque with yellow silk, and knot the fringe into the edge with wool corresponding in color with the stars; divide the knots, and tie them together according to illustration.

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RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the first of the number, we give, printed in colors, one of those superb patterns, the expense of which deters other magazines from giving them, and which can only be found in "Peterson." We have frequently given expensive patterns of this kind; but never one as expensive as this. We intend, for 1877, to outdo ourselves in all things.

This ribbon embroidery, being a new style of work, and suitable for so many purposes, is sure to become very popular; it is particularly adapted for dress-trimmings, table, and curtain borders, mantel vallances, banner screens, sofa cushions, and all embellishments of drawing and dining-rooms. It can be worked on crash, cloth, serge, silk, satin, and velvet. This embroidery is a combination of ribbon and silks of various shades, artistically blended together, in the form of flowers, scrolls, etc.; it is very effective, and more quickly done than French embroidery. The materials required are crash, cloth, silk, or whatever is preferred, as a foundation; very narrow ribbon of two widths, floss, embroidery silk, some fine sewing silk to match the ribbon, and a fine sewing-needle.

The pattern selected must be traced on the material. If the flowers chosen are large and bold in outline, the wide ribbon must be used for the edges, and the narrow for the inner line, in small flowers; one line of the narrow is sufficient. The embroidery silk must be worked in rather loosely, that the material may not be drawn; when finished, the work should be carefully pressed at the back with a warm iron. Wherever grasses, or very small leaves, are introduced in a design, they should be worked in silk only. Almost any flower can be imitated in this work, but those of a bold outline and handsome appearance can be done more successfully. Very pretty designs may be made by enlarging small flowers to about twice their natural size; buttercups and daisies, for instance, are beautiful in this way, with some grasses introduced, or small flowers may be worked in silk, and mixed in with the larger.

Directions for Working in Detail.—As an example, we describe details of working the yellow rose, as follows: For the flower, take the widest ribbon of the required shade, thread the sewing-needle with fine silk of the same color, and run the ribbon up and down in vandykes, drawing it up as you proceed. When about a yard has been quilled in this manner, measure it round the petals of the rose; if sufficient, tack it round on the outline, through the middle of the ribbon, as you would in braiding; tuck the ends of the ribbon in, and sew down firmly with a separate needleful of silk; the quilling thread must then be fastened securely. The ribbon must not be too closely drawn up, as it should present a pretty waved appearance. Take of the narrow ribbon-shade orange, quill it in the same way, and lay on a row beneath the former one, fastening off as before. Thread the embroidery needle with three strands of pale yellow filoselle, and work in satin stitch from the second row of ribbon to the centre circle, catching the edge of the ribbon with every stitch. With a needleful of orange embroidery silk, work the outer circle in French knots, which are done in the following manner: Hold the needle in the right hand, silk in the left; put the needle over the silk, and twist it three times; then put the needle down in almost the same spot it was pulled up, guiding the twist with the forefinger of the left hand until it is quite tight. When this circle is completed, work from it to the centre, with pale-green floss in satin stitch; then for the centre work four knots in very dark orange.

Rose-Bud Calyx to be made in the narrow ribbon, medium shade of green, quilled and laid on outline of calyx, filled in with two lighter shades of green floss satin stitch; the top of the bud to be narrow yellow or orange ribbon laid on outline, and filled in with a lighter shade of floss satin-stitch. The sprays from the calyx to be worked in green embroidery silk, long stitches.

Rose Leaf and Stem.—Light-green shade of narrow ribbon, quilled and laid on round the edge of leaf; darker shade narrow ribbon, quilled and put on beneath the former; then fill in with darker shade of green floss satin-stitch. The stem to be olive-brown or green embroidery silk, worked straight through the leaf satin-stitch.

Any design may be worked in a similar manner by varying the colors according to the flowers chosen.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1877!—REDUCTIONS TO CLUBS!!—We call attention to the Prospectus, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any other lady's book. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any other monthly in the world, enables us to defy competition. We purposely put "Peterson" at a low price, in order to get a large edition, a small profit on such edition being more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

For 1877, *the terms to clubs are lower* even than for 1876. Thus, we send seven copies at $1.57 each, ($11.00 in all,) with an extra copy, and also a "Cornwallis," to the person getting up the club. For 1876, it took eight subscribers, at $1.57, ($12,50,) to earn the same premiums. For 1877, we send nine copies for $1.50 each, ($13.50 in all,) with both an extra copy and the "Cornwallis," to the person getting up the club. For 1876, it took eleven, at $1.50 each, (16.50 in all,) to earn the same premiums. So of all the larger clubs. We make these reductions in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

Meantime the magazine will be greatly improved. Our fashion-plates already excel those of any cotemporary. The other monthlies only give colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant colored steel engravings, which cost us $10,000 a year more than if we gave colored lithographs. Our styles, moreover, are not those of second-rate American dress-makers, but come *in advance* from Paris.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, *to excel those of any lady's book.* The best contributors of the country write for "Peterson." Our two novelets, this month, open with very great promise. No other lady's book has such authors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. Burnett Hodgson, etc. We give increased reading in 1877.

Remember that *we pre-pay the postage.* Formerly, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post-offices, at an additional expense of from twelve to twenty-five cents each, *over and above the subscription price.* Now that we pre-pay the postage, "Peterson" is *cheaper than ever.*

Now is the time to canvass for clubs! Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

DRESSES, ENTIRELY OF FLOWERS, are the fashion, in Paris, for evening parties and balls. Poetical, isn't it? These dresses, or rather overskirts, are composed of a light foundation of ribbon or gauze, which is covered either with flowers of one kind, or else with a mixture of every variety. For the under edge, drooping flowers, such as fuchsias, are selected to form a fringe. Ribbons are the only trimming used on such toilets, neither jewels nor any other ornament being permissible.

FIVE DOLLARS A NUMBER.—A lady sends us a club for 1877, and says: "This makes ten years that I have got up a club for 'Peterson,' and I like it better than ever. One of my subscribers told me, this fall, that she would rather give five dollars a number than be without it."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to every subscriber to "Peterson," and may each and all, they and we, live to see many returns of it together.

RECOLLECT THAT OUR CLUB TERMS include (among other offers) four copies at $1.70 each, ($6.80,) and one extra copy to the person getting up the club; or five copies at $1.70 each, ($8.50,) and both an extra copy and a "Cornwallis," to the person getting up the club. Or, again, five copies, at $1.60 each, ($8.00,) and an extra copy to the person getting up the club; or six copies, at $1.60 each, ($9.60,) and both an extra copy and a "Cornwallis," to the person getting up the club. Or, still again, eight copies at $1.50 each, ($12.00,) and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, or nine copies, at $1.50 each, ($13.50,) with both an extra copy and a "Cornwallis," to the person getting up the club. In a word, our clubs and premiums for 1877 are arranged to accommodate everybody.

GOOD STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—The New York Tribune, in a recent article on house-furnishing, says:—"May the housekeeper be strong to resist that abomination, *an oil chromo.* One thoroughly good engraving, or two good photographs, of fine pictures, bring more beauty to a room than do twenty highly-colored chromos." Acting on this principle, "Peterson" has always offered first-class engravings for premiums.

OUR SUPERB "GEMS OF ART," with twenty-five steel engravings, each of the size of "The Wanderer," in this number, will be sent, as a premium, if preferred, instead of "The Cornwallis." Or a copy of "The Pictorial Annual," also with twenty-five steel plates, but different from those in the "Gems," will be sent on the same terms. Or each will be sent to subscribers on the receipt of fifty cents.

CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT IT.—Says an old subscriber, remitting for 1877: "Enclosed find two dollars for 'Peterson's Magazine.' I cannot live without it." Another writes: "I have read most of the monthlies, and find yours superior in original stories, colored fashion-plates, steel-plates, etc. I cannot do without it."

ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent, in 1876, in the steel engravings, colored steel fashion-plates, colored Berlin patterns, and other illustrations in "Peterson." This is more than any other lady's book ever expended, on embellishments, during a similar period. For 1877, we expect to spend still more.

TWO ENGRAVINGS FOR A CLUB.—When persons get up clubs, and become entitled to an extra copy of the Magazine, they can have, instead of it, *if they prefer*, two of our premium engravings for 1877, or the "Cornwallis," and any former one, or two of any of our former ones.

SEE OUR GREAT OFFER, on the last page of this number, to send to every subscriber to "Peterson" a splendid five-dollar engraving for fifty cents extra. Read the advertisement, so as to understand why we can afford to do this, and why *nobody else can.*

STYLE AND FITNESS have more to do with dressing well than money. Consult our "Every-Day" on this subject.

SAVE A DOLLAR, by subscribing for "Peterson," the best as well as the cheapest of the lady's books.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1877.—It is our custom, as our old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, a large-sized steel plate, for framing, at a cost of from one to two thousand dollars, as a premium for getting up certain of our clubs. Many persons, we find, prefer such a premium, even to an extra copy of the Magazine; while others wish to earn both an extra copy and an engraving for framing. The plate for this year is quite the most costly, and we think, also, the best we have ever engraved. The subject is the "Surrender of Cornwallis." The engraving is of the same size as "Washington's Adieu to His Generals," (27 inches by 20,) and is a match-picture to that, the most popular we have hitherto published. "The Surrender of Cornwallis" contains portraits of Washington, Rochambeau, Lincoln, O'Hara, Lauzun, Knox, etc., etc. As a work of art, it is altogether unrivaled. *No household in America should be without it.* The easiest way to secure it is to get up a club for "Peterson" for 1877.

BETTER THAN MOST "CHROMOS."—The Achley (Iowa) Enterprise says of our December number: "It comes to us, in advance of all others, with increased reading matter, two beautiful steel engravings, a double-size colored fashion-plate, about fifty wood-cuts, patterns, etc., and a superb colored pattern in Berlin work, *better than most 'chromos,'* and alone worth the subscription price. In fact, 'Peterson' has outdone himself."

TWENTY PAGES MORE.—This magazine contains twenty pages more of reading matter, monthly, than any magazine offered at the same price. It contains, also, more embellishments, and of a higher quality.

EVERY LADY OWES it to herself to look as well as she can. To do this, dress with taste. A very sensible little story, *apropos* of this subject—"The Shabby Wife"—is in the present number, by one of our oldest contributors.

"REGRETTED IT."—A lady sends us two dollars for 1877, and says:—"I neglected sending for your magazine this year, and have regretted it ever since. I like 'Peterson' better than any I have ever seen."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Madcap Violet. By William Black. 3 *vols.*, 12*mo. New York: McMillan & Co.*—There have been few novels, published of late years, so fresh and racy as "The Princess of Thule," and "The Adventures of a Phaeton." It was by these that Mr. Black principally made his reputation. "The Daughter of Heth" was better than either, indeed, but was too tragic ever to become popular. In the present story Mr. Black has fallen somewhat "from his high estate." His descriptions of scenery are as vivid as ever, especially of the gray mountains and wild sea off the coast of Scotland, but his plot is quite improbable, and his characters, in a great degree, inconsequent. Violet herself has a touch of the old glamour; she is inferior to Shiela; but she is above the average; and if she did not behave so absurdly, we might come to love her. But the best-drawn character in the book, the only one, indeed, with any claims to peculiar merit, is that of James Drummond, who is really an original conception.

Winwood Cliff; or, Oscar, the Sailor's Son. By Daniel Wise, D. D. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author of this story for boys is already favorably known for his "Glen Morris," "Lindendale," etc., etc. The characters read as if principally chosen from real life. There is an excellent moral.

A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, Arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. Samuel N. Barnum. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—In this bulky little volume we have what is altogether the best book of its kind in the language. In 1775, just one hundred and two years ago, Walker published his "Rhyming Dictionary," and in 1804 appeared a revised edition of the same. Abridged editions have since appeared, but no real rival, until the work before us. Mr. Barnum's book, though it does not give definitions, will hereafter quite supersede Walker's. In assisting to find rhymes it will be of great service, even to matured versifiers. As a study of the language, also, and without reference to rhyming, it will be invaluable. Mr. Barnum is already favorably known as the assistant editor of Webster's Dictionary, and as the editor of the Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible. The volume contains nearly eight hundred closely printed pages.

Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? By William Knox. Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—If you wish to make a Christmas or New-Year's present, and the recipient is a person of taste, this is the very book for the purpose. So dainty a volume we have not seen for many a day. Every four lines of the poem, from which the book takes its name, is illustrated with a choice wood engraving; and in addition there is a title-page, appropriately designed. In all, therefore, there are fifteen illustrations, and each is a first-class one, and each different from the other. Then the paper is like vellum, and the binding a triumph of taste.

Elbow-Room. A Novel Without a Plot. By Max Adeler. Illustrated by Arthur D. Frost. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philada.: J. M. Stoddart & Co.*—Our American humorists, as is well known, have earned a world-wide reputation. One of the very best of these humorists is Max Adeler. The volume before us is his latest contribution to fun, and is, perhaps, his best, though that is saying a great deal. It is impossible to read "Elbow-Room," without convulsions of laughter. The illustrations, too, are capital: they catch fully the spirit of the text, and they are very effectively engraved.

Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom. By Amanda M Douglas. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a charmingly told story, with a high moral purpose, in every respect such a one as can be recommended for family reading. Miss Douglas was a former contributor to this Magazine, one of the many we have first introduced to the public. A great merit of the story is its realism. The characters are such as one meets in every-day life, and their actions and conversation are natural and consistent. The volume is handsomely printed.

Living Too Fast: or, The Confessions of a Bank Officer. By William T. Adams. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard..*—A story appropriate to the times. The title tells the moral. The success of the author, under his fictitious name of Oliver Optic, in writing books for boys, is well known; but "Living Too Fast" is a proof that he can write for adults equally well. We heartily commend the book. The illustrations are very good.

Daisy Travers; or, The Girls of Hive Hall. By Adelaide F. Samuels. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Lee & Shepard.*—A very pleasant little story, one of the "Maidenhood Series," which we can recommend as suitable for the family circle. It is nicely illustrated and prettily bound.

Flaxie Triggle. By Sophie May. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A book for the little ones, by the author of "Dotty Dimple Stories." It is a charming little story, and is graphically illustrated.

Popping the Question. By the Author of "The Jilt." 1 *vol.* 8*vo.. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A good, old-fashioned love story, such as everybody likes to read. You cannot do better than to buy it.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

In Getting Up Clubs, it would be well to show to new subscribers what is thought of "Peterson" by the editors of the United States. No other periodical receives such unqualified praise. Says the Valley (Pa.) Record: "The stories, the fashions, patterns, in short, everything, is the best of its kind." Says the Lowell (Ind.) Star: "The stories are very far superior to those to be found in other magazines." Says the York Co. (Me.) Independent: "Subscribe for nothing else until you have seen a copy of this popular magazine." Says the Rock Co. (Wis.) Recorder: "The prices for clubs are astonishingly low." The Lake Mills (Iowa) Herald says: "The best, as well as cheapest, lady's magazine." The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says: "The most valuable and interesting fashion-book in the United States." We have hundreds of similar notices, but have room only for these few.

"No Deception or Humbug."—A lady writes to us, saying:—"My club for 1877, as you will see, is larger than ever. Two or three times, some of my old subscribers have gone off, allured by the flaming promises elsewhere; but this year they have all come back, telling me that 'Peterson's' is the only lady's book which has no deception or humbug about it. Others, too, who never took 'Peterson' before, have come to the same conclusion."

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Every Lady should use the Frank Miller Crown Dressing for her own and her children's shoes. It gives the richest gloss and color, and leaves the leather soft and pliable. It is really a very superior article.

Over two million ladies have used Laird's Bloom of Youth during the past twenty years, for beautifying the complexion. Sold at all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I.—Of Nurses and Nursing.

Important as is the office of nurse, to the sick mother, and to the invalid generally, we are not a little surprised, when we closely observe the members of this profession, to notice how few there are, who assume this responsible station, who are qualified, either by nature or education, to discharge its various and responsible duties.

If the old saying be true—and who is disposed to doubt it—that "a patient stands a better chance with a good nurse and an inferior physician, than with a good physician and a poor nurse," parents should demand that those who offer themselves as nurses or guardians of their or their children's welfare, in the hour of sickness and danger, should have previously qualified themselves for the responsible undertaking, by reading and observation, at least, not to mention more positive fitness derived from instruction and experience.

Thus very many commence their career as nurses without having devoted a month to preparatory study, or without having passed a week in the sick-room for the purpose of acquiring, by observation and reflection, that knowledge so necessary for an agreeable and efficient nurse. But it may be asked by these novices, "What great amount of knowledge is required?" Sure, they answer their own question. It requires no wonderful skill or judgment to hand a drink of water or tea to a patient, to give a dose of medicine, to bathe the fevered brow, to make a mustard-plaster, or bread-and-milk poultice. and apply them as may be directed by the medical attendant. True, to this extent, and no further. But there are other duties than the mere drudgery of the room, of a higher and nobler order, to efficiently discharge which calls forth all the energies of a patient, virtuous, pious and enlightened mind.

In seasons of deep distress, when fell disease holds unbounded sway over the life of a suffering mother, for instance, and her spirits droop beneath the heavy affliction, and naught but a cloud of despair is seen gathering around the painful couch, then, by the regard she has for suffering humanity, for one of her sex, and by her desire to make herself useful in her calling, she is called upon to exercise the best feelings of her nature, to dispel the accumulative gloom, and pour the oil of consolation into the bleeding wounds of the desponding sufferer. Now, though her bosom may heave high with compassion, and the soul's best sympathies be also awakened with an earnest desire manifested to afford such a patient relief, yet, for want of a certain *tact* in bringing those feelings to bear advantageously upon the object that has aroused them, they can but rarely be of any temporal or spiritual comfort, and she remains a supine, listless, helpless observer of the distress before her.

This *tact*, or ability to act, can only be obtained by previous study, reflection, education, and observation, combined with a mind capable of receiving impressions.

Every experienced physician can readily call to mind instances where he has had cause to lament the entire inefficiency of those in whose charge he was obliged to leave his patient, while absent himself. He has often had his heart to melt with pity for his patient, while his soul burned with indignation toward the nurse. For, through her incompetency, how often has he seen the new-born snatched from the bosom of a newly-made mother; how often has the mother herself been sacrificed through her ignorance, imprudence, or want of needed watchfulness—he alone can number the instances.

In a few subsequent numbers, therefore, we will endeavor to point out some of the principal qualifications necessary to be possessed by every nurse; and holding these in view, every mother may be enabled to call to her aid, if required, nurses who are fitted to discharge their duties, and not expose themselves or their children to ignorant pretenders.

FLOWER-TALKS FOR JANUARY.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

Insects on House Plants.—I find that everybody has more or less trouble with insects on their plants. The little aphis, or plant-louse, I have but little trouble in getting rid of. I kill them without mercy, or squeamishness, when I find them in places where I can get at them, by pinching them between thumb and finger. But they will hide in blossoms and under leaves, and the thumb and finger will fail to rid the plant of them. Frequent and thorough sprinklings on both upper and under side of the leaves will keep them in check. But where they have got well established, and cannot be kept down by hand-picking, a good fumigation with strong tobacco will thin them off rapidly. Cover the plants with newspapers; put some coals in a dish, and sprinkle on a handful of coarse smoking

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tobacco, and hold it where the smoke can get in among the plants. Let it all burn, and do not remove the papers for some minutes. When you do, give the plants a good shaking, and you will see the little green things tumbling off by the score. Then sprinkle your plants thoroughly with clean warm water; and if you are careful to kill every one you find after that, I think you will have no difficulty in keeping them in check for a long time. But as they increase very rapidly, it is well to give a fumigation occasionally, to help keep them down.

The Red Spider is the worst foe to plants that I have ever had any experience with. He is so small that few people are aware of his presence, and wonder why the leaves on their plants begin to turn brown so fast. If they will look under the leaf, I think they will see minute little specks, like grains of cayenne pepper. If they will watch these, they will see that they move. These little specks are spiders, and, small as they are, they will injure a plant more than any other insect; in fact, they will soon kill a plant.

I have found that they will not flourish in a moist atmosphere, but the air of the living-room usually suits them exactly, on account of its dryness. To rid plants of them, I used to dip them in water heated to 100 and 115 degrees. It will not hurt the plants, and it *will* hurt the spiders. Repeat this dipping two or three times, and after that keep the lower part of the leaves moist for a week or two, by using a small syringe. This treatment will effectually rid the plants of their worst enemy. They are particularly bad on roses, fuchsias, and heliotropes. Roses seem to be the favorite plant with spiders and plant-lice, and on that account I have left them out of my collections. It is almost impossible to keep them healthy in the house.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

"Ninepins."—Any odd number of couples will do. We will give directions for five. The music should be a good galop.

One couple is considered "out," and stands away, the remaining four placing themselves as for a quadrille.

1. First and opposite couples galop half across and back again, meeting in the centre.
2. Sides the same.
3. First and opposite couples all across.
4. Sides all across.
5. First and opposite couples repeat No. 1.
6. Sides same.
7. Repeat No. 3; back to places.
8. Repeat No. 4; back to places.
9. The "out" lady then visits each of the four gentlemen "in," and is turned.
10. Ladies form a ring in the centre, join hands, and all round, until the music suddenly stops, when each lady tries to place herself on the right side of a gentleman. One of course remains partnerless, and she becomes "out."

The first part, up to No. 9, is now repeated, and this time the "out" gentleman turns the four ladies, beginning with the nearest, and then the gentlemen join hands in the centre, etc.

This dance should be kept up with spirit, each figure or movement following on the other without any pause.

"Authors" is merely a game of memory. All sit round a room or table, and one begins with the name of an author: for example, "Kingsley." The second adds another, and says, "Kingsley, Longfellow;" the third, "Kingsley, Longfellow, Bacon," etc., each adding a new name, and repeating the others in rotation. No prompting is allowed, and a mistake is the signal for a forfeit. Fun may very often be made out of the combination of names, such as Dickens Howitt-Burns; Gray-Young-Johnson, etc.

The Bouquet of Flowers.—The Gardener is wishing to gather a bridal bouquet; he gives each person (quite in confidence) the name of some flower, taking care that every one shall have the same—a lily, for instance. It requires some management to persuade people into allowing you to *give* them their name, as almost every one has a favorite flower. When each person is named, the gardener goes to the door and says, "The flower I call must come quickly." Of course he calls "Lily," and the effect is most amusing. It is generally some minutes before the joke is perceived.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

To Make Soup.—The best soup is made of lean, juicy beef that is fresh. It is poor economy to make soups of cooked meats; they impart a flat taste to the soup, the first cooking having greatly wasted the juices of the meat. Always put the meat in *cold* water to cook, having first washed it nicely in cold water. To each pound of meat allow three pints of water, and reduce by boiling to one quart. The soup-pot should always be kept covered; as the scum rises, it should be removed until the soup water is clear; then add the vegetables. If the soup becomes too thick after boiling for some time, add to it *boiling* water; a kettle of water should be kept boiling for the purpose. The water in which poultry has been boiled can be made into soup; but of course is not as rich as if the meat had been allowed to boil to pieces in the water.

If Irish potatoes are used in soup, they should be first boiled and then added to the soup; for the water in which Irish potatoes have been boiled is of a disagreeable taste, and thought by some persons to be poisonous.

For brown soups, before putting the meat in the pot, first put in a dessert-spoonful of butter. When it is hot put in the meat, and the herbs on the top of the meat; let the meat fry for a short time, and then pour in the water. It makes the soup of a richer flavor to prepare it in this manner.

Spices and herbs should always be tied in a muslin bag, and taken out of the soup before it is served.

Dip the cloth that the soup is to be strained through into cold water; it hardens the grease. White soup is clarified with egg; the whites of two eggs to half a gallon of soup.

Soup should always be made the day before it is to be used. When cold, skim off all the grease. Soup should boil slowly and steadily. It requires from three to five hours to make.

Beef Soup.—Two pounds of beef; put it on early in the morning; let it stew slowly for three hours. Skim it constantly; put in celery or celery-seed, a small head of cabbage, cut in quarters; some turnips, tomatoes, and carrots, three of each; add a small handful of ochre, and any vegetable you please. When done, strain some of the meat and vegetables from the soup, or all of it, as it may be liked.

MEATS.

Miroton of Beef.—A few slices of cold roast-beef, three ounces of butter, salt and pepper to taste, three onions, half a pint of gravy. Slice the onions, and put them into a frying-pan with the cold beef and butter; place it over the fire, and keep turning and stirring the ingredients to prevent them burning. When of a pale brown, add the gravy and seasoning; let it simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot. This dish is excellent and economical.

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A Roasted Fillet of Veal.—The bone should be taken out; fill the cavity with a dressing made of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and sweet marjoram; a piece of butter the size of an egg, or a little fat pork chopped very fine, and one egg. Mix this up well; skewer the veal tight, to keep the dressing in. It adds to the look and taste of a fillet of veal to lard it with pork. If this is not done, it should be basted often with butter. A piece weighing eight pounds requires four hours to roast.

VEGETABLES.

Fried Potatoes.—Peel the potatoes carefully, dropping them into cold water as soon as peeled; then cut them either in slices, dice, or fillets, or cut them in round or oval pieces with a vegetable spoon or cutter, dropping the pieces in cold water, also. When all are cut, have hot fat on the fire; take the potatoes from the water, shake them in a coarse and dry towel, and turn them into the pan of boiling fat. Stir now and then with a skimmer until done, then turn them into a colander; from the colander turn them into a clean coarse and dry towel, and shake them in it gently. Dust fine salt all over, and serve warm. The operation of turning into a colander, and from thence into a towel, and the salting and dishing, must be done quickly, to prevent the potatoes from getting cold. Thus done and served, they are dry, warm, and crisp. If the potatoes are desired swollen, when they are nearly cooked, turn them into the colander; then put one or two pieces of wood over the fire, under the pan, to warm the fat a little more. As soon as the flame of the wood makes the fat throw off bubbles of smoke, put the potatoes back into it; stir gently with the skimmer for from half to one minute, then turn them again into the colander, and serve hot. They may also be shaken in a towel, to have the fat absorbed by it. They are also dusted with fine salt.

DESSERTS.

Mince-Meat for Pies.—Take four pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, four pounds of suet. Chop up fine one dozen pippin apples, one half ounce of cloves, the same of cinnamon and of mace, one nutmeg, two large lemons, juice and peel. After all is prepared, mix the fruit and the suet well together on a large dish; add one and a half pounds of brown sugar, and wet it well with brandy; pack it down tight in an earthen jar, and tie up close. When you mix it for use, add a little more brandy and sugar, and slices of citron. Make six pies at a time; do not bake them brown, but heat them as you want them.

Apple Snow.—Pare and core six good-sized apples, steam them in two tablespoonfuls of water, with a little lemon-peel, till quite soft. Add a quarter of a pound of finely-sifted white sugar, and the white of one quite fresh egg. Beat it well for three-quarters of an hour without stopping, and serve as you please. It looks best in custard-glasses, heaped up.

CAKES.

How to Make Vienna Bread.—Sift in a tin pan four pounds of flour; bank it up against the sides, pour in one quart of milk and water, and mix into it enough flour to form a thin batter; then quickly and lightly add one pint of milk, in which is dissolved one ounce of salt and an ounce and three-quarters compressed yeast. Leave the remainder of the flour against the sides of the pan; cover the pan with a cloth, and set it in a place free from draught for three-quarters of an hour; then mix in the rest of the flour until the dough will leave the bottom and sides of the pan, and let it stand two hours and a half. Finally, divide the mass into one-pound pieces, to be cut in turn into twelve parts each. This gives square pieces about three inches and a half thick, each corner of which is taken up and folded over to the centre, and then the cakes are turned over on a dough-board to rise for half an hour, when they are put into a hot oven that bakes them in ten minutes.

Plain Jumbles.—Two pounds of flour, one pound and a quarter of sugar, half a pint of milk, three eggs, and a half pound of butter, one teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus, essence of lemon to the taste. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream: add the eggs, which must have been whisked till very thick, and some essence of lemon, then pour in the milk and saleratus. The saleratus should be dissolved in water, and a teaspoonful of this solution be mixed with the milk. Bake in the form of jumbles.

Indian Loaf Cake.—One pound of Indian meal, a quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of raisins, a quarter of pound of currants. Cut up the butter in the Indian meal, pour over it as much boiling milk as will make a thick batter. Beat the eggs very light; when the batter is cool pour them into it. Seed the raisins, wash, pick, and dry the currants, mix them with the raisins, and dredge as much wheat flour on them as will adhere to them. Stir the fruit into the batter and add the sugar. Bake it in a moderate oven two hours.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK SILK, with the waist and skirt in one. The skirt is finished by two knife-plaitings, and the train reaches from the shoulders in the Watteau style. The half short sleeves and the front of the dress is trimmed with lace of a light-green color; a knot of the same is placed on the left shoulder, where the train begins; a broad, sash-like piece of green silk, brocaded in colors, ornaments the skirt of the dress, passing under the train at the back, and sloping toward the front. Head-dress of pink and green plumes.

FIG. II.—DINNER OR EVENING DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE SILK, with blue and white gauze over-dress and trimmings. The gauze is laid in diagonal folds across the front, and trimmed with a deep fringe; the skirt at the back is composed of a deep puff of the fringe, and the high cuirass waist is also made of it. Pink roses in the hair, and on the left side of the waist.

FIG. III.—BALL-DRESS OF WHITE SILK.—The front is puffed lengthwise, and the whole dress profusely trimmed with flowers. Low cuirass waist, with a berthe of flowers.

FIG. IV.—BALL-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN, profusely ornamented with black lace, and a sash of lemon-colored satin, which passes low down over the front of the dress. The waist is slightly puffed, the puffings being separated by pipings of the lemon-colored satin; two lemon-colored ostrich plumes in the hair.

FIG. V.—EVENING DRESS OF BLACK VELVET.—The skirt is very plain, as well as the cuirass waist; a sash of gay Algerine silk passes across the front, and is tied in a loop with two ends at the back. The berthe is also of the Algerine silk. Red rose in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WINTER PALETOT OF BLACK SILK, loose fitting, trimmed with a wide band of fur down the front, around the neck, sleeves, and pockets. Dress of black silk; muff of silk, trimmed with fur. Black velvet bonnet.

FIG. VII.—WINTER CLOAK OF MYRTLE-GREEN CLOTH, nearly tight fitting, trimmed with a band of black fur, and a very broad, black-figured braid. Dress of moss-green silk, bonnet of myrtle-green velvet, with plumes of the same color.

FIG. VIII.—CLOTH COAT OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CLOTH.—It has a rolling collar, and is fastened by a single button, over a vest of a darker shade of brown, which is attached inside the coat. A row of buttons is pl a ceddown each side the front, as well as about the pocket and cuffs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give the back and front of a gray cloth jacket, trimmed with a band of black velvet; and heavy black fringe; the cuffs and collar are also of black velvet, and the jacket buttons from the right to the

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left side. Also, several of the newest style of bonnets, and hats, and some of the various modes of dressing the hair.

THE PRINCESS STYLE, with the entire dress in one piece, is quite popular, because it is new; so many are tired of "over-dresses" and "under-skirts." All dresses cling as closely as possible to the figure, and some of the very newest are as plain at the back as in front, but these are not very popular as yet. High standing collars are still worn; and when the dress is not made all in one, in the Princess style, the cuirass waist is the most liked. The fashion is so liberal now, that provided a dress is sufficiently clinging, and tied back, anything else may be worn. There is very little luxury, and no elegance, in the costumes for morning walking-dresses; the most fashionable Parisians are wearing costumes of thick cloth, the same as their husbands and brothers wear for morning coats—dark, almond-colored cloths, either checked or striped, or dark-brown, with yellow lines. The make is very simple—a habit bodice, fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons. Short, close-fitting jackets, made of mastic cloth, and cut exactly like a man's jacket, are also considered stylish wear at this season of the year.

ALTHOUGH THE CLINGING PRINCESS costume, worn without crinoline, is a marked feature of the present fashions, a newer mode is to have the entire costume in one piece instead of in two, as the polonaise and skirt, or in three pieces, as in the bodice, upper and under skirt. The new dresses of a single piece are so trimmed that they simulate a Princess Polonaise. Every effort is made to decrease the quantity of material, not for economy's sake, but for making the skirts as clinging as possible. Crinoline died hard, and drapery apparently follows its example. Ultra *elegantes* are wearing the backof the over-skirt as plain as the front; but it is a fashion by no means general yet.

FOR EVENING TOILETS, *tilleul*, or greenish-cream, and for day dresses moss and myrtle green, as well as ramoneur, will be worn. Light colors will be substituted for dark shades, both for dinner and evening dresses, and black will, for the future, only be considered suitable to morning and promenade toilets. Dark-blue, trimmed with red, will prevail generally; in fact, red will be a most prominent color in winter attire. We have accustomed our eyes so long to dead, insipid colors, that a dash of red acts like a tonic following a debilitating regimen; but it is a hue that should be used with taste and judgment, and not abused. Moss-green, trimmed with pale-blue, and green bronze, trimmed with mastic, are both stylish mixtures, and an attempt has been made to blend dark-blue and moss-green, the blue being rather sapphire-grey than navy-blue.

BONNETS are exceedingly handsome this season, but they almost defy description, as the shapes are unique, the crowns are oddly trimmed, and the brims cling so closely to the head. There is scarcely any trimming in front, except a slight frill of tulle, or a twist of velvet; it is an exceptional case to see flowers or loops of velvet in front, the only touch of color being given by the facing in the brim or the cord piping on its edge. Fine velvets and plush, either plain or corded in stripes, are used for covering the frame of the bonnet smoothly. Felt bonnets will still be selected to match costumes. Contrasts of color, and two shades of one color, will be equally fashionable. Cream-color of the greenish linden, or tilleul shade, will brighten up myrtle-green, ink-blue, and plum-colored bonnets. Cardinal will be worn in contrast with ink-blue, plum, and myrtle-green, and also with black velvets. The bonnet is usually of the darkest shade, with pipings, facings, scarf, etc., of the pale tint.

CLOAKS AND MANTLES are all worn deeper than they have been for past seasons; cloth of all descriptions are used, as well as heavy corded silks, mitaleuse, and velvets. Dark-brown, dark-green, and a pink-blue, are all favorite colors in cloth.

BROCADES AND DAMASKS, for those who can afford them, will form the prominent features of all winter costumes and Worth, the great Parisian *modiste*, is artist enough to suit the cut and make of the dress to the material composing it. He adapts the Renaissance and Marie Stuart styles to brocades; for striped fabrics he returns to the Louis XVI. style, and for thick, plain foulards, or ribbed materials, he copies the dresses of the Revolution. The Watteau make he applies to flowered satins and velvets, and to embroideries.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COAT OF LIGHT-GRAY ULSTER.—It has a band at the back of the waist, which gives it a slight fullness behind; a double row of gray horn buttons in front; smaller buttons on the straps on the cuffs. Hat of gray felt.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF NUT-BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR.—It is plain, in the Princess style in front, and trimmed with three rows of braid: the braid also ornaments the pocket cuffs, and the back of the dress from the shoulders down. Small buttons finish the ends of the straps of braid; at the back the dress is laid in a few kilt-plaits, and tied with a ribbon sash of a lighter shade of brown. Hat of nut-brown felt, trimmed with a ribbon of a lighter brown.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF NAVY-BLUE POPLIN.—The front is of the Princess shape, and, with the square pocket and cuffs, is trimmed with the blue velvet; the back is tied with a velvet sash. Bonnet of blue velvet, with bird's wing.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR, with narrow stripes of dark-blue and cardinal red. The skirt is quite plain in front, and opens in the back; it is bound all around with a bias band of plain fawn-colored camel's-hair; the cuffs and binding of the large cape is of the same material. The skirt is worn over a black velvet skirt, and a sash of black velvet passes around the front, and is tied at the back at the opening of the over-skirt. Black felt hat, trimmed with cord and tassel, and a red wing.

FIG. V.—BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF GRAY VELVET.—The trousers have embroidered ruffles at the knees. The jacket is long and loose.

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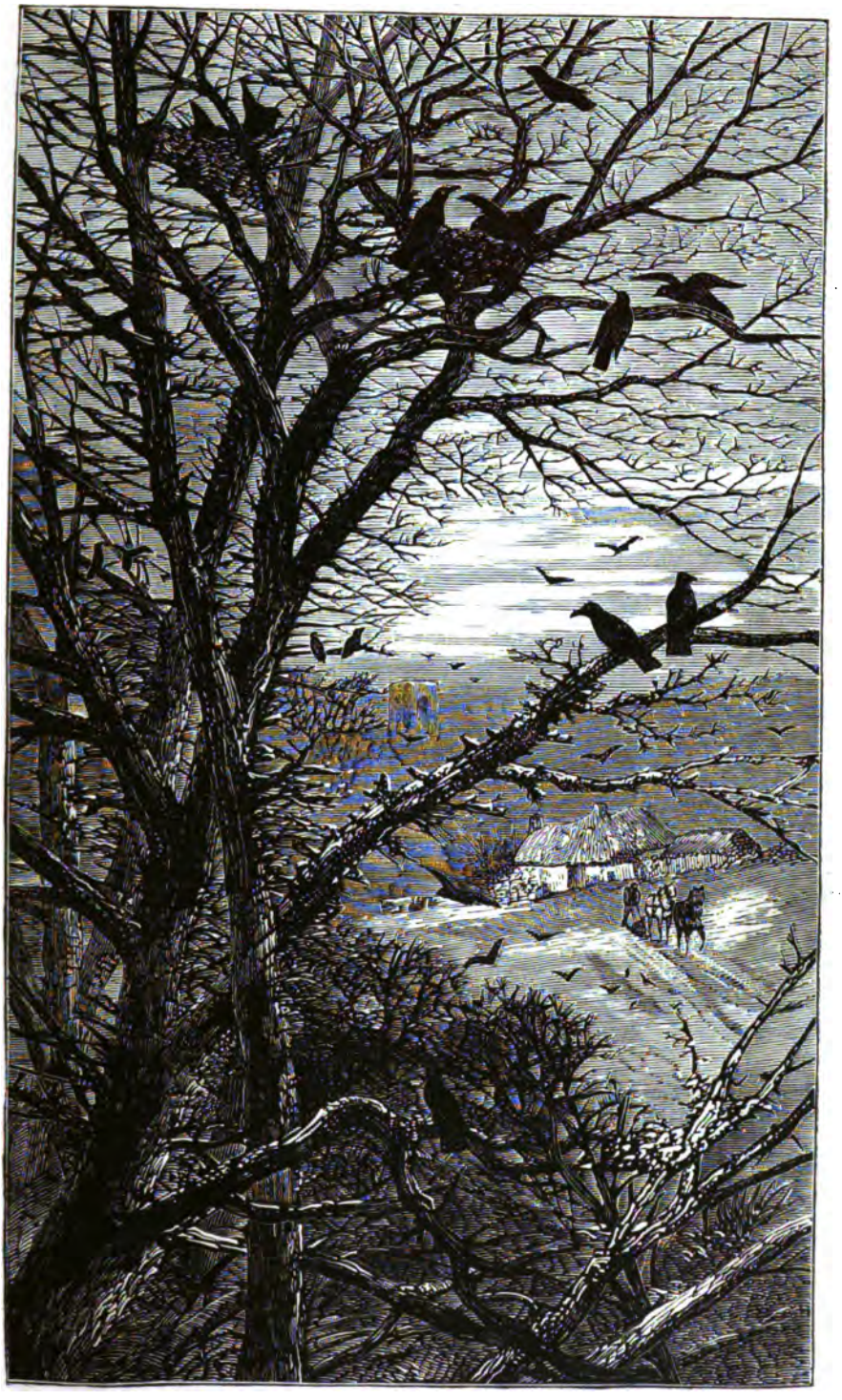

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THE PARTING.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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BACK OF WALKING-DRESS. BONNET.

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FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS. BONNET.

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BOY'S SUIT—FRONT AND BACK. CHILD'S WATER-PROOF—FRONT AND BACK.

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Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?

COMIC DUET.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S Son, 1003 Spring Garden St., Phila.

JOHN PARRY.

Allegretto Moderato.

HORNS. CLAR'T.

FLUTE.

p

f

SIMON.

1. Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!
2. Wilt thou prom - ise to be mine, maid - en fair?
3. Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph!

p

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DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

RUTH.

As I fain would speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!
Take my hand, my heart is thine, There, there, there. (*Salutes her*)
While no jeal - ous fears an - now Humph! humph! humph!

p *cres.* *ff*

SIMON.

Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;
Let us thus the bar - gain seal, O, dear me, heigh - ho!
O, how blest we both should be. Hey down, ho down hey!

RUTH.

That has been the case with me, Dear en - gag - ing youth!
Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel! O, dear me, heigh ho!
I could al - most dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!

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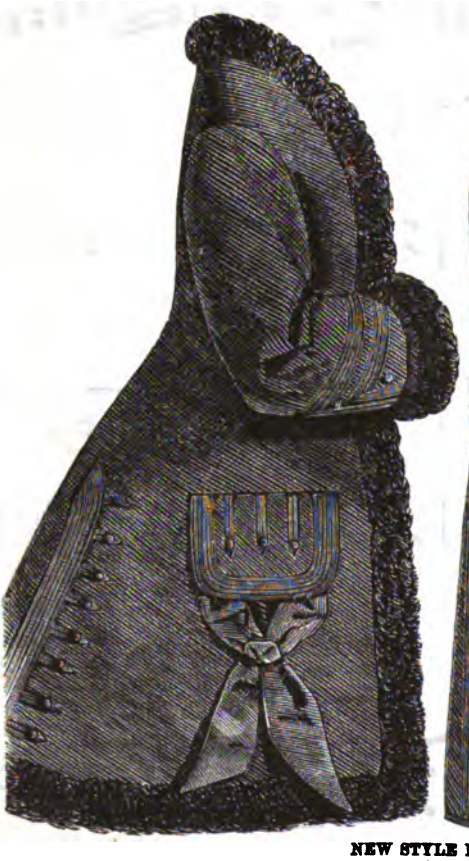
HEAD-DRESSES.



NEW STYLE PALETOTS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1877. No. 2.

"SUCH A LOVE OF A MAN!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF AN UMBRELLA."

"SUCH a love of a man!"

"He's perfectly splendid!"

"Just a darling!"

These were the successive exclamations of three young girls, each more or less pretty, who sat in the boudoir of Miss Maud Preston, one bright morning in January. The subject of their conversation was, of course, a man, and he was known by the name of Count Calonne.

Count Calonne had blazed upon the fashionable world, that winter, as a French nobleman. "One of the old regime, my dear," said Mrs. John Manners, a prominent leader of society. "His family came, centuries ago, from Italy, and its origin," she added impressively, "is lost in the obscurity of the dark ages." He was eminently handsome, too; at least, young ladies thought so; with dark, languishing eyes; the very beau-ideal of a tenor in an opera. Sometimes, though but rarely, he was heard to allude to his castle on the Rhone, and to his extensive possessions in the south of France. "Too much good taste," said Mrs. John Manners, "to boast of them. It is only to his confidential friends he speaks of such things, and then with great modesty." In a word, Count Calonne was received everywhere, and half the girls were dying to lay their hearts and fortunes at his feet.

"How I hate that nasty Helen Forester," said Maud Preston. "She throws herself in his way in a fashion that is perfectly disgusting. I suppose she thinks, because she is beastly rich, that she can get anybody."

"Well," answered her friend, Julia Seaforth, "we shall have him all to ourselves, this afternoon. When I made up our skating-party, I took good care not to invite Miss Forester."

"How beautifully the Count skates," retorted Maud. "It's a rare accomplishment with French gentlemen. But he says he learned at Paris, last winter, from Mrs. Feathers, the leader of the American colony. Poor thing! She is a widow now, and, they say, very poor."

"I hope Miss Forester will be on the lake today," answered the other young girl, "so that she may see us with the Count. She'll turn greener than ever with jealousy. Her flatterers call her a handsome blonde, but for my part she's too skim-milk for me."

The Count was in his glory, that afternoon; and his devotees were in a seventh heaven. They were, literally, "the observed of all observers." Got up in the most picturesque of skating costumes, the Count executed the most difficult evolutions on the ice, surrounded by a circle of admiring spectators. Among these our three young girls were prominent. On he sailed, down the length of the lake, with Maud and Julia on either arm, the picture of self-satisfied complacency. Once or twice the dear creatures came near quarrelling, Julia giving sullen looks of defiance when she thought the Count too attentive to Maud, and Maud retaliating when the Count devoted too many smiles to Julia. At last both got equally angry, when the Count, recognizing Miss Forester in the distance, unceremoniously excused himself, left his companions to themselves, and darted off to the side of the great heiress.

"Well, I never!" cried Julia. "And after we had specially invited him."

"If that's what they call good manners," said the third of the trio, who, from having been altogether neglected by the Count, was angrier than either, and yet not sorry to give her companions a sly stab, "I don't want to see them. It seems to me your Count Calonne is, after all, a great flirt, if not an absolute fortune-hunter."

In the meantime, the Count had glided up to Miss Forester, in what he thought his most graceful manner, and, doffing his hat profoundly,

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asked the honor, "ze very great honneur," as he phrased it, of skating with her.

"Pray, excuse me," she said, "but I am waiting for a friend." She spoke politely, but very decidedly, without showing any of that regret which would have been inevitable, if, as Miss Julia had said, she was "throwing herself" at the Count.

"But, Mees," persisted the handsome Don Juan, laying his hand on his heart, "it is too cruel of you to deprive me of your fascinating society—more especially, when your friend may not keep the appointment punctual."

The color flashed to Miss Forester's forehead. But she restrained her rising anger at the man's impertinence, and replied calmly, but with a slight touch of scorn,

"I think this appointment will be kept. Ah! here comes my friend." And she fairly turned her back on the Count.

The Count skated off, abashed, even his self-complacency, for once, failing him.

"I am so glad, so glad," said Miss Forester, extending both hands, frankly, to the newcomer. "I did begin to fear that something had detained you, as that silly foreigner more than hinted."

"I was kept by unavoidable business," answered the stranger, Harry Fitzgerald, a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, pressing both Helen's hands fervently, and looking as if he would have liked to have folded her in his embrace then and there. "After six months absence, one finds a thousand things to do. But I broke away, at last; for even a separation of a few hours seems intolerable. Our short interview, this morning, as I drove up from the steamer, only made me more eager than ever to rejoin you. Ah, Helen, how I love you!" And he added, peering under her hat, and smiling, "You haven't forgotten me, either, have you?"

The sweet girl blushed before his ardent gaze.

"I will confess," she said, glancing up archly, "that I think of you sometimes."

"Sometimes?" he cried. "I have thought of you always. A thousand times I cursed my hard fate, that compelled me to go abroad, and the even harder fate that prevented my taking you as my wife, because of your uncle's strange will, that you should not marry till you were twenty."

"My uncle probably thought," she replied, not willing, woman-like, to admit too much, "that I might change my mind between eighteen and twenty. It was for that reason he insisted on our engagement being kept secret. But I am honestly glad to see you again, Harry; I am ashamed to say how glad. And I am the more glad, because I did not expect you for three months yet." And she placed her hand again in his, and looked tenderly in his eyes.

"The truth is, dear, I couldn't stand a separation any longer. You will be twenty in a fortnight."

She blushed vividly again, for she knew what he meant; but she was not angry, in secret.

"So I settled up my affairs, I suppose at a loss," he continued. "At least, my lawyers told me so; and here I am; and to-morrow I am coming to have you fix the day."

His fair companion pretended not to hear. In fact, to turn the conversation, and to do it effectually, she made a bold raid into the enemy's country.

"But with all your haste to get home," she said, looking at him saucily, "it seems you had time to run down to Italy in the autumn."

"Yes. There was a legal conference going on, and I could do nothing till it was over."

"Oh! it's all very well to put it that way," interrupting him, archly; "but it's not a very long voyage to America, and you were in Italy—let me see, two months, wasn't it? Quite time enough to have come home and gone back."

"But—but," he cried, half deceived. "Oh! you don't mean it?" he cried, as he caught her laughing eye. "You know as well as I do, for I told you in my letters, that when I left London I expected to be summoned, by telegraph, within a fortnight, or three weeks, at furthest; and Rome is only two days and nights from England, instead of twelve days. The 'law's interminable delay' dragged on all the fall, and I chafed enough at it."

"But you still staid on at Rome, quite content, I've no doubt. They say the Italian ladies are very beautiful," she said, mischievously. "I know some of them were, when I was there as a girl; the Princess Pallavicini, for instance. People used to rave about her neck and shoulders. I once sat behind her, at a private concert, but I confess I was more struck by her necklace of pearls. Eight strings in it; together wider than my hand. And such pearls! Perhaps you were admiring some new Princess Pallavicini, or—her pearls," added his fair tormentor.

"Pshaw!" he retorted. "You know there is but one face, that there has been but one for years, that I care to look at. My pearl is here."

"But what took you, at last, back to London in such a hurry? You only wrote that it was something unpleasant, and that you had been made a fool of——"

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"Did I never tell you?" interrupted her lover. "I thought I had. At first, I know, I was ashamed of myself, and resolved not to write; but after awhile I could laugh at my folly; and then I confessed all to you, or fancied I did. You needn't look horrified, dear. It was nothing serious, after all. I was only robbed by my valet, a plausible fellow I had picked up in Paris, and in whom I came to have such unlimited confidence, that I let him carry not only my purse, but my letter of credit, both of which he made off with. I was never so taken in before. To do him justice, Jean was the most adroit rascal in the world."

During most of this conversation, the lovers had been skating, side by side, going and returning, from one end of the lake to the other, intermitting their talk by nods of recognition to the many friends Helen passed. Helen had noticed it, as a curious thing, that Count Calonne never crossed their path, but seemed studiously to avoid them. "He is angry, I suppose, at my refusal," she reflected. At this juncture, however, her companion made a sudden turn, and in a moment was face to face with the Count.

"Hello!" he cried, eyeing the Don Juan coolly. "I thought I couldn't be mistaken. I fancied I knew your figure, and also that you avoided me. You're a pretty rascal, ain't you? And now, pray tell me, in what capacity are you figuring here? Ladies, I beg your pardon, if I frighten you"—and he took off his hat to Maud and Julia—"but this fellow is an adventurer and thief."

For the Count, having, after his rebuff by Helen, returned to his former companions, and been forgiven, had been skating again, with one on either arm, when Helen's lover thus accosted him.

The tableau was worth seeing. The terrified girls, the discomfited Count, Helen's look of inquiry and surprise, Fitzgerald's cool contempt.

"Yes," said the latter, turning to Miss Forester, "this is the fellow I was just telling you of. Has he been passing himself off for a gentleman?"

"Sir," cried Maud, indignant that her idol should be thus slandered, and coming to his rescue, "this is Count Calonne. I don't know who you are"—for Helen's lover, being from another city, was unknown to Maud—"but I should think that even Miss Forester would permit no one to attend her, who seems to forget that he is a gentleman."

Any reply that Helen's lover might have made, was rendered unnecessary by the action of the Count himself, who, taking advantage of the diversion effected by Maud's angry speech, quietly slipped his arm away from hers, and took to his heels—no! his skates—and was already at the end of the lake, almost before she finished her tirade. Here, hailing a hack, he jumped in, not even stopping to remove his skates, and was whirled away.

Harry Fitzgerald, at first, started in pursuit, but finding the Count had escaped, returned, laughingly, to Helen's side.

"Let him go," he said. "I haven't the heart to prosecute the rascal. After all, he's one of those scoundrels who are so sympathetic, that one almost loves them. A Count, forsooth! And now, ladies," bowing to Maud and Julia, "I beg a thousand pardons. Perhaps I was too hasty. But the fellow, you see, has confessed his guilt by flight. Helen, present me to your friends, please; for I see you know these ladies. Can I be of any assistance in escorting them home?"

The exposure and flight of the Count was the town-talk for a fortnight, and then died away, as all such things do. But one, at least, of his admirers, Maud Preston, long retained a secret regret that the handsome Count was only an adventurer.

"Julia," she said, when she and her friend met at the wedding reception of Miss Forester, to which all the fashionable world went, of course, "to think that the dear Count was, after all, a valet, and used to brush Mr. Fitzgerald's coat. If he had only been born in a higher station, what an ornament he would have been to society; for, after all," with a sigh, "say what they will, you don't often see SUCH A LOVE OF A MAN."

LILIAN AND I.

BY SANDA ENOS.

In a snowy cottage,
With no neighbors nigh,
Live in sweet seclusion
Lilian and I.

With us dwells a beauteous
Spirit from above;
In our hearts he nestles,
And his name is—Love.

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A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY AGNES JAMES.

In the hall at home there is a dark old picture, which has always possessed a peculiar interest for me. It is the portrait of my "great-grand-aunt," Nancy Robertson, who, one hundred years ago to-day, was a slim, wild little maiden of fifteen, with bright, hazel eyes, and short, curling, brown hair.

The picture represents a beautiful young woman, several years older than that, magnificently dressed in white silk, brocaded with pink roses, her hair powdered, rolled back from her forehead, and falling in two or three heavy curls on her bare, white neck. There are rows of pearls in her hair, and on her neck and arms, and rich lace ruffles fall around her square-cut bodice, and her dimpled elbows. One slender hand holds a great feather fan, the other a spray of pink roses.

Well, I find I have described the picture more as it must have been when the colors were not dry, than as it is now. It is dark and dingy-looking now, and you just can see what the dress must have been; but somehow the face gleams out as radiantly, archly, lovely as ever. The hazel eyes, under their delicate line of brows, look into yours as gayly as they ever did; the sweet lips almost part and smile as you gaze; the white throat seems to rise and fall with soft, happy breathing. The great charm of the picture is the look of perfect girlish happiness on the lovely face.

And yet Aunt Nancy's bright eyes had been dimmed with hot and bitter tears many a time. I have heard all about these times from dear old Aunt Kitty, who heard them from her mother, my great-grandmother, who died at ninety-five years of age, and was Aunt Nancy's younger sister. So, you see, I know.

Aunt Nancy's father lived on Long Island; somewhere, I have heard, near the town of Jamaica. He was a man of wealth, for those times, and the Robertson mansion was filled with solid comforts and many luxuries, imported from France and England and other countries: curious screens, carved chairs, etc., etc. The most beautiful thing in the house, so the children thought, was a great punch-bowl, for that was a time when no entertainment was considered complete without punch. It held almost "half as much as a barrel." The china was "so thin that you could see through it;" and it was painted in glowing colors, with "a thousand bright birds and flowers, and figures." It stood on the great sideboard all the year, and on Christmas-Eve Nancy's father would brew it full of punch—Nancy and her sisters rolling the lemons, I suppose. And then there would be healths drunk, beginning with "King George and the Royal Family," and songs sung, and merry dancers, and kissing under the mistletoe, until the great bowl was drained, and twelve strokes of the tall clock in the corner ushered in Christmas-Day.

But there came a time when King George's health was no longer drunk, because the Continental Congress had declared the United States free and independent. And there was at last a time when no punch was brewed in the big bowl, because Nancy's father had kissed his wife and little daughters, and taken his musket, and marched away to fight the British. In a little while Nancy's two young brothers, boys of sixteen and seventeen, followed him—and never came back, poor lads! One perished of pneumonia during that dreadful winter, at "Valley Forge;" the other died, gloriously fighting, under the Quaker General Green, in South Carolina.

There was sorrow and weeping in the farm-house during all these sad years. Often have I heard how little Nancy was at her wheel, spinning yarn to knit socks for her brother Geoffrey, when the news of his death came. I fancy I can see the slim little figure stepping back and forth lightly by the wheel, and hear the child's clear voice singing gayly—until the news came.

They say that after one burst of passionate grief for the dead brother, little Nancy rose up dry-eyed and calm, and went back to her spinning.

"Child, what are you doing?" cried her sobbing Cousin Deborah.

"I have no time to weep," said the girl. "There are other soldiers to work for, though Geoffrey is gone."

Time went on, and the British soldiers, in their foraging excursions, began to come very near the Robertson farm. One day news arrived that a party of them would probably be there in an hour. The women and children dared not

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stay to face them; so, in frantic haste, horses were hitched to the great farm-wagon, Juba, the faithful negro, driving it. Feather beds were thrown into it, clothes and valuables made into bundles, and piled high upon them, and the whole family got in, each with some special treasure in her arms.

Lightly Nancy climbed to the top of the pile of beds and seated herself there, while Juba carefully handed up to her the great china punch-bowl. Then he sprang to his seat and drove off in mad haste. The four strong farm-horses pulled stoutly, and the wagon fairly flew over the stony road. How carefully little Nancy's slender arms clasped the precious bowl, and how anxiously all the frightened company gazed back at the home they were leaving, expecting momently to see the red-coats riding about the yard, under the elms, and may-be smoke and flames bursting from the windows!

For a mile the house was in sight. Then the road went up a hill, and down on the other side. Once over that hill, they would be out of sight and not likely to be pursued.

The horses were already trotting merrily down the hill, when suddenly, fording the shallow stream at the foot, there appeared a group of British troopers. Their red coats glared like an angry flame on the frightened eyes of the women and children Juba drew up the horses, and with a wild impulse of fight, tried to turn them in the narrow road. It was too late. The horses plunged, the clumsy wagon stuck fast, with its front and hind wheels locked together. The children screamed, Cousin Debby joined them; the poor, pale mother clasped her hands and prayed, and up came the British soldiers at a gallop. With shouts and brutal laughter, they surrounded the wagon, and ordered its occupants to get out. Then little Nancy rose up like an insulted queen. With eyes blazing and cheeks scarlet, she stood up and held the great, gorgeous punch-bowl high in her arms.

"At least you shall never have this?" she cried, in clear, ringing, defiant tones, and the next instant the beautiful fragile thing lay in a thousand fragments on the rolling road. The crash and the child's daring words attracted the attention of a young officer, who had ridden carelessly past the wagon, meaning to reach the top of the hill and reconnoitre the country. He turned abruptly now, and reined up beside the wagon. Nancy still stood there glowing and defiant, and some of the men were laughing, others cheering the "little rebel."

The young officer smiled, and then courteously lifted his hat from his head. He was a good-looking young fellow of twenty years or so, with waving fair hair and deep-blue eyes.

Aunt Kitty says that her mother, who was little Ruth Robertson, a child of ten years then, has often told her how Capt. Ellesmer bowed and glanced admiringly at Nancy's pretty flushed face, and then ordered his men away, and escorted the wagon back to the farm-house, promising that everything there should be safe, and taking only a small quantity of provisions for his men. Aunt Kitty repeats, with the air of a Sir Charles Grandison, his courteous speech to Nancy's mother: "I give you the word of a British officer, madam, that you shall be safe. We do not war on women and children." But I am not sure that Capt. Ellesmere said that. I know that somebody did, however, and why not he?

And when the troopers went away, it is said that Capt. Ellesmere gravely stooped and kissed Nancy's little brown hand, and said, gallantly,

"I feel honored, madam, to have served so brave and fair a lady!" Dear me, what grand, stately, courteous old days they were! Nobody talks to me so, and if I broke a china punch-bowl in that tempestuous way, it wouldn't be called "courage," but "temper!"

They heard no more of Capt. Ellesmere for a long while, though sometimes the British soldiers were very near Robertson's farm, and sometimes skirmishes were fought in the neighborhood. But four years after the famous affair of the punch-bowl, one soft moonlight night, there came a feeble rap at the front door, and Nancy went to see who was there. There, sunk upon a bench, was the figure of a man who seemed sick—almost dying, so ghastly pale was he. He rose and crept near to Nancy, and looked at her. He was dressed in the hateful red coat of the British soldiers, and as he looked at her, she saw that it was Capt. Ellesmere. He lifted his hat and bowed with the old courtesy.

"Madam," he said, in low, faint tones, "I am Captain Geoffrey Ellesmere. I have been a prisoner, and have escaped. I am at your mercy now, for I am wounded to the death!" Then he fell fainting on the floor, and Nancy ran to her mother to come and help him. "For he is dying! and oh, mother, his name is Geoffrey!" she sobbed.

So these good women took him in and nursed him for months, (for, of course, he didn't die,) obtaining a parole for him, and keeping him in the pleasant old farm-house till his wound was quite well, and his heart forever gone out of his British bosom into the hands of the little rebel Nancy Robertson. How could it be otherwise? Nancy was a lovely young girl of nineteen now,

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fair and fresh as the dawn. The hands that had broken the punch-bowl were tender and skilful in the binding of wounds and bathing of aching heads, and the making of delicate drinks and viands. Before he could leave his bed, Captain Ellesmere loved his kind, pitying little nurse.

Then, afterward, there were the long weeks of convalescence, when he lay on the great settle with pillows round him, watching Nancy at her spinning, or her sewing, or her bread-making. As he grew stronger, there were golden hours with her in the orchard, he lying on the grass reading to her as she sewed, or (perhaps!) not reading, but just idly watching her changing face, with its smiles and flitting blushes and dark lashes drooping quietly over the hazel eye.

Then there were short walks, which grew longer and longer, till one day, as they sat by a clear little spring in the woods, hardly a mile from the house, Geoffrey suddenly said,

"Nancy, I am so strong and well now, that it is my duty to get an exchange, if I can, and go back to the army."

Nancy did not say a word. She looked at him one moment, with eyes out of which the sparkle and smile had died abruptly, then she turned away her head, and he could just see one cheek, but that was white as death, and the black lashes drooped heavily upon it.

"I shall be very sorry to go," he went on, watching her keenly as he spoke, "and I hope you will be sorry, too. Will you?"

Still, with her head turned away, and her little fingers trembling, plucking at the ferns that grew near her, Nancy answered in a very low tone,

"It is hard to lose a friend—and it is lonely here, you know." Then, as if trying to speak lightly, "But for you—why, there will be change and stir, and—you will soon get over being sorry to leave us, and forget—us."

"That will I not," vowed Capt. Geoffrey. "If I went to the ends of the earth, and stayed away a thousand years, I would never forget you, because I love you, my dearest, with all my heart! Look at me, Nancy! I want to see if you love me!"

He was kneeling beside her on the grass, and taking both her cold, trembling little hands in one of his, with the other he turned her face gently toward him, and gazed into the clear depths of her eyes. Yes, there were tears there! She did love him, and her white cheek turned sweetest, glowing crimson as he took her in his arms and kissed her, and swore, that as soon as the war was over, he would come back and marry her, and take her home to England.

"Will you go with me, sweetheart?" he asked, and bent his fair head to hear her soft-whispered "yes."

It is singular how little a century has changed us in some things. I declare that people might behave in just that way now-a-days, and not be thought at all old-fashioned in their notions. So little Nancy Robertson, whose father was away fighting in the Continental army, had promised to marry a British officer; and one bright morning she took a tearful leave of him, all alone, in the old parlor, which, with its quaint secretary, Indian screen, and heart-shaped chairs, was thereafter dearer to her than ever.

Those were weary months that followed the departure of Capt. Ellesmere from the Robertson farm, and a sorely torn and aching heart poor Nancy carried in her breast, while she knew that her father and her lover were fighting against each other, and she never heard a word from Geoffrey. At last came news from him, and, strangest of all, her father brought it! Col. Robertson came home from Yorktown, where he had been with the army besieging Cornwallis.

Cornwallis had surrendered, and with him a much more important character in Nancy's eyes, Capt. Geoffrey Ellesmere! Col. Robertson had seen him there. Nay, Capt. Ellesmere had come to see him, and, like a brave gentleman, had told him of his love for Nancy, and asked his consent to their marriage when the war should be ended.

"He is a brave lad, and a handsome one, Nancy; and, moreover, he is a rich man, and a baronet, since his uncle, Sir William, is dead; and as we are to have peace now, why I won't say him nay, though I hate to part with my little Nancy."

Ruth stood and listened to all this with wide-open eyes, while Nancy blushed and hung her head.

"Child!" cried the mother, reproachfully, "have you loved him all this time, and never told me? Dear child, I would have helped you bear your trouble, may-be, and never have scolded you."

"Mother, why should I have given you a heavier heart than you had already?" said brave little Nancy. Then, with her arms round her mother, she said softly, "You will love Geoffrey, mother, won't you?"

"Dear heart, I love him now," said the mother, gently. "I love him well enough to give him my child."

But for two years more Nancy stayed in this farm-house, till peace was finally decided, and "the British troops sailed homeward and left America free and independent."

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Then Captain Sir Geoffrey Ellesmere went home, and carried his bride with him.

So, pretty Nancy became a grand lady, and was presented at court in the very dress she wears in her portrait here. Little Ruth went over to England to visit her, and she said no lady in the land was prettier and grander than Nancy, and she was "happy as the days were long."

Then Ruth came home and brought her sister's picture, to show us what a fair court lady Nancy made; but Ruth, somehow, was not dazzled by pearls, and powder, and court dresses, for she married her cousin, my great-grandfather, and they lived happily at the old Robertson farm.

Ah, well! It is nearly one hundred years ago that her picture was painted, but I never think of Nancy as growing old or dying. To me she comes always as the radiant, happy bride, in her court dress of brocade and pearls, or the pretty, shy little maiden, straying, with her gallant, fair-haired lover through the woods of the old Robertson farm; or, oftenest of all, as the haughty, defiant girl, standing up, flushed and bright-eyed, in the wagon, and dashing the great punch-bowl to pieces on the ground, amidst the astonished British troopers.

My sweet, brave little Nancy, who was a child a hundred years ago! Who really lived, and really broke the punch-bowl! Yet I have often thought her romance would have been a little more real to me, if they had only saved the pieces of the bowl, as I suppose they would have done, if they could have known it was to become historical, and figure in a "CENTENNIAL STORY."

AN OLD MAN'S REVERY.

BY ALBERT F. BRIDGES.

I GLADLY turn from active life,
Its sorrows and its care,
Once more to view the quiet scene.
Or breathe the fragrant air
That fanned my childhood's sunny brow,
Or met my youthful gaze,
And lingered round me, like a spell,
Through life's ensuing days.

As lowly on a verdant mound,
On which in youth I played,
In pensive thought I sit me down
Beneath a beechen shade;
Fond memory's treasured forms arise
Before my fancy's view,
Arrayed in garments worn and sere,
Yet of familiar hue.

And, young again, in sports I join,
With those who early died,
And feel my bounding pulses throb
With boyhood's crimson tide.
Alas, how swift the fleeting years
Have winged their silent flight!
The roseate flush of early morn
Pales now in noonday light.

My youth is gone—life's morn has fled;
My childhood's cottage home
Has vanished, with familiar scenes,
Where still in dreams I roam;
Yet, bowed and bent with grief and years,
I turn to view, with joy,
The tranquil scene that marks the spot
I loved while yet a boy.

OUR LOST DARLING.

BY KATIE HIGGINS.

GENTLY close our darling's eyes,
Cross the hands upon his breast;
Never more will he arise
From that calm, unbroken rest.

Brush the clustering curls of gold
From that brow so broad and fair;
Now, alas, 'tis damp and cold,
Death hath placed his signet there.

Gently stretch those stiff'ning limbs;
Little feet, no more they'll stray;
Little hands, they ne'er again
Will caress us in their play.

Give the lips one lingering kiss;
Precious lips, they never more
Will return the fond caress;
Never prattle, as of yore.

Oh, 'tis hard to part with thee!
Yet, while grieving o'er our loss,
Jesus whispers, "Trust in Me;
I will help you bear your cross.

"Cast your burdens at my feet;
For new strength and patience pray;
I will turn to roses sweet
All the thorns that strew thy way.

"Cease vain grieving o'er your loss;
Lift your hearts, so long cast down
Only those who bear the cross,
Can expect to wear the crown."

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IN THE RED DAYS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.

CHAPTER III.

THE phalanx of soldiery moved out of the village. The reason for their visit had already spread from end to end of the hamlet. Some of the old men and women went into their houses and shut the doors; but most of the population, through curiosity, or a fear of bringing suspicion upon themselves, kept their stand in street or square.

As the officer gave the order to his men to march, hoarse shouts of "Down with the aristocrats! Death to traitors!" went up, but they were the utterance of the waifs who had strayed away from the ruffian band waiting without the village. A few of the towns-people joined in the procession; children who could escape from their mothers' eyes skulked down by-lanes, and overtook it; but the body of the inhabitants remained waiting the return of the soldiers from their errand; groups whispering dismally together, eying other groups with dread and suspicion, as if the faces of their neighbors had suddenly grown unfamiliar and strange. It was the first time such an event had taken place within their midst, and the awe and terror was general.

A short distance from the village, the route to the chateau branched off from the Chalons highroad. On passed the soldiers; the motley line which had been expecting their arrival gathered into line. Away they filed, up toward the height where the stately castle loomed. The sun was so near its setting, that the valley lay wrapped in shadow, but red gleams of light still stained the narrow casements of the chateau till they looked like angry eyes staring down upon the rabble's course.

The old Marquis, weary with his long day of solitude, had gone up to his room and lain down upon the bed, having told Nannette to bring him his supper there. The evening was unusually warm, and the windows of his chamber stood open. He lay half dozing, recalling, in a disconnected fashion, as much like a dream as a revery, incidents that had happened years before—memories of his dead wife, of Clemence's childhood; now and then some sharp reminder of the present, with its trouble and peril stinging him till he shuddered away from its oppression, and tried the more resolutely to lose himself in sleep, or those broken, waking visions of happier days.

Suddenly, through the stillness, there arose a strange tumult. He raised himself on his pillow and listenod. There followed a brief silence—awful from its contrast; then another din. The shouts of men, the shrieks and imprecations of women—more dismal still, the shrill ring of childish voices, united in some wild revolutionary chant, mixed with the beat of horses' hoofs, the rattle of military accoutrements—surged up the hill in advance of the troops that had just turned into the chateau road, and warned the old man of the doom which awaited him.

The Marquis rose from his bed, moved to one of the windows, and looked out. From thence he could see down the straight sweep of the avenue, down the winding road up whose paved zigzags soldiers and rabble were ascending.

As he stood there, the door burst open, and his woman-servant rushed in, trying to tell the tale which her lips, half-paralyzed with terror, refused to utter intelligibly.

He turned toward her, saying, quietly,

"I know! I see! Jacques is not in the house. Do you hide in the wood. You will come to no harm if you are not found here. It is I they want. Go your way. Thank God, Clemence is not at home!"

"Let me try to hide you, master—let me try!" the woman pleaded.

"It would be useless," he answered, in the same quiet voice. "Think of yourself, not of me. I am past human help."

He had partially undressed; and while the old domestic was weeping, wringing her hands, and rushing distractedly from end to end of the chamber, he arranged his attire carefully, and, with steady hands, took up his hat and walking-stick, and moved toward the door.

He passed down the great staircase with a firmer step than he had descended it for months. Poor Nannette followed—on through the lofty corridor, out toward the terrace which gave upon the avenue.

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The foremost of the coming band were already visible in the grounds; the terrible "*ca ira*" shouted by scores of hoarse voices, surged up with appalling distinctness.

"Go now," said the Marquis, turning toward the terrified woman. "It is the last command I shall ever give you. Go!"

Perhaps, in her fright, the instinct of self-preservation was the one sensation left to the feeble soul. She turned and fled, leaving De L'Estriere alone.

He seated himself in an arm-chair which stood upon the flags, leaned his two hands on the head of his walking-stick, and waited. On came the soldiers, with the mad rabble hooting and shouting. Fiercer imprecations broke out as they caught sight of him sitting there. The military were forced to keep back the crowd, who had turned into still more savage beasts at sight of their prey.

Several of the soldiers dismounted. They ascended the steps and surrounded the Marquis. The officer in command, still seated upon his horse, waved a folded paper in the air. The action brought a sudden silence over the throng.

"Antonio Ravellon, ci-devant Marquis de L'Estriere, by the order of the Convention, in the name of the Republic, I pronounce you my prisoner! On the least attempt at refusal or evasion, you will be instantly shot."

As the officer uttered the words, four muskets were leveled at the old man. He smiled at these overstrained precautions, bowed courteously to the officer, and asked,

"Of what am I accused?"

"You will learn that in Paris," was the answer.

"In Paris?" shouted the voices. "In Paris?"

The Marquis glanced along the line of lowering faces crowded together on either side the soldiers.

"There are very few that I recognize," he said. "I am glad of that."

A fiercer howl replied to his undaunted speech, but he sat unmoved.

"Put him on a horse! Keep back those people!" called the officer.

"Shall I be allowed time to gather up a few necessaries, Captain?" asked the Marquis, making his voice clearly heard above the din.

"You will be allowed nothing. We start at once."

"The little guillotine is the only thing necessary for you. Friend Samson will be your valet!" shrieked a woman's voice; and mob and soldiers received this sally with shouts of laughter.

The Marquis did not speak again. He descended the steps, and allowed himself to be raised into the saddle.

"Tie his hands!" the women shouted. "They tied old Villemont's hands at Chalons! He will cheat the guillotine else. They are such cowards, these aristocrats!"

One of the soldiers seemed about to obey the cry, but the officer shouted, "March!" The troop fell into line, a soldier walking on either side the Marquis's horse, the mob following, or lingering about the chateau, as they pleased. Neither the officer or men took any notice of their proceedings.

Down the road they passed; into the village, where the people watched the entry of their former master in gloomy silence. Martin Bochet had remained in his room, where Vancleux left him. He was furious with himself for the error which had led to the Marquis's arrest; filled with a sort of pity for the old man, whose nobleness he knew so well, yet ashamed of his own weakness. Would he gain or lose by this unexpected consequence of his actions? That was the question. At least Clemence would be thrown completely into his power. If he could convince her that not only was he innocent of any part in her father's misfortunes, and at the same time make her believe that the one chance of aiding the prisoner lay with him; that his influence over Marat could bring this about—nay, was certain to do it—she might yield to that plea, and become his wife.

He was still absorbed in these reflections, when the sounds from the square below warned him that the soldiers had returned with their victim. He went to the window and looked out. In the dim twilight he could see the old man seated on the horse upon which they had placed him. Martin Bochet would not let himself believe that it was a feeling of pity which moved him as he looked at the stately form, sitting there so calm and unmoved. It was only that, in every way possible, he wished to make his cause good with Clemence. He had sworn to win her. He would do so!

He went down stairs, out into the square. Vancleux had dismounted from his horse, and was approaching the house.

"I was just looking for you," he said.

"Come up again," Bochet replied. "I have some papers I want you to take to Paris. Besides, I wish to speak to you."

Vancleux followed him up to his apartment, saying only,

"I shall be glad of another glass of wine, but I have not much time to spare. They expect me in Paris by the end of the week."

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"You do not suppose that old man can make the journey on horseback?" Bochet asked.

"Upon my word, I had not given the matter a thought," returned the other. "I have left some other prisoners at Chalons who will have to do it."

"Just look down at him. See how feeble he is. Why, the man is past three-score!" urged Bochet.

Vancleux paused in the act of raising his glass to his lips, and glanced out of the window.

"He does look rather like Father Time," he said, with a laugh.

"He would die on the road, and that might get you into difficulty," continued Bochet.

"Well, what are we to do?"

"I have a couple of stout horses that I can spare. As for a conveyance, there is a carriage or so up in the chateau stables," replied Bochet.

"But all that will take so much time."

"Less than trying to take him on horseback," interrupted Bochet. "He could hardly ride beyond a walk, nor that for very long. Come, be advised by me. You will not be sorry. Besides, my despatches are not ready."

"Well," grumbled Vancleux, "if I must, I must!"

Bochet called from the window to one of his orderlies. He went out on the landing to meet him. As the soldier entered the house, he was in parley with an old man whom Bochet recognized as Jacques, from the chateau.

"What is it down there?" he called.

"Ah!" cried Jacques, "I know the Commandant will give the order! Oh, sir! oh, sir! I want to speak to my master, and they won't let me get near him."

"Come up here," Bochet said. "I have an errand for you. You will be glad to do it, for it is a favor to your master." The two men mounted the stairs, and waited for his commands. Jacques was shaking from head to foot, like a person in ague, but he stood quite silent, while Bochet spoke to the orderly. "You will harness the two horses in the inn stable," he said. "Go up to the chateau, and bring back the covered carriage you will find in the stable there. And, Jacques, go you with him. Citizen L'Estriere will want clothing: a cloak, and some wraps. Fill a portmanteau, too, with linen and the like. You understand. Ride the horses up, and be quick. There is no time to lose. Capt. Vancleux is anxious to be off."

The pair hastened away. Bochet returned to his friend.

"Are you going to keep me here all night?" grumbled Vancleux.

"My dear boy, the precautions I am taking are for your sake. Once off, you will get on much faster than if you tried to take the old man on horseback. In the meantime, he may as well be allowed to come into one of the rooms down stairs.

"Oh, as you like—as you like," replied Vancleux, not sorry to have leisure to make further acquaintance with the bottle his host had set before him.

Bochet went down stairs. The square was crowded now, but at sight of him the throng made way. He spoke to one of the soldiers:

"Bring the prisoner into the house. He is to wait here."

Then he hurried away up stairs, shrinking from the sight of the man whom he had unintentionally made his victim.

So the Marquis was told to dismount, and conducted into an apartment of the inn. He made one request: for pen and paper, that he might write a few lines to his daughter. But the request was refused, and after that he allowed them to do what they would with him in silence.

So, now, Bochet, in the chamber above that where the prisoner sat, exerted himself to talk with his companion, in order that he might not lose patience under this delay. He had known Vancleux for years, and understood well enough how to manage the man. Besides that, he really had the excuse of despatches to be sent up to Paris, and Vancleux knew that it was his duty to take them.

Bochet had secretly given an order for the meal, bread and wine to be served to the prisoner, at the same time that he had summoned the host to bring some refreshment for his guest. The soldiers had been treated to food and drink, so that the waiting passed without murmur on the part of officer or men.

The children had lighted a bonfire in the middle of the square, which shed a lurid light around. Bochet heard the wheels of the heavy carriage rumbling over the stones of the ill-paved street.

"You can now be off," he said.

The two men bade each other adieu, and Vancleux passed down stairs. They brought the Marquis forth, regardless of personal peril. Jacques was clinging about his knees, and uttering broken words of farewell. The Marquis stopped in the open square, and lifted his hand to attract attention. The red glare of the bonfire shone over his noble face, bringing him out like the chief object in a picture, to which the soldiers on their horses, the people huddled near, made the background.

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"If there is any man here—any father with a heart in his bosom," he said, in a firm voice, "let him tell my daughter that I left her my love and my blessing."

He entered the carriage without another word. Once more Vancleux gave the order—"March!" and the vehicle rolled down the street, followed by the soldiers amid a death-like silence. Not a cry rose. Not a voice broke the stillness.

The cavalcade disappeared. The people slowly broke into groups, and turned toward their homes.

Commandant Bochet sat in his chamber, leaning his head upon his hands, reflecting how he was to break this news to Clemence, for he meant to do it himself. Early in the morning he would go to Autun in time to find her before she set out on her return journey. He was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," he called.

The soldier whom he had sent up to the chateau presented himself.

"Commandant," he said, "are there orders to give?"

"Orders! What do you mean?"

"The people were crowding into the chateau. I turned them out and locked the doors; but——"

"What people?"

"The mob that followed the detachment, Commandant."

"Take a squad of men; go up to the chateau; disperse the rabble. Fire on any found stealing," thundered the Commandant.

The man touched his cap, and hurried away. Bochet passed down the corridor and entered a room at the back of the house, which afforded a view of the castle. The night was clear and bright. The moon was rising behind the hill on which the castle stood, lighting up the wide expanse, bringing out the two great towers at either end of the mansion in bold relief. But even as he looked, a deep red glow shone along the front, as if the old house had suddenly been illuminated. Bochet knew that he had given his order too late. The mob had fired the chateau.

CHAPTER IV.

Along the road from Autun, Clemence de L'Estriere and the Doctor were riding toward the village that evening. The physician had completed his business more expeditiously than he had anticipated, and was eager to get back, as he had several patients who required attention. Clemence was only too glad not to be obliged to spend the night away; so, late in the afternoon, they started upon their return.

The sun set, the twilight came; the full-moon rose bright and beautiful in the cloudless sky, making every object along the picturesque route distinctly visible, and clothing all things with a dreamy loveliness beyond that which daylight could have given.

Clemence was in better spirits than she had been in weeks, and carried with her a new fund of hope. She had told her friend, the Abbe Perrier, her difficulties. They were not a surprise to him, after the revelations he had previously received from her of the persecutions she had suffered from Bochet's persistence in the love which had taken such tyrannous hold of his whole nature. The very plan of escape had been arranged, and in a manner which seemed certain to succeed. There was no doubt of their being able to gain the frontier, and once beyond that, the Abbe agreed with Clemence that the best course would be to make their way to Geneva, where a widowed sister of the Marquis had been living for years.

They would require the Doctor's aid in the carrying out of the project, though he could give it in a fashion which would keep any suspicion from falling upon him, whereby he would be exposed to Bochet's vengeance. He had known Clemence all her life, and if she had been his daughter, the solitary bachelor could scarcely have loved her more dearly. He was a man of talent and education, whom a series of reverses and misfortunes had years before flung into the humble position he occupied, accepted with a patience which amounted to absolute heroism. The Marquis found him established in the district when he himself became master of the chateau; and knowing his history, quick to recognize his talents, unburthened by those ideas of dignity and class common then to his order, the village doctor had speedily become his friend, and the castle almost as much his home as the quaint old dwelling just outside the hamlet which was his abode.

So Clemence could tell him the whole story, and confide in him without scruple, receiving, as she had been certain in advance of doing, his promise to assist her by every means in his power.

They rode on, discussing their plans, and, with every turn in the road that brought her nearer her home, fresh hope and confidence sprang up in the girl's heart.

They were within little more than a mile of the village. Half-way on the route from Autun they had passed an eminence from whence the two towers of the chateau were distinctly visible, but after that the road plunged into a deep defile between the hills, and did not leave it for miles and miles.

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They were quitting the shadow of the rocky height, beneath which they had been riding; another turn, and the roofs of the village, the sweep of hill beyond, the full front of the castle, would lie plain before them.

"Papa will be all the more delighted because he does not expect me," Clemence said, eagerly. "Oh, Doctor, let us ride faster. I want to pass the turn, and see with my own eyes that the house is there—that all is well with my dear."

"Such an impatient daughter!" returned the physician, laughing. "Well, I am impatient, too, but it is for my supper. That is the best welcome a solitary bachelor can look forward to."

"You shall have supper at the chateau," said Clemence, gayly. "I can promise you a feast, for our good old Jacques told me this morning he had some birds, and we will devour them before we sleep."

They galloped on, left the shadow of the hill, rounded a sharp curve, the height on which the chateau stood being brought full in front. A simultaneous cry of horror broke from their lips as they gazed. A vast column of smoke rose, black and high, against the horizon; the two towers appeared, either summit encircling each with a lurid crown; between them spread the wide front of the building, wrapped in a mass of flame. Great spires of fire shot upward, and took fantastic shapes. The light wind drove the flames to and fro, sent them rushing into the air, dashed them back, and blew great clouds of dark vapor hither and thither, which for an instant blotted out the whole scene like some terrible eclipse, then swept aside, leaving the awful conflagration visible in its full, dread splendor.

"My father! Oh, my father!"

The Doctor was roused from his trance of stupefied horror by that cry from the girl's lips. He turned toward her; had just time to pass his arm about her waist, and so prevent her falling from the saddle.

At the same instant steps reached his ear; a man's steps running swiftly along the causeway. A voice cried,

"Mademoiselle! Dr. Bonchamps is it you?"

"Yes, yes," returned the physician. "Quick, come quick! Is it you, Jean Dupre?"

"It is I, Doctor; it is I," sobbed the man.

"Catch hold of the bridles! Mademoiselle has fainted."

The man held the animals by the bits. The Doctor leaped from his saddle, still keeping his arm about Clemence, and lifted her to the ground.

"If we had some water!" he exclaimed.

A brook ran babbling and singing along the edge of the road. Jean stooped and filled his woollen cap with water. The Doctor sprinkled her face, caught some drops in his hand, and held it to her mouth. Presently she gasped,

"I have not fainted; I am better. Hold me up! Who is here? Oh, yes, Jean Dupre! Jean, Jean, where is my father?"

She started upright as she cried out in that agonized appeal. Her hat had fallen off; her long hair had broken loose and swept in heavy masses about her shoulders. The moonlight struck full upon her face, whose unutterable agony chilled the blood of the gazers.

"My father—my father!"

Jean turned toward Bonchamps with an imploring gesture, which seemed to ask for assistance in telling the tale. The physician understood the whole. A life-time of hard experience had inured him to suffering, personally and for that of others, but a sudden weakness and dizziness seized him now, which was almost like the first numbing premonition of paralysis.

He tottered as he knelt, and would have fallen backward, if Dupre had not held him up, weeping aloud as he did so—the rough peasant—as unrestrainedly as if he had been a woman.

"I hear you, Jean Dupre!" exclaimed Clemence, wildly. "I hear you. You cry, you cry! I am past tears! Sit up, Dr. Bonchamps. Let me go! I am strong, I am well! Ah, we were to save my father. It was all arranged, so easily, so thorough! Look at the flames yonder! Oh! Jean Dupre, where is my father?"

She was on her feet, her hands outstretched, her hair streaming in the breeze, her awful face turned toward the two men, her great eyes glaring in the moonlight.

"My father, Jean Dupre, my father?" she repeated, like a ghost come to haunt his destroyer. "He is dead; they have murdered him?"

"No, Mademoiselle, no; he is alive, he is well, but—but——"

"A prisoner? Worse, worse! Better be dead, and done with the pain! There might be some mercy beyond the reach of men; there is none here."

"Clemence, my child!" moaned the Doctor.

"Be still!" she cried, in the same strained, unnatural tone. "Let me hear! Tell the story, Jean Dupre. Tell the story!"

There she stood erect, whiter than marble; not a limb stirred, her very voice sounding cold and dead as it rang out in stern command; nothing alive about her save the great eyes, which dilated and blazed as if her soul itself were in flames, and poured its fiery torment through their depths.

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"Will you tell?" she cried again.

"Speak! For God's sake, speak!" groaned Bonchamps.

"Yes—yes," moaned Jean. "They rode into the village—the soldiers. I was coming from my work. I saw them. 'For the Marquis,' the neighbors told me. Oh, Mademoiselle, they are all sorry. They love you both, but they were afraid. What could we do? We have our wives and children; we could not murder them."

"I know! I know! Go on!"

She was close by his side, bending over him, towering above him, her arms extended as if she would wring the story from his unwilling lips.

"Quick, Jean, quick!" whispered the Doctor.

"Ay, quick!" she repeated, and her voice was a shriek. "Quick, or I shall be so mad that I cannot understand!"

"Up to the chateau they marched," sobbed Jean, "and back they came, the Marquis with them——"

"Bochet? Bochet?" broke in Clemence.

"No, Mademoiselle, no. They told me he was as much taken by surprise as anybody. He insisted that the Marquis could not go on horseback. He made them send for the carriage——"

"My father, Jean?"

"Yes. I saw him as he came out of the inn. He called to us, if there was a heart among us, that some one should tell Mademoiselle what had happened. He sent his love, his blessing. Jacques would have come; he is old. I could run the fastest. I was going to Autun. I——" Jean's voice died away. He hid his face in his sleeve.

The Doctor was silent, too, trying for words, not comfort, not hope; neither were possible; but speech of some sort, if only to remind the wretched girl that at least human sympathy was near. Before he could pronounce a syllable, she spoke,

"Where is my horse? Bring my horse, Jean Dupre!"

"Yes, yes," the Doctor said. "We will go to the village. We will see Bochet——"

"What have I to do with Bochet?" she interrupted. "Bring my horse, I say!"

Dupre glanced at the physician, who signed him to obey. Jean untied the two horses and brought them up. Before either of the men could assist her, Clemence sprang into the saddle and dashed away.

"Clemence, Clemence!" the Doctor called.

She did no' answer. She flew on down the level road.

The Doctor mounted and hurried after.

"I must overtake her," he said. "She must not get to the village without me."

"No, no!" Jean said.

"Clemence!" the Doctor called again, but she did not pause or turn her head.

The Doctor spurred wildly on. Jean Dupre ran by his side, unconsciously, also uttering her name; both men, even in the midst of their suffering, vaguely thrilled and awed by the dismal picture.

Overhead, the full moon, bright and glorious; in advance of them, the figures of the girl and her horse; beyond, the roofs of the village houses. Further on, the stretch of the lofty towers, the cloud of black smoke, the roar and blaze of the leaping flames. On—on in that wild dash the girl sped, and they followed.

Perhaps an eighth of a mile, before reaching the hamlet, there was a road which branched to the right, skirted the village, and debouched into the Chalons highway, a short distance beyond the route which led up to the chateau. The girl reached this turn, urged her horse down it, and fled on.

"Clemence, Clemence!" the Doctor cried, "where are you going?"

She looked back, her white face, with its features set in a rigidity like that of death, showing plainly in the moonlight.

"To my father!" she cried. "To my father!"

The physician urged on his horse to the very top of his speed. He overtook the fugitive, and caught her bridle. Jean Dupre, with his peasant strength to support him, was close behind.

"Let me go! Do you want to be a murderer, too?" she shrieked, striking wildly at him with her riding-whip. "Let me go!"

"Tell me what you intend to do. Wait; I will not try to keep you. Only tell me, child."

"To my father—to prison—death—with him! You would not try to hinder my seeing him once more! Are you not human? Can you not understand?"

He held fast to the rein in spite of her frantic efforts to get free. The frightened horses plunged and lashed out with their hind feet, but, regardless of danger, Jean Dupre pressed closer up.

"Wait, Clemence!" the Doctor pleaded. "I do understand. I will ride with you. I cannot leave you alone. I will bring you back——"

"Bring me back!" she broke in. "No power can do that! I will go with him! If he is guilty, so am I. My father—my father!"

With a sudden movement, she wrenched her bridle from Bonchamp's grasp, and rushed away again with the swiftness of the wind.

"I must follow, Jean," the Doctor said. "The soldiers may be rude to her."

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"Follow!" cried Jean. "Follow!"

On the Doctor spurred. The horse he rode was one which had been presented to him in happier days by the Marquis himself; an animal still full of vigor and fire, and he responded bravely to his master's command. Jean Dupre followed behind. It might sound absurd to write of any man, save a Burgundy or Brittany peasant, that he could keep pace with a horse at its full speed, but Jean was a mountaineer, and would have held his own for hours with the choicest steed that ever noble, in the days when nobles existed, could have shown in his stables. Forward they dashed. Clemence's horse had been her pet and favorite for years. With the strange instinct of animals, he seemed to comprehend the strait into which she had fallen, and be eager to aid, as at intervals she called to him in such agonized entreaty as she might have addressed to some human being whom she knew sympathized with her anguish, and would employ every faculty to assist her in this dire need.

"On, Selim! For his sake, on!"

And each time that he caught the beseeching tones, the noble horse bounded more eagerly forward, as if in obedience, not to the order, but the terrible suffering which prompted it.

Then came the Doctor, spurring forward his charger, and ever and anon, without knowing that he spoke, crying,

"For her, for her! On, on!"

And still beyond, the stalwart peasant, tearing over the level causeway, his elbows set hard against his sides, his breath restrained and careful, and he, too, cried,

"For her—for her!"

Away they sped, and over them, and all objects in the scene, the moonbeams poured their golden splendor; while on the height at the left, a great column of smoke swept up to the zenith, and the flames played and leaped over the wide front of the chateau. Suddenly, through the stillness, came a whiz and rush—the fall of heavy masonry. One of the towers had sunk in with a crash, that broke through the quiet of the night like a peal of thunder, booming in dreadful echoes to the horizon's verge.

On down the white road dashed the foremost horse and its rider, still in advance of the Doctor, Jean Dupre keeping his place easily enough by the physician's side, answering, in monosyllables, the half-unconscious exclamations which now and again broke from his companion's lips.

They had skirted the village, passed the junction with the Chalons route; they were close below the steep where the chateau stood. The whirling sea of sparks had caught the branches of the grand old oaks that formed an avenue from the gates almost up to the terrace; the flames had spread; each separate tree stood up a tower of flame; the leaves and boughs floated off like fiery serpents; the hiss and moan of the green wood was distinctly audible like human voices groaning in pain.

On, on! The girl far in advance now—the horseman and the runner toiling after.

Another stretch of level road, a steep hill, a sharp descent, a second sweep of plain, a second height. As he reached the foot of this hill, the Doctor saw Clemence near the top. Upon the summit he could clearly distinguish a cavalcade of soldiers, and in their midst the black body of a travelling carriage. Then through the distance he heard the girl's voice ring out like the ghost of the voice that had been such sweet music to him for years and years.

"Stop, stop! My father, my father!"

Then he noticed—always as if he were the victim of some dreadful nightmare—a sudden confusion among the troops; heard, as one hears voices in a dream, the commander's order,

"Halt!"

On he spurred, and Jean Dupre followed; up far enough into the shadow of the hill to hear what words were spoken; to be of service to the girl if aid were required, and possible. But even amid the nightmare suffering of that onward dash, one thought had come uppermost in Bonchamp's mind and kept its hold. Left to herself, Clemence might succeed in influencing the officer to permit her to accompany her father. Perhaps even for her the journey would end in prison—death; but no matter! To go with him was the only boon which could be granted her anguish. Even in the height of his pain the physician could think enough to realize that imprisonment, death, if with her father, would be a mercy compared to the agony of seeing him forced away and she left behind, uncertain of his fate.

Again, and through the quiet of the night, rang the voice of the maddened girl.

"Stop! My father!"

It pealed across the ranks of soldiery like the blast of some unearthly trumpet. Once more the officer's voice answered it, giving order to his men,

"Halt!"

Troop and carriage stopped; officer and soldiers waited.

The old Marquis sat leaning back in the chariot. He had not heard his daughter's appeal. Even the command of the leader, though it reached the prisoner's ears distinctly enough,

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did not cause him to lift his head. A very natural prostration had succeeded the cold composure with which he had borne the horror of his capture, the starting on that journey of doom.

For the time—during the approach of military and mob to the chateau, the pronunciation of his arrest, the ignominious entrance into the village, the waiting there—it had been easy enough to be calm. It was not fortitude which had nerved him, though he was a brave man; it was not religion, yet he was a religious man; it was not even the sentiment which enabled so many of his compeers during that murderous epoch to die composedly, haughtily, in their scorn of the brute force which forced them to death; it was, if I can make you understand, a feeling of supreme pity for those who could have so utterly misconceived his principles, that it had been possible for him to be brought to this pass through the agency of any party that might be in power, whether royalist or republican.

But once seated in the carriage, and embarked upon this journey, which could have but one bourne, the thought of his daughter started up and subdued every other feeling. If he could only have seen her, have bidden her adieu, have felt her arms about his neck in a last embrace!

At first, it had appeared a blessed chance—nay, the result of imperative action on the part of Providence—that she should have been absent; but with every roll of the chariot-wheels that bore him away, the mercy contained in such accident, or pre-arranged, superhuman design, grew fainter and fainter, till it died out beneath the dismal pictures which forced themselves upon his mind. He tortured himself, by thinking sadly of her coming back, her arrival, her utter solitude, helplessness, and consignment to the power of that remorseless man who ruled the district; her anguish, her despair!

He saw it all, felt it all, lived through it all. Then his fortitude deserted him. He covered his eyes with his hands, to shut out the horrible tableau which rose, distinct as if the incidents were a living, present reality. He tried to pray. God help him! Even his faith in God seemed to go, as yours and mine has done, in the extreme exigencies of life, oh, my brothers!—to waver, flicker, perish, with an utter and awful suddenness, and then he was alone in his despair, and not even the blessed Crucified willing to aid him.

Stop! Halt! Is Heaven nearer our nethermost hell than we are able to believe? So he asked, perchance, in the blindness of his desolation, if question were possible!

The troop had paused; the carriage stood still.

Now he heard—now he could listen! The confusion, the half-uttered sentences exchanged among the soldiers—they reached his ears. More: the beat of a horse's hoofs, the sound of a woman's voice in agonized imploring.

"My father! Let me see my father! You must be human! Let me see my father!"

Then he knew that he himself was crying.

"My child! Let me have my child!"

Vancleux had dismounted. The girl sprang from her saddle; she fell at his feet; she embraced his knees; she moaned.

"Let me go with my father! It is all I ask! Have mercy, for God's sake! Mercy! My father!"

Vancleux turned roughly away, and allowed her to fall, prone, half-senseless, in the road.

"Lift her into the chariot," was all he said.

Another instant, and the father and daughter were in each other's arms.

"March!" thundered the officer. "I cannot spend the night here. March!"

The carriage rolled away. It was long before either of its occupants could realize that the bliss of union was real; but it came at last. Then neither could remember what awaited at the journey's end. They were together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY SUNSHINE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

My Lela has such laughing eyes,
  She is an angel—without wings;
And like a bird beneath the skies
  She sings.

A rose-bud white—and it is meet—
  She wears upon her bosom now;
But oh! a lovelier rose-bud sweet
  Art thou.

I clasp the timid little sprite;
  She gaily laughs, then—runs away
And will not kiss me, as she might,
  In play.

And thus with pretty, pensive wiles,
  Half seberly, and half in glee,
Her sweetest songs, she says, and smiles,
  Are all for me.

A bird, she sings, a fawn, she plays,
  She says she loves me—is it true?
I don't believe one word she says.
  Would you?

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THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"It is just this old dress that holds the key to the position," said Rose Temple, as she threw the folds over her knee. "If this can be made passable for another season, I can take the music-lessons. I have ciphered that out clearly, mother."

"I think you are right, dear," said Mrs. Temple. "Then let us look carefully at the possibilities of the case. It is a very good cashmere, to begin with, black as jet, though it has seen so much good service." And the widow turned it over thoughtfully in her hands. "Rosy," she continued, with sudden animation, "I have a bright thought. Run up and bring me my black silk shawl. That is heavy and good yet, and we will make the jacket of it, and have enough left over for full-puffed trimmings on the rest of the suit."

"Not your silk shawl, mother," remonstrated Rose.

"Yes, deary, I have made my mind up; and, you know, when I make it up suddenly, it is very hard to unmake. I seldom go out, and scarcely ever wear it. So, why should it not be doing some good. You shall buy me a soft-wool shawl in place of it, when you become a music-teacher. I shall like that a great deal better."

"And the fringe, mother," said Rose, entering into the spirit of it, now the matter was decided. "What a nice trimming that will make for the basque."

"And enough left over for your parasol," said the widow. "You will have to be very careful of that parasol, I see, Rosy. Perhaps I had better glue a thin bit of silk on the under side, in one place, and press it out carefully. I think I can do it so it will not show, and it will help preserve it much longer."

"It takes science to live on our little income, doesn't it, mother?" said Rose, laughing. "But many richer folks I know are not half so happy. My fingers ache to set about that dress. But perhaps I had better run down to 'The Poplars,' and give Miss Allen an answer about the lessons. She would like to know this evening."

"It is a little late," said Mrs. Temple, hesitating, "but you may go, if you take Nep."

At a word from his young mistress, old Neptune gathered slowly up his huge frame, and with a skake of his rough coat, declared himself in readiness for a start.

Rose took from the closet her neat black coat and dainty hat, and then, from a box, her well-darned thread gloves, and was also ready to set out. Each garment had its history, full of interest to the parties most nearly concerned. But Rose did not feel called to tell every one that the sacque was pieced out of her father's Sunday coat; or that the hat was an old Neapolitan bonnet, turned over a frame, braid by braid, by her own handy fingers. That the thick, black ribbon had once tied grandmother's cap; while the gay little knot of peacock feathers which adorned one side, was of her own fashioning, and was shaped with a true artist's eye.

As the girl and her shaggy escort wended their way down the street, the mother sighed.

"Oh, for even a year or two of good health, so I could help my darling out of these perplexities. How sad, that she should be so crushed by poverty, when she is so well fitted for a higher sphere. Now, the only ambition I dare cherish is, that she may find the way open to make herself a proficient in music, so it may be a means of self-support. How cheerfully she takes up the burden. With what enthusiasm she applies herself. How little she dreams of the hard, cold world she has to battle with," and tear after tear rolled down her faded cheek.

But at sweet seventeen, with bounding health in her veins, and a happy home, the world looks all rose-hued. Very soon Rose came tripping up the steps, as light-hearted as a sunbeam, now that the important question about the music-lessons was well settled. She had brought a letter for her mother, from a cousin in a distant city, full of pleasant home news and a happy wedding time, all of which was full of interest to those who lived such quiet lives.

"I wish we could send some little wedding-gift to this dear cousin of yours, mother," said Rose, as she plied her nimble needle.

"She asks me all about my little girl," said mother, "and wonders if she looks like me. Suppose you send your likeness in one of these dainty frames you make. Emily will prize a token that comes from the heart, far more than a costly gift, which speaks only of the giver's wealth."

The gift was sent, with some misgivings on

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Rose's part, but the sweet girl's face made many friends in that distant household.

"Mother," said Rose, one day, as she returned from her music-lesson, "you would be sorry for little Lois Gray. She is so passionately fond of music, so anxious to improve in it, and has such a poor chance. She sweeps the school and recitation-rooms every evening, to pay for her lessons, but she has little opportunity for practising. She can only have the piano when not in use by the others, and that is often when she cannot come. Such a good girl as she is. But such a hard life as she leads at her uncle's."

"Why not let Lois practice here?" said Mrs. Temple, promptly.

"That is just what I hoped you would say, mother dear," and Rosy gave her a warm kiss.

So it was all arranged, and the practice-hour was to come whenever it suited her best. Rose gladly gave her the benefit of whatever instructions she had received. So the happy girl made good progress. Better than the privilege accorded her, was the consciousness that now a warm hearthstone, and two warm, sympathizing hearts, were open to her. The poor orphan girl had often felt so utterly alone and friendless.

"I brought this letter for you from the office," said Lois, "as I was coming by, and I thought I would save you the trouble." She passed on into the small sitting-room, where she was always welcome.

"Thank you, Lois. I was very busy to-night, and am glad to save the time. It is from Cousin Emily, mother. I am so glad, for her letters always do you good like a medicine. I told her so in the last one I wrote, and that, perhaps, is why she writes again so soon."

"Rosy," called her mother, a little afterward, in a voice half-trembling, half-excited, "I want you to come and read this letter.

"Anything uncommon happened, mother?"

"Only this, that Cousin Emily and her husband ask you to spend the fall and winter there, and offer to give you the best facilities the city affords for perfecting yourself in music and your other studies."

It was not in reason that a girl of Rosy's quick, impulsive nature could hear such a proposition with an even flow of the pulses. But presently the look faded, and she said, as quietly as she would put aside an hour's pastime,

"But I cannot go, mother."

"Why, darling?"

"I cannot leave you, mother."

"But you are to go, my child. That part of the programme is settled. The remainder will work itself clear as we go on."

The dainty little supper would never have been appreciated, that evening, if they had not prevailed on poor Lois to come in and share it with them. They took her into their counsels, and suddenly the thought flashed into the widow's mind to ask,

"Why cannot you stay with me, Lois, and be my daughter while Rose is away?"

"If I only might," said Lois, the tears welling up into her dark eyes. "I am only counted a burden where I am."

Rose and Lois stepped lightly and quickly about as they cleared the tea things away, and then all sat down for a quiet, serious talk. The details were beginning to "work themselves clear."

The next few weeks were very busy ones. An outfit is some trouble, even when you have only to call on father for a needful check and a good dress-maker to do the work. But where one pair of young hands must do all the sewing, and as good as make all the materials, it becomes a much more complicated affair. Mother was capital at planning, and the physician had fortunately not interdicted that part of the sewing work. So the week grew, and though the preparations were simple, they were dainty and pretty of their kind. It took "science," though of a very high order, and Rose laughed many a time as she wondered what her cousins would say if they knew the secret process of the manufacture of her garments. Poverty and a good strong purpose are great sharpeners of the wits.

They were not ashamed of their pretty western cousin, either in the matter of dress or manners. Emily gave her the warmest welcome, and left a shining tear-drop on her wavy hair, for the dear mother she would have been so glad to greet. The new-found cousin, Harvey Howard, though a grave, mature man, gave her a cordial grasp of the hand, and a sincere welcome to his home, where he rejoiced to gather every comfort which his ample income could afford, that might add to the convenience or pleasure of her whom he had chosen to preside over his heart and home. A man of simple tastes and few wants himself, he indulged in one luxury, which men of far larger means were often accustomed to consider the sheerest extravagance. It was the noble luxury of doing good.

A week or two of rest and sight-seeing in the great city, and then Rose settled down to earnest work. The care and luxury of her life should not turn her aside from her high, brave purpose. Perhaps she found work harder than in the old days. No matter. Then she must put forth more effort.

It is said that one winter, amid the luxuries of

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Canne, proved more demoralizing to Hannibal's army than ten years hard fighting. Let us not wonder at the small progress made by our ladies of wealth and abundant leisure, in intellectual culture, but let us rather praise the industry and energy of those who are able to make any progress at all under such adverse circumstances.

But with the best musical talent that money could command for an instructor, and a piano which threw her into raptures as she touched its keys, Rose felt it would be unpardonable if she did not make an advancement proportioned to her advantages. She threw all the enthusiasm of her nature into her tasks, and rose at her accustomed early hour, that she might secure an extra time for practice.

A niece of Mr. Howard's spent a few months with them, and shared in her lessons, and was a very pleasant companion.

At three o'clock all lessons were laid aside by Emily's orders, and the two girls went out together on pleasant days, and amused themselves at home when it stormed. The evenings were spent socially in the beautiful parlors where friends of the family were in the constant habit of "dropping in." The society of people she would be likely to meet at Mr. Howard's, could not but form a most valuable part of a young lady's education. Rose's mother knew this far better than the girl herself, and prized the privilege accordingly.

Yet the mother's heart went out tearfully, longingly, for her little girl, and letter-day was the brightest of the week in the little vine-covered cottage.

Those sweet, full letters were the joy and solace of the mother in her loneliness. And they were just what a daughter's letters ought to be—full, free, and frequent. How many girls away from home give loving hearts occasion for great anxiety just from remissness here.

Delia Winters, who shared Rose's every-day life, was a merry, laughing girl, who had never had a deep sorrow to sober her, and whose early training had been far from what her uncle would have desired. He fancied that a season under his wife's care could not fail to prove highly beneficial; hence her invitation.

"Oh, Rosy," she said one day, as she came bounding up into her room. "That horrid Henry Malcom is coming here to tea, and to spend the evening. I heard Uncle Harvey tell Aunt Emily so. We shall be so bored. There is no fun in him, and Uncle Harvey thinks the world of him, so we shall have to put on extra efforts to be agreeable. Uncle talked to me in an awful solemn way once, because I happened to make fun of Mr. Malcom. I expect he will be duller than ever now, for Uncle Harvey said his mother had lately died, and he was very sad about it."

"Why, Delia, how can you speak so lightly of such sorrow?" said Rose, with ready sympathy. "If my mother was dead, do you think I could feel very gay?"

"Oh! that is quite different. Mr. Malcom's mother was very old and deaf, and he has had the care of her these ten years. If she had been a princess, she could not have had more attention, or more luxuries, I have heard it said."

"More honor to him," said Rose, stoutly. "I am sure I shall like him."

"I hope you will, with all my heart," said Delia, laughing, "and that the attraction will be mutual. You could not please Uncle Harvey better. But never mind your music, dear. He doesn't know a note from the sign of Federal money, in his ledger. You'll find I am right, Rose, when I tell you he is awful dry." And Delia waltzed away to her own cosy room, next to her aunt's.

Very pretty the two girls looked, as they came in together, in the evening, dressed in simple white: a rose, and a knot or two of ribbon their only ornaments. Uncle Harvey was not modern in his tastes, and always insisted that the charm of youth was sweetest when adorned the least. He was always so good and kind; the girls loved to please him. Rose had fallen naturally into Delia's mode of address, and said "Uncle Harvey," and "Aunt Emily," just as if she had been used to it all her life.

She had expected to meet a middle-aged man, with a touch of silver in his hair, and had prepared herself to be very grave and sedate in her deportment, as became the occasion. She was, therefore, a little surprised to find Henry Malcom a much younger man than Uncle Harvey, with smooth, flowing chestnut beard and hair, which would show no signs of frost for many a year.

His manner was quiet, and his voice peculiarly gentle, and there was ever a pleasant smile in his eye, as he watched the two bright girls, while they chattered over their fancy-work, going now and then to Aunt Emily for advice or instruction. It was a most informal little gathering, just such as the joint householders delighted in. State dinners and crush parties were not to their taste, and were never given; but their hospitable door seemed almost to open of itself to greet a friendly guest.

"You love old songs as well as Harvey," said

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Mrs. Howard, letting a dainty web of white, which she was knitting on ivory needles, fall in her lap; "and I believe you are quite as dull to the charms of modern music. I must have our little girl sing some for you. She has learned a number of old pieces, just to please her uncle."

"I should be delighted to hear her," said Henry, leaving his easy-chair and coming to the music-stand. "What do you sing, Miss Rose?" he asked, as he quietly turned the leaves.

Rose selected an old Scotch ballad, which was a favorite with her uncle, and asked if he liked that.

"That was my mother's song," he said, with a softened tone. "I should love to hear it again."

The evening sped all too quickly, Malcom thought. Music had never had such charms for him before.

> "Those silvery sounds, so sweet, so dear,
> The listener held his breath to hear."

It was only one of many pleasant evenings. It may be that Rose began to look forward to them with a brighter tinge of pink in her cheek, and a new, strange flutter in her bosom. Aunt Emily was a wise woman, and knew that Henry Malcom was true and noble to the core; just such a man as the absent mother would approve, if she could look approvingly on any suitor of her only darling.

"Rose," said Mr. Malcom, one evening, "I am going away west next week, on business, to be gone a month. I shall go right through the place where you live, and if you have any commands, I should be happy to take them. Don't be afraid to send any parcel. I can carry anything to your mother you would like to send."

Rose was in quite a flutter at the unexpected news, and a variety of feelings, by turns, were dominant in her breast. First of all was a sense of regret at his absence, which she would hardly suffer herself to admit; then came a keen sense of pleasure that "mother would see Mr. Malcom;" but the real, practical question was, what should she send by the willing messenger. Mrs. Howard helped to solve this important question, and a small valise was stored with choice gifts, which would not fail to bring much comfort to the lowly cottage home.

How Rose watched for the next home letter! What would mother think of Mr. Malcom? was the uppermost question in her mind. The letter, though written in a guarded way, was satisfying.

"I knew she would like him," thought honest Rose. "How could she help it?"

A year rolled quickly by, and found our fair Prairie Rose, not drudging at the task of music-teaching, but practising on a grand piano of her own, in her own beautiful home, while a placid, happy mother rested near her, in the easiest of reclining chairs.

"It is my ideal home," said Henry Malcom, as he laid a new "old song" before his wife. "What is home without a mother? I am glad your mother can share it with us."

"And our good Lois is succeeding so well, Henry. I had a letter from her to-day. She has all the music scholars she can teach, and the people who rent mother's little cottage make it a very pleasant home for her."

Poor Lois had been "set up" in business by the gift of Rose's piano, and the free rent of the cottage parlor; and as years rolled by, she was not the only one who had cause to praise and bless fair Rose's bounty. For Rose, now that she was rich, exemplified in her life the precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

THE TRUE LOVER.

BY ANNIE F. BURNHAM.

Deep in the brown mould the violets sleep,
Where the long grasses creep;
Each purple petal is folded as close
As the heart of a rose.
Over their heads the birds carol loud;
Robins and blackbirds, they come in a crowd:
"Up, wee ones, the world is awake!"

April rains knocked for admittance within;
"Sweethearts, let us in!"
Knocked at the house-doors, then plaintively wept;
Wise little Violet slept.
"I've a dew-pearl for each wee-petaled cup.
Rise, darlings, rise, ere the sun drinks it up!"
Oh! the long silence they kept!

Then the South Wind shook his wings at the word—
Not a violet stirred.
"Up, darlings!" he whispered—"Arise, for my sake!"
Not his to awake.
"Pink-lipped arbutus is everywhere,
Shaking out bells of perfumes on the air,
I only, of all, desolate."

But a bright sunbeam stole softly that way,
Not a word did he say.
Touched with warm fingers, each one, till it grew
Bright with heaven's own blue.
Kissed into beauty each petal so sweet,
Till the gray mosses that crept to their feet,
Learned what Love's magic may do.

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"THE CAPTAIN'S YOUNGEST."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

I've seen many a young gentleman in my day, through being a military man, and living among what you might call "swells;" but I never saw a young gentleman as could hold a candle to my young master, Lionel, him that we called "The Captain's Youngest." No, not as were fit to black his boots, for the matter of that. And I knew him, too, from the time he were a young gentleman in long-clothes, being carried about in his ayah's arms; and many's the time, too, that I have carried him myself, and been proud to do it.

You see, I knew his father, Captain Dalgetty, of the 57th, in his best days, when he first came out to India, with his regiment; a fine, dashing young fellow, as was a favorite with everybody. After awhile he married, and married a belle; and he and his wife were as pretty a couple as you need see. By-and-bye, Miss Rose was born, and then other children; and last of all, when Miss Rose was about eight years old, my own young master.

When the family began to grow up, the regiment was ordered back to England; and I came back with them, you see. The Captain was not rich, and as the family expenses got bigger, year by year, money got scarcer with him, and they couldn't live as they did before; and so, somehow, I think it was because I liked the children, and especially my young master, I fell into a way of being half valet, half waiter, half man-of-all-work for the Captain and his.

This wasn't all. The Captain's fine way—for he was handsome still, and a gentleman born, and no mistake—brought him fine friends; and his fine friends brought him debt, because he was obliged to keep up with them. Everything was badly managed, because Mrs. Dalgetty, who'd been a belle, as I said, and good for nothing, as belles never are, but to dress fine and look pretty; because Mrs. Dalgetty, as I said, knew nothing about managing; so the servants ran wild, and were nothing but trouble and expense, and there were nothing but struggling to keep up, and threatening to break down, from day to day.

"The Captain is worse than ever," Mrs. Dalgetty would say, sometimes, when things looked bad, and she had a crying fit on. "And Rose is so expensive, and the other girls are growing up. I wish Lionel was older. He is the only one who seems to feel for me at all."

The real truth were—as Lionel were that sweet-natured—he felt for them all; and I must say, as they couldn't help being as fond of him, in their way, as he was of them in his.

"Rabbett," says he to me once, when they was all going out—he was about nine years old then, or thereabout—"Rabbett, if you would like to see Rose before she goes, just stand in the passage, when I go into the drawing-room with her shawl and handkerchief. She has just sent me for them."

Now, my young master loved his mother dearly, but he loved Rose, even better; he was allers talking to me of her beauty.

So I says, "I would like to see her." And he runs up stairs, quite pleased, and is down again in a minute.

"I'll leave the door open," he says. And in he goes, with the shawl over his arm, and does leave it open, quite wide enough for me to see through.

Miss Rose was standing by the fire, and beautiful she looked, in her grand evening dress, and so like what her mother had been, that it gave me quite a start. There was a gentleman at her side, a laughing and talking to her, and when Master Lionel goes in, this party turns towards the door, to look at him, and I sees his face, and I gives a start again, for it were Capt. Basil Roscoe.

Now I knew sum'at of Capt. Basil Roscoe, you see, and that's what made me give a start. If ever there was a villain, and he to be called a gentleman, Capt. Basil Roscoe were one. I knew things of him that he little guessed; we servants get to know many queer things. I felt, when I sees him, as if I saw a snake.

"Here comes the shawl," says Captain Basil, and he held out his hand, as if he meant to put it on for himself, but Miss Rose laughs and stops him.

"No," says she. "Lionel wouldn't like that. Would you, Lionel? He always puts my shawl on for me."

The Captain drew back a bit, and gave the boy a sharp glance, but Miss Rose did not see it, for she was bending down to have the shawl put over her white shoulders, and Master Lionel was a folding it round her, as pleased as could be,

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laughing, too, boy-like, but, for all that, doing it as deft and graceful as if he'd been born to it.

And then, when it was done, Miss Rosie put her little hands on the shoulders of his jacket, and kissed him half-a-dozen times, so coaxing, and merry, and happy, that I could not bear to think the time would ever come, when life would look harder to her than it did just then—going out to a grand ball in a pretty dress, and with her lover by her side.

Unless it is true, that the devil shrinks from and hates them as has no sins of their own, I should like to know why it was that Basil Roscoe were so ready, in taking a dislike to a innocent-faced boy, as never harmed, or differed with him; for nothing is more certain than that from the first he did take a dislike to Master Lionel. It struck me, once or twice, as he not only couldn't bear the sight of him, but that if he had had the chance he would not have been sorry to do him a harm. His sneering manner showed it, and his ill-looking, handsome face showed it, apart from a hundred other bits of things. Master Lionel himself found it out soon enough.

"Rabbett," says he, private and confidential, "he doesn't like me, and I don't like him, and I wish he wasn't so fond of Rose. I never did him any harm, you know, Rabbett."

Nateral enough, his spirit is hurt about it, and he takes it a bit hard. But he never says much about it, until one night he comes to me, and I sees he is wonderful quiet, and after a while I make bold to ask what ails him. And the minute I asks him, I sees, by the look in his eyes, that what ails him is something uncommon.

"It's something about Rose," he says, "and it's something about Capt. Roscoe."

A slight huskiness comes in my throat, as makes it necessary for me to clear it.

"Oh!" I says. "Indeed, sir?"

"Yes," he answers. "As I was coming here I passed him, standing at the corner of the street, with a gentleman, and they were both talking aloud, Rabbett, and laughing. And they were talking about Rose."

Knowing the man so well, and having heard so much of his villainy, my blood fairly boiled at the thought of what he might have been saying; but I made up my mind to speak quietly.

"Did you hear what they said, sir?" I asked. "Are you sure it was her they were speaking of?"

"Yes," says he, "sure, for I heard the gentleman say, 'What? Pretty Rose Dalgetty?' And then Roscoe answered, 'Even she might get tiresome.' And they both laughed. Rabbett"—and he turned his troubled, questioning boy's face to me, as if he was just awakening to some sort of bewildered fear, and wanted help—"what did he mean by saying she might get tiresome? And what made them laugh as they did? They were laughing at her—my sister Rose."

"No gentleman would have done it, sir," I answered, not knowing what else to say.

"I know that," he says. "But what did they mean? You are older than me, Rabbett, and perhaps you can understand more than that it was not what a gentleman would have done."

But of course I could not tell him that. If it meant nothing worse, it at least did mean as Miss Rose's lover had so little respect for her, that he could bandy her name among his companions with something like a sneer; so I tried my best to lead him away from the subject. If he'd been an ordinary kind of young gentleman, and he so very young yet, I might have managed it; but being the little fellow he was, the suspicion that his sister had been somehow slighted stuck to him, and settled itself deep in his mind, and made him thoughtful beyond his years.

And this was far from being the end of it. Little by little I began to hear a whisper here and there, even among the men, about what people said of Capt. Roscoe being so friendly with the Dalgettys, and partic'ler with Miss Rosie. There was not one of them but said that it would do the pretty young creature no good, if it did her no harm, to be so ready to let him be attentive. He had been such an open rascal in his time, and his character was so well known, that no careful mother would have let her innocent daughter be seen with him, and he was only tolerated in his own set, and among those who were as bad as himself. But Miss Dalgetty was too thoughtless and indifferent to see the wrong in him, or to be troubled by what she heard, and the Captain was rarely at home; so Miss Rose was left to herself, and of course did as any other innocent girl would have done, fell in love with a handsome face, and believed in it.

But at last so much was said by outsiders, that something came to the Captain's ears, as must have roused him, for one evening he comes up to the house in a towering rage, and shuts himself up with Miss Rose and her mother in the parlor, and has a tremendous row, and makes them both cry, and ends up by forbidding them to speak to Roscoe again.

But though Mrs. Dalgetty gave in, as she always did when the Captain gave his orders, of course Miss Rose would not believe anything against her lover. Things had gone so far by that time that she would have stood out for him against the whole world; and as she dared not openly disobey her father, she fretted until she

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lost her pretty color and bright spirits, and went about the house looking ill and wretched.

But the matter was not put an end to, as you may imagine. Once or twice, in going from the house to the barracks, I found Capt. Basil Roscoe loitering about not far from the street's end, and more than once I could have sworn that I passed him at dusk with a familiar little figure clinging to his arm. And one night Miss Rosie calls her brother to her, as he was going out on an errand, and, as she bends over him in the door-way, slips a note in his hand, crying pitifully,

"You will take that for me, won't you, dear?" she says. "He is waiting in the Square for it, and he does want it so—so much." And she kisses him, and gives a little sob and runs up stairs.

I don't think it could have been more than three minutes after that when he comes to me, all pale and breathless with running, and lays that there note on the table.

"She wants me to take it to him, Rabbett," he says, "and she was crying when she asked me, and—— What must we do?"

It is not to be expected, as we two hadn't talked things over, being the friends we were. We had talked them over, and how it had come about I don't know, but the time had come when it were as plain as day to me that the danger the poor girl were in, was not hid from the boy's eyes, little as he knew of the world and its wickedness. I got up and took the note from the table, making a resolution all of a sudden.

"If you'll stay here, sir," I said, "I'll take it myself." And take it I did, and found the rascal waiting, as Miss Rose had said he would be. He gave a black enough scowl when he saw it were me, and it certainly didn't die out when I spoke to him.

"Sir," says I, "I've come here on a poor errand, and I've come unwilling enough, God knows. I've got a note in my hand here—a pitiful little letter from a trusting, innocent girl, to a man who, if he does not mean her harm, surely cannot mean her good, or he would not be leading her to meet him, and write to him in underhand ways. And I've been making up my mind, as I came along, to make a appeal to that man, as surely he'll listen to if he has a man's heart in his breast. She is scarcely more than a child, sir, and she knows nothing of the world. Leave her alone, and she may marry a good man, and be a happy woman; go on as you've begun, and it will be death, and ruin, and heart-break, to her, and her wrongs will lie at your door."

He stands there and looks at me, and by the light of the lamp we was standing under, I sees his handsome, devilish face, sneering, and triumphing, and scorning me, as if I was a worm in the dirt under his feet.

"My good fellow," he says, "you are a little too late. Hand me that letter, and be off, before I find it necessary to help you. How you got hold of the note I don't know, but I *do* know it was never given to you to deliver, and that I should be well warranted in kicking you back to your quarters, for your deuced impudence and presumption."

But I held to the letter tight.

"Very well, sir," I answers, respectful, but firm as a rock. "This letter goes back to the house, and before night is over the Captain will have read it himself, and can judge for himself what is best——"

I didn't finish, for the next thing I knew was that he strode up to me and grasped hold of me by my collar, and the minute I saw what he meant to do, I felt I had made a mistake in bringing the letter at all, and in fancying that any appeal could touch or move him. There was a struggle between us, but it did not last long: he being strong and lithe, and so much the younger man, gave me no chance; and it were scarcely three seconds before he threw me on the pavement; and leaving me there, a trifle stunned, walked off with the letter in his hand.

I knew things must be pretty bad then. He would never have been so desperate and determined, if he had not meant to do his worst; and when I made my way back, I felt sick with fear. Master Lionel were sitting by the bit of fire in the grate, when I opened the door, and he turns round and looks at me, and changes color.

"Rabbett," he says, "there is blood on your face."

"Perhaps so, sir," I says. "I've had a fall."

And then I sits down and tells him all about it; about what I had meant to do, and what I had done, and I ends up by asking him what he thinks we had better do, now that my plans had failed.

"Master Lionel," I says, "it would seem a dreadful hard sort of thing to do, if we spoke to the Captain."

He turns quite pale at the thought of it.

"Oh, no," he says, "Rabbett, I wouldn't do it. He would be so angry with Rose, and even with mamma. You remember my telling you what he said before."

I remembered well enough, and a pretty hard thing it was to say, even if it had been said in

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a passion, and not half meant. He had threatened to turn Miss Rose out of doors if she spoke to Roscoe agatn. He must have heard something bad enough to have been so roused.

"Well," I ventures, "what can we do, sir?"

"Watch," says he. "I can think of nothing else to do just yet, Rabbett. I will watch Rose, and you shall watch Roscoe; and if the worst comes, and we must tell papa, we must. I suppose, Rabbett, that Roscoe will try to run away with Rose, as Farquhar ran away with that pretty Miss Lewis?"

"Yes, sir," I answers, "I'm afraid he will. But he is a worse man than Farquhar; and if Miss Rose goes away with him, I am afraid he'll treat her hard enough when he tires of her, as such men as him always tires of young ladies."

"It would be better, Rabbett," says he, fixing his dark eyes solemnly on the fire, "it would be better that Rose should die. I know that."

"I am afeard, sir," says I, "that you are right."

God knows how he had learned to understand, but understand he did, and he were that sad and wise about it, that my very heart ached. He had seen a old enough side of life, had Master Lionel, living among the set he did, but he were a young gentleman as nothing could spoil. His nature were that fine grained.

We kept our watch faithful all that week and part of the next, but we found out very little, though we had our suspicions—Master Lionel and me—as things was going on pretty badly in a secret way. But at last the very worst thing as could have happened, burst upon us all at once.

I was up at the house one evening, doing something or other for Mrs. Dalgetty, when of a sudden I heard a tremendous loud ring at the door-bell; and going in a hurry to answer it, the Captain himself strode past me into the hall, all in a flame with the wine he had been drinking, and the passion he were in. I had seen him in towering enough tempers often before, but I had never seen him look as he did then. It was my impression he were pretty near mad; indeed, I thought so then, and have thought so since. How could he have done what he did that night, unless he had not been quite himself?

"Rabbett," says he, "where's Miss Rose?"

"In her own room, sir," says I, wishing with all my heart that I could have told him she were not in.

"Rabbett," says he, "where's Mrs. Dalgetty?"

"In *her* room, sir," says I—"lying down, a trying to get rid of a headache."

"Then," says he, "go and tell Miss Rose to come down to me at once."

I think I must have looked upset, myself, when I knocked at Miss Rose's door to deliver the Captain's message, for the minute the words were out of my mouth, she turned quite pale and scared-looking, and began to tremble.

"Oh, Rabbett," she says, the tears coming into her great, pretty dark eyes, "is anything the matter? Does he look angry?"

"I must say, Miss," I answers, "as he seems a bit more pepperyer than common, but I hope it's nothing much."

"Oh, Rabbett," she says, beginning to cry, and wringing her poor little helpless hands, "I know it is something dreadful. I daren't go down. I am so frightened."

But she were obliged to go down, and go down she did, a trembling all over, and out-and-out faint with fear. She had always been a timid little affectionate creature. and the Captain were pretty hard to face when his temper were up.

I am not ashamed to confess as I stayed as near within hearing distance as I could, without positively eaves-dropping. I own up as I had my fears as to what the end of it all would be, knowing the Captain were drove too wild to be wise, or even reasonable, and I wanted to be near enough to see Miss Rose when she came out of the room, and say a comforting word to her, if she seemed to need one.

But she come out of the room in a different manner to what even I had expected. The minute she went in I heard the sound of Mrs. Dalgetty crying, and the Captain storming, and for a quarter of an hour after the storm fairly raged. The Captain stamped and swore, Mrs. Dalgetty sobbed, and tried to put in a word now and then, but Miss Rose seemed to be too much stunned to speak. I never heard her voice after the first few moments, and at last the door opened again, and she came running out, her beautiful dark eyes wide open, her innocent face as white as death. She did not see me, but ran past where I stood, up to her own bed-room, and there was that in her look as brought my heart into my mouth, and, queer as it may seem to you, the first thing I thought of, was Master Lionel.

"There's harm been done," says I to myself—"deadly harm, and no one can undo it but one as loves her, and that she's fond of herself in her girl's way, the one as she needs now, is that there fine little fellow as was almost like a little lover to her."

And when she come down I feels surer of it than ever; for in three minutes more she did come down, with her hat and jacket on, ready to go out. And her face was even whiter than be-

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fore; and when she sees me, she holds out her hand, her eyes looking big, and bright with a dangerous sort of shine.

"Good-bye, Rabbett," she says. "I am going."

"Miss Rose," says I, "where are you going to?"

Then she smiles, sad and bitter, and a bit hard.

"Ask papa," she answers. "He ought to know. He sent me away. I don't exactly know myself, unless—unless one person in the world loves me well enough to take me."

"Miss Rose," I breaks out, "for God's sake don't go to Basil Roscoe."

She dragged her hand away from mine, and her eyes flashed fire.

"You all hate him!" she cried; "but I have chosen him before all the world. Papa said I must choose, and I have chosen. I am going to Basil Roscoe."

And before I could speak another word, she had darted out of the door, all on fire, and desperate, as one might say, and was gone.

I knew it would be of no use speaking to the Captain. Since he had as good as turned the poor innocent creature out of house and home, he was not the one to go to for help. When he was cooler he would see his mistake, and repent it bitter enough; but just now to go to him, would only make him madder than ever.

Well, just at that very minute, in come Master Lionel. There might have been some sort of a fate in it. He jumps up them stone steps, two at a time, and bangs at that open front door, clean out of breath, and looking wonderful like his sister, in his excitement.

"Where's Rose gone to, Rabbett?" he says, "I have just seen her walking fast—almost running down the street, and she would not stop for me. What has been the matter?"

I ups and tells him. I weren't afeard of doing it. I knew him to be that there ready, and brave, and affectionate.

"Rabbett," says he, in a jiffy, "come along with me."

"Master Lionel," I asks, "where to?" For, the fact were, my head weren't as clear as his, and I were a bit bothered as to what would be the best thing to be done first.

"I am going to Captain Roscoe's lodgings," he answers, as steady as you please.

It were a queer start, of course—a queer enough start, us two a setting out alone: a young gentleman of eleven years old, and a pretty stiff old soldier a-being led by him, to bring back a desperate young creature, as was hurrying on, may-be, to worse than death itself. But, bless you, I could trust that there little fellow equal, as I have said before, to a commander-in-chief, and I knows he's got that in his boy's heart as would do him credit, and me, too, for the matter of that.

And so, if you'll believe me, off we goes, out into the street, him a keeping step, beautiful as he always did, but not a saying a word until at last I speak to him.

"Master Lionel," I says, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," he answers, his dark eyes shining, "about what I am going to say to Roscoe."

But it weren't so easy to find Roscoe. We did not know exactly where his lodgings were, and so we had to inquire in first one place and then another. The people we fancied could tell us, knew nothing definite when we went to them; and when we got the name of the street, it were hard to find. But we did find it at last, after a good deal of trouble, and a good deal of delay, which was worse. The delay was what upset us, for both of us felt pretty certain that Captain Basil Roscoe would lose very little time in getting Miss Rose away, out of the reach of her friends, if he once found her willing to go with him.

By the time we reached the end of the street where he lived, Master Lionel were that worked up and excited, that he were growing paler and paler, and his eyes were like lanterns in his face, and he caught hold of my hand, and held it hard and fast.

"Rabbett," he says, "what if we should be too late?"

"I can't think such bad luck could happen us, sir," I answers him back.

And then it were—just at that instant—as his sharp young eyes spied something out ahead of us, for he drew his hand away, and started running, just throwing back a word or so to me.

"There's a carriage before the door," he said, "and they are getting into it."

He were up that street like a deer, and in half a minute I were with him; but when I comes up, all out of breath, he were on the carriage step, holding the door open; and, what's more, holding at bay the black rascal who stood near, sneering and raging at him by turns.

"Rabbett," he cries out, "help me to hold the door open. No—go to the horses' heads. Now, Rose, get out."

I went to the horses' head, as I should have done, if the Captain himself had given the order, instead of "The Captain's Youngest." It made

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my heart ache, too, to hear the ring in the little chap's voice, so like his father's, and then to remember what the Captain might have been—and what he were. Even the driver were struck all of a heap by the youngster's pluck, and were so busy looking at him, that he let me take my stand, without a word against it.

"Look here, mate," he says to me. "Here's a rum go!"

"It's bad enough," says I. "Perhaps you'll oblige me with them reins?"

"If you don't come down from that step," says Roscoe, saying every word slow, as if he was trying to hold himself back from striking the boy a blow as would kill him. "You impudent young devil, I will take the whip from the box there and cut you to pieces!"

Then Miss Rose bends forward. It is my impression as the cruel, murderous sound in the fellow's voice was something she had never heard before, and it frightened her.

"Don't speak to him in that way, Basil," she says. "Oh, Lionel, dear, you shouldn't have come. You must go back. You must, indeed. I shall never come home again, Lionel." And she burst out crying.

"I shall go back, Rose," says the boy; "but you must come with me. Rabbett and I came to fetch you, and we shall not leave you." And then he looks at Roscoe square. "I am not afraid of your cutting me to pieces with your whip, sir," he says. "Rabbett will see to that. But," and the fire blazed up in his voice and his face, and his eyes, as grand as if he had been the Captain himself, "if I had come alone I would not have left this carriage-door unless Rose had come with me. You might have used your whip, but you couldn't have made me do that."

"Am I," says Roscoe, panting with the passion he dare not let out—"am I to throw you into the street under the horses' hoofs, you impudent young devil?"

But Master Lionel's back was turned to him. He was pleading with his sister.

"Rose, dear," he says, "come home with me. You will come home with me, I know." And he caught hold of her hand.

God knows how it all happened—I don't. If I had only been quick enough to see in time, the Captain's youngest might have been alive this day—a brave young fellow, such as the Captain had been in those first days in India—a brave, handsome young soldier, as would have been a honor to his country, and a staunch friend yet to me.

But that weren't to be. Just as he stood there, his foot on the carriage-step, a holding his sister's hand, the passion in the heart of the rascal watching him broke forth. He caught him by the shoulder, there were a short struggle as the boy tried to free himself, and before I could reach them, he had whirled him away from the door—with greater force than he intended, I've tried to believe. The frightened horses lashed out their hoofs and sprang forward, struggling over the child's very body as he lay stunned under their feet.

Scoundrel as he was, I never could make it look square to myself as the man meant the harm he did. His face was out and out deathly, and he leapt forward to save him as quick as I did myself. But we were both too late. We could only drag at the reins, and stop the horses in time to prevent the wheels passing over him—that were all.

We had him out in a minute, and Miss Rose was out of the carriage, kneeling on the pavement by him, and the driver was down off his box.

"Great God!" says Roscoe, "I never meant to do him such a harm. He's dead!" And he shuddered all over, with fear, perhaps, as much as anything else.

But he weren't dead, and he hadn't even fainted, though he were stunned at first. I had lifted him in my arms, and he lay against me, panting a bit, and stone-white, all but for a stain of blood on one temple. It weren't his head as was so badly hurt, it were his side, where one of the horses had lashed out and struck him. And as sure as I'm a living man, in a few minutes he opens his eyes and lays hold of his sister's hand.

"Rose," he says, "will you—go home—with me—now?"

She knelt over him, wringing her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. She would not let her lover come near her. When he tried to speak, she shrank away, shuddering. It's my belief as what she had seen in his face during the last ten minutes would have broke her faith in him, even if the young master had met no hurt. And now she were that terrified, that she were as helpless as a child.

"Is he much hurt?" she kept saying. "Rabbett! Oh, Rabbett! let me take him home to mamma. Put him into the carriage." And then she turned upon Roscoe fierce and wild. "Go away," she cried out. "You have killed him! Go away, and never let me see you again!"

There were a dreadful house when we took him home. Mrs. Dalgetty went out of one faint into another, as she always did when she were frightened. The servants ran backward and for-

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ward doing nothing, the children crowded round us crying, and the Captain looked on at all we did like a man in a dream. I don't want to say nothing hard, but I can't help remembering that not one of them seemed to be touched so keen, that they could forget their own feelings in trying to help him in his pain. But perhaps it were only their excitable way, and not so much a bit of selfish thoughtlessness, as it seemed to me then.

He were hurt, and bruised, and broken that bad—poor little fellow—that when the doctor came, and were beginning to go to work on him, he looks up at me with his bright, troubled eye, and says to me,

"Rabbett, please take hold of my hand."

I were that near breaking down and sobbing out loud, that I were ashamed of myself. It were a comfort to me, in many a day after, to think I had took hold of his hand, and that he had asked me to do it.

And when the hard job was over, the doctor put his hands into his coat-pockets, and stands looking at him for a minute or so, and then he turns to me and beckons me out of the room.

"Where is the Captain?" he asks me.

"In the parlor, sir," I answers, feeling a queer sort of wish as I could have said different. "He didn't feel equal to seeing the operation performed."

"And Mrs. Dalgetty?"

"Mrs. Dalgetty, sir," says I, quite going into a huskiness, "is in her room. She fainted as soon as she heard the news."

"Ah!" says he, and then looks at me sharp for a while.

"Sir," I ventured to say, "Master Lionel—will he——" But I couldn't finish somehow. I meant to say, "Will he get over it?"

"No," says he. "I am very sorry to say it; but he will not."

Will you believe me as the words struck me like a slung-shot. Not having no family of my own, and never having clung to nothing on earth as I had clung to that there generous, neglected little fellow, just at that minute I felt as if I'd got a blow as was too hard to stand up against. I couldn't face it straight. When I had been lonely on my way, he had been lonely in his, and we had been a help and a comfort to each other in ways as outsiders never understood.

"Sir," I puts it to him, quite hoarse when I gets my voice back, "when——" And I couldn't finish that question neither.

"Well," he answers me back, "I am afraid, before morning."

I went back to the room and stayed there all night. The Captain, hearing from the doctor how things was going to turn out, was anxious enough to wait up, and looked broke down and shook. Miss Rose and Mrs. Dalgetty came into the room, too. But it had all been so sudden, and the child seemed so like himself, but for a bit of a pinched look and the paleness, that nobody appeared quite to believe as he was so near gone. I am sure the Captain and Mrs. Dalgetty did not, until the very last. I've often thought, too, as he did not quite know himself, and I must say as I were scarcely sorry. He were only a child, and he might have been startled and troubled a bit, as older people than him have been often enough, when they found themselves facing death all in a moment, as one might say.

It seemed a strange sort of thing, that at the very last, him and me was together alone, as we always had seemed to be. He had coaxed Miss Rose to go to bed; he would not rest until she went; and when she bent down to kiss him, he says to her, in a whisper, quite bright and cheerful,

"Don't cry, Rose. It's all right."

And then the Captain gets tired, and begins to doze, and Mrs. Dalgetty falls asleep on the sofa; and so Master Lionel and me was left together; me watching him, and listening to the clock ticking; him lying quiet, with his eyes shut.

But towards daybreak he gets a bit restless, and stirs, and the next thing, I sees him looking at me, quite wide awake.

"Rabbett," says he, in a bit of a hurry, "open the window."

And when I goes and does it, and comes back, he puts out his hand.

"Rabbett," he says, "I'm very fond of you;" and something wistful comes into his eyes, and I sees a faint-gray shadow creeping up over his face. "I was always fond of you, and I always shall be fond of you," says he. "Don't let my hand go, Rabbett." And the next minute the gray shadow has changed his brave, handsome, childish face all at once and altogether. He gives me a innocent, bright look—just one, as if he were wondering why I shook so—and shuts his eyes. He would never open them again on me, as was so fond and proud of him in my poor way. When they opened again, he would see something brighter than the morning sky, as was just growing red and golden before the east window.

Of course they all fretted after him for awhile, finding out, most likely, as he'd made himself dearer to them than they'd thought before he were gone. They could not have helped missing

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him, if they had been more careless than they were. Sometimes I fancied as the Captain was checked a bit, and were sad, and a trifle remorseful, in secret, but his days of being open and soft-hearted was over, and it were hard to tell. I know it were a long time before he forgave Miss Rose, though for her sake the matter was hushed up, and no one but themselves knew exactly how the accident happened. Miss Rose could never bear the sound of Basil Roscoe's name again, and she married a good man a few years after, and made him a good wife. So the little fellow as lost his life through his love for her, was not sacrificed in vain; and I am sure she remembered him, and grieved over him far longer than the rest did. But he were only a boy, only a child, to them; they didn't know him as I did. And so, after a month or so, their grief died out, and in a year or so he was half forgotten.

But it weren't so easy for me, you see. I couldn't forget. His face and his pleasant ways is as clear to me to-day as they ever was. When I sit lonely over my fire—being a lonely man—I think of him for hours, in a way of my own, and make a sort of dream of him. I think of him as he was when we made friends, when he were a week old. I think of him as he was when he began to find out as he might be confidential. I think about him as he was when he told me of his sister's lover. I think of him a lying there, with the light from the east window falling on his face, and hear him saying, "I always shall be fond of you. Don't let my hand go, Rabbett." And then I makes up a picture of what might have been. I sees him grown into a young man, good, and handsome, and brave. I makes a picture of his young wife, and tells myself how tender and loving he would have treated her. I have even pictured little children as was like him, and was fond of me as he had been; and I've made myself a sort of home among them in my old age, until I forgot the world altogether. And when I roused myself, I choked up, with something as might almost be my heart in my throat, to think as it were only fancy after all; and the Captain's youngest lay out under the stars in the church-yard, the wind blowing over the grass and daisies as grows on the green mound, as is only the grave of a child.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY R. I. M'MECHAN.

A SPRING-TIME day, of rarest grace.
  Has passed away. A holy calm
Rests like a smile on Nature's face,
  And evening's breath is full of balm.

On such an eve, when twilight hour
  Repose to wearied nature brings;
When other birds, in leafy bower,
  In sweet contentment fold their wings,
The whip-poor-will, in lone retreats,
  Takes up his weird and plaintful song:
And to the night, in trust, repeats
  Mysterious hints of helpless wrong.
    Hark! hear that trill
    On yonder hill!
    Oh, 'tis the cry of the whip-poor-will,
    Coming so suddenly, wild, and shrill,
    From the forest still—
    "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

And hast thou suffered wrong, lone one,
  From ruthless hands, or cruel fate?
To love, to cheer thee, are there none?
  Hast thou no home; no gentle mate?
Oh, stayest thou so long awake,
  Some lonely, lonely watch to keep?
What dreams thy fitful slumbers break,
  While other birds so sweetly sleep?
    Hark! hear again!
    That plaintful strain
    Falls on the ear as a cry of pain;
    Startling the echoes, that lie so still
    On the neighboring hill—
    "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

What means that strange, complaining cry?
  Oh, who has dared to wrong thee so?
How was it done—and when—and why?
  Pray tell me all I wish to know.
What? Whip poor Will? Why whip him when
  He claims thy pity? Hath he erred?
Thy pity is uncalled for, then—
  Art thou not inconsistent, bird?
    Again, that cry
    From the hill-top high,
    Comes gliding down as from the sky;
    On the air of night now growing chill,
    Through the darkness still—
    "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

I speak unwisely: thou art right!
  Mercy, with justice e'er should go;
And when the chast'ning rod doth smite,
  Pity should gently heal the blow.
Oh, there's a sermon in thy song:
  Condemn the *sin*; the *sinner* treat
With love! May I remember long,
  Oh, noble bird, thy lesson sweet!
    Lone whip-poor-will,
    Now once more thrill
    The ear with thy so piteous trill.
    Hushed is that voice; forsaken and still
    Is the shadowy hill:
    Fare-thee-well, whip-poor-will!

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RHODA'S PRISONER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

"I START to-morrow for Belleville," said Rhoda Clare to her aunt, upon whom she was making a farewell call.

"Are you going alone, child?" inquired her relative.

"Yes," was the reply. "Papa cannot leave his business just now, to go with me, but he will put me on the cars, and my friends, who are already in Belleville, will meet me at the depot."

"I don't think it is safe," continued the old lady. "Just think, if you should be robbed, as I was, on that very road, last summer!"

"How was that?" asked Rhoda.

"Well," replied her companion, "we were just approaching the tunnel, when a gentlemanly-looking young man, wearing spectacles, came up to me and inquired, 'Is this seat engaged, madam?' 'No,' I replied, and he immediately appropriated it. He was disposed to be rather chatty, and was quite interesting; but he left at the first station we reached. After we had passed through the tunnel, and when I put my hand in my pocket, I found that my pocket-book had left with him!"

"The strange young man had proved too fascinating for you," laughed Rhoda. "I defy any one to rob me so easily." Having just passed through the graduating course at school, and come off with flying colors, she felt equipped for any emergency which might present itself in the battle of life.

"Don't be too sure," replied her aunt; "and beware of any gentlemanly-looking young man in spectacles, who wishes to share your seat in the cars."

Rhoda set forth with bright anticipations of a pleasant summer. Her ticket was bought, her trunk checked, and she was established in a seat, all to herself, with an interesting book in her hand, and her lunch in a satchel beside her.

The whistle blew, and papa, giving her a hurried kiss, bade her good-bye; and, for the first time in her life, she was traveling alone. For a while she watched the scenery, as the train whirled her rapidly along. Then she devoted herself to her book; but finally, becoming tired of both, she yawned, and wished for company, and even fancied that her aunt's fascinating young robber would be a rather agreeable diversion.

"I should like to see him get my pocket-book," thought Rhoda. "If his hand were once in my pocket, he would not escape so easily without an introduction to the police." And she closed her own little palm tightly, as though she already had the prize within her grasp.

While these thoughts were passing through the young lady's mind, the cars stopped, and several passengers came on board. Rhoda was conscious of a shadow falling near her, and looking up, she beheld a vision which mantled her cheeks with a deep blush; a tall and rather elegant-looking young man, with dark whiskers, and wearing spectacles, was respectfully touching his hat, and inquiring,

"Is this seat engaged, Miss?" And then he added, apologetically, "All the others seem to be occupied."

"Answers the description exactly," soliloquized the young detective. "Now Aunt Ann shall be revenged; I will give him the opportunity to pick my pocket, if he desires it. Perhaps he may not enjoy it so much in the end!" Then she added, aloud, putting on a look of sternness which set comically upon her child-like face, "The seat is at your service, sir," and she proceeded to remove her satchel.

"Allow me," said the stranger, and he elevated it to the bracket above.

Rhoda kept her eye upon her property, almost expecting to see it and her companion disappear together.

"He prefers pocket-books," was her mental comment; "I'll be on my guard."

In spite of herself, our heroine became interested in the conversation of the stranger. He was so perfectly acquainted with the road, and pointed out all the objects of interest, telling amusing anecdotes connected with them.

"But I must not forget that he is a villain," was her mental reservation, as she listened. "Aunt Ann said that he was entertaining. How funny," she continued, addressing herself, "that I should meet the same person. But then, I suppose, he frequents this road."

Finally, they entered the tunnel.

"I scarcely wonder," remarked the strange young man in spectacles, "at the mistake of the old lady who, having entered the tunnel for the first time in her life, and having never heard of it, supposed the Day of Judgment had come."

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"He is trying to divert my attention," thought Rhoda. "Perhaps he imagines that I am a young chit of a school-girl, who can be easily imposed upon, but he may find himself mistaken."

Just then she felt a slight tug at her linen polonaise, and immediately thrusting her hand into the pocket, imprisoned a masculine hand, which she grasped tightly.

"Now I can triumph over Aunt Ann," thought Rhoda, "if I am not accustomed to traveling alone."

They emerged from the tunnel, and what was the chagrin of the young lady to discover that she was imprisoning her companion's hand in the pocket of his own linen duster!

"Oh! I—I beg your pardon!" stammered Rhoda, feeling very much like the culprit for whom she had mistaken the stranger.

"You are very excusable," he replied, gazing in wonder at her blushing countenance, while his face seemed to be an interrogation-point.

Rhoda felt that, in justification to herself, some explanation was necessary, but with a fresh sense of mortification, she remembered that the only one she had to offer was the reverse of complimentary.

"I thought," she began—"that is—Aunt Ann said you were—I mean, I thought it was my pocket—and I mistook you for a——"

"Pickpocket?" asked the stranger, as the truth began to dawn upon him; and his eyes twinkled with a sense of the ludicrous situation.

"Yes," answered Rhoda, desperately, while her blushes deepened to scarlet.

"And so I was to be brought to justice, I suppose, and delivered up to the police at the next station." And the dark eyes danced behind the spectacles with merriment.

"Do please forgive me!" pleaded Rhoda. "I never traveled alone before, and I have been from home but very little."

"Well," was the laughing retort, "I'll forgive you for putting your hand in my pocket. Now see how much more merciful I am than you intended to be!"

But Rhoda was in no mood for laughter; she felt that she had disgraced herself; and every time the train stopped she wished that her companion would leave, and that she might never see him again. She was doomed to be disappointed, however, for the cars were nearing her own destination, and the stranger was still with her.

"Belleville!" shouted the conductor, and the inexperienced little traveler sprang to her feet, fancying that there was not a moment to lose.

"I will bid you good-bye," she remarked, triumphantly.

"Oh, do not be in a hurry," was the reply; "there is plenty of time. I stop here, too."

"Provoking!" thought Rhoda. "Now I shall be constantly meeting him. I wish the summer were over."

Rhoda's friends were at the depot, ready to smother her with kisses.

"Did you have a pleasant journey?" asked Mina Townsend, as they were driving to the one large hotel of which Belleville boasts.

"I was somewhat lonely," replied Rhoda.

"Duncan Rivers came on the train with you. He is quite a distinguished lawyer from Philadelphia, with any amount of wealth, which he inherited from an uncle. I wonder if you saw him. He is tall, with dark whiskers, and wears spectacles."

"I was reading a good deal of the time," replied Rhoda, evasively, "and paid very little attention to the passengers."

Her friend wondered why the warm blood mantled her cheeks.

On their way to the dining-room, Mr. Rivers came up and shook hands with the Townsend family; and Mina immediately presented him to her "particular friend and school-mate, Miss Clare."

"Miss Clare's face is familiar," remarked that gentleman, roguishly. "Were you not on the train this afternoon?"

Again the roses deepened on the soft, dimpled cheeks, adding new brightness to the dark violet eyes; and Nina wondered if any masculine heart could resist the innocence, and freshness, and beauty of that fair face.

Belleville was not a place in which people could spend their time yawning and going to sleep. The shaded walks and beautiful drives, the magnificent scenery, with the noble old mountains frowning down upon the river, which laughed back defiance to them as it sparkled in the sunshine—all these proved to have greater fascinations for the young people than the cosy, old-fashioned hotel, surrounded, as it was, by great spreading trees, and looking so invitingly cool to the weary pedestrian.

Although Belleville boasted of many eligible beaux just now, who had come to rusticate for a few weeks, yet Duncan Rivers decidedly carried off the palm. His cultivation, his personal appearance, his polished manners, and his politeness to all and devotion to none, served to rivet the thoughts of the young ladies upon him, rather than upon those whose particular attentions were bestowed more indiscriminately. All but Rhoda.

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The recollection of the peculiar compliment with which she had favored him in the car, served to render her shy towards him now, and she avoided him upon every possible occasion.

Meantime, this little episode, which he considered a good joke, had only served to amuse him; and the pet of society wondered, and was piqued, at the indifference of an unsophisticated young girl, just fresh from the school-room. He carelessly resolved that she should be conquered, not dreaming that he had anything deeper at stake than the amusement of the hour.

His frequent invitations to her to walk and drive, his devotion to her on the croquet ground, their tete-a-tetes over the chess-board, were soon noticed by the other occupants of the house, who, of course, did not fail to make their comments.

A pic-nic had been planned to the Falls, about twelve miles from the village. On the previous evening Rhoda had wandered to the end of one of the long halls, and had seated herself in the window, where the moon poured in a flood of silvery light, bringing out in shadowy beauty the leaves of the grand old maple-trees, which were reflected on the walls, dancing in their own grotesque fashion as they were gently swayed by the light breeze.

"I have found you at last," said a pleasant voice. "Why did you run away from us?"

"I accidentally strayed into this corner," replied Rhoda, "and then I could not resist its beauty."

"It is charming!" said Mr. Rivers, seating himself. "I have come to ask you, Miss Rhoda, if I may have the pleasure of your company in my carriage, to this pic-nic, to-morrow."

"I had half made up my mind not to go," said Rhoda, "for I promised poor old Miss Dennis that I would spend a day with her before I leave, and now the summer is almost gone."

"Oh, it will never do for you to give up this pic-nic!" exclaimed her companion; "the last gayety of the season. Give the old lady some other day, and go with me to-morrow. Come, Miss Rhoda; you must say 'yes.' I will not take 'no' for an answer."

"Well," was the reply, "I will think about it."

Just then the pair became conscious of a presence. There was a rustle of starched muslin, and they caught a glimpse of a figure as it glided past, a little in the distance, where another hall intersected this one. How long had this presence been there? And how much of the conversation had been overheard? All of it, or only the latter part? These were the thoughts that passed through Rhoda's mind, as she glanced up and encountered the merry twinkle in her companion's eyes.

"There is the foundation for quite a romance; a lover, deeply in earnest, and an undecided young lady taking him into consideratfon," laughed Mr. Rivers, as they separated.

That he, Duncan Rivers, the spoiled pet of society, could be taken into consideration, that any young lady would not answer an immediate "yes" to a proposition of marriage emanating from him, had never entered that gentleman's head as one of the possibilities; therefore, he could afford to be amused in contemplation of the reports to which the conversation just related might give rise.

The bright morning sun overturned Rhoda's self-sacrificing intentions, and, charitably resolving to bestow upon old Miss Dennis the first rainy day, should one occur before she left Belleville, she took her seat in Mr. Rivers's comfortable little carriage. She was beginning to recover from the shyness which she had always felt toward her companion, in consequence of the awkward mistake she had made when she first met him; and now this drive through a lovely country, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, had an exhilarating effect upon her spirits, and her companion was charmed with the wit and freshness of her remarks, and wished that this tete-a-tete drive might last all day. It came to an end all too soon, and the entire party was established in the woods; some sitting in groups, some in two, and some taking solitary walks, perhaps in quest of congenial company. Mr. Rivers had unconsciously fallen into a brown study, from which he was rather rudely awakened by one of the party, who stepped up to him, exclaiming,

"I wish to be the first to congratulate you!"

"For what?" asked the gentleman, somewhat startled by the abruptness.

"For being the lucky chap who has secured the prettiest girl in the company," was the reply. "At least, we suppose you have secured her. We were told that she was taking you into consideration; but as she drove with you to-day, we fancy that is equivalent to an acceptance." And there was a malicious glance in the eyes of the speaker, who had so frequently been eclipsed by the gifted young lawyer.

"Save your congratulations until you receive your information from a more reliable source than boarding-house gossip," replied Mr. Rivers, as he turned haughtily away.

"Confound that little school-girl!" he mentally ejaculated. "She first mistakes me for a

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pickpocket, and then places me, to all appearance, in the position of a humble suitor, waiting meekly for my sentence."

Just then a peal of laughter greeted his ears, and turning in the direction whence it proceeded, he beheld the "little school-girl" surrounded by four of her companions, and Mr. Rivers was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he had never before seen so lovely a picture. The sunshine had lent an additional flush to her cheeks, and was playing bo-peep through the leaves with her soft brown hair, from which her hat had partially fallen; her beautiful eyes sparkled with mischief, and a merry laugh parted her rosy lips. In her fingers she held four blades of grass, with one end concealed in her dimpled hand. Each gentleman eagerly drew, and compared lengths with his neighbors, and then they exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment,

"All alike!"

"Certainly," replied Rhoda, demurely. "How could I be the partner of either one of you when I am already engaged for the first game of croquet?"

The gentlemen took her joke good-naturedly, and went off in quest of other partners.

"That little coquette!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Rivers. "I never noticed before that she was so much admired, she seemed such a shy little thing."

But this gentleman was doomed to make several discoveries in the course of the day; one of which was that he felt a certain unpleasant sensation in the region of his heart, when Rhoda's smiles were showered too indiscriminately among her admirers, and that his own attentions, hitherto carelessly bestowed, had had a deeper meaning than he was himself conscious of. He noticed that his courtesies now were accepted or declined with the same saucy indifference which greeted her other adorers. He wearied of the day, and rejoiced when he found himself once more seated in his carriage, with Rhoda beside him, their faces turned homeward.

"Well," said Rhoda, "this is the last pic-nic of the season! I shall be half sorry to return to the city and settle down to propriety once more."

"That will not require much exertion," remarked her friend, mischievously, "if you can return to it as easily as you left it."

"What do you mean?" demanded Rhoda, half-angrily.

"Have you forgotten that you attempted to pick my pocket on the journey?"

"Oh!" laughed Rhoda. "It was you who were trying to rob me, only by some legerdemain you managed to get both hands into your own pocket before you emerged into the light."

"But you really did steal something from me, Rhoda. I was unconscious of it at the time, but I have discovered my loss since. Give me an equivalent for it, and I will promise not to make the theft public." Then he added, more seriously, "You cannot want two hearts."

A saucy reply rose to Rhoda's lips, but something in that earnest gaze put it to flight.

"I don't think you have been any more honest than I," she faltered. "I have missed——"

But the rest of the sentence was lost, as her lips were smothered with kisses.

"Then you do love me, Rhoda, after all? I thought you were indifferent."

"And I thought that, after you had stolen my heart, you had merely played with it for awhile, and then thrown it away."

"When did you begin to care for me, darling?"

"I believe it was when I found my hand in your pocket, although I wished then that I might never see you again."

A few days more ended Rhoda's visit to Belleville; but she did not return home alone. Mr. Rivers declared it would be necessary for him to accompany her, to prevent her from making arrests on the cars! He said that she had taken him prisoner at their first meeting, and had held him in chains ever since.

LINES.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

We may, as strangers, by-and-bye,
  Speak coldly when we meet;
Nor lip, the tell-tale lip, and eye,
  Betray the old conceit.
But there is in the book of fate
  One page that's wet with tears;
And we can never learn to hate
  What that sad page endears.

Unspoken words shall rise, unbid,
  Our lips shall long to speak;
And one quick faltering of the lid
  Shall own the purpose weak.
And though our ways shall lie apart,
  In this sad world of ours,
There shall entwine about each heart
  One spray of funeral flowers

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VI.

A GROUP of children, more or less dirty and squalid, crowded around the mouth of a stone alley-way, which led from a narrow street to a nest of tenement-houses, and walled in the poverty of the neighborhood with more discomfort than is usually attached to crime.

But, from their close rooms and garrets, these little Arabs had swarmed into the free air of the street, which was of itself stifling to those who chanced to pass that way, from more favored parts of the great city.

Something of unusual interest to the youngsters was evidently expected; for at each noise some of them would crowd forward, peer down the alley, and draw back in renewed expectation.

It came at last—a candle-box, mounted on four wooden wheels, in which a little child was seated, with all the proud state of a princess. The sides had been gorgeously pasted over with wall-paper, of scarlet and gold. The traces were faded binding, cut from some old sofa-cover, and twisted into a rope; while the cushion, on which the child sat, threw out a dozen glowing colors from its chintz cover.

No queen ever passed in procession among her subjects with a keener sense of her own grandeur, than this little girl exhibited. Her face had been washed in the most visible features, and smiled out from the shadow of her little straw hat, over which a soiled, white ostrich-feather lay flat and low; for the stem was broken, and it fell downward, in an angle, rather than a curve, scattering its moth-eaten plumage over the child's shoulders. A larger and older girl was drawing this wonderful equipage, plainly feeling all the importance of the position, for she had evidently arranged herself with especial care. Her rather handsome face was unusually clean, and there was evidence of an attempt to brush the dust and tangles from two long braids of hair which fell down her back, tufted with bows of faded pink ribbon, which brought a triumphant smile to her face, whenever they fluttered into sight.

"Let me draw! Let me have a pull!" cried half-a-dozen of the young Arabs, springing up the alley to meet this gorgeous turn-out. "Me, and me! Six prancing horses ain't one too much. Give us hold, here!"

"Just you have the manners to step back, and let the carriage go along. I don't want no help to draw it!" observed the young lady who played horse, while the little charioteer shook her crimson reins and called out,

"Dit alon'! Gee-up—gee-up!"

"Oh, golly, don't, now!" said a sharp little lad, with a brimless cap, very much on one side of his head. "You don't mean to make this 'ere splendiferous turn-out a one-horse affair, now do you, Limpia?"

"My name is Olympera," observed the girl, drawing herself up and backward, till it seemed as if the horse she represented threatened to rear or plunge dangerously.

"Well, then, oh, Limpia, don't you shie up in that way. This 'ere low buggy, Landers, is too heavy for a lovelye, slender young lady like you are."

Here Olympia exhibited signs of relenting, which the young Arab seized upon at once.

"Here is a hull team of us, champing our bits, and stamping to keep ourselves from plunging right ahead. Just you give up, and that hamsome little cretur in the launderett will remember the team she's drove with pride and glory all the days of her life. Yes, Limpia, when you and she is a driving in your own carriage, with. mebby, two of us fellers sitting ahind you with folded arms, she'll remember it, and wish herself back in the alley again."

Here Olympia held the worsted cord irresolutely in her hand, while she cast a look over the crowd of eager children.

"You can walk along and sing out 'whoa!' if we get too rampagerus," persisted the little orator, persuasively.

"Yes, yes; that would be so much more like a lady as you is!" cried out the whole team, prancing impatiently around her. "It'll be as much as you can do to keep us in."

"Take hold," said Olympia, casting the crimson cord into the eager hands held out for it. "But mind you, now, and don't upset her."

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Never did a team get into harness so quickly as that. Never did a carriage dash out of courtyard, or down a princely avenue, with such wonderful eclat. The wooden wheels rattled and bounded over the broken pavement. The little girl clung to each side of her vehicle, and shouted with baby glee, while her six steeds pranced, and galloped, and trotted before her, hooting as they went.

The grandeur of this progress was a little disturbed at the crossing, because here the team was compelled to break up, and give the carriage a lift over the choked-up gutters; but in an instant it got into traces, and dashed on with terrific speed. In vain Olympia warned them of danger. while foot-passengers on the side-walk got out of the way, with angry expletives. On they went, faster and faster, over the uneven bricks, across broken hollows, sometimes swerving over the curbstones, until one of the front wheels rolled into the gutter, and the whole equipage came down with a crash, tumbling the child out headlong, with chintz cushions on top of her, silent for one breathless moment, then shrieking dismally. As she lay face downward, she began drumming the pavement with her torn boots, through which the rosy little toes worked with angry vigor.

When this disaster happened, some of the team dashed on, as is the habit of highly-blooded animals on such occasions. One or two shrunk back in dismay; but the off leader called out lustily for the whole concern to come back, while he lifted the child tenderly in his arms.

The little creature was silent now—so deathly silent, that the boy looked up in terror, when a gentleman, who was passing, addressed him.

"Is she dead? Oh, sir, is she dead?"

"I hope not. I think not. She has probably fainted," answered the gentleman, very kindly. "You had better give her to me. Her weight is too much for your slender arms."

Joe Hooker was in fact trembling under the child's weight, which was, indeed, beyond his strength.

"Will she come to? Oh, sir, will she?"

"Yes, yes; she moves a little now."

"Oh, how she moans! And I did it. I would do it. The other boys might a give up; but I stuck and hung. I s'pose they'll hang me for it, and serve me right. Please, sir, something is the matter with her arm. It hangs down so."

"Yes," answered the gentleman, laying the wounded arm tenderly over the child's bosom. "I think it is broken."

"Oh, don't say that! Poor little cretur! Don't say that on her! Mebby it's only out of jint."

"Perhaps. I hope it is no worse. Now tell me where she lives? Are you her brother?"

"Brother? No! Does anybody think her brother could hurt her so? Not that I did not mean to be some day. But it's all over now. Limpia'll never speak to me again."

The young gentleman smiled, and his eyes shone with amusement, as he looked down on the little fellow.

"Well, you can, at any rate, show me her home?"

"I would, in course. But here comes Limpia, looking scared and mad, too. I don't s'pose she'll let me walk on the same side-walk, say nothing of going up the alley-way with her. This is her."

"So, you've gone and done it at last, Joe Hooker! I knew you would. What have you got to say for yourself?" said Olympia, giving way to her anger, regardless of the child, who moaned restlessly, on hearing her sister's voice. "Didn't I tell you so?"

"I hain't got a word to say; only I'm awful sorry," answered Joe, with a pitiful look of appeal. "It was all my fault. I own up to it."

"All your fault? No, it wasn't! Where are them other fellers?"

"It was I that led 'em on. Don't be hard on nobody but me, Limpia. I was the leadin' hoss, more shame to me."

Olympia made no answer to this generous assertion; but observing two or three of the other culprits, cautiously gathering around the broken vehicle, turned her wrath on them.

"That's just like you: smash things, run off, and then sneak back, when the perlicemen are out of sight!" she exclaimed, turning the gorgeous candle-box on one side, and examining the broken axletree with disdain. Pine! I might a known it. That 'prentice boy of grandpar's pertends to like me ever so much, yet puts in pine—knotty pine, I dare say—in a first-class carriage like that. How I scorn such deceit! Here, you fellers, just tackle to, and draw that 'ere establishment home. I want to face that 'prentice boy with this pine axle."

The broken team snatched the wheel from the gutter, gathered up the crimson cord, and began to drag their misfortunes home in great dejection. Then Olympia found occasion to think of her little sister, and, for the first time, became thoroughly aware that Celestina was in the arms of a strange gentleman, whose broad-brimmed hat shaded one of the handsomest faces she had ever seen. This fact threw her into a state of fresh excitement.

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"Dear me, sir! I'm afraid she's too heavy for you. Shan't I take her?"

The stranger turned his smiling face upon her, for her girlish coquetry amused him.

"No," he said; "she is probably easier here. If you are her sister, shew me the way home. She will need a doctor, I fear."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands. "Is she hurt, really?"

"Yes. Make haste!"

Olympia glanced over her shoulder, to make sure that her braids and ribbons were all right, and, with a toss of the head, which set all these appendages to fluttering, led the way.

"Up this alley, sir. Mar likes back buildings best; they're so retired for the children. Third door; up three flights. Mar likes high rooms, because they're so airy."

The young man carried his burden up the steep, narrow stairs, and at last paused at a door, which Olympia opened, calling out,

"Mar, mar! Don't be scared; but here's a gentleman, and——"

Here the young lady broke off, for the room was empty, and in such disorder that it took away her breath. One moment, and she dashed on again.

"Well, I never! Would you believe it? This time of day, and that lazy servant of ours hasn't begun to do her work yet! But walk in. Walk in."

CHAPTER VII.

The stranger entered a room fitted up with such implements for housekeeping as poor, hard-working women, who earn the food they have hardly time to cook, can afford. A kitchen stove, a table, some chairs, laden down with miscellaneous articles, a great looking-glass, in a frame of tarnished gilding, and some dilapidated ornaments on the mantelpiece, formed an incongruous picture, which had something pathetic mingled with the general confusion; for here and there he saw gleams of taste looking up through the prevailing poverty. Only a sharp intellect like his might have discovered this, for unwashed dishes and cooking utensils were on and about the stove, and on a gilded ornament of the looking-glass the ragged frock of a child was hanging.

"Mar! Mar, I says!" shouted Olympia, trembling for the honor of her home. "No mar! I don't want to open the bed-room door, because the servant may be dressing her up, you know," she said, in confidential explanation to her companion. "Mar, I say, do hurry up your toilet and come out. Little Christina has been upset in her carriage, and a strange gentleman a holding her in his arms—worth a whole regiment of good Semaritans. He——"

Here an inner door was pushed open, and in it stood a woman on the sunny side of forty, loosely dressed, with thickly-twisted, untidy hair drawn back from what had been a rather handsome face, and bearing in her whole person that general appearance of personal neglect, which in some cases becomes the habit and most pitiful feature of an overworked life. That she had been making some attempt at arranging her dress was evident, for a portion of her hair had just been untwisted from the curl paper, a fragment of which was loosely tangled in one of the long curls as her fingers had left it, and a vivid tinge of red was made coarsely, unnoticed by the fright in her eyes and the sudden pallor of her whole face.

The shock of a great dread had struck the poor woman motionless on the door-sill, and she stood in dead silence, gazing wildly on the stranger, with a slipper of soiled white satin, into which one hand was thrust, while a needle with the thread slackened trembled in the other, as it was arrested by Olympia's cry, while a stitch was half-drawn out.

"Oh, sir! Oh, God help me!" she broke forth, at last, seeing the white face of her child. "Is she hurt? Is she dying? Who has killed her?"

The woman's voice was full of passionate grief. Her face was white; a faint purple crept around her lips.

"Celestina, darling! My baby! Speak to me!"

The child began to struggle in the arms that held her so tenderly, and made a faint attempt to speak, but the effort broke into a moan.

"Thank God! Thank God, she moves! She wants to speak! Ah, sir, you have brought her home alive. I thank you—I thank you! But give her to me now. Pray give her to me!"

"Not just yet. But you are unnecessarily frightened. The child is not so badly hurt as you seem to think. If you can show me a bed where we can lay her down, we can tell better."

The gentleman spoke so calmly, but with such gentle positiveness, that the poor woman dropped her arms, that had been so passionately held out.

"A bed! A bed! Oh, yes!"

"Mar, let him lay her down on my bed. There is no use in upsetting the spare-room. Still, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that girl hadn't made it up yet. This way, sir. This way."

"What is it? Who is hurt?" inquired a

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sweet, startled voice, from within the door which Olympia pushed open. "Has anything happened, Mrs. Weed?"

The young man stood for a moment on the threshold, completely forgetting the child who lay moaning in his arms; for there, standing in the squalid room, was a young lady, who had started from her seat in confusion and alarm; a lady, richly dressed, and of beauty so rare, that it fairly enriched the room.

"Poor thing! Poor little child! Is she much hurt?" inquired this strange vision, turning her great, earnest eyes on the young man's face.

"I hardly know," answered the young man, laying the child down on a portion of the patchwork quilt, which Olympia had hastily thrown over the unmade bed. "She seems in pain, but perhaps it is only fright."

"It wasn't my fault, anyhow," cried Olympia, eager to defend herself. "The boys would drag her. I only meant to try the new carriage myself; but they must crowd in, every one of them, choking up the alley-way, and teasing so, that I couldn't help myself. So don't look cross at me any more. It were them boys, and the pine axle-tree that grandpar painted, put in just out of spite agin Celestina, for slapping his face. I just believe he meant to kill her surreptisirous, the wheel coming off, and all. Then some of 'em druv so jerky. Anyway, they were going full galop, and just as my lady was a turning to look, out she tumbles, with the cushion atop of her, and—and I don't b'leve I shall ever get over it. I know I never shall."

The young lady put Olympia gently aside, thus cutting her narrative short, and bent over the child.

"Poor thing! How still she is! Oh!"

The child uttered a sharp cry as that slender hand touched her ever so lightly, and shrunk away with wild pain in her look.

"One moment," said the young man. "I can, perhaps, tell the worst, without hurting her much."

He laid the tiny hand and wrist, which was beginning to swell, in his, and pressed it gently with his fingers. Again the child winced, and shrunk away.

"It is dislocated at the wrist," he said, addressing the frightened mother.

"I—I will go for a doctor," exclaimed the young lady, moving toward the door. "But where? I do not know."

"Wait one moment. There must be no delay, or inflammation will set in. It is not difficult. There!"

As he spoke, the young man took a firm hold on the wounded arm, tightened his fingers around the little hand, gave it a slow, steady pull, and laid it softly down upon the soiled pillow.

The child gave a sharp scream, turned her eyes, full of tears, on her tormentor, who seemed to feel the pitiful reproach, and then sunk away so exhausted, that she had scarcely strength to sob out her grief.

"Poor little one! What can we do for her?" said the young lady, dropping on her knees by the bed, and laying the rich bloom of her cheek against the pallid face of the child. "She trembles all over!"

"It was a sharp pang; but the joint is in place, and the worst pain over with," answered the young man, smiling. "No doctor could have done more. Keep the arm quiet, and you have nothing to fear."

"Oh, you have been so good!" said the mother, with tears in her eyes.

"Good as gold!" prated Olympia, always ready to take her part in a scene.

"I only wish it were in my power to thank you," said the young lady, reaching out her hand; "but words are so poor!"

Harmer Cole took the hand so frankly held out to him, and held it in a firm, respectful clasp, while his eyes drank in the wonderful beauty of her face, so bright, so rich, so singular, in its changing loveliness.

"For the first time in my life, I, too, feel the poverty of words," he said; and dropping her hand, left the room, thinking to himself, as he went down the narrow stairs, "How came a creature like that in this place? Who on earth is she?"

CHAPTER VIII.

There was silence in that room after the young man took his leave, except a few loving murmurs of comfort that the mother gave her child, as the poor little thing sobbed itself to sleep. Then the young lady, and the still anxious mother, fell into a low-toned conversation, while the latter took up the satin slipper, and seated on the side of the bed, began to darn the break she had been mending, though her hands still shook so nervously, that she could hardly guide her needle. The young lady saw this, and kindly protested against her working at such a time.

"But I must. Work must be done," answered the woman shaking herself free from the kind touch. "It is hard work catching up a lost minute."

"Now, Mar, how can you?" broke in Ophelia,

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who had curled herself up at the foot of the bed. "What's the use of fretting?"

"You must not be discouraged," continued the young lady. "Everything depended on prompt action, and no doctor could have done better. I only wish it were possible for me to stay and help nurse her, poor little darling; but I do not even know when I can get to the city again."

The woman paused a moment in her work, and looked with a sort of envious wonder on that clouded face.

"Oh, it isn't much matter," she said, despondently. "One trouble, more or less, makes but little difference with us. You think it kindly, I know, but your bright life up yonder, and ours, never could work in together. You would droop under this foul air in a week."

"No, no. I could stand that well enough. Better, a thousand times, than all I have to endure."

The woman laid down her work, and leaning both hands on her knees, looked at her young visitor wonderingly.

"Do they starve you up there?" she questioned.

"Starve me? No. What put the idea in your head?"

"Ah! Do you wear one dress till it scarcely hangs together, then turn it, and boast to your neighbors of having got a new gown?" she added, glancing with mingled envy and sarcasm at the deep-blue silk, heavy with velvet, and enriched with costly lace, that the girl wore.

"No; certainly not," was the hesitating answer. "But you do not understand. You cannot understand."

"I can understand that in this wide, wide world there is no misery so galling as hunger; no shame that one feels so keenly as the shame of rags," answered the woman, bitterly.

"But is there nothing in independence—in the power of earning food and clothing for one's self?"

"Independence? Such as a working woman has—independence in a chase and fight for work, where fifty hands are ready to seize and one to give? Eternal toil to those lucky ones who get anything to do, which will just save you from starvation, with the dread of it forever before your eyes!"

The young lady covered her face with her hands. "Oh, it is terrible!" she said.

"Terrible? Yes. And there seems no end to it. Go home, Edith Church. Go home, I say, and thank God that you have a roof to shelter you, clothes that rustle and shine about you to wear, food enough to keep you plump and healthy; that makes your eyes bright, your lips red as berries, and your cheeks smooth and blooming, as peaches in the sun. It makes me bitter to hear you speak of these things as of no account. I know what their value is. I, who trembled from head to foot when you spoke of a doctor, because I had nothing to pay him with. That young man did not know what a charity it was when he wrenched my poor child's wrist into place. Talk of the humiliations of dependence! What can they be, compared to the abject misery of a life like this?"

The woman flung her arms over the foot-board of the bed, and burst into a storm of bitter weeping, that shook the meagre pillows on which her child lay.

"Now, don't, mar. What's the use?" cried Olympia, creeping over the bed, and seizing the poor woman by the neck. "Now, don't!"

Edith Church arose from her seat, greatly distressed.

"Oh, if I only had the power to help you!" she said, with tears in her eyes. "I can remember, though you will hardly think it, when you were very good to me."

The woman lifted her face suddenly, and a look of absolute affright broke through the tears that filled her eyes, and fairly bathed her face as if a rain-storm had beaten across it.

"You? You remember? What?"

"Such kindness, Susan, as I have never had since," answered the girl, in great agitation.

"*My* kindness? Are you speaking of that—only that?"

"What else should I speak of?"

"Oh!"

This exclamation, half-sob, half an outburst of speech, broke from the woman, and her glance, eager with sharp inquiry, fell, leaving all her features heavy with dull hopelessness once more.

"Sometimes," said Edith, trembling as she spoke, "I have thought that——"

"Thought what?" cried the woman, kindling up sharply again.

"That you were my mother."

"I—I—your mother? I—— What folly!"

Here the woman broke into a wild hysterical laugh, wiped her eyes with both hands, and laughed again.

"Don't you wish it were so? Look around. Wouldn't this be a home for your dainty beauty—your superb pride? Why, you cannot cross the floor without contagion. The rust from the stove, the dust on the old rag-carpet—I saw you catch the heel of your pretty boot in the hole out yonder—will be sure to leave their marks on your dress."

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"My dress? Do let it alone, Susan. I hate it!"

"Indeed? Well, you will learn better in time. Why, girl, the money paid for that one dress would buy me out root and branch, leaving a little fortune over. Look yonder. There is Olympia. She is my daughter, looking at you with wonder. To-morrow she will be picking up a scrap here, a scrap there, and fancy she is making a bonnet like yours. Look at her, I say. Does she seem made of the same clay with you? Her gray eyes and sun-burned hair——"

"No, mar," called out Olympia, from the foot of the bed, where she had curled herself up like a watch-dog once more, and was devouring every word the two people were saying. "The tan is getting out of my hair since I braided it, and my eyes are bright as buttons, especially when I get mad. Everybody says so, and I get mad every time I can. Ask the girls if I don't. Oh, now, that's too bad!"

Olympia's disconsolate voice was heard, in muffled sounds, through the bed-room door, long after her mother had closed it, and renewed the conversation with her guest in the outer room. This she did with an anxious smile.

"Don't scorn the child. She has been brought up here—you there. That makes all the difference."

"Which may not be so great in the end, Susan," said the young lady, smiling sadly. "But you have not answered me. You dash the subject aside, scoff at it; but that explains nothing."

"What did you wish to know, Edith Church?"

"This. Mrs. Weed, are you my mother?"

"No, Edith Church. I am not your mother."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my oath, if that will satisfy you better."

The cloud of anxiety that had darkened that beautiful face was lifted. Mrs. Weed saw it, and a sarcastic smile stirred her mouth unpleasantly.

"The truth has given you relief. No wonder! But who put such an idea into your head?"

"She did. Mrs. Cameron."

"That was to humiliate you."

"But she failed," cried the girl, and a flash of spirit heightened her face. "I would rather it had been so."

"What, after seeing all this?" questioned the woman, waving her hand around the squalid room. "You would rather share this than the splendors of your home?"

"Yes, if you loved me, Susan—if any one loved me. But it is all over now. You are not my mother?"

"No. You can thank God for that mercy!" answered the woman, looking drearily around.

"But you knew her? You must have known her. I mean my mother!" said Edith, eagerly. "I feel sure that you would tell me?"

"Yes, I knew her,"said the woman, coldly.

"Then tell me! Oh, I am in such need of a mother!"

The woman turned away from those pleading eyes, where the fire of a vivid hope was the next instant quenched.

"Ask of me the deepest secret of my own life, Edith Church, and I will give it to you; but not this. You are not my child. That is all I can tell you."

"Always in the dark—always in the dark!" said Edith, gloomily. "Good-bye, Susan Weed. You could have helped me. God forgive you!"

When Susan lifted her sullen eyes from the floor, Edith Church was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

La Costa had purposely stipulated for a season of rest before she made a public appearance. During this time she declined to receive visitors, and kept secluded in her own sumptuous apartments, from which the ringing sounds of a rich and powerful voice now and then sounded through the passages and corridors of the hotel, fairly flooding them with music. During some days, one handsome, foreign-looking man was alone admitted freely to her presence, which created some comment, about which the actress did not care a straw. Public opinion to her was nothing, except when it appealed to her interest in storms of praise over the foot-lights, or in great rolls of bank-notes from the managers.

So she received this handsome young man without scruple, and with quiet determination; strove to gain such power over him as the convict husband had pointed out. Impetuous always, she would have entered on the subject which really occupied her whole mind on her way home from Philadelphia; but excitement had left her so weak, that she shrunk from anything that required action or continued thought. The woman had carried one warm, reckless passion through her early life, until it became worse than reckless. Then came desperation, and the rash acts that may spring from it. Later in her ripe womanhood this heart-madness had come back upon her, and as the wild growth of the tropics often winds closest around some stately poisonous tree, her second love had bound her to the man we have seen in the prison at Philadelphia. Florid, even gorgeous in her taste, and but partially refined by nature, La Costa would not feel the entire moral degradation of this man,

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nor even his prison surroundings, as a woman of finer delicacy might. The imprisonment she looked upon as rank injustice, and its degradation filled her with fierce anger. To her he was a king disguised in the dress of a felon.

On her journey back, she could not force herself to talk with Cole, but lay on the crimson cushions of her apartment, counting over every word the man had spoken to her, as if they had been jewels, to hide away in her heart. But in a day or two other thoughts crept through her love-dream, and she was seized with a wild desire to accomplish his deliverance. She was waiting for young Cole now. All the day before he had not been near her, and she wanted to begin her work. She was in quite a state of nervous unrest that morning. Upon the table that stood near her, she had pushed back the remnants of a delicate breakfast, and, with one hand on a bell of rare antique silver, sat watching the door with a clouded face.

More than once she had rang the bell with angry impatience, and at each time the foreign servant, waiting in the outer hall, came in, bowing low, and treading softly, as if advancing into the presence of royalty.

When he appeared, the woman would turn upon him, as if he had committed some unpardonable offence, and inquire, sharply, if no one had called.

"Plenty of visitors, madam; but no one that was admissible," the servant would reply, with a soft, deprecating air. "Many persons presented themselves, but Monsieur Cole never!"

Then the actress would move restlessly in her chair, and wave him from the room, with an impudent dash of the hand, or, perhaps, answer him with a wild burst of temper, that the man received blandly, as he accepted her smiles of approbation, which frequently followed her most violent bursts of impatience.

At intervals La Costa would start up, and pace the floor, or dash off her impatience at the piano, as if just seized with an inspiration of stormy music. Then she would send a crash of sounds across the keys, declare the instrument was out of tune, and betake herself to removing the ornaments from table to table, scattering confusion with every touch.

"Will he never come? I believe what my poor darling said was true. The young man does not wish to set his father free. Not one word of counsel since that night. I was ill when he left me; he knew it, but keeps away. Two entire days lost, and every moment a pang of misery to *him*. I will wait no longer. He shall not evade me so. Nanette! Nanette!"

The French girl appeared at once, and stood waiting, with her usual calmness.

"Bring my hat and shawl," said the actress. "I am going out."

"Yes, Madame."

"Quick! I am in haste!"

The girl obeyed promptly enough to satisfy even the impatience of her mistress; for it scarcely seemed a minute before she appeared with a marvelous French hat in her hand, and an India shawl, which seemed to have woven in its fabric all the rare tints of our autumnal forests, and harmonized them into a beautiful work of art.

While Nanette was folding the shawl, La Costa tied the bonnet on her head, tearing the streamers of the gossamer lace in her haste, and gathering the shawl about her, regardless of effect, much to the maid's dismay.

While Nanette was buttoning the glove on one hand, with the other she seized impetuously on the bell, and rang it. Then, without waiting, she hurried to the door and looked out.

"Get me a carriage, Gaston! A cab—a hack! Anything. If Mr. Cole calls, say that he will find me at his place of business, waiting till he chooses to appear there."

"Madam shall be satisfied."

"Not unless you go at once. What are you waiting for? Half your life is spent looking out of that window. Have I not given my orders?"

"Only that I saw Monsieur Cole through the window. But Madame shall be obeyed at once."

"Then you will stay where you are, and let the gentleman in. Who gave you liberty to decide?" answered the mistress, closing the door. "Here, take this, and this, and these!" she said, taking off her bonnet, and tossing it to the maid by the strings, and flinging the heavy shawl after it. Then she tore the glove from her hand, rending the soft primrose kid across the palm with a fierce laugh; for the force of her angry impatience had subsided into that, and a few minutes after, she stood ready to receive her guest pleasantly, as if no storm had preceded his coming.

But there was some delay. The young man had been in no special haste to seek the interview she was so anxious for. He paused in the hall, and held some conversation with Gaston, then saun'ered up and down the long corridor two or three times, pausing now and then, as if lost in a world of unpleasant thought. At last he started, like one coming out of an unpleasant dream, and hurried toward the door that Gaston held open.

The moment Cole appeared, La Costa checked

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her walk up and down the room, and flashed her anger upon him; but when she saw how pale and worn he seemed, the feeling softened in her really kind heart, and with difficulty she refrained from holding out her hand. Cole saw the first movement, and took comfort from it.

Still resolved to keep up some show of resentment, La Costa said,

"So, sir, you have come at last; but waited to be sent for."

Cole put his hat upon a table, and swept his forehead with one hand, as if to force away some aching pain.

"Have you been ill?" demanded the actress.

"No, not ill; but I was loth to come, and almost wish I had stayed away, as it is," he answered, wearily.

"And why?"

"Because I am in trouble, and do not wish to bring it on you."

"In trouble, and do not wish to bring it on me? Once more—why?"

"Because you have been too generous, and I am not quite a villain."

"Indeed!" rejoined the actress, with a quiver of sarcasm on her lip, and a touch of it in her voice. "I did not quite know."

"I have been trying to fight my own way a little."

"Well, the result?"

"You ought to know, madam. What will ever prosper with the son of such a father?"

"Such a father? Has it come to this, sir? You speak of that unfortunate, that grandly noble man, as if—as if——"

"I spoke only of his misfortunes," answered Cole, shrinking from the storm of wrath that threatened him.

"Ah! I thought—I thought—but let that rest. What is the trouble you speak of? Tell it me, that I may sweep it away. *His* son shall have no obstacle in his path, if I can hurl it aside."

"You are kind. You have always been kind to me."

"For his sake! Never forget, that it is for his sake!"

"I have always thought so. But that should not make me the less grateful or considerate."

"Perhaps. I do not care about that. Now, what is this especial trouble? Left to yourself so long, it is not strange that you have fallen into difficulties. Come, sit down, and tell all."

The actress, with a swift change from anger to caressing kindness, sunk into her easy-chair, and motioned Cole to take one by her side. But he knew the woman, and fell upon one knee before her, drooping his handsome face almost to the arm of her chair.

She lifted her hand, all ablaze with jewels, and swept it in a caress across the waves of his raven hair.

"Well? Well, are you afraid of me still?"

"Yes, I am a coward. You told me to seek out a certain banking-house, and enter it in any capacity that would gain me admittance, and the friendship of its head."

"That head being Oliver Cameron. Well?"

"I went in as a clerk. It was against the grain, but I did it."

"Against the grain? Of course it was against the grain with your father's son—a nobleman by birth. But you did this because I desired it; because it was the only way of becoming what I mean you shall be—a partner in the house."

"I attended to my duties. The foreign department was put entirely in my hands. Every one in the house liked me, especially Mr. Cameron."

"That is well."

"By degrees, I suggested the idea of a junior partnership?"

"So soon? That was bold!"

"Audacious! I know that; but an opening presented itself. Another man was eager to come in. You had promised to raise me some funds."

"Well—why do you hesitate?"

"Because I took a dangerous way of raising the money."

"Ha!"

"One that threatens me with ruin."

A flash of eager expectation shot over the woman's face. She remembered the cold-blooded advice of her husband.

"You got the money. How much?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," answered the young man, under his breath. "Plenty stood ready, with five times the sum; but I had made myself useful, and the firm did not need capital so much as efficient service."

"Twenty thousand dollars made you a partner. And you got the money. How?" questioned the woman, pale with expectation.

"By forgery!" was the low, hoarse answer.

"By forgery?" repeated the actress, aloud. "Why, that is a crime! He did little more than that; but he is there—you here."

La Costa fell back in her chair, pale, frightened, but with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. She was in some respects womanly, and the danger in which this young man had placed himself frightened her. It might be possible that she could not save him

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from the peril into which he had plunged. She recovered her composure after awhile; but his head had drooped to the arm of her chair, and the shame of his face was concealed.

"Tell me all of this—the full particulars," she said, really pitying him.

"The old man Cameron had gone on a journey. He left the whole business in the hands of Mr. Dana."

"I know—I know! A young man almost equal to himself in the firm," broke in the actress, in breathless impatience.

"He expected the money. I had no time to write; did not even know where to reach you. I—I gave him a note for the money, with the endorsement of your banker and that of another person."

"My banker's endorsement, and that of another? Young man, were you mad?"

"Not so mad as I shall be if that note reaches maturity," was the shuddering answer. "You say that I look thin. Can you wonder? Each day, as it drags me nearer and nearer, tightens a load of iron around my brain. I never before dreamed of the agony which draws one toward a hideous revelation. Oh, it is awful! It is awful!"

The young man broke down here, and covered his face with both hands; but above them she could see great drops of agonized shame starting out from his forehead and temples.

"Whose name was it you endorsed upon the note?" questioned La Costa, after awhile. "I mean, beside that of my banker?"

A name that startled her fell hoarsely from the young man's lips. She sat a moment, hurriedly thinking over the consequences.

"A man rolling in wealth, with a heart harder than his gold," she said. "Why did you choose his dangerous name?"

"I had his check for a small sum. The signature was easy. Besides, in his extended business, he was not likely to hear," was the answer.

"When does this note become due?"

"A week from to-day. Only a week!"

The young man clenched his hands in anguish as he spoke.

"So soon? That is terrible! But where is it? Surely it is not yet beyond your reach?" questioned the woman, trembling with fierce anxiety.

"No, no. Dana holds it until Mr. Cameron comes home. It will not be put in the market. I stipulated for that."

La Costa drew a deep breath.

"You will help me?" pleaded the young man, lifting his white, locked face to hers, while an awful storm of suspense shook him from head to foot. "You have seen what a terrible thing imprisonment is."

"I have not the money——"

The woman was going on, but the cry of despair those words forced from the young man's heart silenced her.

"Oh, find it, find it! Have mercy upon me.'

"The money I forwarded to my banker was exhausted in a vain effort to save him. I have nothing left there," said La Costa.

"But your agent here. Is there no way? Think, think! Is there no way? It was you that urged me into this partnership, and now you abandon me."

"No. It is not in my heart to cast off anyone in trouble. I leave that sort of human treason to better people. We of the theatre have more compassion on sin. Trust me, Harmer. I will find some way to help you."

The young man dropped his hands, and gazed on her in wild incredulity.

"But can you? Oh, can you!"

"I can do anything, when once determined," said the actress, with haughty self-poise. "These two names, and none other, endorse the note."

"Those two names only? But are they not enough to sink me in eternal ruin?" cried Cole, wiping the cold moisture from his forehead.

"But you know it to be, as yet, safe in the hands of Mr. Dana?"

"Yes."

"And we have a week before us. Ah, if I had but known of *his* danger a week—a day before, he would not have been there. But if I save the son, it is that he, too, may be saved. Remember that, Harmer."

"I will! I do! Oh, my friend, my friend! You have rolled a stone from my heart."

The woman gave him her hand to kiss, loftily, but kindly, as if she had been an empress. Indeed, in the exaltation of a determined sacrifice, she felt like one.

"Go, now," she said, with genuine tears in her eyes. "I have something to do."

Harmer was hardly out of the room, when La Costa snatched the little antique bell from her table, and rang it fiercely.

The servant answered it at once.

"Gaston!"

"Madam, I wait."

"Gaston, I want money!"

The faintest possible smile crept up to the servant's mouth. The actress saw it, made a petulant gesture, and then laughed. She had no idea of dignity with her servants, but ruled

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them by passionate vehemence alone. In some moods they might bandy words with her. At others, a look would arouse her to the wrath of a tigress. Just then vehement feeling had exhausted itself, and she laughed.

"Yes, it is the old story, Gaston. Some of the diamonds must go again."

The servant spread his hands, with the faintest possible shrug of his shoulders.

"As Madame pleases. But in what way?"

"Why, the old way, of course. I must see my aunt."

"It is uncle in this country, Madame.

"Ah, I remember! So it is. Well, Gaston, I must see my uncle without delay. You must bring that accommodating old relative to me. No irresponsible—no common pawnbroker, but a man of substance. Such can be found in this great city, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, Madame. They are to be found in all cities, no doubt. I will make inquiries."

"Do—at once."

Gaston went out, bowing. Then La Costa rang for her maid.

"Nanette, bring out my jewel-box."

"The small one, madam?"

"No; the other."

Nanette went into an inner room, and brought out a large box of bronze, fastened like a safe, which, being in itself heavy, taxed her strength to the utmost. She sat it down, with a deep breath, on the floor at La Costa's feet, who took a key from her chatelaine, and, seating herself on the carpet, unlocked the coffer. A quantity of jewels, some hidden in their satin-lined cases, some flashing out loose, was exhibited all in superb confusion; for La Costa had a fancy for taking charge of her own jewels, and heaped them into her box, if she happened to be in haste, as if they had been barley-corns.

"Now, help me, Nanette. What are you standing there for? Help me decide which of these I can do without best. It requires consideration, and I have no time to lose."

Nanette dropped down to her knees, and was ready to be useful; but La Costa gave her no opportunity. Dragging the jewels out with both hands, she tumbled them, a shining heap, into her lap, and began to assort the glittering confusion.

"These, and these, we must keep, above all," she said, opening a case, and letting in the sunlight, that shimmered through the lace curtains, on a necklace of great diamonds, which flashed like stars on its purple satin cushion.

"Royal gifts are not to be trusted with one's uncle, if it can be helped. These emeralds, too. We will put them on one side. Pick out the crosses, bracelets, and solitaires. There should be more than enough for what we want, and when it comes to single things like that, such as men fling you in bouquets, they are of no consequence but the value."

As she spoke, the actress hastily assorted the articles she spoke of, laid them in a heap by her side, and, huddling the rest into the box, shut the lid down upon them.

"Madame will find some other things scattered in her drawers," said Nanette.

"Oh, I dare say, if we want them; but one does not take unnecessary trouble," was the careless answer.

"If Madame would leave them in my care," said Nanette, "they would always be in place."

La Costa laughed roguishly. She was not really unkind, notwithstanding her want of principle, but of coarse grain, as her answer proved.

"Ah, my little Nanette! I once did that, and somehow the poor little jewels would drop away. You have the key of my casket, where the paste that I wear, when these are with my aunt, is kept. There, now, I mean uncle. But this pretty thing is safest just here."

With an upward look, half mischievous, half cunning, the woman locked her bronze coffer, and fastened the key to her chatelaine once more.

Nanette, who was, after all, a faithful little soul, as French waiting-women go, lifted the heavy box in her arms, and went off with tears in her eyes, which the actress did not observe, and therefore felt no compunction for her unkind speech.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY VIOLETS.

BY MAGGIE M'BRIDE.

Only violets, fragrant and blue,
Crowned with pearls of morning dew,
Telling of absent friend so true.

Only violets gathered for you;
And yet, my friend, you can't tell who
Gathered these violets. Guess, now, do.

Then let the violets typical be,
Of the friendship pure I bear for thee,
Love and keep them just for me.

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THAT FEMALE LECT'RER AND I.'

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

It was the fifth day of our stay at Filadelfy village, a-seein' the Sentenal, and I had got completely beat out a walkin' through the Artemas Gallery, or Art, as they nickname the feller that got it up. And oh! such a splendid, splendid job as he done in gettin' up that buildin' and its contents, never was done before in America, or the hull world. As I says, I had got completely beat out, a gazin' at the beautiful pictures and exquisite statutes. My eyes fairly ached with the sight. The crowd was crushin', and though I enjoyed myself fearfully, and suffered a terrible amount of happiness, still I felt the need of rest. And as my companion, Josiah, felt the need of food, (as he often dus,) I reposed my form down on a friendly bench, under a shade-tree, a waitin' for him, and restin' my wearied frame; when all of a sudden, I not expectin' of no trouble, who should come up to me, with her hand held out, but an identical female lect'rer I had seen to New York village, on my tower, on my way to the Centennial.

I met her with dignity and calmness, and shook her hand a very little, mebby three or four times, back and forth. I ain't one to use deceit, and I never liked her looks, not for a minute. Her hand was held up, more scornful and haughty than it was before, and her nose looked thinner than ever, and it was held up, and seemed to scrape the air like a plough pint. And her very furst words to me waz, before she hed spoke of the weather, or Josiah, or anything,

"What do you think of men's meetin' here, to celebrate our national independence, and the right of self-government, when they hold half of their own race in political bondage?"

Says I, calmly, "I think it is a mean, nasty trick in 'em."

"What do you think of their meetin' here, to glorify the sentiment, 'True Government Consists in the Consent of the Governed,' up to the heavens in words, while they trample it down to the dust under their feet?"

Says I, "I think it is as mean in 'em as tow-seed," and I added, in still deeper tones, "I think pasly is ne meaner."

"Oh," says she, turnin' her nose in the direction of the main buildin', and shakin' her brown, lisle thread fist at it. "How I despise men. How sick I be of 'em." And she went on for several minutes, a callin' 'em every name I ever heard men called, and lots I never heerd on, from brutal whelps, and roarin' tyrants, down to lyin', sneakin' snipes. She went on fearfully about 'em. For every new name she'd give 'em, I'd think, "Why, my Josiah is a man, and so was Father Smith, and lots of other relations and 4 fathers on my father's side." Thinks ses I, "I must not see men run down so; I must stand up on 'em;" and so says I, mildly,

"Sister, what is the use of your runnin' men so'?' says I. "It is only a tirin' yourself, and you'll never ketch 'em, and put the halter of truth on 'em, while you are a runnin' 'em so fearfully." Says I, "It makes 'em skittish and baulky." Says I, mildly, "Men are handy in a number of ways, and for all you seem to despise 'em so, you would be glad to holler to some man if your horse should run away, or your house a fire, or the ship go to sinkin', or anything."

Says she, "Men are the most despisable creaters that ever trod shoe leather."

"Wall," says I, calmly, "take wimmen as a rule now, and they don't cherish such a deadly aversion to the other sect, as you make out they do." Says I, "I have seen wimmen a pursuin' men, clingin' to 'em, smilin' almost vacantly at 'em." Says I, "I have seen 'em act and behave till it was sickinin'." Says I, "I cherish no such blind and almost foolish affection and admiration for 'em as a sect, (one I almost worship;) but I have a firm, reasonable, meetin'-house esteem for 'em as a race, unmoved and stiddy as a settin' hen. I see their faults plainly, as Josiah will take oath to, and I also see their goodnesses, and their strength, their nobilities, and their generosities, which last-named are as much more generous, even, as their strength is stronger."

Says I, "Pause a ½ a moment, mem, in your almost mad carreer, of runnin' men down, to see what they have done. Look round the world, with your mind's eye, and see their work on land and sea. See the nations they have foundered. See the cities stand where there used to be a wilderness. See the deserts they have made to blossom like a rosy. See the victories they have got, over time and space; talkin' from one end of the world to the other in a minute; and travelin' almost as quick through the mountains, and under the water, and everything. See how old

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Ocian himself, that used to roar defiance at 'em, was made by 'em to bile himself down to steam to get the vixtory over himself; and, in spite of the thunder that tried to serve 'em out, see how they have drawed the lightnin' out of the heavens, to be their servent. Look there!" says I, a pintin' nobly with my fore-finger, toward the different halls, Memorial, Agricultural, and so 4th. "See the works of their hands. See their time-conquerin', labor-savin', wonderful inventions. See——"

"I won't go!" says she. "I won't go near none of their old machines. I'll stand by my sect. I'll stick to the Women's Pavillion. I hain't been nigh Machinery Hall, nor the Main Buildin', nor the Art Gallery, nor I won't, nuther. I won't encourage them snipes by goin' nigh their buildin's!"

"I have been through the Halls," says I, in triumphant, glad tones. "I have been lost in 'em, repeatedly, and expect to agin. I have been destracted, and melted down in 'em, and have been made almost perfectly happy, for the time bein'. To see the wonderful fruit of men's intellects, the labor of strong heads and hearts; to see the works of men's genius, and enterprise, and daring; the useful, the beautiful and grand; the heroic and sublime. Why," says I, "I have been so lifted up, that I didn't know but I should go right up through the ruff, (although two hundred pounds is my weight.) I have been elivated, and inspired, as I don't expect to be lifted up agin for the next hundred years. And lookin' round, and seein' what I have seen, and thinkin' what I have thought, it has made me so proud and happy, that it is a sweet thought to me that my Josiah was a man."

"Oh, shor!" says she. "You'd better be a lookin' at the Women's Pavilion, than lookin' on what them whelps have done."

Says I, in awful, eloquent tones, "Do you s'pose I am such a fool and a luny, mam, that every time I have looked at that Women's Pavilion, and gloried in the works of her hand and brain, I han't felt jest so, only more so."

I convinced her. She see by my tone that I wouldn't stand no foolin' with on that subject, and she sort o' lowerd her voice down, as I went on.

"No human bein', mam, no matter how good a judge of emotions they may be, can begin to tell anything about the emotions I have enjoyed, as I have roamed through that buildin', built by the efforts of my sect alone." Says I, "That buildin' means more to me, that plain buildin', it stands there to-day, as a solid and hefty proof that wimmen are sumthin' more than the helpless zephires and seruphires, that they have been falsely painted out to be," says I. "No man can go blindly on that old, well-beaten track of wimmen's weakness, and unfitness for labor, and endurance, and inability to face financial troubles and discouragements. It is a great mathematical fact, that if they go to canterin' down that old pathway agin, they will come right aginst that buildin', and fall down flat. It can't be helped, their legs ain't long enough, they can't step over it, they have got to recognize it as a solid fact, and pause before that fact respectfully, ponderin' what it means, or else fall."

And says I, "Its contents, that I have gloried in, means more to me than their use and beauty. That buildin' hain't half so full of beauty to me as it is of hope. It is earnest thought and earnest work that has filled it with what the nations delight to honor. And that is jest what wimmen want to do. To do more, and say less. No stream can rise higher than its fountain; a universe of laws to elevate wimmen can't help her, unless she help herself. Suffragin' will do a good deal, but it hain't a goin' to fill up a vacant, frivolous mind; it hain't goin' to cover a mean, envious breast with the True Star of Honor. It hain't a goin' to give to the cowardly, and the weak, and the indolent, the glorious reward of labor and of daring. There are thoughts that have got to be turned square round, and travel on another road; there is bobinet lace that has got to be seamed over; there is shoulder-blades that has got to be put to the wheel. Oh," says I, "how that buildin' has stood in my mind! How it has made me feel! Not only when I was a treadin' its halls, but every time I have ketched sight of its gabriel ends, I have felt nobler and grander than I can ever describe upon to anybody. To see them gabriels a pintin' up so searin' like, with the flags afloatin' out from 'em, in the eyes of the world, like the thoughts of my sect crystallized into deeds that they was a wavin' over. Every flag seemed to float out like good deeds, and noble, eloquent thoughts, while the gabriels stood firm under 'em, like the firm, solid motives and principles that great deeds have got to wave out from in order to amount to anything. Why, mam, as I have stood a lookin' at that buildin', I persume I have held pretty nigh one hundred emotions a minute, right along for an hour."

"It hain't so big a buildin' as them ours have got," says she, bitterly.

Says I, in glad axents, "They rest on the same foundation; the land of Liberty and Hope

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is beneath 'em both. Her pillows rest on it, jest as firmly and easily as hisen. And the same heaven is above 'em, the same sunshine rests on 'em both. The same free air that waves his banners aloft triumphant, floats out hern; up to the very heavens, almost, if they are long enough. And if her banners don't wave out so noble, and sort o' promiscus, and float out so fur as hisen, it is the fault of the factory cloth. It shows the banners was scrimped in cloth, and puckered and drawed up in the makin'. It hain't the fault of God's air, that is free and equal."

But I see that her mind had got to travelin' agin the old road, and says she,

"The mean, cowardly snipes won't let us vote."

Says I, calmly, "That is so. They hain't willin' to give us the right of suffragers jest at present; and, as I have said, it is as mean as persley on 'em. But it don't look no poorer in 'em than it does in the women that oppose it—a fightin' agin their own selves. In the old Revolution I always admired the English soldiers, full as much as I did the tories."

But she wouldn't hear a word o' such talk. Truly a runnin' men was her theme, and her exercise. And says she, in a mild tone,

"Less vote. Less make them cowardly men let us vote. Less hammer at men till they are glad to let us."

But says I, calmly, but firmly, "It haint no use, mem, to take a hammer and try to knock unwelcome truths into anybody's head, male or female. The idea may be good, and the hammer may be a moral, well-meanin' hammer, but you see the dander rises up on the head that is bein' hit, and makes an impenetrable wall through which the idea can't go. It is a great sientific fact, that you can't get two persons to think any nearer alike, by knockin' their heads together. You may knock their forreads together till they are black and blue, but you can't get their minds any nearer and alike.

"Nobody can get any water by breakin' up a chunk of ice with an axe, not a drop; you have got to thaw it out gradual, jest like men's and wimmen's prejudices in the cause of Wimens' Rights. Public sentiment is the warm fire that is goin' to melt this cold, hard ice of injustice we are a contendin' aginst. Laws haint good for much, if public opinion hain't behind 'em, a pushin' 'em onward to wictory."

"I won't wait! I won't waste another minute!" she said, and looked wild, and bad; but I tried to quell her down, and get her to wait a spell, but she wouldn't be quelled.

Says she, "I won't wait a minute! I will vote!"

But I argued with her, and talked to her nearly as elegant as a book. Says I,

"Sister, you are a well-meanin' woman, no doubt, but you ought to remember that the battle hain't always to the swift." Says I, "It won't hurt us to foller Nater's ways a little more close, and Nater is a female, that, if she is ruther slow-motioned, generally has her own way to a uncommon degree. You don't ketch her a gettin' mad, wild, impatient as a dog, tearin' open a kernel of corn, or wheat, or anything, and growin' a stalk out of it sudden and to once. No, she plants the seed, and then lets it take time to swell out, and get full to bustin' with its own convictions and desires to grow, till it gets so sick of the dark ground, where it is hid, and longs so for the light, and free air above it, that it can't be kep' back a minute longer, but soars right up of its own free will and accord, towards the high heavens and the blessed sunlight. But if seeds hain't good for nothin', they won't come up; all the sunshine and rains on earth can't make 'em grow, nor horse rakes, nor nothin'. And the same with idees and principles. Lots of folks spend most of their days a plantin' seeds what won't come up. What is worthless won't amount to nothin', for it is a great mathematical fact, that scientific folks like me, applies to lots of things, and finds that it comes right every time; that ort from ort leaves nothin', and nothing to carry. But if the idea is true, and has got life in it, no matter how dark the mould that covers it, it is morally bound to sprout, positively bound to, and can't be hendered. I tell you, that is a thought that encurriges me, as I go forth a plantin' the seeds of truth and right promiscusly. It encurriges me dretfully.

"Why, don't you know, when a big forest has been cut down, berry bushes will spring right up for the refreshin' of men and wimmen. They seem to have stood all ready to spring up, jist as quick as the shadder of the tall trees had got offen 'em. Curious, but so it is. Who knows how many centuries them seeds have laid there, a waitin' their time to grow? Sick of the shadders, mebby, longin' for light and freedom, but jest a waitin', with considerable patience, after all.

"And thinkin' of these things, mem, ort to make us considerable patient, too. Willin' to work, and willin' to wait, and knowin' that gittin' mad, and actin', hain't a goin' to help us a mite; knowin' that the seeds of Right, planted with tears and prayers, is bound to spring up triumphant; knowin' that the laughin', and the cold sneers of the multitude, hain't a goin' to

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frost-bite 'em. Knowin' that the tears of meekness, and weariness, and loneliness, fallin' from human eyes over the hoe-handle in plantin' time, only moistens the soil, and kinder loosens it up first-rate; and that even the ashes of persecution, and all the blood that falls in a righteous cause, only nourishes the snowy flowers and golden grain of the future.

"Mebby it is our mission to clear away the trees and stumps—sort o' wood-choppers or sawyers. I don't care a mite what I am called, not a mite. We may never see the seed when it springs up, we may not be here when it breaks through the dark mould triumphant; but somebody will see it. Happy skies will bend over it, happy hearts will hail it, and if Freedom, Truth, and Justice are remembered, what matters it if Josiah Allen's wife is forgotten."

Says she, "I will hammer 'em."

I declare for't, I had forgot where I wuz, and who I wuz, and who she wuz, and who Josiah was. I was carried away some distance by my emotions. But her remark soared up like a brass pin, or a tack nail, and pierced my wrapped up mood. And as I looked at her, I seed that I hadn't convinced her. Her eyes looked jest as wild, and her nose jest as thin as ever; as thin, nearly, as a case-knife; and says she, in bitter, morbid tones, "I will hammer 'em!"

"Wall," says I, fallin' myself into the allegory style, "if you do, you will probably have the worst of it, besides injurin' the hammer."

At that very minute, a tall Turkey passed by, (a native of Turkey, and so called Turkeys.) And I turned my head round, and follerd him with my eyes, and said to myself, dreamily,

"Them Turkeys do have a high-headed, noble look to 'em, some like a gobbler."

And the words hedn't hardly left my lips, when I see, a comin' down the path towards me, a far sweeter sight than any Turkey that ever trod the plains of Turkey—my own pardner, Josiah. And when I turned the eye of my spectacles back agin', she was gone, and I was glad on't. I never liked her looks, for a minute.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D.

Clover blossoms, sweet and fair,
In the sunshine growing,
To the blissful Autumn air
Fragrance sweet bestowing;
Pretty maidens claim for thee
Power to win Love's token,
Pure delight they find in thee
When heart vows are spoken.

Clover blossoms, rich in bloom,
In the meadows smiling,
Giving joy to hearts of gloom,
Weary souls beguiling;
Kissed by morn's refreshing dew,
While the day-star lingers—
Thus you fragrant bloom renew,
Pressed by maidens' fingers.

Clover blossoms, pure and sweet,
What shall be the token
When two youthful lovers meet,
And true vows are spoken?
Will you shed perfume around,
Or in sorrow languish?
Will the heart with bliss abound,
Free from gloom and anguish?

Clover blossoms, must you fade
When warm days are over?
Will the purple twilight's shade
Wither pure, sweet clover?
Will the frost-king sere your leaf
In the winter weather?
Well, your life was pure, but brief,
Blooming on the heather.

A DEAD DELIGHT.

BY ELISE ARMSTRONG.

A something ever fair to me,
A single spot forever bright,
A vision none save I can see,
The memory of dead delight.

A picture painted on the air,
A single flower that will not die,
To guard both bud and plant, my care,
And keep them fair to greet the eye.

A voice that softly calleth me,
A thought of gladness gone before,
A sun that beams alone for me,
A strain of music never o'er.

My cage is empty, for the bird
Flew out and left me long ago;
But ever since, an echo heard
Doth chant the lays I have loved so.

A bar of sunshine used to stream
Across my floor; a palace rose
And shut it out. But still I dream
That its reflection never goes.

A memory of something lost
Is ever with me, night and day;
To think of it I make my boast,
And go rejoicing on my way.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a walking costume for a young lady, the materials of which are

plain and striped camel's-hair cloth. However, it is not necessary for this design to be carried out in this particular material. There are so many pretty, soft, and warm woolens, that it would be hard to go amiss in selecting one for a costume. Our design is in invisible green, a very fashionable color. The under-skirt is of plain material, ornamented by one knife-plaited flounce on the front and side gores, and two upon the back; these plaitings are made of the striped material. The over-skirt is of the striped material, and is cut precisely the length and width of the under-skirt, edged with a narrow plaiting of the plain, looped and tied back. There is a small cuirass waist of the stripe, with plain coat-sleeves, for the house; while for the street the over-jacket is made quite long and double-breasted. It also has the sleeves made of the plain, self-colored material; this is finished at the bottom with a narrow plaiting, to correspond with the over-skirt. Pockets, cuffs, and collars to match. Two dozen button-moulds, covered with the plain cloth; ten yards of double-width striped, and five yards of the plain, will be required.

Next is a demi-toilet, also in striped and self-colored material. This is two shades of gray,

combined either with a darker shade of gray for the plain parts of the dress, or it may be of

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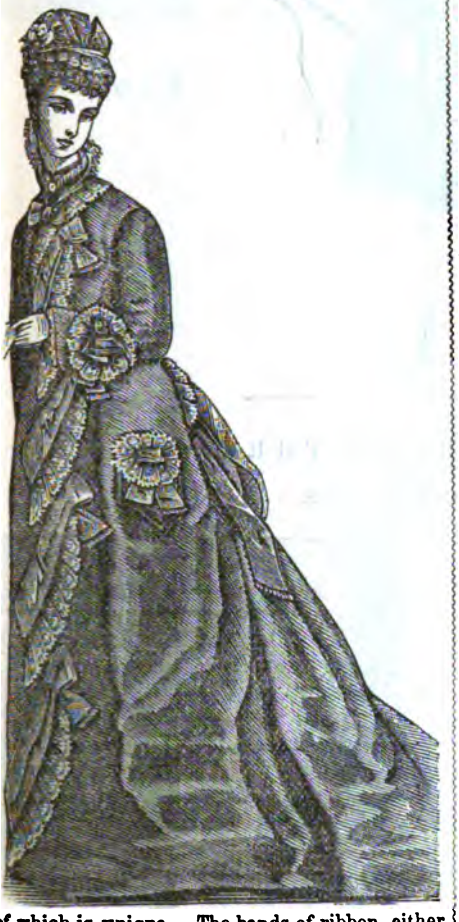
black. The under-skirt is of the self-color, and trimmed with a flounce cut on the bias, of the striped material; this flounce is edged with a narrow plaiting of the plain, and is cut eighteen inches deep, to allow for the two puffs and heading, as may be seen in the design. A Polonaise, cut of the stripes, has the front, from neck to edge of the skirt, made of the self-color, a bias band of which finished the edge of the Polonaise. A narrow plaiting trims the front, where the seam joins the front and outside. The looping is all low, and the skirt of the Polonaise is narrow. A suspended pocket ornaments the left side. Coat-sleeves, trimmed to match, and standing collar, complete this costume. Eight yards of double-width striped material, and four yards of plain, will be required. Two dozen buttons.

Next, we have a charming morning-wrapper, made of gray merino or cashmere, the trimming



of which is unique. The bands of ribbon, either pale-blue or pink, are edged with cashmere lace, as are the cuffs, pockets, urches and bows at the back. Seven to eight yards of merino, at one dollar per yard; five yards of gros-grain ribbon, at twenty-five cents per yard; seven yards of cashmere lace, at thirty to thirty-five cents, will not make a very expensive, but a very beautiful morning-dress for a young married lady.

Another pretty dress, for a boy of three or four years, is made of plaid flannel. The plait-

ing down the back, trimming for the sailor collar, pockets, cuffs, and edge of sash, are of self-colored material, to correspond.

Another, for a little boy or girl of two to four years, is of fleecy-lined pique, trimmed with

strong Hamburg edging, wheel pattern. The skirt is box-plaited at the back. The fronts are

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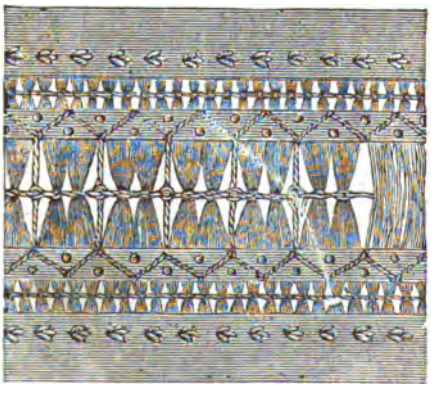
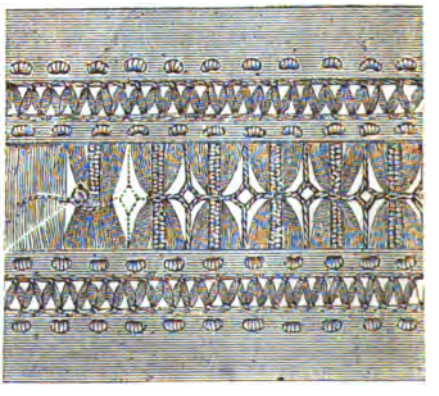
out like a loose sacque. Coat-sleeves, pointed collars; sash of the material, edged with Hamburg.

Next, we have a new design and trimming for a little boy of five years. It is of dark-blue cloth, kilted skirt, on an under waist. The vest and lower garment are joined together, trimmed with a wide military braid, or bias band of black silk; ornamented buttons. Coat-sleeve and sailor collar.

INSERTIONS—DRAWN THREADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These insertions are made of linen, and not too fine, as the threads are not easily drawn in any other material. The first design has one row of drawn threads; the outer design is filled in

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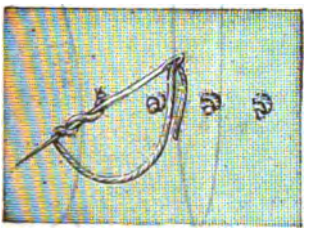
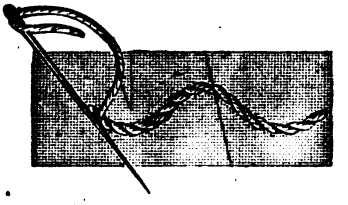
with narrow linen-waved braid. Design No. 2 has three lines of drawn threads; the wide one is fastened with threads in twisted bars, and spun stitched. The ornamental stitches are added. The method of working we give here a detail of.





POLONAISE FOR A MISS OF TEN YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a very beautiful pattern in Polonaise for a young miss of from eight to ten years old. We also give a diagram, by which to cut it out.

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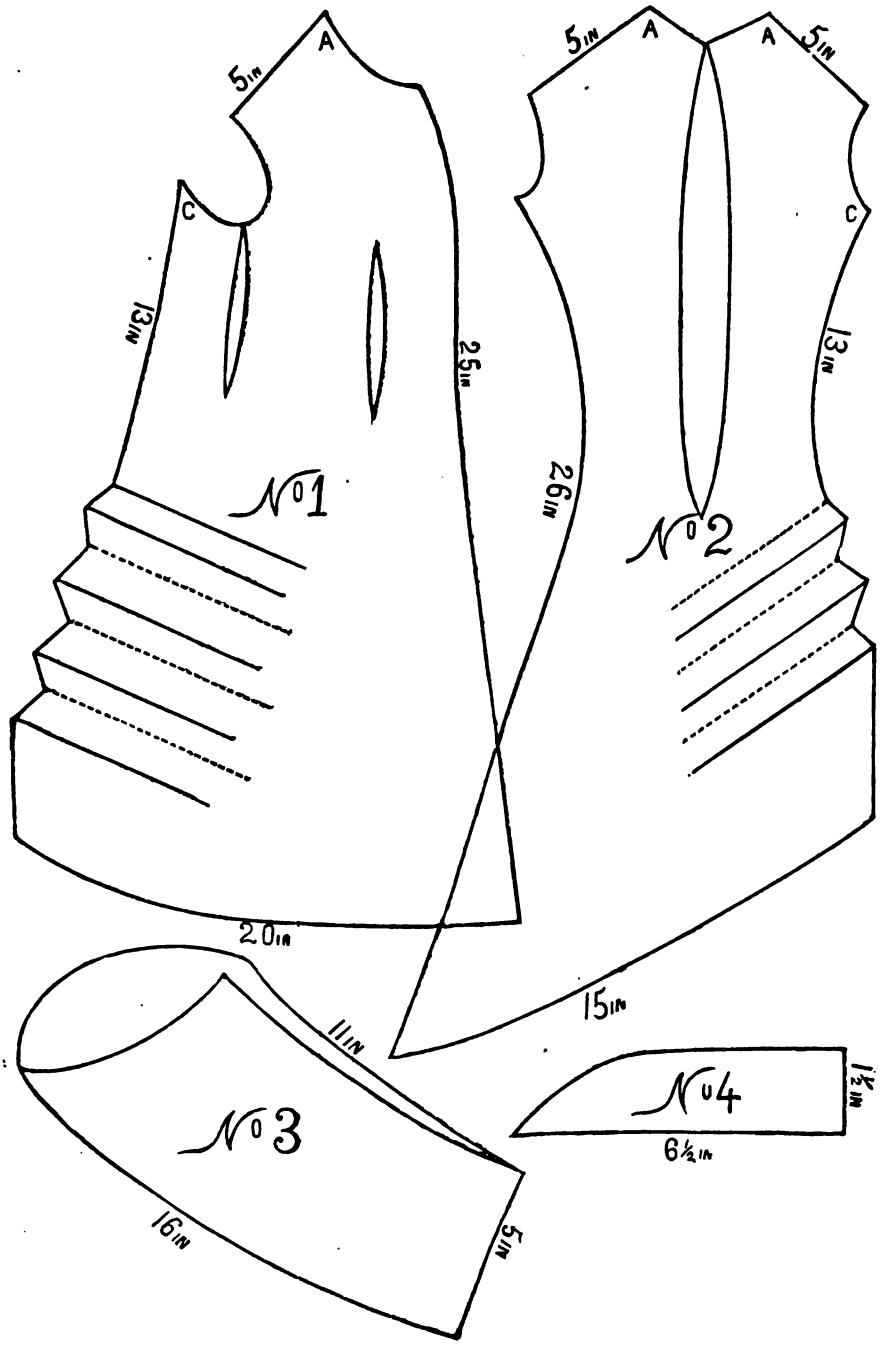

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. WHOLE OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE, WITH UNDER SIDE.
No. 4. COLLAR.

Both sides of the front are plaited on the side seam, but only one side of the back; the other straight down, in a long point. This is the very newest thing of its kind.

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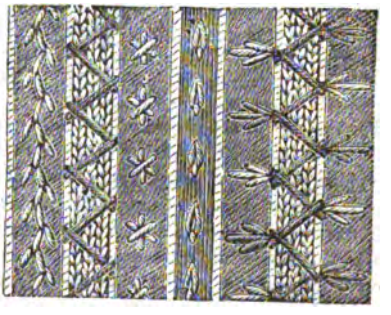
ORNAMENTAL WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This bag is made of ordinary ticking, lined with linen; the back and flap are cut in one piece. Lines of braid ornament the ticking. Gold braid, or gold-colored silk braid, is used to cover the blue stripes. The ornamental stitches are done in various colored embroidery silks: red, blue, green, purple, black. We give the detail of stitches. After the completion of the embroidery, the bag is lined with white cashmere, and the sides joined with a puffing of blue silk, ruched with the same.



BRAIDING DESIGN, IN TWO COLORED BRAIDS.

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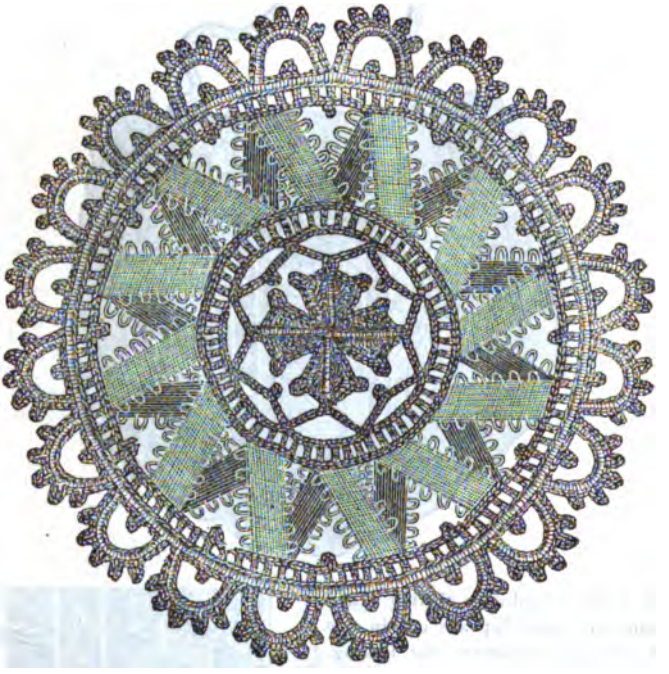
ROSETTE FOR ANTIMACASSAR CROCHET AND MEDIÆVAL BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For the star in the centre of rosette, begin by making * 8 chain, 1 chain to turn, work down the chain with 1 double into every stitch of the 8 chain. Repeat from * 3 times more. This forms the rows of double down each leaf of *. Now work * 1 single into the chain first worked, 1 double into each of next 2 successive stitches, 1 treble into each of next 2 successive stitches, 6 chain, 1 single into first of 6 chain, 1 treble into next stitch of 8 chain, one double into the next, 1 single into the next, 6 chain, 1 single into first of 6 chain, 1 single into first of the 8 double stiches (worked down the 8 chain), 1 double into next, 1 treble into next, 6 chain, 1 single into first of 6 chain, 1 treble into each of 2 next successive double stitches, 1 double into each of 2 next successive stitches, one single into the next. Repeat from last * 3 times more. Break the cotton off, and fasten it nearly at the back of the star.

1st Row: Now take a piece of mediæval braid, and fold it as shown in the engraving, leaving 6 picots at the left-hand side. For the inner side, * work 5 chain into the fold, 5 chain; fold the braid again (see design), leaving 6 picots on each side of the upper fold of braid. Repeat from last * 11 times more, joining with the last of the last 5 chain (between the points of braid) into the 1st chain worked into the braid.

2d Row: Make a chain of 13 stiches, and work 1 single into the 8th of 13 chain, 8 chain, 1 treble into the 1st of 5 chain, worked between the folds of braid, * 1 chain; pass over 1 stitch, 1 treble into the back of next stitch. Repeat from * 6 times more. Repeat from the beginning of row 3 times more.

3d Row: * 1 chain, pass over 1 stitch, 1 treble into the 3d of 5 single, worked into the 1st fold of braid. Repeat from last * 6 times more. 6 chain, 1 single into a centre picot on the 1st leaf of star, 6 chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row 3 times more.

For the edge—

* 1st Row: Five single into the first fold of the braid, 10 chain, 1 single into 5th of 10 chain, 5 chain. Repeat from last * throughout the row.

2d Row: Three chain to turn; pass over 1 stitch of 1st row, 1 treble into the next. Rep- throughout the row.

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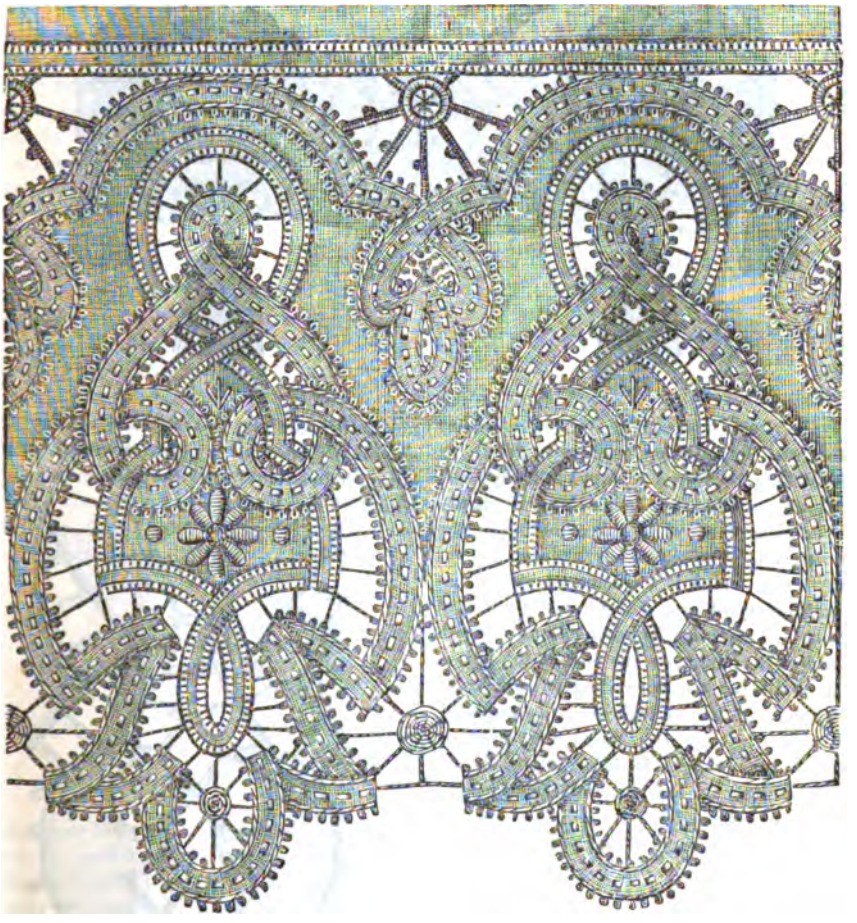
3d Row: One double into each of 10 successive stitches of the 2d row, 5 chain, 1 single into the first of 5 chain; repeat throughout the row.

4th Row: 18 chain, pass over 8 stitches of the 3d row, 1 single into each of the 2 next successive stitches; repeat throughout the row.

5th Row: One double into each of 5 successive stitches of the 18 chain of 4th row, 6 chain, 1 single into first of 5 chain, * 1 single into each of 2 next successive stitches, 6 chain, 1 single first of 6 chain; repeat from last * 3 times more; 5 chain. Repeat from beginning of row.

POINT LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



Finding our former design for "Point Lace" so popular, (see September number, 1876,) we here give something more elaborate in design, yet simple in execution The materials for the lace designs may be had from Madame Gurney, New York P. O., Box 3527; or No. 186 Atlantic street, Brooklyn. Prices, upon application by letter. The point lace instruction supplement can be had for ten cents. This kind of work is becoming more popular every day.

The design is embroidered on a ground of batiste, mull muslin, or nainsook, the point-lace braid being carefully arranged to follow the outlines, The connecting and Venetian bars are worked with lace-thread in the usual way, in overcast and button-hole stitch. The wheels and lace-stitches are then worked, and the braid worked round in overcast stitch. The rest of the embroidery is worked in satin-stitch, and the ground cut away from the bars, as shown in the illustration.

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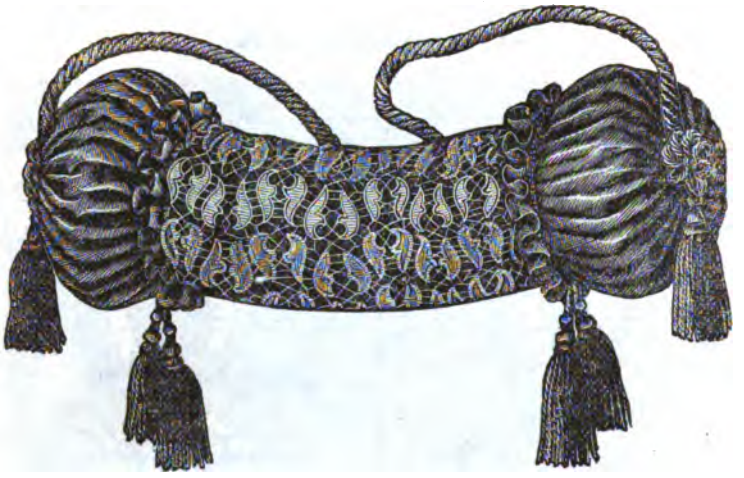
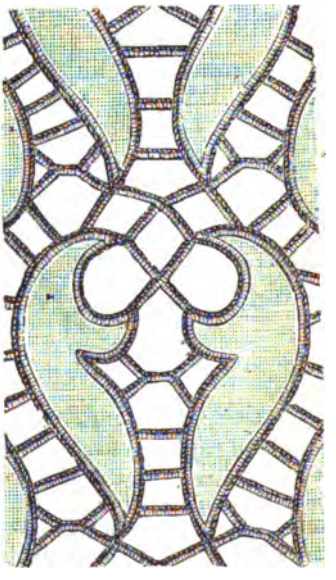
BOLSTER CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pretty design for a bolster cushion, with Venetian embroidery in detail.

The cushion is covered with red silk rep; the centre part, which is nine inches long, is plainly covered; each of the ends has a puffing of the same material. The centre has likewise a cover of gray linen, which is ornamented with Venetian embroidery of gray cotton, and buttoned at the ends, so that it can be taken off and cleaned. For each of the puffings at the ends of the pillow, a strip of silk rep, one yard and twelve inches in length, and six inches in breadth, is required, lined with white gauze. When the ends are joined on the wrong side, it is pleated at one edge, according to the circumference of the cushion; the other edge is likewise arranged in thick pleats, which must lie the contrary way to those of the other side. A box-pleating of the same material, one inch wide, forms a heading. For the embroidery of the pillow the pattern is traced on a piece of fine gray linen, nine inches long and sixteen inches broad, according to illustration, which represents a portion of the embroidery the original size. When the outlines of the figures are run with the thread, the bars of button-hole stitches between them are worked, passing the thread from one bar to another along the outlines, and then the outlines of the figures are also worked in button-hole stitch. Underneath the bars the material is cut away. The embroidery is edged lengthwise with scallops of button-hole stitches, and the pillow ornamented with cord and tassels.



This Venetian embroidery is particularly adapted for pincushion covers, tidies, toilet mats, etc.

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CHILD'S GAITER, WITH KNEE-WARMER.—KNITTING.

You require some gray or white single Berlin wool, 5 knitting-needles, No. 10; then cast on each of the 4 knitting-needles 17 stitches, and knit 22 rounds of 2 purl stitches and 2 plain stitches. You now begin the knee part. Mark the 10 middle stitches and knit them, then turn the work and purl back these 10 stitches and 2 more; turn and purl these stitches and 2 more at the end, then turn and knit these back, and 2 more from the reserve stitches. Purl the next row. Work in this manner, taking 2 more stitches each row, and making each rib 3 rows wide, until you have 47 stitches on the needle. Now knit the whole round, and continue your ribs until you have 32 rounds. Now begin to decrease one stitch at the commencement and end of the round, as you would in a stocking, working 3 plain rounds in between each. Work 24 rounds in this way, then work 28 rounds of 2 plain, 2 purl, for the commencement of the ankle and foot part. You now half your stitches. Put the front half (taking care that the in-takes in the leg are the middle of one-half) on 1 needle, and knit the back part only; this has the in-takes. Knit 20 rows, keeping the rib, then cast off these stitches; after the last stitch is cast off, take up 10 stitches on the side of the 20 rows, then knit the middle stitches, keeping the rib. Now take up 10 stitches on the other side the heel part, and take up the edge stitch, making 11 in all; work back these 11 plain, then rib the centre; the next 11 plain, * turn, knit 10, the next 2 together, keep the rib, and at the end knit the last stitch

of the rib and the first of the 11 together, the rest plain; repeat from * every alternate row, until the last of these plain stitches is knitted to the rib, then work without any more decreasings until you have the length of the foot, and fasten off. Add a band of plain knitting or a leather strap underneath.

LADY'S BED-ROOM SLIPPER.

The slipper is crocheted in a ribbed stitch, and the sole is crocheted and sewed on a piece of card-board, lined with flannel. Round the edge are vandykes crocheted with white wool, and on the front is a rosette of scarlet sarcenet ribbon. Along a foundation chain of 34 stitches, crochet as follows:

1st Row: Miss 1, 33 double crochet.

2d Row: 1 chain, 1 double in the back of each stitch; in the centre stitch, 3 double for increase. Continue this row 26 times, then join the narrow edges of the work, so that the seam forms the middle of the sole. The sole is then finished in 38 more rows, continuing the same ribbed pattern along the first 10 and last 10 stitches, decreasing 1 stitch at the beginning and end of the 5th, 7th, and 9th rows, and 2 stitches in the 35th and 37th rows, and increase 1 stitch at the 21st and 23d rows, at the beginning and end. Edge the sole with a row of double crochet, and then work the vandykes with white wool, as follows:

1st Round: On the wrong side of the work, 1 double, 3 chain, miss 1; repeat.

2d Round: 1 slip stitch, * 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain, 1 chain, 5 treble in centre of next 3 chain, 1 chain; repeat from *, and close with 1 slip stitch.

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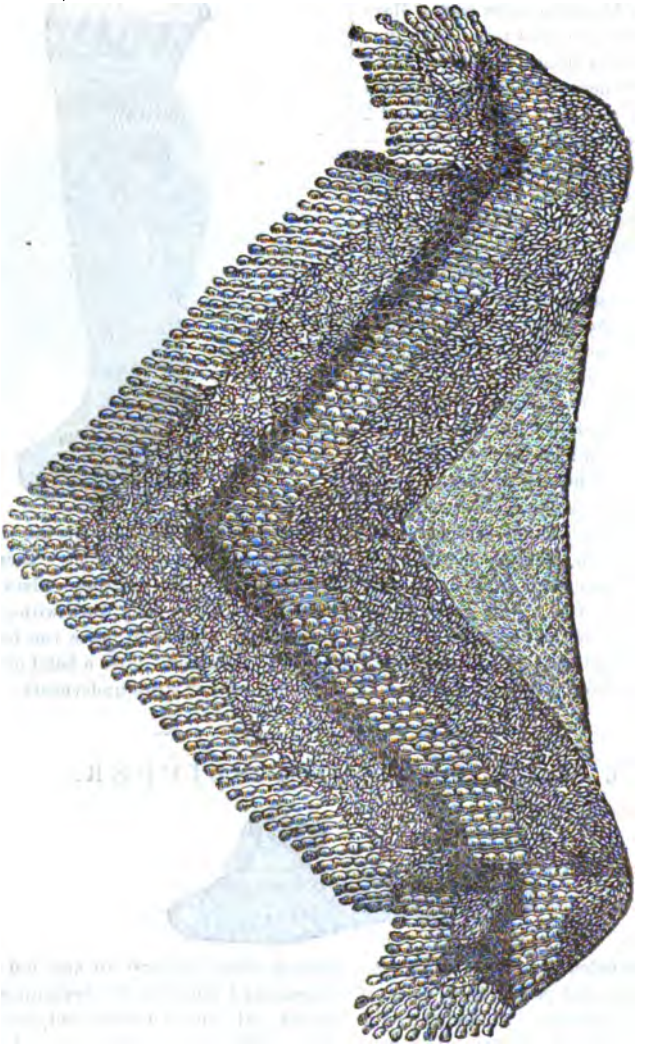
SHAWL IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A subscriber, having asked us for a pattern for a warm winter-shawl, in crochet, we give one here. We also give, on the next page, the detail of the pattern of the full size.

The materials are 4 oz. white, 1 oz. pink, Shetland wool. Wind the wool double. The shawl is begun in the middle. Make a chain of five stitches with the white wool double; join round. 1st Round: Three chain, one double in the ring; repeat three times more. 2d Round: Three chain, one double in the centre of three chain of last round, three chain, one double under the same; repeat three times more. 3d Round: Three chain, one double under the three chain of last round, three chain, one double under the next three chain, three chain, one double under the same. Continue working in the same manner until the inner square is as large as you re-

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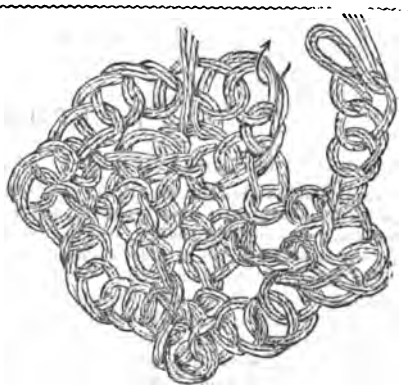
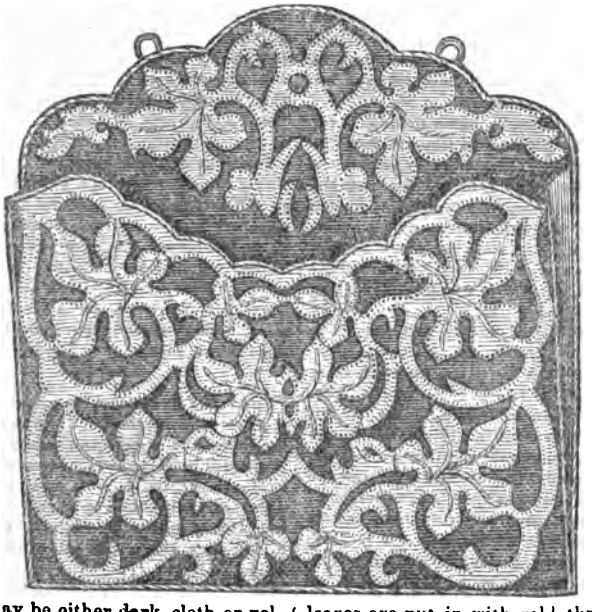
quire it to be. Always increase at each of the four corners. Work twelve rows in the same manner with pink wool.

Finish the shawl with ball-fringe made in white wool. Take about thirty strands of wool, cut into lengths of about four inches. With a needle and double wool, fasten the skeins about one inch distances, carrying the wool from one division to another. Cut through these divisions with a sharp pair of scissors, leaving the wool that secured them whole. Shake over boiling water until the balls become round; tie each length under the three chains of last round of shawl.



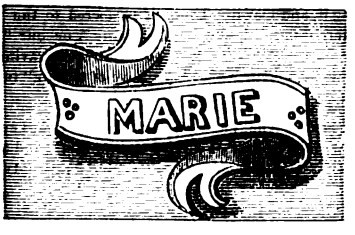
BED OR WALL-POCKET—APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The material may be either dark cloth or velvet, the applique of the same material, but of a lighter and contrasting color. The outlines of the applique are held down with button-hole stitches taken far apart, and the veinings of the leaves are put in with gold thread. In making up the pocket the front and back are lined with card-board covered with silk, and the sides are of the same color. A cord is added to the edge.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Flounce in French Straw Work.—In the front of the number, we give a large-sized colored pattern, another of those for which "Peterson" is famous. Like those in the January and December numbers, it is of a new kind of fancy work, and is called "French Straw Work." This work is done on plain black and white Brussels net, which is to be outlined with silk, giving it the effect of lace.

The pattern is designed for a tunic tablier or flounce, and the designs are traced on prepared linen, the net tacked on to this, and each part outlined with fine silk, and the pearl edging sewn on. If extra strength should be thought necessary, the inside of the leaves may be lightly darned with a fine black or white Brussels thread. The braids and the fine twist are better worked in and laid on over the pattern, as you are not so apt to draw the net. The stem is first traced with two threads of silk, then worked over with the fine twist, making the stitches at very regular distances. A sprayed or figured net (the design occuring at given distances) is worked entirely in the hand, as it is easy to mark the distance required between each pattern with a white thread.

To use the cut straw in which the leaves and edge of the design are carried out, the net must be removed from the linen and held in the hand. You require by your side a flat, open dish; in it place from one to two dozen straws, and just cover them with clear, fresh water. As you use the straws, wipe each gently with a soft cambric handkerchief. Keep up the supply of straw as you use them. Care is required in this part of the work. If the straws are left too long in the water, they discolor; if not long enough, they are brittle, and break.

No needle is required for the straw. Each should be cut with a slight point, which is sufficient. Commence a leaf by inserting a straw from the top of the work about a quarter of an inch from the bottom of the vein; bring it up at the bottom of the vein just inside the silk, bend it flat with the thumb of the left hand, in the direction in which you wish to carry the straw, and leave a small end to be worked in to secure it; draw the straw through the net at the margin of the leaf, and bring out at the back of the work; bend the straw again with the thumb, to keep it in its place. The whole leaf is carried out in long, straight stitches of this kind, and but little practice is required to become expert in the work. The ends of the straw are fastened off by running them in and out of the straws at the back of the work.

When the embroidery is complete, the work requires dressing. This wants the greatest care. A clean sheet should be folded several times to make it very thick; on it lay the work, face downwards. Take a clean cambric handkerchief, slightly damp it, (on no account make it wet;) lay it over the work, and press with a hot iron. On no account attempt to iron it backwards or forwards, or all your work may be rendered worthless, for a rough touch will probably catch a straw, drag it, and tear it. The plain net may be carefully ironed where crumpled, and be quite restored.

There is a Cabinet, at Windsor Castle, which contains a lock of the hair of Mary, Queen of Scots. The lock of hair is large—a full tress of beautiful golden hair—very fine in texture, and full of life, like that of a girl of sixteen. It is undoubtedly authentic.

The New Gloves are all long-wristed, and three or four buttons are now looked on as a matter of course for every-day wear, six to eight, and even ten, being considered obligatory for evening wear. Undressed kid are still most popular, and dark shades, such as walnut and seal-brown, are likely to be universally worn, as they do not soil so easily as gloves of medium color. These Gants de Suede are now worn for full-dress occasions. They quickly lose their freshness, but they are easily cleaned. The new shades in dressed kid are ink-blue, iron-gray, myrtle-green, and plum, to match the most fashionable costumes.

How To Wash Net.—Wash it in a lather of fine soap and warm water, then dip in water very slightly blued, and again dip in either sugar and water, weak starch, or gum-arabic and water. It must be pinned out to dry, after being well clapped with the hand. This clapping is one of the great secrets of clear-starching: nothing clears nets, muslins, etc., better, for it removes the sticky portion of the stiffening matter without lessening its crispness. Net should be ironed on the wrong side with a very hot iron, which brings up the stiffness; but ironing renders tarlatan limp.

The Cure For Gossip.—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. Reading is a safeguard against gossip. People who can talk of books do not have to talk of persons. When you see a family, in which literary magazines and newspapers are taken, you see one where there is little gossip.

There is a Rumor that the cuirass is going out, to make way for the peplum bodice, which has very long basques at the sides, (pointed or square, according to taste,) a square postillon at the back, and are short in front. Other bodices have wide waistbands in front, which commence at the seams beneath the arms, and do not cross the back. Worth makes many woollen dresses with blouse bodices, that are held in place with a wide belt of either velvet ribbon or leather.

Plants for the Room.—Slice off the top of a carrot, and put it flat into a saucer, and keep it moist with water, and the leaves will at once begin to grow. Horse-chestnuts will grow beautifully in a room. They must be put into a little earth till they sprout, after which they may be put in a soup-plate with plenty of moss, and kept damp. Acorns may be treated in the same way.

The Pictorial Souvenir.—We will send, for a premium, (if preferred to the "Cornwallis,") either our "Pictorial Souvenir," or our "Gems of Art." Each of these has twenty five engravings similar to, and of the size of "Such a Love of a Man," in the present number.

"Take it Forever."—One of our old subscribers sends a club for 1877, and adds in her letter: "I have taken your magazine for twenty years, and expect to keep on taking it forever."

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-by, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club.

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember! Formerly, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post-offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price.* Bear this in mind! The postage we paid in 1876 was over ten thousand dollars. All this the subscribers now save. "Peterson" is cheaper than ever.

"NO FALSE INDUCEMENTS."—So many catch-penny periodicals are started, so many reckless promises are made that are never fulfilled, that it is worth while to quote what an old subscriber writes to us: "I have never known false inducements," she says, "held out by 'Peterson' in all the time I have been taking it, which is fifteen years."

"MUCH BETTER."—A lady sends a club, and writes: "I think 'Peterson' is much better than it ever was. I have taken it for five years." Another says: "This is my club for the fifth year. We like the magazine better every year."

"EVER SINCE 1859."—Says an old subscriber, who sends a club for 1877: "Ever since 1859 I have taken your magazine, until it has become a part of the family. I can't do without it." We have hundreds of similar letters.

NEVER SPEAK EVIL of any one. Be charitable in thought, and give even the worst people the benefit of a doubt.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Frank Nelson in the Forecastle; or, the Sportsmen's Club Among the Whalers. By Harry Castlemon. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.*—When we were a boy, there was no charming books like this, especially adapted for youthful years, full of stir and excitement, and yet giving truthful pictures of life. Instead, there were only fairy tales, the Arabian Nights, and Robinson Crusoe, which many parents did not approve of, and which, therefore, were not allowed to be read. All this is changed now, and books like this abound, and are sanctioned by parents. Few, however, of these stories, are as good as the one before us. Its pictures of life at sea, especially the whaling voyages, read as if written, not only by one who had "sailed the deep" himself, but who possessed, also, unusually graphic powers of description. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

The Reading Club and Handy Speaker. Edited by George M. Baker. No. 4. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very excellent compilation, in prose and verse, of selections for reading and recitation. They are on all subjects, and in all veins: serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic.

Snip and Whip, and Some Other Boys. By Elizabeth A. Davis. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A book for children, quite well written, and sure, we should think, to be popular. The story is simple, and though didactic, interesting. The volume is neatly printed and bound.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. New Edition. With Portrait and a Biographical Sketch. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: A. Williams & Co.* The sight of this little volume carries us back to a former generation. Sprague belongs to the times of Irving, Percival, and others of the American literati, living and writing in the first years of this century. He began to indite verses as far back as 1811, and his most important production, "Curiosity," was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in 1829. His latest poem, of any length, was a "Centennial Ode," delivered at Boston, on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of that city. He survived until 1875, but for many years had lived a very retired life; and his poetry had passed almost entirely out of fashion, if not out of remembrance, long before his decease. A more modern school, in fact, had arisen; there were new "sweet singers in Israel;" and thousands, who can quote Longfellow all day, never, perhaps, heard of Sprague. But there was sterling merit in what he wrote, and we are glad, for one, to see his poems re-issued, and in so tasteful a dress. We especially are pleased to meet an old friend, "The Family Meeting," one of the simplest, yet truest, poems ever penned.

Toward Sunset, and other Poems. By Frank H. Stauffer. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* We have here a dainty little volume, very beautifully illustrated, containing nearly a hundred poems, the principal of which, "Toward Sunset," gives its name to the collection. The author has fancy, refinement, a nice sense of harmony, a sincere love of nature, and deep religious feeling, qualities that enter largely into the composition of the true poet More than one of his pieces originally appeared in "Peterson." We congratulate him, very sincerely, on his advent in this pretty little volume.

Corinne. By Madame de Stael. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of one of the most remarkable novels ever written. It does not, indeed, affect the present generation as profoundly as that in which it first appeared; but it is a book which everybody ought to read, and, in fact, to possess, who pretends at all to culture and intelligence.

The Prattler: A Picture and Story-Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a charming book for the little folk, full of capital illustrations, and with a text that even the youngest can understand. This season seems to have been especially prolific in books for juveniles; but among them all, none is better in its use than this.

Shifting for Himself. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Loring.* For books of this kind, Mr. Alger has earned a well-deserved reputation. His "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," and "Luck and Pluck," are all popular. Nor is this story of Gilbert Greyson's fortunes in any way inferior to the tales that have preceded it. We cordially recommend it. The volume is illustrated.

The Young Trail Hunters; or, The Wild Riders of the Plains. By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is just the kind of book to fascinate a boy. It carries him on, "o'er flood and field," with a long, stretching gallop of story and adventure, that stirs his blood to its profoundest depths. The book is freely illustrated.

Vine and Olive; or, Young America in Spain and Portugal. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic.) 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story of travel and adventure, one of that popular series, "Young America Abroad." It is, like all the rest of the series, instructive, as well as entertaining: a sort of a juvenile "Murray" put into the guise of a story.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER was universally pronounced the most beautiful ever published. Our old subscribers write in the most rapturous terms about it. The newspaper press is equally enthusiastic. The Norfolk (Mass.) Co. Register says: "It is the most superb we have ever seen." The Weekly (R. I.) Visitor calls it "that paragon of the lady's books," and adds, "It is emphatically the magazine for the times." The Seymour (Conn.) Record says: "The stories are even better than usual, and no lady's book has such writers." The Sherbrooke (Canada) News says: "The great feature of the number is a magnificent colored pattern, in a new kind of fancy-work, 'Ribbon Embroidery,' which every lady will be wild to learn, and which is, besides the most costly embellishment ever seen in any magazine." The Madrid (N. J.) News says: "The mammoth colored fashion-plate is unusually elegant: it is a picture, as well as a fashion-plate." Says the Boston Home Journal, "A superb number, both in illustrations: and reading matter." The Huron Co. (Ohio) Chronicle says; "Cheaper than ever for 1877: emphatically the magazine for the times." And in a similar strain they all speak. *Now is the time to get up clubs.*

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

"GAINING POPULARITY."—A subscriber sends a club for 1877, and adds: "I will send you another club soon. Your magazine is gaining popularity every year. Every one says it is the best and cheapest published. The ladies say they would not do without it for twice the price, and that they are life-time subscribers."

"MORE FOR THE MONEY."—The Ballston Spa (N. Y.) Journal says: "Peterson's Magazine has the best original stories of any of the lady's books, the best colored fashion-plates, the best steel engravings, etc., etc. Every family ought to take it. It gives more for the money than any in the world."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—QUALIFICATIONS OF NURSES.

An even temper is among the principal qualifications, if not the most desirable one, for a good nurse to possess For her very profession requires of her a frequent change of situations and of charges; an association with a great variety of tempers and dispositions; and she whose lot is thus cast, as it were, upon a sea of calm and of tempest, must possess, as an anchor of safety, an evenness of temper and kindly disposition of more than ordinary character.

A good disposition is thought by many to be possessed only by those who may have had the good fortune to have inherited it from Old Mother or Dame Nature; but it is a quality that may be unquestionably acquired, in a great measure, by all, by "taking up the cross," or, in other words, by properly cultivating and curbing the temper, and sour disposition, (instead of giving them a loose rein,) and mingling with proper associates.

Numerous instances will occur, in the course of a nurse's practice or profession, where *good humor* will be found to be a valuable, if not an indispensable auxiliary, in enabling a medical attendant to bring "out of the depths" many of those cases where there is a prostration of spirits, and a melancholy state of mind, arising from nervous debility and other causes. A nurse for such cases should be employed, who possesses a calm serenity of mind, duly tempered with sprightliness or good humor; one who can diffuse a kind of sunshine on the countenances of all around her, and then can she very frequently, by tact, or a properly directed effort, divert the mind of the patient from the cause of her afflictions, amd change her turn of thought from low despondency to comparative cheerfulness.

Whatever may be the qualifications of a nurse in other respects, without a share of good humor and gentleness of temper, she must be considered deficient, and unfitted for her responsible occupation.

FIRMNESS and decision of character, the exercise of which is, to a greater or less extent, always absolutely indispensable on the part of a nurse in the management of the sick, are next in importance to an evenness of temper.

A nurse is not unfrequently importuned by a patient to yield her better judgment to the gratification of some momentary desire, which, if permitted to prevail, might result in her serious injury. To these earnest entreaties, where it is presumed the object desired will produce the slightest injury, a decided denial is required of the nurse; but it should be made in such kindness of manner as to convince the patient, both by subsequent action and conversation, that everything consistent with her good shall be done or acceded to. Thus the patient, though sometimes momentarily displeased, will feel, upon a little reflection, well satisfied that the denial of the coveted desire, or article, was for her good.

Against the importunity of friends, and the practice of friends or neighbors of the patient, pressing their visits upon her (or him)—an evil always to be deprecated—the nurse will frequently be called upon to take a more decided stand. The nurse must also turn a deaf ear to the many proffered prescriptions, both medical and dietetical, which such *kind* friends, or interested visitors, are ofttimes loaded down with, and both gratuitously and officiously urge upon the patient to accept, with an apostolic zeal worthy of a better cause, and a more useful field of labor.

The writer having, for the greater part of his life, practised medicine in the country, is ignorant to what extent these remarks will apply, with truth, to visitors of patients in the large cities; but sincerely hopes, to a much less degree.

FLOWER-TALKS FOR FEBRUARY.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

FERNS.—Last summer I took it into my head to manufacture a fernery of my own, and I want to tell how I succeeded, that others can "do likewise" when next summer comes. For, to my mind, there is nothing lovelier than a fern, and a box-full of them in the parlor, in summer, is like bringing in a bit of the woods.

I fixed my fern-box first. It was about six inches deep, and two feet square. I covered it with buff paper, and gave it a gilt border. Then I got leaf-mold and loam, from the woods, such as ferns delight in, and filled it to within two inches of the top.

Then I took a basket and trowel, and set off on my hunt for ferns. The only trouble about fern-hunting is, you are apt to see so many beautiful things you can't have, that you generally come away feeling dissatisfied with what you have got.

I dug maiden's-hair fern from shady nooks, and the larger kinds from rocky places, and left the rich soil cling-

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ing to their roots. The fronds had just begun to spring up and unroll, and I had to handle them carefully. Before I knew it, I had my basket full. I came home and filled my box. I set the roots firmly together, and sprinkled the soil, that had crumbled from them in the basket, over them. Then I gave them a good watering, and put the box on a stand before a north window, and waited developments.

It wasn't a week before they began to grow. It was a delight to examine them every morning. I was sure to find something unseen before. In two weeks my box was a mass of richest green, and every morning, when I sprinkled them, the room was full of the ferny odor of shady nooks in the woods.

I have never had anything in the plant line which afforded me as much delight as that box of ferns did. Every day new ones peeped up, and it was a pleasure to watch them grow, and unroll, and spread out into airy, feathery fronds, as delicate as frost-work, or lace. And ferns were not the only things my box contained. Some curious little orchid-like plants came up and bloomed, and maple-seeds sprouted along with a wild white violet, which, by-and-by, bore exquisitely fragrant flowers.

One man, and he was the only one among many, failed to see anything attractive in my fernery. He looked them over carefully, and critically, and then said: "Hum! they're only *brakes!* Anybody can have *them!*" Sure enough, thought I, not at all crestfallen under his criticism. But that's nothing against them. Some of the most beautiful things in the world are those everybody can have, *if they will*, but they don't always have them.

Try my experiment next summer, and if you have the success I did, you will be delighted.

HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT.

THE ART OF WASHING.—HINTS.—In washing woollen things it is necessary to carry out the work rapidly, whether it be done by hand or in a machine. In a machine they are treated in much the same manner as other articles, save that no soda must on any account be used. For this reason flannels are generally washed first. Soft water is especially valuable for washing woollen things, the addition of soda being necessary to hard water in order to soften it. Pure Castile and curd soap are the best to use, as containing the least soda. They should always be used in the form of jelly. This should be prepared by the soap being cut up and boiled till it becomes of the proper consistency, after which it must be mixed with the water before the flannels are put in. The following are the main points to be attended to: They must always be washed by themselves. They must on no account be previously soaked. No soda should be used in washing them. Soap must never be rubbed on them; it must be used as a lather. They should be finished off at once, and never be left in the water during the course of washing, or be allowed to lie about damp. They must not be passed from hot to cold water. The waters used should each be hotter than the last. Cold water rather sets than removes the dirt, and makes them shrink.

The following mode of proceeding applies to almost every class of woollen things. Wash in two lathers of warm, soft water and soap jelly; rinse in another thinner lather, (slightly blued for white things;) wring thoroughly—and for this a wringer will be found most valuable, for the quicker the water can be wrung out, the better, and the twisting necessary in hand-wringing is bad for woollen things. Select a fine sunny day with a brisk wind; a rainy day is objectionable, for the drying should be done as quickly as possible in the open air. When this is impracticable, woollen things should not be put to dry too near the fire, which would tend to shrink and make them yellow; they should be well snapped and shaken before they are put on the line, and during the process of drying. Petticoats should be hung up by the bands, to prevent the water from settling in the gathers, and the bands of colored flannel petticoats should be dipped in salt, to avoid the color running into them. They should be taken down, when sufficiently damp for the ironing, which must be done at once. If any portion appears cockled, it should be well pulled out and straightened in preparing for ironing. The bands of petticoats, etc., should be subsequently ironed.

The following is a remedy for white flannels, which have become yellow: Pour over them water in which flour has been boiled, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a quart; let them remain in this long enough for the water to cool, then rub them well in it, but use no soap; rinse subsequently in several warm waters. Repeat the process should it not at once prove effectual. Flannel will always shrink more or less in washing, and it is a good plan to have it shrunk before making up. To effect this, lay it in a tub of lukewarm soft water, take it out without squeezing as soon as it rises to the surface, hang it up to drain, and it will not have lost the appearance of newness. Another mode is to drain away the water in which it has been soaked, and then wash it through in a warm lather of curd soap. To prevent knitted articles shrinking, cut out in paper the exact shape of the article when new, and from this have a wooden frame made, with a ring attached to the top. After being washed, the garment should be slipped on it, and hung up by the ring to dry, by which means it will retain its original size and softness to the end.

FIRESIDE GAMES.

THE SPANISH MERCHANT.—In this game one of the party must go out of the room, and the rest must think of a book or a play that is known to all. Then the one who is outside is called in. She says to each, in turn, "What have you got to sell?" They must say something that is in the book, such as "a flood," "a fire," "a child," "a quarrel," etc. Then the girl must guess what book it is. If she cannot, she must go out again; if she does guess, some one else must go out.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?—One player is to ask all the others what her thought is. They must answer anything they can think of. Then the thinker tells them what she has thought of, and asks them why it is like the object named; if they cannot give a reason, they must pay a forfeit. The one who guesses right must then think of a word.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?—One goes out of the room, and the others fix upon a word that has several meanings, which she has to guess. She must come in, and ask how, when, and where you like it, and by the answers must find out what the chosen word is.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

CAKES.

Rice Cakes.—Beat the yolks of fifteen eggs for nearly half an hour with a whisk; mix well with them ten ounces of fine-sifted loaf-sugar; put in half a pound of ground rice, a little orange-flower water, or brandy, and the rinds of two lemons, grated; then add the whites of seven eggs, well beaten, and stir the whole together for a quarter of an hour. Put them into a hoop, and set them in a quick oven for half an hour, when they will be properly done.

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Ammonia Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, half a pint of cream, a piece of ammonia, rather larger than a filbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cake should not be cut for a fortnight, and it will keep fresh for any length of time.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Veal Croquettes.—Take some cold veal, remove carefully all fat and outside parts, and mince it finely; melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan; add a little flour, and stir; then add small quantity of stock and the minced meat, with some parsley, finely chopped; season with pepper, salt, and a little powdered spices; stir well, and as soon as the mixture is quite hot, remove it from the fire. Beat up and strain into a basin the yolks of one or two eggs, with the juice of half or a whole lemon, according to the quantity of mince; put two or three tablespoonfuls of mince into the basin; mix them well with the egg and lemon; then add the whole to the rest of the mince; mix well, and turn it out on a dish. When cold, fashion it in bread-crumbs to the shape of corks, taking care to make them all of a uniform size; then roll them in egg, and again in bread-crumbs. Let them dry a short time; then fry in plenty of hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

Chicken Pot-Pie.—Cut your chickens in pieces; wash them and dry them in a clean napkin; season with salt and pepper. Line the sides of the pot with paste, put in the pieces of chicken, and between every layer of chicken, put a piece of butter rolled in flour, with squares of the paste, if you choose; pour in enough cold water to cover it, and put on a lid of the paste; leave an opening in the centre of the top crust; cover the pot, place it in front of the fire, with a few coals under it. Turn the pot frequently, that the crust may be evenly browned all around. When it is done, if the gravy should not be thick enough, add a little more flour mixed with butter. Dish it by putting the top crust on the sides of the dish, lay the chicken in the centre, and place the brown crust on the top. Serve the gravy in a sauce-boat.

Sauce Robert for Meats.—Cut into small dice four or five large onions, and brown them in a stew-pan, with three ounces of butter, and a dessertspoonful of flour. When of a deep yellow, pour over them half a pint of beef or veal gravy, and let them simmer for fifteen minutes. Skim the sauce; add a seasoning of salt and pepper, and at the moment of serving, mix in a dessertspoonful of made mustard.

DESSERTS.

Bakewell Pudding.—Half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, yolks of eight and whites of two eggs, juice and rind of one large, or two small lemons. Mix all well together, and put into a jar. Place the jar in a sauce-pan of boiling water: stir the mixture over the fire till it thickens; line a soup plate or muffineer with light pie pastry, put preserve in the bottom and pour the mixture over it. Bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

Pumpkin Pie.—Take one and a half quarts of pumpkins, which you have previously boiled and strained; add to it, while hot, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two quarts of milk, four eggs, one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt. Bake with a very thin undercrust, the mixture being laid on at least six times as thick as the paste.

Madeline Cakes for Dessert.—Half a pound of eggs, (four,) half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs, thoroughly; then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon-rind. Put in little dishes, filling each about one-third full, and bake till done.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Apple Trifle. (A Supper Dish).—Ten good-sized apples, the rind of half a lemon, six ounces pounded sugar, half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, two eggs, whipped cream. Peel, core, and cut the apples into thin slices, and put them into a sauce-pan with two tablespoonfuls of water, the sugar, and minced lemon-rind. Boil all together until quite tender, and pulp the apples through a sieve; if they should not be quite sweet enough, add a little more sugar, and put them at the bottom of the dish to form a thick layer. Stir together the milk, cream, and eggs, with a little sugar, over the fire, and let the mixture thicken, but do not allow it to reach the boiling point. When thick, take it off the fire; let it cool a little, then pour it over the apples. Whip some cream with sugar, lemon-peel, etc., the same as for other trifles; heap it high over the custard, and the dish is ready for table. It may be garnished, as fancy dictates, with strips of bright apple-jelly, slices of citron, etc.

Red Cabbage.—Having washed the cabbage, shred it very small, and put it, with a slice of ham, minced, into a stew-pan with some melted fat; add an onion stuck with cloves, pepper and salt. Simmer gently, tossing frequently, till quite tender. Just before serving, remove the onions and cloves; add the yolks of two eggs, and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Serve very hot, with fried sausages.

Taffee.—Put in a sauce-pan, over the fire, half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of butter, and the juice of a lemon. Stir constantly. After it has cooked for some time, put a little of the mixture into a cup of water, and if it hardens it is done, and must then be poured on a buttered dish, (tin is best, as ware sometimes cracks with the boiling mixture.) After it has cooled a little, cut into square cakes.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF DEEP LINDEN-FLOWER-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The under-skirt is of silk, and plain; the camel's-hair over-dress and mantle is trimmed with a deep, rich, worsted ball fringe; bow of cardinal-red at the waist of the mantle. Very dark-green felt bonnet, trimmed with cardinal-red.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK-GRAY SILK, trimmed with alternate ruffles of scantily gathered silk and knife-plaiting; cloak of seal-brown velvet, trimmed with bands of seal fur; bonnet of velvet, of the color of the cloak, trimmed with a bird with blue-gray plumage, and pipings of the color of the dress.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF PLAIN BLACK SILK.—The deep paletot is of gray basket-cloth, made to partially fit the figure; has large pockets, and is trimmed with fur. White felt bonnet, trimmed with a white feather, blue velvet, and pink roses.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR, of two shades of brown. The petticoat is of silk, of the color of the lighter brown, in the over-dress; it is trimmed with a broad diagonal puffing; the tunic is very long, both in front and at the back, is slightly looped quite low down, and trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the silk. The very deep, straight jacket is finished with worsted tassel fringe; cuffs and hood of the silk, the latter trimmed with fringe. Thimble-shaped, light-brown felt bonnet, ornamented with long rows of ribbon and ivy-leaves.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF INK-BLUE VELVET AND CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The petticoat of velvet has one deep flounce with a puffing above it. The ink-blue camel's-hair over-dress, and the Marie Antoinette mantle, are trimmed with a band of gray India camel's-hair. Brown felt bonnet, trimmed with cardinal-red.

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FIGS. VI. AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS, of two shades of gray camel's-hair, and suitable for late winter or early spring wear. The lower skirt has one deep flounce, edged with a knife-plaiting of silk of the color of the darker shade of the dress. The upper-skirt is very deep in front, and edged with a deep woolen ball-fringe; a band of dark-gray silk finishes the edge of the over-skirt; the mantilla is cut bias in the back, has a tournure hood, and is trimmed with two bows of dark-gray ribbon; it crosses in front. Deep cuirass basque.

FIG. VIII.—PALETOT OF METALLAISE, half fitting at the back, and trimmed with a band of plain black silk and fringe.

FIG. IX.—PALETOT OF LIGHT-BROWN BASKET-CLOTH.—It is double-breasted, ornamented with light-brown gimp trimmings, edged with brown fur, and fastened with large brown horn-buttons.

FIG. X.—PALETOT OF HEAVY BLACK SILK, TRIMMED WITH FUR.—The pocket, sleeves and sides of the back, are trimmed with fancy buttons and French folds of black silk. A tie of ribbon is beneath the pocket.

FIG. XI.—PALETOT OF ARMURE SILK, made with a rolling collar. It is double-breasted, and the sleeves and paletot are trimmed with bows of ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give two bonnets. The first is of black velvet, made with a Marie Stuart front, which is faced with a yellow satin, and has a roll of black velvet beneath; the flowers on the outside are gold-colored buttercups, with black centres. This is a most becoming bonnet for a brunette. The second bonnet is for a blonde, and is in one of the new combinations of color, blue and green; the body of the bonnet is of blue velvet, and is trimmed with blue satin ribbon, while the face is filled in with tiny drooping acorns, which fall over the hair, with larger acorns and oak-leaves above. A cluster of acorns and leaves are on the outside of the bonnet. When light-blue and dark-green are properly combined, it is very beautiful; but great care must be taken to have the colors harmonize; light-blue and moss-green do remarkably well together, and these two colors in one costume are seen constantly in the pictures by the old masters.

We also give two of the newest styles of dressing the hair. The first is for a young lady; the second is a head-dress of black lace, with bows of plaid ribbon, which can be worn at a concert, or, if used by an older person, can be worn as an ordinary head-dress.

We have given so many illustrations, this month, with the descriptions, as above, that but little remains to be said, in general. We may, however, state that square, low bodices are much more popular than round ones; the sleeve, or rather the apology for one, comes high on the shoulder, and the bodice is cut square at the back as well as in front. To slender figures this style is very becoming, but it should not be adopted by any others.

Although the Polonaise is probably the newest style of walking-dresses, it is by no means the only one worn, as a great many ladies still cling to the under-skirt, the tunic, cuirass waist, and long jacket, for out-of-door wear.

The costumes [illegible] include skirt, tunic, and bodice, are made in many different styles, but they are almost all, without exception, ornamented at the side. Oblique lines are the fashion, for we see them described with buttons, bows, fur, gimp, and feathers, on all the newest costumes. There are also a great many cut trimmings to be seen; the French term for them is "garnitures coupes;" they consist of a plaiting of some woolen material, interrupted at regular intervals by plaitings of silk, or of silk flounces crossed at intervals with satin puffings.

The jackets that are worn over costumes, and made of the same material, are almost all one shape—close-fitting at the back, and double-breasted in front. These jackets are mostly trimmed with galloons made of black velvet, embroidered with either white or moss-green silk. The quantity and variety of these galloons is indescribable. Those made of canvas, with the design in chenille, woven in the Jacquard loom, are much liked.

Fur is the great rival to these embroidered galloons, and the chief aim now is, that it should harmonize in color with the costume it is used to trim. It is considered more dressy than braid, and it is much more costly. Gray cloth costumes are trimmed with Labrador squirrel and chinchilla, while with almond and leather-colored fabrics otter is generally used, and produces a charming effect. Sable is only to be seen for trimming black dresses.

Skirts are worn so closely clinging to the figure, that invention is put to the test how to dispense with all under-drapery that bulges out or creates the smallest suspicion of fullness of material. Drawers and petticoats are now made of flannel; the petticoats are very short, but a deep white flounce, trimmed with edging, and called the "Balayeuse," is now always tucked in the wrong side of short costumes.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GRAY CLOTH COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The front is in the Princess shape, with a deep, pointed pocket; the back fits half-tight, and has a strap some distance below the waist; loose, comfortable-looking sleeves, with pointed cuffs. Small, round cape.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF A BLUE AND GRAY STRIPED SILK, AND WOOL MATERIAL.—The under-skirt has three narrow ruffles, with scant fullness. The over-skirt is deep in front, and pointed, and has two sharp points at the back, and is edged with a bias band of the material; the waist is cut in one, with the upper-skirt. Light-blue bonnet, with a soft crown.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK-BLUE SERGE.—The lower skirt has a bias band, edged with a knife-plaiting; the upper-skirt is cut up in turret shape, and piped with cardinal-red silk. The jacket and sleeves are also piped with cardinal-red.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The under-skirt has no trimming; the waist is elongated at the back, and finished with a plaited band, and bow of brown ribbon.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S PALETOT OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH.—It is half tight-fitting, and very narrow. The deep collar, pocket, sleeves, and bands at the back, are finished with a cording of gray silk.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF A SUIT FOR A BOY OF ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The coat and trowsers are of gray tweed, trimmed with buttons, and having lappels, pockets, and cuffs of velvet.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—WATER-PROOF COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is double-breasted in front, and has a cape, which is deeper in the back than in front, and is laid in plaits at the back, the plaits being confined about the middle of the length, by a strap across.

FIG. X.—AN OVERALL APRON, FOR A CHILD.—This apron may be made of white linen, or birds-eye, and is used to keep the entire dress clean. It may be trimmed with Hamburg edging and ruffling, as in the engraving, or may be made much plainer, and of brown holland.

FIG. XI.—DRESS-APRON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—This apron is made of nainsook, and much ornamented with insertion and ruffling.

FIG. XII.—NURSERY APRON FOR A GIRL.—This can be made of brown holland, or any other wash material. The box-plaits are fastened down by two rows of white or red braid. The sleeves are also trimmed with braid.

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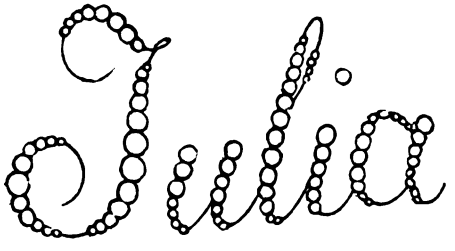

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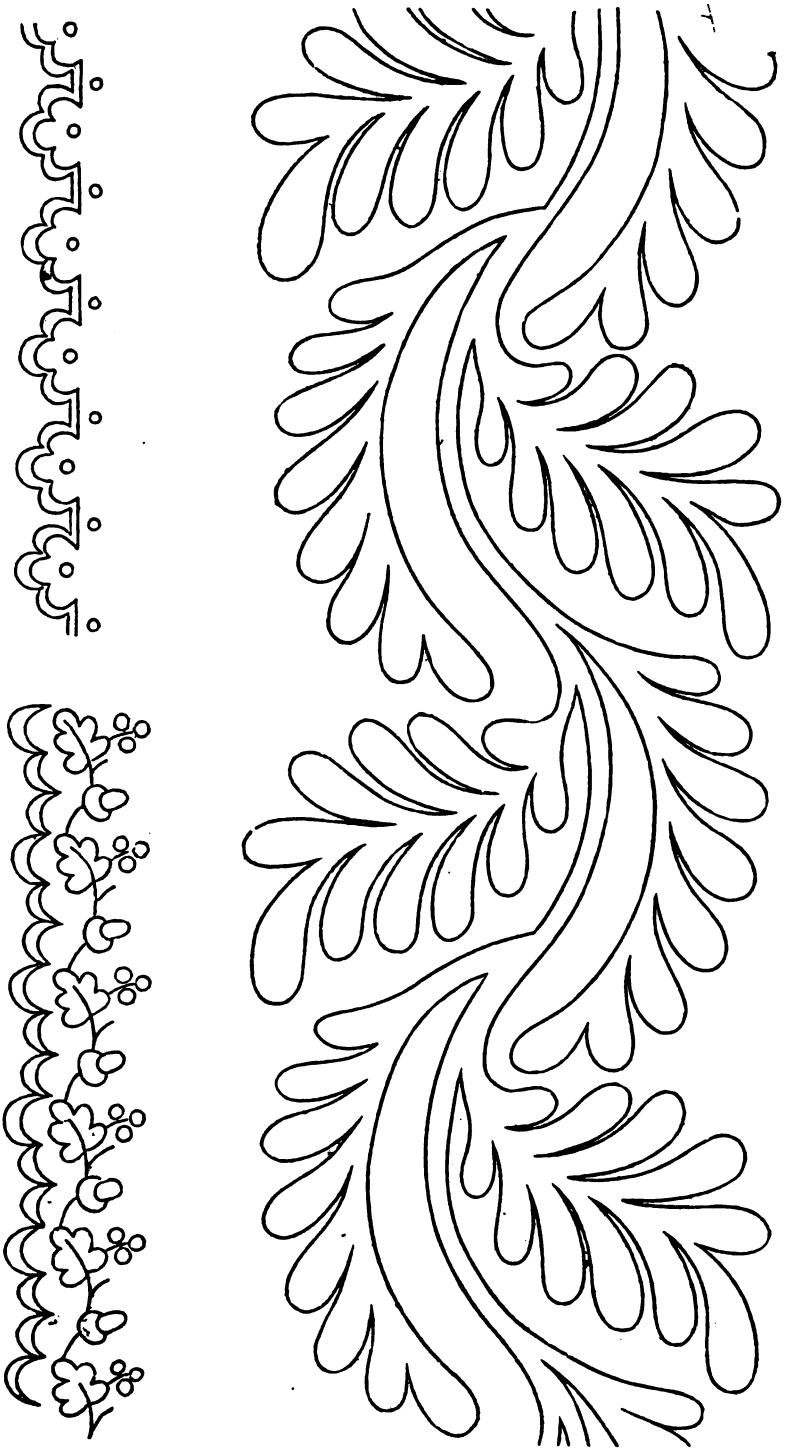

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p *mf* *p*

dim.

1. Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by;
2. Though each day fresh care be bringing, That brief vis - ion soothes my heart;

dim.

dim.

Where each day new pleas - ures bringing, Left at heart no cause to sigh.
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When loved forms no more shall part.

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BLISSFUL DREAMS COME STEALING O'ER ME.

cres. *f*

Home of peace! I see thy por - tals, Hear the voic - es dear to me,—
Come, sweet sleep, my eye - lids seal - ing, Come, bright dream, my soul to cheer;

cres. *f*

p

Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rapture see:
Waft me back to scenes of pleasure, Bring the smile and chase the tear:

poco rit. *p*

Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rapt - ure see.
Waft me back to scenes of pleas - ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

f *dim.*

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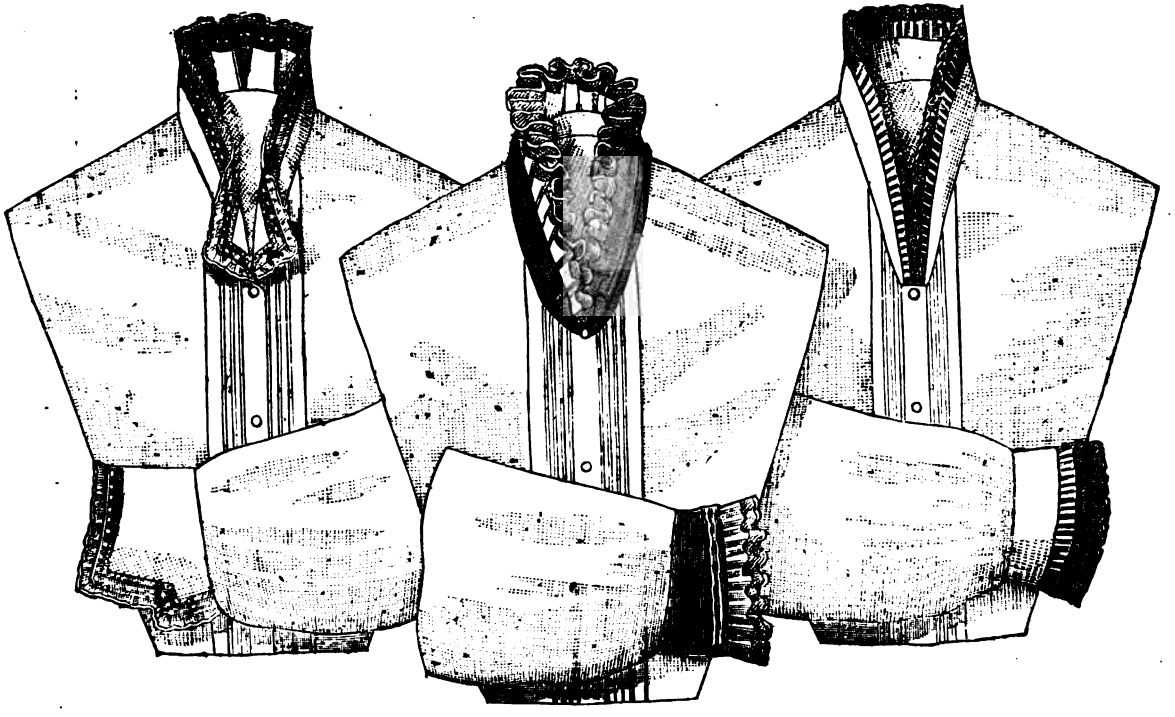

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXI. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1877. No. 3.

COMING HOME.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

She stood in the door of the little Highland cottage, her dark hair tossed by the evening breeze, her bare, brown feet, shapely as a sculptor's model, showing beneath her scanty kirtle; a look of quiet happiness in her large, luminous eyes, as she watched a distant boat coming across the lake. A sheep-dog, crouching on the grass, a few yards off, watched the light skiff with equal interest. The shadows of the far-off mountains darkened the water, and the coming twilight threw a half melancholy hue over all.

Directly, the regular dip of the oars was heard, the boat glided to the strand, and a lad of eighteen, or thereabouts, sprang on shore. The dog darted to welcome the newcomer, but the girl, with something of the shyness of maturer years, hung back. She was but fourteen, as yet, but already, in her virgin heart, had begun to stir, almost unknown to herself, that mystery of mysteries, human love.

She and Walter Keith had known each other from earliest childhood. They had grown up together, in his mother's cottage, and long ago he had told her, in his frank, boyish way, that she was to be his "little wife," by-and-bye. She had looked on him as a brother, however, and only laughed in reply.

He came in now, flushed with exercise, as handsome as a young Apollo, the dog jumping about him, and barking for joy.

"Aren't you glad to see me, too, Jeanette?" he said. "Surely, old Hero here is not to be the only one to welcome me. Don't you think you might have come down to the shore to meet me?"

The girl gave one quick, half-shy glance up into his face, blushing to the very tips of her pretty ears. A year ago, she would have gone to meet him frankly. And a year ago she would not have blushed.

He drew her to him, and kissed her.

"Well, I forgive you, for this once," he said, gayly, quite satisfied by that glance; "but when we are older, when we are married, as, you know, we are to be, you mustn't stay here, in the door, but must come down to the water, dearie."

The years passed on. Almost before either knew it, Jeanette was eighteen, and Walter twenty-two. But now clouds began to darken the horizon of their hitherto happy lives. A true and loyal lover was Walter Keith; but, alas! he was of a jealous temperament. He had loved Jeanette all his life long, ever since she came to his mother's hearth-stone, one midwinter night, a little, friendless creature, her father lying dead at the old Inverness Manse, her mother lying in her grave in the old Inverness churchyard, and she, a tiny mite, without kith or kin in the wide world. "Puir, motherless bairn," his mother had said, "you must be a gude brother to her." And so, beginning as a brother, he soon learned to be more. Summer in and summer out, they went to school together, hand and hand; through golden autumns they tended their flocks on the hill-side, under the shadows of the giant peaks; and in winter they sat by the Ingle-side, and, while he cracked nuts for Jeanette, she sang the sad, sweet songs of their native land. All through these years, long past the period when our story opens, Walter had been coming to think of Jeanette, less like a brother, and more like a lover. When, at eighteen, she had sprung up into a slim, lithe, graceful young goddess, with eyes as deep and pure as a mountain loch, and cheeks and lips like ripe-red cherries, and when others began to admire her also, then the latent jealousy of his nature took fire. But he did not fully realize the torture to which he could be subjected, till the young laird came home to the old Highland castle beyond the moors, and having seen

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Jeanette at Inverness, fell desperately in love with her. A handsome, gallant fellow was this young laird of Dundee; a fine match, to be sure, for a girl like Jeanette, if he really meant marriage; and he seemed thoroughly in earnest. Every morning saw him at the cottage gate, mounted on his black steed, with his dogs at his heels, and a bunch of red roses, or white mountain lilies, in his hand, for Jeanette.

"He's in dead earnest, is the fine young laird. Jeanette's a rare lass; if ye care for her, ye'd better speak out, and ha' done wi' it, Walt," said Walt's mother.

And the young man, furious with jealousy, took the hint. He went off to Aberdeen without delay, and laid out all his surplus money for a broad band of gold, that would fit Jeanette's plump, brown finger.

She was at the cottage door, the sunset shining on her dark head, just as it had done four years before, and the scene was the same—the mountains, the boat, the melancholy gloaming—when he returned.

"Come with me, Jeanette; let's walk down to the moor-side," he said.

Jeanette went readily enough, calling to Hero, and singing little snatches of song.

"Don't sing," almost gasped the impatient lover, catching sight of his titled rival, cantering down the castle road. "Listen to what I have to say. Jeanette, you know I love you; there's no need to tell you that. I have loved you all my life. Long ago you promised to be my wife. But maybe you think that was only in childish sport. I am in dead earnest, however. Now," and he turned almost fiercely on her, "which do you care for most; that proud, young Laird o' the castle up yon, or me?"

Jeanette laughed, and tossed her silken, wind-blown curls, averting her face that he might not see the sparkle in her eyes, and the blush on her cheeks. She loved Walt as she loved her life; but she was a woman, and a little coquetry is natural to the sex. She was vexed, too, that Walter had not, lately, spoken of love. She had even begun to think he had changed his mind, until the young laird of Dundee had made him jealous.

"Why should I answer?" she said, lightly, and evasively. "What means this sudden haste?"

"Because I want to know; because I will know," cried Walter, hotly.

Jeanette laughed again—a little, musical laugh, like the bubble of a mountain brook.

"Suppose I refuse to tell?" she said, just a trifle wickedly.

Her companion came to a sudden halt.

"Jeanette," confronting her, his face white and set, "this is no light matter with me. You know how I feel; there's no need that I should try to tell. I couldn't, if I would; I'm not glib o' tongue, like the fine young laird. But you shall choose, 'twixt me and him, and choose now."

"Suppose I refuse to choose," she replied, a little ruffled at his domineering tone.

"I shall take it for granted that you like *him* best, and not trouble you again."

Jeanette stood silent, a mischievous gleam in her gazelle eyes.

The young man returned the broad gold ring to his vest-pocket, and turned on his heel.

"You are silent, Jeanette; I am answered. Yonder comes the Laird o' Dundee. I'll not stand in his way. Good-bye, Jeanette!"

The young laird came clattering down toward the moor-side, and Walter Keith walked rapidly away. Jeanette stood in the waning sunset, her heart fluttering like a bird.

"Walt! Oh, Walt, come back!" she cried.

But her voice was tremulous, and the young man did not hear her. In another second, Dundee was at her side.

With many gallant words, he put his flowers in her hands, and hung a rose, full-blown and crimson-hearted, in her dark hair.

Jeanette wore it when she went back to the cottage in the gloaming, a little feeling of resentful coquetry in her heart; but, underlying all, her true and tender love, which made her ready and willing to accept her hasty, passionate suitor, if only he would speak again. But when she reached the cottage, Walter was not there. Night did not bring him home, nor the morrow!

Jeanette drove her kids out to browse on the moor-side, with a pain in her girl's heart that pierced it like a thorn. Surely he would come to fetch her noon's meal, as was his custom?

But noon passed, and the red sun hung low above the russet hills, and he did not appear. Jeanette drove her flocks homeward at an early hour.

She found the cottage in confusion, the good wife sobbing in the chimney-corner. The girl's very soul died within her.

"What has happened?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"Can ye ask?" cried out the mother, shrilly. "Can ye stand there, and mock me in my sorrow, and make believe ye dinna know? Ye've deceived the lad all these years, and now, in the end, ye throw him o'er wi'out word or warning, and send him off over seas, and break his poor

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mither's heart. I'll ne'er forgive ye till my dying day."

"What is it? Oh, where is Walt?" gasped Jeanette.

"Gone! Gone over seas, to foreign lands, ne'er to return. And 'tis all your work; it all comes o' your fair, false face. I wish from my soul I had left ye to die that wild night, when I fetched ye home to my fireside! Go! I ne'er want to see your face again. Get ye up to the castle yon, to your fine, titled lover!"

Jeanette left the room like one stunned. That night, when the midnight moon hung above the gorse-crowned hills, Jeanette stole out from the cottage. She could not stay and hear her foster-mother's reproaches. She went away in silence.

"Hero!" she called, crossing the lawn. "Hero, I'm going away."

And the dog left his kennel, and followed her.

Time drifted on. Summers came and went; the verdure bloomed and faded on the Highland peaks.

One wild, wintry day, the young lord of Dundee found himself in Aberdeen. Strolling along the coast, without the town, he met a solitary figure, with a gaunt sheep-dog at it's side.

"Jeanette!" he cried out, "Jeanette, have I found you at last?"

The girl stood still, and looked at him with her solemn, shining eyes.

"What made you run away, Jeanette?" he went on, eagerly. "I've hunted for you everywhere, and find you here. Child, what does it mean?"

"I live here, that's all."

"In this wretched old town? You look weary and overworked, too; your cheeks are losing their fresh bloom. Silly little one, you might have been my pet all these years! I would have clothed you in silks and jewels, and shielded you from every care. I'll do it yet. Come home with me, Jeanette."

He caught her hand. But she wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come," he continued "I'll not let you escape me again. I've tried to forget you, but it was vain. I believe you've bewitched me. I can't give you up. Come, and I'll make you my wife."

"Never! Let me pass."

"What? You refuse to be my wife? The lady of Dundee Castle?"

"Yes; I refuse."

She turned from him, and went her way along the wild coast.

"Stop one minute," he cried, pursuing her. "Let me tell you of your old home. Keith cottage stands yet, and the dame spins her flax, and herds her flocks; but Walt has never returned; he never will return. His vessel was lost, months ago. Will you come now, Jeanette?"

"No!"

And she went on, Hero following in her steps.

A week later, and Jeanette stood in the door of the little Highland cot. Her foster-mother sat within.

"Let me come home, and help you to bear your sorrow," she entreated. "I was not false to Walt; I was only silly and shy; and his jealous doubt vexed me. I loved him. I will go to my grave unwedded for his sake."

And the desolate mother held out her hands.

"Come home," she said, looking at the sad, changed young face. "We'll bear our trouble together."

So Jeanette and Hero remained at the old cottage.

Winter came down amid the Highlands, wild and cold. The winds roared, and the snow drifted, and the mountain lochs lay like beds of crystal.

"We shall have a bitter night, and there's a ewe and two lambs missing," said Jeanette, one bleak afternoon, when she was folding the lambs. "Come, Hero, let's go and hunt them."

"You'd better come under shelter, and let the lambs go," said the dame.

But Jeanette and Hero went. Across the wild moor, beyond the harbor coast, down the bleak, frozen shore-line toward the hills.

With the close of day, the snow came down heavily, and a keen, wailing wind whirled it hither and thither, in blinding drifts.

Jeanette began to grow bewildered.

"Come back, Hero," she called; "the lambs must go. We can't face a storm like this."

But the dog ran on, his nose to the ground, breaking out ever and anon into sharp, frantic barks. The girl followed him, breathless, and half frozen.

"What is it, Hero? Are the lambs here?"

The dog paused at the root of a great, black fir, barking more furiously than ever.

Jeanette hurried to the spot. "You've found the poor lambs!" she cried.

Not the lambs! But a human creature, a man, his garments like iron, his face like death.

Jeanette peered down into the still face, took the icy hands in hers, and uttered a cry that filled the stormy night with answering echoes. She could not see, but some subtle instinct in her bosom told her who it was. She clasped the frozen form close to her tender breast.

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"Oh, Walter, Walter! Hero, go to old Jean's cottage, and fetch help. Your master, your master," with a great sob, "has come back!"

The dog went like the wind.

Sitting under the storm-tossed fir, Jeanette clasped her lover closer and closer to her heart. The warmth of her tender bosom, the caressing touch of her loving lips, awoke him from his death-dream at last.

"Where am I?" he asked, in feeble accents. "Surely, this hand must be Jeanette's?"

She answered him with a kiss, that thrilled him into instantaneous consciousness. He half raised himself, clasping her close.

"Jeanette?"

"Yes, Walt!"

"Am I in a dream?"

"No, you're awake. You were coming home?"

"Yes! Jeanette, Jeanette, what does this mean?"

Her lithe arms encircled his neck, her lips touched his cheek.

"It means that I love you, Walt; that I've loved you always, dear, from first to last."

He had no words to answer, and silence fell between them.

The next instant Hero's bark rang above the din of the storm. There were men following him, and they brought blankets and warm drinks.

And so the two were saved. And this was Walter's second and final COMING HOME.

A YEAR AGO.

BY D. NESBIT.

A YEAR ago we walked the woods,
A year ago to-day;
The lanes were white with fragrant bloom,
The hedges sweet with May.

We trod the happy woodland ways,
Where sunset lights between
The slender hazel-stems streamed clear,
And turned to gold the green.

The birds sang through the cool green arch,
Where clouds of wind-flowers grew:
That beauty all was lost to me,
For lack of love to you.

And you, too, missed the peace which might
Have been, yet might not be,
From too much doubt and fear of Fate,
And too much love of me.

This year, O love! no thing is changed:
As bright a sunset glows;
Again we walk the wild wet woods,
Again the blue-bell blows.

But still our parted spirits fail
Spring's happiness to touch;
For now you do not care for me,
And I love you too much!

AN ANTHEM.

BY SARAH DOUDREY.

WITHOUT—the snow-waste, and the leaden sky,
Dead leaves, and silent ways;
Within the church—glad voices, clear and high,
Chanting a song of praise.

"And God shall wipe away all tears," they sing,
In solemn tones and sweet;
Is this an echo of the songs that ring
Along the golden street?

Here, even here, amid the winter snow,
With gloomy clouds above,
These frozen hearts of ours revive and glow,
Touched by Divinest love.

Across the graves, across the desert sod,
And through the mist of years,
The strain rings on, triumphant still, "And God
Shall wipe away all tears."

O, weepers in a weary world, to-day
By toil and grief oppressed,
Lift up your hearts, for "God shall wipe away
All tears," and give you rest.

LIFE.

BY ALBERT F. BRIDGES.

A CHILD, amid the flowers, at play,
I saw, at early dawn of day,

Upholding in his dimpled hands
An hour-glass, filled with golden sands.

Where, fallen from the western skies,
The glory of the sunset lies,

I see an old man tottering stand,
An empty hour-glass in his hand.

Brief though it be, ere sands of gold
A fleeting, fitful hour have told,

Youth turns to Age; a passing day,
Life dawns and glows, and fades away.

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IN THE RED DAYS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123.

CHAPTER V.

The gray dawn was breaking over Paris when the dismal procession, of which Clemence de Estriere and her father made a part, entered the city.

The business upon which Vancleux and his men had gone into Burgundy, had been thoroughly performed. At Chalons, and several other towns on the route, prisoners had been collected. There were nineteen, in all, conducted to different places of confinement that morning. There was ample time, during the long hours of that terrible journey, for the Marquis and Clemence to discuss every possible plan which might concern her immediate future. The old man had no hope of ever leaving the prison to which he was to be consigned, save for one short journey—to the tribunal; from thence to the blood-stained Place de la Revolution, with the guillotine for the goal. But Clemence was full of hope and courage. She meant to see several of the leaders of the Gironde—men who knew her father personally, or by reputation. She was confident that, through their aid, she should speedily obtain his release; but even while she was recounting their names, and forming her projects, the Girondists whom she mentioned were confined to their own houses under strict surveillance, or had taken refuge in flight.

So the pilgrimage came to an end. Clemence saw the black doors close behind her father. What she had to do now was to rouse herself from the stupor of grief which the parting—so sudden it seemed, in spite of the preparation—had caused. She must first find a place of shelter; then her work lay plainly before her—to seek the men upon whose influence and friendship she counted.

She had money with her, and a few valuable rings, so that she need have no personal anxieties. As for any personal fear, her mind was too fully occupied with her father for such emotion to find a place in her breast.

The dismal street, gloomy and dark, as if the shadow of the prison oppressed it from end to end, was almost deserted at that hour. Clemence walked slowly along toward an almost equally dismal square, into which the street opened. A woman coming from the direction of the Place looked curiously at her, but in the engrossing absorption of her thoughts, Clemence did not even notice her. At another period the sight of a girl walking along a Paris street, in a riding habit, and hat, would certainly have been an extraordinary object, but in those days the word extraordinary had ceased to have any meaning. Clemence unceremoniously paused for an instant. She had even forgotten the intention with which she had turned toward the square—that of finding a humble shelter, and a shop where she could purchase some sort of wearing apparel. She was thinking of the interviews she meant to seek; of what she was to say; striving to fix her mind on these matters, and shut out the sudden nightmare-like vision which had agonized her soul, of her father, old, feeble, hepeless, being conducted to the solitude of his cell.

The woman came closer, stopped, stared at her with an expression of wondering incredulity, which suddenly changed to a look of recognition. She glanced about; there was not a creature in sight. She hurried up to the girl, and caught her hands, exclaiming,

"Mademoiselle! My God! You here?"

Clemence did not even start. She was so stunned, that any feeling of surprise was impossible. Nothing seemed strange; nothing could. She stood silent, with her heavy eyes fixed on the woman's face.

"Do you not remember me?" the other cried. "I was Madelon Fauchet! Don't you remember when I lived near the chateau, five years ago? How good you were to my little child, that died? Oh, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle! what are you doing here?"

She was frightened by the strong rigidity of the face at which she gazed. Her first thought was that some terrible suffering had driven the poor creature mad.

"Ah, now, I remember you," Clemence said. "Yes, yes! How long ago it all seems! Oh, Madelon, you used to be good and kind; maybe you could help me."

"With my heart's blood!" answered the woman, bursting into tears. "Don't look at me so! Tell me how you come to be here."

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Clemence laid her one hand on her arm, and, with the other, pointed toward the black front of the prison.

"My father is there," she said, in a slow, hoarse voice. "They would not let me go in with him. I want a place near, where I can lodge. Help me, Madelon; do help me!"

Her listener uttered a cry of horror.

"In prison? There? Your father?"

"Yes—yes!" Clemence said, with a weary impatience breaking through the frozen anguish of her tones. "But it won't be for long; I know it will not. We have friends; I am going to them. First, I want a lodging, and some clothes. I have money. Help me, Madelon. Do help me!"

The resolute-looking, bright-eyed little woman wiped away her tears, and even, in the suddenness of her horror, was able to show herself calm and practical.

"My sister lives in the square," she said. "She has a room to let. We will go there at once. I have been staying the night with her, because her little girl is ill. That is the way I came to be out so early. There—lean on me, poor child. Come! See, Mademoiselle—listen! I am married again. My husband is one of the keepers yonder." And she made a gesture over her shoulder, toward the frowning walls.

"Oh, Madelon! Then you can help me to see him. You——"

"Hush!" interrupted the woman. "The very paving-stones have ears! Don't speak of that now. Come. The first thing to do is to find you a resting-place, my poor bird!—my dear, dear Mademoiselle! But I mustn't use that word. I forgot. Well, well; we live in doubtful times. God knows how they will end! But courage—courage! They say it is always blackest just before the dawn."

Talking all the while, she drew Clemence on down the street. They reached the square, and Madelon stopped at a decent-looking house on the right-hand side.

"This is it," she said. "It is only up yon flights of stairs. It is a little dark going in; but once at the top, it is light and airy. A poor place, my heart, but the sister is as clean as wax. She will be glad to welcome you—*allez!* She knows you already. I have told her of all your goodness. Yes, indeed!"

She led Clemence up flight after flight of the steep stone stairs, which grew lighter and less vault-like as they ascended.

"Here we are, at last—and not too soon! But, anyway, it is better than the gloomy floors below," she said, as they reached the final landing. "I have the key in my pocket, so as to come and go without disturbing the little one. She has been very ill, the poor, patient lamb; but she is much better. Yes, thank the good God! she is likely to do well."

She opened the door, drew Clemence into a room, which, though bare enough of furniture, was scrupulously clean and tidy, and placed her in a chair, saying,

"Sit you here for a moment, my beautiful, while I go and speak to the sister. She will welcome you gladly—be sure of that. There are things one cannot forget, and I have told her of your goodness to me."

She hurried away, leaving her sentence unfinished, and presently bustled back, accompanied by a woman several years older than herself, but who bore a strong likeness to her, and whose wrinkled face was elevated, fairly beautified, by the same expression of simple honesty and kindness. She was not so ready of speech as Madelon, but she simply carried out the latter's promise of a hearty welcome. The chamber she had to offer was small, with less to boast of, in the matter of furniture, than the outer room; but to be conducted thither with such soothing words and gentle manners, made it seem, on the instant, a haven of rest to the weary girl.

The woman brought her a cup of coffee, and insisted upon her drinking it, telling her to be of good cheer, she was safe; and the first thing necessary was to get some repose.

"I have not a moment to lose," cried Clemence, the bare suggestion rousing her again to the awful needs of the present. "Not a moment! I must be about my work——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Madelon. "But listen, dear heart! You could not find any of the people you want at this hour. The thing to do now is to rest."

"But I need clothes. I must go out. I have money."

"Yes, yes! Just listen to me, my precious young lady! I must go back now. I have the good man's soup to heat. He will want his breakfast. I shall buy the things you need. I know a shop. I can do it better than you. I shall bring everything—you will see. So, before I go, let me undress you. You shall lie down on the bed and sleep, and get up quite strong. I shall soon be with you again."

"Oh, Madelon, shall you see my father?"

"Of course, I will see him. Before I come back, too. Trust me for that, my dear one."

"Yes, Madelon."

"I can tell him where you are; that you have

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fallen on your feet, as we say. He may be quite at rest about you. Yes, yes!"

"And tell him—tell him——"

Her voice failed; she could not complete the sentence, for the dry, hysterical sobs which choked her—the reaction from the restraint she had put upon herself during the past days. But Madelon listened with her heart, and was quick to understand.

"I shall tell him that you will do everything in your power; that, above all, he is to remember you are brave and patient. That will be the best hearing," she said. "I know what you want told; I shall make no mistake. Trust me, dear heart!"

"Oh! I do, I do!"

"That is right. Now, let me put you in bed for a little; it is gaining time, not losing it. You will get up well, and able to do your work. See, some water to bathe your feet, and a night-gown as clean—as clean—— Oh, I told you there was no fear of that! Oh, the beautiful long hair! Only look, my sister!"

Furtively wiping away her tears, when she found an opportunity to turn her head; looking round directly afterward, with a smile as cheerful as if she had nothing but hope and joy in her heart; directing her sister; encouraging Clemence; talking incessantly, the little woman went on with her task, as thorough a model of an unconsciously Good Samaritan as a person could paint.

"Oh, Madelon, come back soon—come back soon!" was Clemence's moan. Not because she was weak, not because either courage or strength would fail in the task before her, but because it was a comfort and rest after these days and nights of incessant mental strain, in the duty of upholding herself and her father, to feel that for a few moments she could find some human sympathy whereon she might lean the poor girlish heart that ached beneath its burthen.

"Of course, I shall come back soon," was Madelon's invariable reply. "Of course. Could I stop away from you, my blessing?"

Then Clemence said suddenly, giving utterance, half unaware, to the undercurrent of thought which all the time filled her mind,

"I will go first to Gensonne. Yes, I will go first to him."

"To Gensonne?" exclaimed Madame Mouren.

Standing at the head of the bed, arranging the pillows where she had placed her charge, Madelon made a quick signal of silence to her sister. The woman paused at once.

"Yes," Clemence answered. "I know I can depend on him and Barbaroux. He wrote my father a letter awhile ago. He will help; I know he will."

"You will see everybody that you ought," said Madelon, in a voice as composed and regular as if the great tears were not running down her cheeks. "Everybody, my beautiful!"

"They will do everything in their power, and they have great influence," Clemence continued.

"Yes, dear, yes! But now, my blessed, the thing is to sleep. No mortal can do without sleep. See—I go. It may be the dear father is in the good man's special ward; at least, he is the head-keeper. Do you hear? Head-keeper, and I am his wife, my angel. I, your own clumsy, grateful Madelon!"

"God bless you! Oh, you are so good to me——"

"Good? I? Bah! You make me laugh, my little blossom. Never mind; presently, we will all laugh with our whole hearts. Sleep you, my lamb! I go—I fly! I shall have good news when I come back. Trust Madelon."

She kissed her cheek, darkened the chamber, and the two women stole away.

Clemence was so exhausted by her weary days and nights of incessant travel, of sleepless pain, of wearing agony, that she presently sank into a profound slumber, from which she did not wake for several hours.

Long before that, Madelon was back at the house, and she and her sister sat watching in the next room, in order to be in readiness the instant they should hear any sign which betokened that their charge had wakened. They waited in a suspense and trouble as deep as if it had been purely personal. There was a terrible truth to be told, a revelation made, which must utterly fling into ruin Clemence's hope, so unsuspiciously cherished, faith in which had made her task seem comparatively easy. They had to tell her that her faith and hope were without foundation; that her whole plan lay a mere wreck; that she had to rouse herself to the research of other means, other help, or learn what so many other hapless souls, deserted, it seemed, by earth and heaven, alike, had learned already, in the swift moving phantasmagoria of that epoch, that aid, hope—alas! worse still, faith itself, were all words without use or significance.

And Clemence, roused out of her deep, dreamless sleep. For a few moments she could not even realize in what place she lay. The long, wearisome journey, the parting with her father, all seemed a hideous vision. Then her senses collected themselves; the horrible exigencies,

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the terrors, the needs which surrounded her, started forward like a troop of phantoms in the chaos of her soul.

She sprang up on her pillow, with an agonizing cry. In an instant the women were by her side.

"Madelon, Madelon!" the white lips moaned.

"Here I am, dear heart! Here I am!" Madelon answered, as the girl clung desperately to her. "You have had a bad dream—only a dream, dear. See! Here I am. There is the sister, opening the shutter; the blessed sunlight comes in. La! we are well now."

"Madelon, my father! My father!"

"Yes. I have seen him. Yes. I told him where you were. He sent you his blessing, and a kiss, he did. He bade me kiss you for him; and he said I was good, just as you said. I laughed. Indeed, I did, dear heart! I laughed."

There was a sound from the widow, who had been busy with the window-shutter;—a quick, half-smothered sob, but so rapid and low, that it did not reach Clemence, whose whole being was absorbed in listening to Madelon's speech. But the little brown woman herself caught the note of distress, and hastened to add,

"The sister laughs at the idea of my being good. She laughs; and no wonder. She laughs and she cries, all in a breath, in these days. She is tired out with caring for the little one—that is the truth."

All the same, she made a quick gesture, fairly menacing in its earnestness, toward the weaker-nerved creature halting by the window, and the widow fled into the outer room until she should have gained sufficient control overself to be of some assistance.

"Shall I see my father, Madelon? Can it be managed?" urged Clemence, keeping her arms tight about the neck of her comforter, straining her close in an eager embrace, feeling that she grasped a visible hope and stay in the midst of the unreal-seeming night of perplexity, fear and suffering which surrounded her.

"See him? Of course, you shall, my own dear. Manage it? Trust Madelon for that. It is managed already. You shall see him before the sun sets."

"Oh, Madelon, Madelon!"

"*Ta, ta!* It is nothing. Keep a brave heart always, that the father may take courage as he looks at you. That is the thing."

"Yes, I shall. Do not fear, Madelon. I shall. And I can visit him? Your husband will allow me?"

"Oh, is not one's husband one's husband?" retorted the little brown woman, with a confidence which spoke volumes for her confidence in her powers of holding the prominent position in the household dear to the feminine mind; a heaven-given safeguard, too usually, be it said, in any home. "This is the way of it—a simple way, too. You will come to the strong-box to visit me, along with the sister. You are a relation, if anybody asks. You do not mind, I know."

"Mind?" cried Clemence. "Oh, my good, good soul, I think whosoever might be connected with you could consider it the highest honor that could befal!"

"Well, well! See the clothes I have bought—all the things you can need for the present. Oh, I was certain about the set of them, for I took the measure. One need not be stupid, whatever else one is, and I have not let the grass grow under my feet, at least."

"I cannot thank you. I do not try."

"Thanks, indeed, my pretty one! As if it were not a pleasure!"

"I must get up, Madelon. I must dress and go out," Clemence said. "Every hour is precious."

Madelon turned away her head, her brown, wrinkled face worked with emotion; but her voice was cheerful still, as she answered,

"Surely, surely! Everything shall be done. Only think, my lamb, that the dear father is in good hands. Oh, I told Pierre! It is I who will cook his meals; they shall be decent ones, you may be sure. I gave him *bouillon*, with some wine in it, before I came out. I put an extra pillow on his bed—yes, indeed—and he said he could sleep."

"My best of women! Now help me to get ready."

"And he sent his love and kisses, my lamb; and he was as brave, as brave——" continued Madelon, with purpose in her talk—a wish, if even for a few instants, to prolong the revelation which must come.

"I am going first to Gensonne. You must find where he lives," said Clemence. "He will help; I know he will."

The door into the other room had been left ajar; Madelon's sister had retreated thither, and stood peering into the chamber, weeping silently. Madelon turned her head in that direction; the widow made a little sign, which the other understood.

"The Girondist leaders will be my father's friends; they will help him. They are powerful," continued Clemence.

The widow crept into the room, and bent over Madelon.

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"You must tell her," she whispered.

"Quick, Madelon! Quick! I am losing time," urged Clemence. She rose from the bed, caught sight of the faces of the two women. "What has happened?" she groaned. "My father! My father!"

"The Girondists are in prison," sobbed Madelon. "They can help no one—not even themselves."

But she spoke to deaf ears. For the time, Clemence was at least mercifully unconscious of her own agony.

CHAPTER VI.

JUNE passed, and still Clemence de l'Estriere inhabited the humble lodging where she had found refuge, and still her father lived, apparently disregarded by the power which had incarcerated him.

Among the details of those terrible days, every now and then one comes upon the record of such a prisoner—a man who seemed, by some strange chance, forgotten in his dungeon, even for months, while the cells on either side of him changed occupants times immemorial; at certain seasons, more than once within the space of eight-and-forty hours.

Years might have elapsed, instead of weeks, to count by events, and held crime and terror enough to have served for a whole generation to commit and endure.

Through the agency of Madelon, the daughter was enabled frequently to see her father. There was no plan or thought of escape. Madelon's husband consented to the girl's visits. He was reasonable enough, even amid the general insanity of that epoch, to feel that no risk was run, and kind-hearted enough to suffer his wife to have her way. But even if Clemence had indulged in the possibility of evasion, and Madelon had consented to aid therein, both learned that such project, even had the opportunity offered, could not be carried out. From the date of his entrance into the prison, the Marquis had been rapidly failing. There were times he could not leave his bed, and even when most vigorous, could only manage to dress, and drag himself to the chair which sat near his grated window.

He suffered little, his sleep was peaceful, his appetite good; but his days were numbered. Even Clemence knew that, and was able to thank God therefor. No matter what came to her after, at least he would be beyond the reach of man's cruelty; beyond the reach of an ignominious death.

She had been out one day for a walk. Accustomed to the freedom of a country life, the confinement had begun to tell upon her, and she adopted the habit of taking regular exercise, usually going early in the morning, so that she ran little risk of meeting any one, unless it might be a few workmen on the way to their labors. But, indeed, she had found that very slight attention was paid to her. There had been small attempts at a mystery, beyond the concealment of her name and birth: The neighbors knew that she was a girl from a distant province, that she had a friend in prison; the rumor ran that it was her lover. But everybody now, high and low, had friends in prison. The decent body of the people had grown as much afraid of the giant Terror which hovered over them, as any noble left in the land. No one was safe; no one could feel himself secure from suspicion; and though the madness of the crowds which history describes, was rushing simply on toward its climax, there were hundreds among the lower class of citizens, who shuddered at the horrors perpetrated about them, and even, in the heart of Paris, were glad, if possible, to attend to the ordinary duties of life, and let the Revolution alone.

It so happened that in such a neighborhood Clemence had found refuge. Among the people employed in the prison, she passed as a relative of Madelon's, and they had grown too much accustomed to her visits to the quarter of the misery-crowded building, where the keeper and his wife resided, to notice her.

On the day of which I write, she had missed her morning walk, owing to the rain, and had spent the hours sewing, and amusing the little invalid girl, her care of whom had speedily and thoroughly won the heart of her landlady.

Late in the afternoon the sky changed; the sun came forth. Clemence dressed herself in her humble black gown and bonnet, her face covered with a thick veil, and set out for a brisk walk. She made a longer round than ordinary. At several houses in the vicinity, where there were sick people, she had come to be known, and her visits eagerly looked for; so she stopped at these places on her way.

She was on her road home. She had reached a street which led into the square. Suddenly she heard a tumult and uproar in the distance, coming nearer and nearer, as rapid, almost, as a whirlwind, and as dangerous, too. Terrible shouts rent the air; the voices of scores and scores of people uniting in wild songs; the sounds of violins and hurdy-gurdies mingling therewith. She had heard the fearful din too often not to know what it meant. It would be

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impossible for her to reach the house; an attempt at flight would only attract observation, which might cost her life.

She could see the foremost of the troop; men, women and children joining hands, sweeping round and round in the circles of a mad dance: the Carmagnole—the Dance of Death. That day some noted prisoner had been carried to La Force; the crowd had followed to the entrance. When the prison walls shut him from their sight, they had broken into a neighboring wine-shop, and drugged themselves with liquor, and gone utterly mad, as they never failed to do on every possible occasion.

Fortunately Clemence was standing close to a great, dark archway. She slipped behind it and sank on the ground. From her place of concealment she could see the band of savage lunatics sweep by. Just opposite was a side street, a girl coming up it, holding a guitar in her hand. She found herself in the outskirts of the mob before she was aware. Some one spied her, and pounced upon her; she was dragged, shrieking, on with the band—only a little way. Clemence, watching her with mingled pity and terror, saw her totter. The women who were holding her tried to drag her forward, but finding that her strength had gone utterly, snatched her guitar, and allowed her to fall upon the pavement.

With fiercer cries and madder tumult, the troop rushed on and disappeared round the corner of the street. The instant the last of the band had vanished, Clemence hurried forward and raised the unfortunate creature, who had fainted; a poor, worn, half-starved looking girl, younger by several years than Clemence. When the unhappy creature came to her senses, and found herself supported in those kind arms, she looked up into the beautiful face bent so pityingly over her, and cried, suddenly,

"Am I dead? Are you an angel?"

"Only a poor girl like you," Clemence answered, softly. "I saw you fall. Are you better? Can you walk if I help you?"

"Oh!" groaned the other. "I thought for a moment that I was away from it all—that it had ended at last."

"Where were you going?" Clemence asked.

"Going? I don't know," she replied, dreamily. "Oh, I thought I was dead! But here I am! Here I am!"

"Have you no friends? No home?"

"Friends? Home? I?" she repeated. "Look you! I am dying—dying! Do you understand? I've not tasted a morsel of food since yesterday. And, only to think—a year ago, only a year!"

"I live near," Clemence said. "Will you come with me? I can give you some food, at least, and a place where you can rest. You look very weak and tired."

"So tired!" she moaned. "So tired! And I thought it was the end—the end!"

Clemence helped her to her own house. Madame Mouren could refuse her lodger nothing; so the wretched outcast was allowed to remain, and Clemence took care of her. She had been a dying creature when she sank down in the wake of the mob on that June evening.

Such a piteous little history she told her guardian, during the nights that Clemence watched over her! She had been brought up by an aunt, who lived a score or two of leagues from Strasburg. She had been won and deserted by a young officer; had followed him to Paris, and fallen swiftly from one depth of degradation and suffering to another. She had been ill—in the hospital. After that, she had gained a few sous daily by playing a guitar in the streets. She had hoped to get back to her former home to die. Some Christian soul at the hospital had obtained her the necessary papers for making the journey. She had believed that she could earn her subsistence on the road by means of her guitar; but each day she had been forced to put off setting out, hoping that on the morrow she should be stronger.

She had gone as far on that journey as she would ever get; at least its last stage had led her to a haven of such rest as the poor, half distraught soul had hardly ventured to hope heaven itself could give.

Clemence's care over her was unfailing; and through her gentle ministrations and her tender counsels, the poor girl learned to believe again in the mercy of God, whose image, during the past terrible months, had been one of dread and fright; to find once more consolation in the religion which, for a time, had seemed powerless to offer comfort; to believe in the peace and repose that lay beyond. Before the last remnants of strength deserted her, she wrote to her aunt. There was no possibility that the letter could reach her now, even if it were sent, but Clemence promised her that as soon as it could be safely forwarded, it should be done.

"I know you will not forget," poor Marie said. "I have told her all you have done for me. Perhaps you will add some lines when you send the letter, to tell her that I prayed for her pardon, that I appreciated her goodness at last."

And Clemence promised, though, at the time, she was far from dreaming of the means by which fate would put it in her power to fulfil

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the pledge more thoroughly than any written words could have accomplished.

It was the end of June when poor Marie went away to her rest. Only two days later, the old Marquis appeared suddenly to have been recalled to the attention of his accusers. His name was down upon the list of prisoners who were to appear before the tribunal. He told Clemence himself of the tidings with a smile.

"There are two days yet," he added. "If they do not take care their prisoner will cheat them after all! Ah, well! Perhaps one out of so many would not be missed."

Hoping against hope, Clemence, as the weeks went by, had almost persuaded herself to believe that her father might remain literally forgotten. To do anything for him, except soothe his imprisonment by her visits, had been out of her power. The fall of the Girondists had left them utterly friendless; there existed no human being to whom she could turn for aid. Then, too, Madelon had told her that perhaps the wisest course, in any case, would have been passive waiting, since, from so much time passing without his being called, it was indeed possible that the Marquis would escape.

It sounds incredible to write, yet now he was almost the oldest prisoner within those walls, in point of time that he had been immured there, yet his detention had lasted only a month, and within that season scores upon scores of victims had been brought thither.

Through Madelon's insistance, the keeper had contrived, during most of that period, to give the Marquis a tiny cell to himself; occasionally, for a couple of days, or a night, some hapless wretch had shared it, then gone his way—a short road—the tribunal, the guillotine. When the news came that the old man was to be brought before the judges, it happened the Marquis was without companion in his narrow quarters. Clemence was allowed to remain with him until late in the evening. Faithful Madelon made her up a bed in one of her own rooms, so that early in the morning she was able to be with him again.

The second day passed; the night came; she was with him still. He had changed so much, and was failing so rapidly, that even Pierre, the keeper, noticed it, and, in his rough fashion, suggested that the prison doctor should be asked to come in.

"I am not ill; I have no need of him," the Marquis answered, gently. But before the hour of closing the cells for the night, the doctor did look in for a moment, felt his pulse, left an anodyne, in case he were sleepless, and privately recommended the keeper that the prisoner should not be left alone. A priest came, too—for still, on occasions, such could be found—and was permitted to perform his ministrations.

Madelon chose to keep the watch, and Clemence was allowed to share it with her. The Marquis himself was cheerful; one might almost have said that a sudden hope had sprung up in his soul, as if he had forgotten what the morrow was to bring, and were looking forward to his release. Father and daughter could talk freely before the good woman. It sounds a strange thing to write, but I think they were not unhappy.

So the day came again. The sun rose bright and clear; a stray beam even penetrated to that prison turret, and illumined the countenance of the old man, who had lain down on his bed and fallen into a doze. When Madelon looked at his face, she knew what was coming, but she did not speak.

The hours went by. He had roused up, drank a little coffee, eaten a morsel of bread. Clemence herself arranged his dress and smoothed his white locks. They heard nine o'clock strike; directly after, footsteps sounded along the corridor.

For the first time in all those long hours, Clemence's courage forsook her. She flung her arms about her father's neck, crying wildly,

"They are coming—they are coming!"

"Yes, child, yes!" He raised himself on the side of his low couch; his withered hands crossed themselves over her head. "God bless and keep my daughter!" he murmured.

"Madelon!" called Clemence, startled by the change in voice and feature.

"Open the door, Madelon. Let them come in," said the old man.

The woman obeyed, but gave a warning sign to the keeper and soldiers, which caused them to pause upon the threshold.

"Father, father!" cried Clemence.

"Kiss me, my darling. Lay me down again,' he whispered. As she obeyed his request, his eyes wandered toward the door where the guard waited.

"God has called me," he said, in firm, clear tones. "I must obey His summons, not man's."

His head sank back on Clemence's arm; his gaze sought hers with one last look of love. He was gone!

CHAPTER VII.

Madelon and her sister were anxious to have Clemence quit Paris, but she still lingered, though nearly two weeks had elapsed since her

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father's death. The two women wanted her to go; not but what they would willingly have given their heart's blood in her behalf, would have toiled for her, begged for her, had that been necessary, but they knew how powerless they should be to aid her, if trouble came, and it might come at any hour, any moment. Who could be counted safe?

Brother against brother, sister against sister, there was scarcely a human creature who could find another to trust! The prisons were overflowing, the streets ran blood, the merciless guillotine grew blunted and dull from constant use; the sound of the sharpening of the terrible knife was a nightly sound in the Place of Murders.

Still Clemence lingered. She had hoped that by some chance her friends in Burgundy might find means of communicating with her; that through them she should obtain letters from her betrothed husband.

She had not been out of doors for two days. Late on the afternoon of the third she set forth—of all times and seasons, the thirteenth of July—perhaps, in all Paris, she almost the one human being who did not know what this sunset was to witness. But Madelon and her sister told her no dismal stories that could be avoided, and the widow was herself absent when Clemence left the house. She intended to cross the river, and find her way to a shop where newspapers were sold. Information had made her hope that in the army lists she might find some record of Gaston St. Foix.

As she gained one of the broad streets, she was stopped suddenly by the pressure of a great crowd, a singularly silent one: not a face in the throng but wore a look of hush and expectancy under the suspicious fear or murderous ferocity to which she had grown accustomed. She herself had lived far past the feminine timidity and shrinking that would have caused her to shudder away in affright. A strange curiosity, which oppressed her like a nightmare, made her keep her stand.

Suddenly, through the hush—that awful hush of a vast throng of people—sounded the tread of armed men, the jar and rattle of a tumbril. She could not have fled now if she would; the crowd surged so thickly together, that she was a prisoner.

She could look into the broad street, see the soldiers, with their arms gleaming in the light; see the rude cart, and within it a young girl seated—a girl with her hands tied, the blood-red garments of a murderess upon her; face and eyes lit with a supernatural, awful beauty, such as might have shone upon the countenance of an old-time sybil.

The stillness was not broken, save by the tread of the soldiers, the roll of the tumbril; but there was a roaring in Clemence's ears as of a mighty sea. How she got out of the press she did not know; which way she ran she could not have told; but when reason and the power of reflection came back, she knew that she had seen Charlotte Corday, on the way to the scaffold.

She was near her own home, when a new shock befel her. Hurrying along the darkest side of the street, her face hidden in her thick veil, she chanced to look across the road, and beheld Martin Bochet.

She stood rooted to the spot. He passed on, without so much as having glanced in her direction, nor could he have recognized her had he done so, but the fright and horror remained in her mind. In Paris? He in Paris? In search of her? She was sure of it—in search of her. To flee, anywhere, in any direction, that was the only thought in her mind.

She hastened on toward the house. Suddenly, through the confusion of her mind, came a recollection which brought with it the means of escape—the papers of poor Marie Laguel, the letter to her aunt. She could use those papers to make her way toward Strasburg. If she found the aunt, Marie's letter would be a claim upon her protection. Besides that, she should be on the route to the Eastern frontier, where Gaston was.

Madelon was sitting with her sister when Clemence returned. The girl told her story, clearly, quietly enough, and detailed her plans She had money hidden in her dress, as much as she could be safe to have about her. For the personation of the character she meant to assume, nothing besides a guitar would be necessary. Madelon was able to supply that, out of the various spoils which had fallen to her from the cells of prisoners.

When morning broke, Clemence was miles away from Paris; none too soon gone, for that day, Pierre, the keeper, had a visit from Martin Bochet. He was in search of Clemence. Madelon took the replies upon herself, and Bochet was led to suppose that, after her father's death, the girl had escaped to England.

Then followed days and nights which, to the end of the fugitive's life, must have seemed like a terrible dream, when she tried to recall them. Time wasted in traversing fields and forests, in order to avoid towns; nights passed under the blue heavens, that looked so coldly down upon her misery; sometimes forced, for the keeping

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up of her part, to sing and play to groups that she encountered; but pushing on, on. Days, when, foot-sore and weary, she could only hide behind hedges and rest; days when some good-natured cart-driver would help her for miles along the road; almost always kindly treated, saved always, by the mercy of God, from other perils than those of terror and fatigue.

The light of the late afternoon lay bright along the dusty highway, showing the steep hill at whose foot she had paused; on the top, a stretch of building, which appeared to be half farm-house, half inn.

She had an idea, as well as she could keep the count of names, that the next day would bring her into the neighborhood where lived the aunt of the poor girl she had been able to befriend. She had walked steadily since early dawn. She was very tired; she had thought she could go no further. But the sight of the house in the distance gave her new courage. If she could mount the hill, and reach the dwelling, she might find shelter for the night; and nearing peals of thunder had warned her that a storm was approaching.

She toiled up the steep ascent. Two women were seated in front of the house, busy with their sewing. They saw the weary figure, and paused in their work and talk to look at her.

On she came. Her eye was caught by the sign which hung above the doorway. She read the name of the person she had hoped to find, but had not supposed so near. She moved forward; she was close to the women; she thought she was speaking—asking for a night's lodging. She perceived them stare at her, glance at each other, rise in fright, then a sudden blackness shut down before her sight.

The women caught the girl as she was falling, carried her into the house, and laid her on a bed. They loosened her clothing, in order to give her a better chance to breathe, and in so doing came first upon the papers bearing Marie Laguel's name, then on the letter which Marie had written to her aunt. When Clemence recovered her senses, there was no story to tell; the older woman held her in her arms and was sobbing.

"It was you who cared for my poor Marie. God bless you. God bless you!"

Weeks passed, and Clemence still tarried in that shelter which she had found. Summer faded, autumn came; it was near the end of October.

She was sitting, one pleasant twilight, in the solitude of her chamber, when she was roused by a sudden confusion below stairs. She ran quickly down, and found the women of the household laughing, and weeping, and joyfully embracing a young soldier.

"Come in, come in!" cried Madame Laguel, as she caught sight of her. "Come and rejoice with us. It is our Jean, back safe from the wars!"

It was our Jean—minus an arm, be it said—but at least that loss had restored him to his mother.

The news spread rapidly, and that evening the neighbors gathered to congratulate their hero, and hear his tidings of the Eastern army. Clemence sat aloof, occupied with her needle-work. Nobody had leisure to notice the pale, thin creature, save Jean's mother. The grateful soul did not forget her, even in this unexpected hour of joy.

And Jean told story after story of the war; at last, a mournful tale enough, the account of an officer who had been found guilty of treason, and was to be shot the very day after the young soldier's departure.

"What was his name?" somebody asked.

"Gaston St. Foix."

Without a cry or moan, Clemence slid slowly forward upon the floor, and lay, like a dead creature, in the midst of the terrified group.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE BRIGHT CRYSTAL RIVER."

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Over the river, the bright, crystal river,
They wait us, the friends we have loved, that are gone,
The light of whose smiles will be with us forever,
The grasp of whose hands shall be never withdrawn.

Over the river, the bright, crystal river,
There is not a flower that is tinged with decay,
A song that is touched by the burden of sorrow,
A shadow that spreads o'er the brightness of day.

Over the river, the bright, crystal river,
The day-spring of love and existence divine,
Illumines the eye as the rays of the morning,
Whose flashes of glory will never decline.

Over the river, the bright, crystal river,
They beckon to us from that beautiful shore,
Friends who have passed from all trouble and weeping,
Whisper "Come hither, and sorrow no more."

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HOW I BECAME A GOVERNESS.

BY M. SEARLE, AUTHOR OF "MY BETE NOIR," ETC., ETC.

I WAS sitting in the great library at Hawthorne Lodge, feeling very little and insignificant, awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Livingstone, who had it in her power to make me either happy or miserable. Happy, if I suited her ideas of a governess; miserable, if I were found wanting.

This was my fifth application for a situation, and if as unsuccessful as its predecessors, I did not know what would become of me. One short year before, I had been the petted daughter in a luxurious home, with everything that heart could wish; but a panic in the commercial world followed, and sickness and death had left me, at the age of seventeen, an orphan, without a home. As I had been expensively educated, I wished to seek employment as a governess; but everywhere I was told I was too young. Rendered desperate by my last failure, I determined to assume the garb of a widow. Pardon the deception, reader, but I had only ten dollars left in the world. So I arranged my hair in smooth bands on either side of my face, and twisted it into a severe-looking knot in the back; and out of some plain white blonde I manufactured a widow's cap. The addition of a pair of eye-glasses completed my toilet. In this guise I took the train for Hawthorne Lodge.

There was only one other passenger in the car, a gentleman reading a newspaper. I employed the time to look as much like a governess as possible. Somewhere I had read that two lines between the brows indicated intellect, and I forthwith drew my brows together, and so fiercely, that I sent my eye-glasses flying off my unaccustomed nose. I replaced them carefully, wondering, meanwhile, how people could ever wear them; and in trying to look through them, instead of over them, encountered an amused look from a pair of brilliant hazel eyes, belonging to the newspaper reader opposite.

Blushing to the roots, or rather bands of my hair, which were beginning to be extremely uncomfortable, I stared steadily out of the car-window for the rest of the journey; and when I reached the station where I was to get out, clutched my satchel, and tramped down the aisle as masculine as possible, without so much as a look at my fellow-passenger. Half an hour after I was at Hawthorne Lodge, a grand aristocratic mansion, built in the last century.

Fifteen minutes, half an hour, had elapsed, then the rustle of a silken skirt announced the approach of Mrs. Livingstone, a majestic lady, with pride stamped on every lineament of her face. To my amazement and chagrin, she was followed by a gentleman, in whose brilliant hazel eyes I recognized my traveling companion.

Recovering from my momentary embarrassment, I rose and curtesied, remarking that I had called in answer to an advertisement for a governess, and stepping forward, I placed my card and the advertisement, which I had cut out of the paper, in the lady's hand.

The gentleman, in whose eyes I fancied I detected a gleam of amusement, now retreated to the far end of the library, and became seemingly engrossed with a book. Mrs. Livingstone settled her eye-glasses and surveyed me. Then she asked me if I spoke French and German; if I played; if I sang, etc., etc., all of which questions I answered in the affirmative, giving her also specimens of my powers.

"What references have you?" she said, at last.

"I am entirely without friends, madam," I said, for all my recommendations were in the name of Miss Violet Orme, "a poor widow, who can only promise to try to give satisfaction."

"I am very particular about references," remarked the lady. "It is a pity, for you suit me in every other instance. But I will consult with my brother," she added, suddenly, and she withdrew to the lower end of the room, where my late fellow-traveler was still seated.

After a lengthened conference, Mrs. Livingstone returned, and, to my unutterable delight, informed me she had decided to engage me on trial for a month.

It is needless to tell the reader what my answer was, or with what a joyful heart I came into possession of the prospective six hundred dollars a year, allowed to the governess at Hawthorne Lodge. I felt as if a mine of gold had opened at my feet.

My only pupil was Mrs. Livingstone's sole child, a little girl, who was afflicted with an incurable disease of the spine. Dear Maud, how soon I learned to love her; and how, after awhile, she loved me in return! She was so apt a scholar, it was pleasant to teach her. Music

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was a passion with her. She would lie for hours listening, as I played, trying to make her forget the violent paroxysms of pain to which she was subject.

"It was better than medicine," she told her uncle one night, when he came in to pay his usual visit.

"Fickle little girl," he replied, playfully. "I suppose I shall soon be supplanted entirely. Mrs. Orme is prime favorite now, I find," with an arch glance at me.

"Oh, no!" replied Maud. "I love Mrs. Orme dearly, but I love you, too."

I always liked to see the two together; he so protecting and gentle to her, and she so fond of him. Ordinarily, Dr. Livingstone's face was rather stern in its expression; but when talking to Maud, it softened wonderfully. And his voice, at least at such times, was the most musical I ever heard. I should have said before, that the house was his; that Mrs. Livingstone was a widow; and that, as he was unmarried, she resided with him.

I was rather afraid of his keen eyes, and usually avoided any conversation with him, for somehow I could not forget our first meeting, and I always felt as if he might find me out. It was only when he was chatting with Maud, and I sat in my quiet corner, unnoticed, that I felt at ease in his presence.

Mrs. Livingstone frequently sent for me to sing, when there was company. Late this evening, I had a message, requesting me to come down. The piano, fortunately for me, stood near the door, and I passed almost unnoticed to it. Two or three people glanced up as I seated myself. Striking a few preliminary chords, I sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." A hush fell upon the assemblage, which, when I had finished, broke into applause. Loudest of all in his approbation, was a gentleman standing near the piano. But soon after I had finished, he walked away, and I thought no more of him.

Ices were then brought in, and I took the opportunity, while eating mine, to survey a little more closely the gay party in which I found myself.

The main centre of attraction seemed to be a Mrs. Peyton, a beautiful widow from the South, who was a guest at the Lodge. She was a distant relative of the Livingstones, and, report said, was to marry Dr. Livingstone. She was very handsome, with a voluptuous figure, fine eyes, and beautiful black hair, which was drawn away from her low, white forehead, and fastened at the back of her head by a spray of rubies, from which it fell in thick, glossy curls. A rich crimson silk, with black lace trimmings, brought out her brunette beauty to perfection. She was talking to Dr. Livingstone, and two or three other gentlemen, who seemed to vie with each other in their attentions. But it was easy to tell who was the favored one. It was to Dr. Livingstone that her eyes oftenest turned, that her brightest smiles were given.

Directly Mrs. Livingstone came up, with the gentleman who had led the applause after I sang.

"Your voice gave me so much pleasure, Mrs. Orme," he said, on being presented to me as Mr. L'Estrange, "that I wish to express my thanks in person."

I bowed in acknowledgment, and then we went off into a musical discussion, for I found he was just as fond of music as I was. His manners were extremely fascinating, and I quite forgot my assumed character, and chatted away in the old Violet Orme style, until certain surprised glances from Dr. Livingstone, who stood by the piano, recalled me to myself. Hastily making my excuses to Mr. L'Estrange, I made my escape from the room. "Just like you, Violet Orme," I muttered, savagely, to myself, on my way up stairs. "You have probably betrayed yourself to those sharp eyes; and if so, farewell to your situation."

I found Maud sleeping quietly, with Drusa the maid, watching by her side. I dismissed the girl, and went into my own room, which adjoined Maud's. Here I threw open the window, letting in the soft April air. I always breathed freer when alone. Once a day, at least, I must be myself. I tore off the hateful glasses, which had obscured my vision all day; removed the disfiguring cap, and loosening my hair from its irksome confinement, knelt down in the deep window-seat, and looked out into the moonlight.

"Oh, to be a child once more, and free from care!" I cried, almost sobbing. "Must I go on this way forever? Grow grim and old, like my former governess, Miss Graves? Ah, me! Would that I could wear crimson silk dresses! No, blue would be more becoming. Would that I could have gallant gentlemen bend over me, as I have seen Dr. Livingstone, this evening, bend over Mrs. Peyton. But what am I thinking of?" I cried, starting up. "Away with this senseless repining." And I resolutely closed the window and went to bed.

The next morning was bright and soft with the breath of spring. Awakening early, I determined to walk to Oak Wood, for some violets for Maud. A grassy lane, lined on both sides by

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a thick hedge of hawthorne, led to the wood, which was a mile from the Lodge. The grass was dotted with violets all along the lane, but the sweetest grew on the edge of the wood, near a little rill, which sang joyously over its pebbly bed. Filling my basket with moss, I gathered a large bunch of the sweet spring-flowers, and walked on through the wood, until I reached a fallen tree, where I sat down to arrange the violets in their mossy nest. Suddenly I was startled by the sound of footsteps in the wood-path near; and then a voice, which I recognized as that of Mr. L'Estrange, observed,

"She has a most delicious voice, Livingstone, and is quite pretty, too. If she did not wear a cap, and those villainous eye-glasses, one could judge better of her, however. I wonder what came over her last night? She was talking away as pleasantly as possible, when suddenly she stiffened herself into a perfect iceberg, and in a few moments excused herself, and left the room."

"Being an iceberg is her normal condition," replied the Doctor. "She rarely, if ever, thaws sufficiently to converse with us ordinary mortals. I think her something of an enigma."

"I mean to make the experiment of thawing her," said Mr. L'Estrange, with a tone of well-bred self-assurance. "I like your prim, Quaker-like beauties. And, really, those eye-glasses have made an impression on me."

"You will be foiled," said his companion. "She is as unimpressible as the eye-glasses themselves."

"My sketches of Lake Leman, that you admire so much, against the Clytie, in the library yonder, that I induce the little widow to sing a farewell adieu to me in the moonlight, before I leave the Lodge."

"Done," replied Dr. Livingstone, "though it is hardly fair to bet about a lady. And now, if we wish to secure any game before dinner, we had better be moving."

And, to my great relief, they moved off, allowing me to escape in an opposite direction, for I had been sitting in momentary expectation that they would look my way and discover me.

Some tableaux were being arranged for the following week, and I was sent for, on my return, and asked to sing in them.

"You need not," said Mrs. Livingstone, "make your appearance on the stage, as the songs are to be sung behind the scenes."

It was to be a grand affair, altogether. Mrs. Peyton, Dr. Livingstone, and several other visitors at the Lodge, with quite a number of young people from the neighborhood, were to assist. Of course I assented. I could not have refused, even if I had wished.

The house was a continual bustle from morning until night, the week preceding the short entertainment. Old trunks, stored away in the garret, were hauled out, and made to disgorge their contents, consisting of antique brocades, old-time silks, and various articles of toilet, belonging to a by-gone age. Everything, the very air, suggested tableaux.

I was not required to be present at all the rehearsals, but was frequently called upon to assist in arranging the various costumes. No one enjoyed these rehearsals, or rather my description of them, more than Maud. She listened eagerly to my accounts of the various characters and costumes, and I was often amused at her criticisms. She was singularly unsophisticated, for the daughter of the worldly Mrs. Livingstone; and at times I found it almost impossible to reconcile the relation between the two, they were so unlike.

One evening, as it was verging on dusk, Mrs. Livingstone asked me to re-fill the vases in the parlors with fresh flowers. "The gardener would cut them," she said. She only wanted me to arrange them.

I was coming up the garden-walk, laden with my blooms, when I encountered Mr. L'Estrange, who had been very assiduous in his attentions, ever since his his wager in the wood.

"Sweets for the sweet," he said. "I came down purposely to meet you, Mrs. Orme."

"A fruitless journey," I replied. "I am like the will-o'-the-wisp—no sooner visible in one spot than off to another."

"A true comparison," he replied. "But will you not take another character for to-night? The nightingale, for instance? What would I not give to hear your voice out here, in this soft, evening air."

I glanced keenly at him. He little knew that I was forewarned, that I had overheard his wager.

"I am not in voice," I answered, coolly, "and besides, I want my tea."

"Who could think of tea, on such a lovely night?" he answered. "Will not yonder moon, rising over the distant hill, tempt you to linger? I will promise to wake the echoes with the *Herd Sang*, if you will stay to listen. And then, perhaps, you will sing in return." He had a fine tenor voice, and he was not often refused; but I was inexorable.

"Even so sirens tempted their victims," I replied, mockingly; and, with a slight inclination of my head, left him.

Speeding quickly up the path, I hurried into

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the house, anxious to get rid of my fragrant burden. The hall lamp was not yet lit, and in my haste I did not perceive a gentleman advancing in an opposite direction, until I ran full against him. Away went my eye-glasses, with an ominous crash, on the marble floor, and down came my hair, dragging off my cap with its weight; while I myself was only saved from falling, by the outstretched arm of Dr. Livingstone, who, holding me at arm's length, surveyed me for an instant without speaking, then said, softly:

> Oh! loaded curls, release your store
> Of warmth and scent, as once before
> The tingling hair did, lights and darks
> Outbreaking into fairy sparks.

What more he would have done, or said, was prevented by a step on the piazza, at which he let go his hold. I seized the occasion to snatch my cap from the floor, rush through the hall, and gain my own room by a back stairway, fortunately meeting no one.

"What could he mean? What must he think of me?" I asked myself, as I bathed my burning cheeks, and smoothed my dishevelled locks. "Those unfortunate glasses, they were my evil genius from the first. If it had not been for them, I would not have had this mishap. What can I do? Oh! if he should tell Mrs. Livingstone." And I shivered at the thought, and wrung my hands. "She will discharge me tomorrow." At last I grew calmer. "It was so dark," I said, "perhaps he suspects nothing. But I can do nothing until the tea-bell rings, then I will recover my missing glasses, and, by increased gravity of demeanor, prevent Dr. Livingstone from asking inconvenient questions, even if he does suspect."

But in vain I searched for the glasses. No one had seen them, or knew anything of them. Dr. Livingstone I would not ask; and I was forced to abandon the search as useless. Maud approved their absence, telling me that now she could see my eyes, which, she affirmed, were far too pretty to hide.

When Dr. Livingstone paid his visit that night, I contrived to be absent. The next morning I heard he had been unexpectedly called away on business for a few days. I drew a long breath of relief. Was it relief? Strange to tell, I both wished and dreaded to see him again. Over and over I had repeated to myself those lines which caused such a wild thrill at my heart. In vain I told myself he was engaged, was going to be married to a beautiful woman; again and again I would hear his musical voice, would feel the pressure of his arm; and deep down in my heart a wild, sweet hope grew into existence, and would not be smothered.

The days rolled by, and the important evening for the tableaux at length arrived. A stage had been improvised in the picture-gallery, where the audience were to assemble. Mr. L'Estrange, as master of ceremonies, was in despair at the non-arrival of Dr. Livingstone. "Two of the finest tableaux will be spoiled," he told me, when I entered the green-room, a little before eight o'clock. "The Doctor was to appear in them with Mrs. Peyton, and she refuses to take the cast with any one else. It is natural," Mr. L'Estrange continued, "she should feel badly at the absence of her fiancé; yet there is no sense in spoiling the programme." And the perplexed manager hurried away, little dreaming of the jealousy and despair that wrung my heart at his careless words. "It is true, then, what people say," I cried. "How could I have believed it otherwise, and yet——"

But the stage was being cleared for Evangeline. I took my place at the piano. The bell tinkled, the curtain rose. Mrs. Peyton, her lovely eyes fixed mournfully in the distance, fully realized the poet's idea. The words of the song told their own tale to the enraptured audience, who applauded enthusiastically at the falling of the curtain.

There were various other scenes. One grand tableau was the trial of Effie Deans, and here again the glorious eyes of Mrs. Peyton drew showers of applause.

Near the close of the entertainment, Mr. L'Estrange came and asked me whether I would not sing, in place of the last tableau, which, owing to Mrs. Peyton's perversity, would have to be omitted. "Any simple ballad will do," he pleaded. "'Auld Robin Gray,' for instance. It will be such a favor." Not wishing to seem disobliging, I consented. A flattering stillness greeted the homely Scotch words, and then a thunder of applause followed. A little speech of thanks from Mr. L'Estrange closed the entertainment, and actors and actresses streamed down into the audience.

I wended my way through the almost deserted green-room. At the door I met Mr. L'Estrange. "Won't you take my arm for a stroll on the avenue?" he said. "Everybody is going. It is my last night at the Lodge."

I was tired and dispirited, but to refuse would look strange, so I assented.

We found, as he had said, numbers of people, besides ourselves, enjoying the calm beauty of the night, which was unusually warm for the season. At the lower end of the avenue we

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paused, to look back on the scene, which was charming. Colored lights, among the trees, shed a fantastic light over the gay dresses of the ladies, and the sombre attire of their attendants; while beyond the gate, the fields and woods shone clear and white in the moonlight.

"Nature and art," observed my companion; "how incomparably greater is one than the other. To-morrow, Mrs. Orme," he continued, "I leave the Lodge for an absence of years. Will you not sing *Kennst Du Das Land* for me, out here in the moonlight? As a souvenir, to think of when I am far away?" he added.

With what ease he preferred his request. Who would have doubted the sincerity of his appeal?

Removing my hand from his arm, I said, as coldly and quietly as I could, "A favor from a lady, Mr. L'Estrange, should not be so lightly valued as to make her the subject of a wager." And leaving him to digest his astonishment as best he might, I ran back to the house.

They were dancing merrily in the parlors, and I stopped a moment, on my way up stairs, to watch them. Lovely young girls, in the full tide of health and happiness; gallant cavaliers; staid chaperons, nodding their turbans mysteriously at each other. All were gorgeous. I alone was friendless and sad.

On reaching the upper gallery, I found the lamp had been extinguished, and the hall only lighted by the moonbeams, which shone in through the window at the far end. The gallery was long, running the whole length of the house, and unfurnished, save by a huge oaken press, which had stood there ever since the house was first built by Dr. Livingstone's grandfather. It was a ghastly-looking thing, and to-night it seemed more than usually grim. As I neared it, a noise as of some one whispering, struck my ear. I stopped and listened. The breeze, sighing softly through the trees without, the shadowy doorways, the time-honored press, was all that met ear and eye. "It must have been the night wind," I said to myself, and passed on to Maud's room.

I found her still awake. She had heard me sing, she said, and wanted to know if her uncle had come home. I talked a long while to her, and then seeing she was still wakeful, played softly until she fell asleep.

The clock upon the mantel chimed twelve as I entered my room. Divesting myself of the disguise which was becoming almost unbearable, I sank down in the window-seat. Then, and not till then, I confronted my own heart.

Alas! those hours which Dr. Livingstone had spent with Maud, and that had been my joy, were now my bane. In time I had unconsciously learned to love him. But dared I cherish a love, which would be despised were it known? How dared I set my affections on a man, who not only did not care for me, but who was engaged to another? Oh! shame to be so weak. "I will cast this love from my heart," I said, "I will crush it out of my remembrance. And to do so I must go away from here. To-morrow my month of probation will be up, and then I will leave."

Tears, burning tears, followed these words. I was once more homeless; once more must again face the hard, pitiless world.

How long I sat there, I cannot tell. I must have fallen into a sleep, from which I was awakened by a peculiar, grating noise. The moon had gone down, and the room was in entire darkness, save for a dim light from the far end, revealing the outline of a man, who seemed to be forcing the lock of my bureau.

Instantly the whispering I had heard in the gallery came back to me, and my heart almost stood still with fear. The ruffian had failed to perceive me, for I was hidden in the deep embrasure of the window. A moment's thought, and my plan of action was taken. The door leading from my room to the hall was locked, and the key was in my pocket. The other door, leading into Maud's room, had the key on the outer side. Stealing noiselessly across the carpet, I gained this door, shut and locked it, and then rushing through Maud's room, I flew along the gallery, intending to alarm the people sleeping in the next hall. There was a smothered oath from the dark shadow of the press, hurried footsteps from the staircase, a flash, a slight report, and then I fell senseless—and at Dr. Livingstone's feet.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on a sofa in the library. The Doctor was standing at the table, pouring something from a bottle into a glass.

"Where is he? Have they killed Maud?" I exclaimed, starting up, and then falling back again from sheer weakness.

"Drink this," said Dr. Livingstone, holding the glass to my lips. I obeyed mechanically.

"Maud is safe," he said, "and the burglars gone. I had just come home, when I met you flying down the hall. To see whether you were hurt was our first duty. So I brought you in here. Fortunately the rascal's weapon missed fire. Thank God, you are safe!"

I looked at him in surprise. My heart beat fast. What meant this emotion?

"When I saw you had only fainted," he went

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on, "I hastened to Maud, whom I found sleeping quietly, entirely unconscious of danger. The fire-escape, suspended from the window in my room, showed me how one of the villains had escaped. The open hall-door below proved how the other got off. But little noise had been made, and no one had been disturbed beside ourselves."

"But why were you not in bed?" he said, after I, in turn, had explained how I had detected the burglars, and had finished my account of the almost tragedy.

"I was not sleepy," I replied, looking down, something in his look making a coward of me.

"But I aver that you ought to have been sleepy," he said, laughingly. "At seventeen, sleep comes naturally, at least to any one with a clear conscience," he added, giving me a penetrating look.

Then, and not till then, I thought of my loosened hair, my missing eye-glasses, my cast-off widow's cap, the absence of all disguises. "How had he discovered my age?" I asked myself, and, frightened more than ever, I made a movement to go.

"Stay," he said. "Here is something that belongs to you;" and putting his hands into an inner pocket of his coat, he drew forth my eye-glasses. He had found them, then, and kept them all this time.

"Tell me, Miss Orme," he said, "what object you could have had in this disguise?"

I saw it was useless to prevaricate. He knew all.

"Only to keep myself from starving," I cried, bursting into tears. "Blame the world, that denied the girl of seventeen the right to earn her daily bread;" and unable to contain my emotions, I sobbed passionately.

Was I dreaming? Darrel Livingstone's arms were around me. His kisses were on my lips. His voice was bidding me be comforted, telling me that I should never more have to face the cold world. "I learned to love you in Maud's room," he said, "when you sat there so quietly. But I could not explain your strange masquerading. God forgive me, I never thought of the truth."

When my tears ceased to flow, and I was able to talk, I asked him "how he had discovered my age?"

"Not a very difficult matter," he replied. "When a certain young lady leaves her Evangelines, with her name and date of gift inscribed therein, lying on the table——"

All was clear now. The book, of which I was very fond, had been a gift from my father on my sixteenth birth-day. It lay on the table in Maud's room, and I had never thought of the inscription on the title-page.

"At first I could hardly realize what I saw," observed the Doctor, "but the rencontre in the hall the night before I left home, cleared up the mystery. Then, too, I suspected you before. You were such a very youthful widow, my darling," he said, gayly. "But I could not make out why you had assumed the disguise, and, as I told you, it puzzled me."

"And—and made you distrust me," I stammered, looking down, and regretting my deception more than ever. "Oh! I am so sorry I did it—even—even to earn my bread."

"Forget all about it, dearest," he answered, folding me more tenderly in his arms than ever, and kissing me again and again. "I learned to love you, in spite of it. You were so patient with Maud, so kind, so self-sacrificing; you were so womanly in all you said and did. What a fool I was not to suspect the truth! But I will never distrust you again, rest assured of that."

"But Mrs. Peyton," I ventured to suggest, thinking of her for the first time, and withdrawing from his arms. "Everybody says you are betrothed to her."

"My dear, nobody says so, except my sister, who, of course, wishes for it. But I want no cold, artificial woman of the world, no mere lady of fashion. My choice is here. A true heart is worth a thousand Mrs. Peytons."

FALLING LEAVES.

BY E. M. CONKLIN.

The falling leaves float softly down,
And rustle 'neath our careless tread;
With crimson, gold, and russet-brown,
The woodland ways are thickly spread.
The maples stand bereft, discrowned,
Fair queens dethroned, but haughty still,
Their gold and rubies strew the ground,
And he may gather them who will.

The oaks fling out their banners bright,
And laugh at frost and Autumn gales,
The ash in purple robes bedight;
Nor yet the sturdy walnut fails.
But all its gold is tarnished brown;
The forest boughs are almost bare;
The forest leaves are floating down,
And sighs are on the hazy air.

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"MADEMOISELLE SUZETTE."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Yes, my name's Jaggers—Signor Jager, the play-bills have it; and I'm the man that did it. And if you are particular about wanting to know the long and short of it, I'm hardened enough not to mind telling you, though I've never told the story straight out before, and, it is likely, never shall again.

"Terrible fatality!" the papers called it, and "shocking accident!" and all that. And so it was; and it was something more to me. A man does not find his life any lighter to bear, when he has a stain of blood on his hands, and it's the blood, too, of the woman he——

But never mind that—that's all over, like the rest of it.

She came to us in the early spring, nearly two years ago. I remember the time of the year well enough, and the night, too—a delicious, sweet-smelling, soft blowing sort of a night, after a pretty heavy shower.

We had just come from a little town about twelve miles behind, and were going to give our first entertainment in the new place the next day. We had the tents ready, and the company had scattered themselves, as they always did, when they had the time for a bit of a lark, for they were most of them young people, and given to that sort of thing. Fact is, I was the oldest performer among them, and I may as well own up that I wasn't a favorite, having the character of being a close, surly, sharp-tongued fellow, who didn't care to be sociable. And I dare say it was all true enough; at any rate, it's a way of mine to like to be left alone, and people generally find it out. So I was left alone that night, and was standing at the door of the big tent, looking up at the sky, and working out some notions of my own about the stars, when Leroy—that's the owner, you know—came up behind me, and touched me on the shoulder.

"Come in here, Jaggers," he says.

I turned half round, and saw he was smiling, as if something queer had happened.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Come into the back, and see," said he. "I've got a fanciful little fish there as ever you saw, and I want your opinion on her."

"Her?" said I.

"Yes," he answered. "A girl, as I'm a sinnor!"

I did not care about girls, and I did not care about going, but I went, because it was easier to go than to refuse. There was a kind of room at the back, curtained off from the rest of the tent. It was the owner's room, in fact, where all the business was done, and it was there Leroy led me.

"Come in," he said, lifting the curtain, "and prepare yourself for a sensation."

Now, I'm not a nervous fellow, or a susceptible one, and I was even cooler than usual that night, as I passed under the curtain, but I'll confess that when it fell behind me, and I saw her standing in the dim light, I gave a bit of a start.

She was not more than sixteen or seventeen, and she was dressed like any other little country lass just out of a hay-field or a dairy—short, coarse-blue petticoat, and print jacket, clumsy little shoes, and red handkerchief tied under her chin, and over her curly hair—and yet, I swear she was enough to make any man start at first sight of her. If it was to come to comparing, I don't know anything I could compare her to but a rose-bud, or perhaps a red-tipped daisy, just opened fresh to the morning sun and dew; she was so rosy, and dimpled, and pretty, and childish. That was it, you see; she was more a child than a woman, a blooming, lovely, pouting child, half frightened, and half daring, and trying to look defiant from under her long, dark eye-lashes, even while the hand holding her little bundle was trembling, as I saw.

"This is my friend, the illustrious Signor Jager, my dear," said Leroy, in his joking way. "The gentleman you saw at Rossthorne, the only performer of the famous knife-trick in the world. Will you tell him why you came here."

She gave me a shy, little, wilful look, and blushed and pouted more than ever, dropping her eyes the next minute, and working the toe of her stout little shoe into the sawdust.

"I ran away," she said, at last.

"What for?" I asked, roughly enough. I had seen runaways before, and I knew faces like hers were better at home.

"I seen the show at Rossthorne," she answered, "and I want to be a lady, like them as acts, and rides the horses. I'm tired of farm work, and I won't stay at home no longer, and

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my Aunt Jane needn't think I will. So I run away and come here, to see if I couldn't learn to be a actor."

I turned, and looked at Leroy, and he looked at me, hiding his laugh as well as he could.

"Well?" says he.

"It isn't well," I says. "She had better take her bundle and go back."

She heard me, and turned on me all in a pet, her soft, round, baby-face reddening, and quivering: big angry tears springing to her eyes.

"I won't go back!" she cried. "I won't go back—never—to be laughed at, and made game of. I'm going to be a lady. If you won't take me, some one else will. They've said many a time that—that my face was my fortune."

There was a childish triumph and certainty, even in the hesitant drop of her voice. Any simpleton could have seen that, little fool as she was, she knew her power as well as many a wiser and worldlier woman.

Leroy shrugged his shoulders, and spoke to me in an under tone.

"Shall I take her or not?" he asked.

"I won't have anything to do with it," I said.

"It is just such a face as we want," said he. "Her clodhopper friends were not far wrong in saying it was her fortune. People will come, just to have a glimpse of her."

Then he spoke to her.

"What is your name?"

"Susy," she answered. "I won't tell the other one. You can call me anything you like. I don't want my real name on the bills if I stay; and it isn't a pretty one either."

"Susy?" said Leroy. "Well, Susy is a nice little name enough; but it won't do for a play-bill. Suppose we call you Mademoiselle Suzette."

Her eyes sparkled, and she laughed, like a child pleased with a new toy.

"Then you will take me?" she cried, eagerly.

"Yes," said he. "I'll take you, and we will see if we can't do something grand for you, though you will have to learn a good many things first. I'll take you, Mademoiselle Suzette, because your friends were in the right."

So it was agreed that she should stay. And when he was at leisure, Leroy took her up town, to the women's lodgings, and handed her over to the oldest of them, who was a good-natured creature, who had charge of the wardrobe, and sometimes took parts that did not need much good looks. Julia Mouncey, her name was, and a nice laugh Julia Mouncey had the next day, when she told us how Mademoiselle Suzette had conducted herself in her new *role*. We were not a grand company; and if there were any jokes on hand, they were sure to be passed from one to the other freely enough.

"Bless you!" said the jolly soul. "It was as good as a comedy to hear her talk, and see her stand there with her eyes shining like a six-year-old's, just going wild with joy over the old things. I showed her tinselly rags, that wouldn't knock down for sixpence at auction. But I think the girls rather upset her when they came in, all in their common clothes. She thought they wore gauze and tights from morning till night, and she asked me afterward how it was that they didn't look red and white, and handsome, as they did when they were acting."

If they had not been a good-natured lot altogether, there would have been envy among them; but, as it was, they took to the girl as a good joke, and even made a sort of pet of her. She was not quick at learning things, and was plenty of trouble. But first one would give her a lesson, and then another, until she knew enough to go on and be looked at, if nothing else.

She was almost crazy with excitement the first night this happened, and the mixture of fright and ecstacy made her so pretty, that she was a sight to see. Leroy had built so much on her beauty, that he even commissioned Julia Mouncey to buy a couple of new costumes for her; and when she went in the first—a page's dress, that she had to dance a simple little dance in—you may believe it or not, but the whole house burst out into a roar of applause at the sight of her, even before she could make her bow and begin. It was her childish look that did it, as well as her loveliness. She had no stage air and grace, and could only stand behind the footlights, trembling with joy and fear; her immense, liquid, dark eyes dilated, and her cheeks, blooming with color, not knowing whether to run away or stay where she was.

Leroy stood at the side, in quite a fever of delight.

"Let her keep that baby look," he said, "and her fortune's made. Good Lord, how the public like a pretty little fool!"

The audience called her back again and again, but Leroy knew better than to let her go more than twice, though she was eager enough, and would have gone on half a dozen of times after the first, if she had been allowed.

When I came up, to be ready for my turn, she was standing at the left wing, panting like a bird, in her triumph. She had pulled off her little purple velvet, pearl-banded cap, and held it in her hand, and her hair lay in soft, moist, golden rings on her forehead. She looked as

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fresh as a baby just out of the cradle, and she gave me one of her shy looks, from under her eye-lashes, and laughed and pouted.

"They liked me, you see," she said, "though you did say I'd better go back with my bundle."

"I didn't say they wouldn't like you," I answered.

She tossed her little head, and looked down at her cap.

"Then why did you say I had better go home?"

"Because I meant it," I said, and pushed by her without further parley.

I was a born fool. I knew it then, and I know it all along, from first to last. There was not one thing about her that ought to have held a man's fancy for a minute. She was a vain, empty-headed little animal, and nothing more. She was ignorant for lack of opportunity; she was selfish, and had no more heart than a kitten. She cared for no human being but herself, and asked for nothing better than plenty of food and idleness, and fine clothes, and admiration; and yet I fell into her net in spite of every better feeling that held me back. If I had not given way myself, and, standing coolly aloof, had seen another man drift into such a mad fancy, how I should have jeered at him. And, for that matter, I jeered at myself, and struggled hard enough; but it was no use. Perhaps, however, I was a bit wrong in saying she had no other attraction than her baby bloom, and her big, dark eyes. There was something else about her, though it would be hard to describe what it was. It was a way she had, which took with women as well as with men, and made them wait on her, and treat her like a child; a sort of simple, helpless, careless fashion, of seeming to expect petting and sacrifice from everybody. She never did anything for herself, or gave thought for the future. So long as to-day brought comfort and sunshine, she never troubled herself about to-morrow. She would curl up in a warm corner, and watch Julia Mouncey sew for her until midnight, and then would turn in and fall asleep with a smile on her lips, never seeming to have a doubt but that her costumes would be ready for her, though her own little bungling fingers had not been trusted with the work for a minute.

"I'm glad I run away," she would say. "I wish I'd done it sooner. I'm happy here. You are all so good-tempered. I hate my Aunt Jane!"

"Though her Aunt Jane," said the Mouncey woman, afterwards, a trifle out of patience, "has been a mother to her, as I have found out from what her own lips have told me."

And yet it was this very pretty, selfish helplessness that fascinated us. A different face would have made it a different thing, but that face of hers made fools of one and all. Her very vanity helped her, too, since it caused her to be eager for admiration, and anxious to please people where it might be done without self-sacrifice. What was it but vanity that made her make advances in her pouting, whimsical way, even to me? Being the madman I was, how could I help watching her in secret at all times, and standing at the wings when she went on to sing her little idle songs, and dance her simple dances, which were mere nothings, and yet always brought down the house, as if they had been something wonderful?

I had been watching her so one night, when the public were more than usually cold over her, and as she came running off, she saw me, and stopped suddenly, hanging her curly head, and poutting out her red lips petulantly.

"What do you look at me for?" she demanded. "You don't like me. Why should you stand there always—when you hate me so?"

I set my back against the wing, and folded my arms grimly.

"Do I hate you?" I answered.

"Yes, you do," said she.

"Then, all the better for me," said I.

Most girls would have been rebuffed, but it was not her way to feel things deeply. She opened her eyes full upon me in an innocent, surprised fashion, but without a hint of real anger in her expression.

"I haven't never done nothing to vex you," she said.

"No," answered I.

"Other people like me," with a fresh pout.

"I dare say," said I.

It was only her vanity that was stung, but, as I have said, her vanity was all that ever was touched by anything. To see even an ugly fellow like me, cold and unresponsive, was enough to upset her a bit. The dimples about her mouth began to work, and her eyes grew big and moist all at once. She dropped her little cap, and stopped to pick it up, and when she raised her head, there were pettish tears on her lashes.

"I don't care," she said. "Every one else——" And there she broke off, and tried to run past me.

It sounds like a poor business enough, when it is told; but I swear to you, I lost all power over myself. Before I knew what I was doing, I had caught her by the arm, and was holding her fast.

"Let me go!" she said. "I—I hate you!"

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"It was me that hated you a minute ago," I said, almost savagely. "Look at me, and see if I hate you."

I made her turn round in spite of her efforts, and I think my look frightened her, for the next instant she hid her face in her little hands.

"Do I hate you?" said I.

"I—I don't know," she panted. "No—no—you don't. I want to go. They are calling me."

"May I stand here and watch you every night?" I asked, and yet not gently, either. I was wild at myself, even while I said the words.

Then she drew her hands away, and gave me a look—half-triumph, half-terror.

"Yes," she whispered, "if you like."

"I do like," I said, "or I shouldn't do it." And then I let her go.

Only the next morning, Leroy came to me with a piece of news.

"The Wallers are going to-morrow," he said. "And we shall be in a nice fix if we can't get some one to fill Lotta's place. We can do without the other one well enough, but it is pretty bad on us to lose Lotta."

He was right there. The public liked the knife-trick—principally, I used to think, because it was such a dangerous bit of business, and made them hold their breath until it was over, and I made my bow to them. And it was a dangerous business, too; as dangerous as it looked, which is saying a good deal.

This was how it was done, though, I dare say you have heard of it, if you haven't seen it. The girl Lotta, dressed in a fancy boy's costume, stood against a kind of screen, at which I threw a number of large, sharp knives, all escaping her by a hair's-breadth, until she was literally pinned, or penned in with them. They pierced the screen above her outstretched arms, and under them, down her sides, and around her hand; and often as I had practised, and old as the trick was to me, I can tell you I never did it without an uncomfortable feeling, and a wish that it was over. But, as I have said, the public liked it, and it was so rare, that we could not dispense with it, and it was true enough that we should be in a tight place if we could not find some one willing to run the risk, and cool enough to do it safely.

"There's no one who can do it," I said.

Leroy laughed, a dubious, uncomfortable sort of laugh.

"Well," said he, "it seems not; but I have an idea, if we can manage her—and there's nothing more sure than that—she would take wonderfully."

"Who?" I asked, sharply.

He laughed again, and twisted his mustache.

"Mademoiselle Suzette," he answered. "You know what a sensation she always makes; and she isn't nervous. She's a cold-blooded little animal, though one would scarcely fancy so to look at her. And she would do anything for a new costume, and I've promised her the prettiest she likes to choose for herself."

"What?" cried I. "Have you spoken to her about it?"

"Yes," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "and though she was more than half-frightend at first, I am not sure but the idea of a new triumph pleased her. The costume was the bait, however. She would sell her soul for a spangled petticoat, and she would scarcely lose by the bargain."

"Leave her alone," I said. "Her soul is none of our business."

There was a moment's pause, in which he looked at me as if he was waiting to see what else I was going to say. Men understand each other well enough as a rule, and he understood me.

"I won't do it," I said, at last.

"You won't?"

"No, said I.

"Very well," said he, and walked away whistling.

He was sharp enough to know better than lose his temper, and argue the point. If he had done that, the end would only have been a row, and defeat for him; and, as I say, he knew better than to run any risk.

He managed the matter another way. He went and talked to Susy, and the consequence was, that when next I saw her, she was in a pet, and would scarcely look at me.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Nothing," she answered, and looked crosser than ever.

In a minute, however, she took a new turn, as I knew she would.

"No one ever said they wouldn't act with me before," she broke out, tossing her head. "There's plenty as likes me well enough to wish they could."

"Who told you I wouldn't act with you?"

"Mr. Leroy." And then all at once she raised her eyes to mine. "Why wouldn't you?" she asked.

"Because," said I, faltering like a fool, "because I wouldn't trust myself."

"I'd trust you," she said. "I'll trust myself with you—with you."

She had no more sentiment about the matter than Mouncey herself, but she blushed, a sudden

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lovely blush, and then tried to laugh it off in her foolish, pretty fashion.

"I wouldn't trust everybody," she added; "but I know you wouldn't trust me."

I had never known just how weak I was until then, when I found myself giving way to her, knowing it was madness.

"Do you want to take the place?" I asked her.

We were standing at the door of the tent, and she looked out at the blue sky far away, as if she saw Heaven, and nothing nearer.

"Leroy says I shall wear pink satin, and black velvet and gold," she said. "And I do so like pink satin, when it's shaded with black velvet."

She made me feel rough and half-savage.

"Do you like it well enough to risk your life for it?" I said.

She gave me the usual pout, and a laugh like a bird's trill.

"You wouldn't hurt me?" she answered. "Nobody would; but you less than anybody." And that bit of daring, triumphant folly was harder on me than all the rest.

So, to make the story short, Leroy got his way, and I practised in secret by the hours. I did not want every one to know what an idiot I was, so I kept it quiet, only telling Leroy that I would not try the trick in public until I had got used to the idea of doing it with a strange face before me. It was even harder than I thought when it came to the point, and I had to practise with the child herself, shuddering at first at the whiz of the knives, and yet trying to laugh.

"Shut your eyes," I used to order her; "and keep them shut. I don't want to see them."

But of course we both got pretty well used to it in time. One thing is certain, she was the coolest of the two always, and, at last, could laugh, and look her loveliest, from beginning to end of the business, and did not seem to care how long it lasted, if people only applauded; and many a little tiff we had, because I was so determined never to let any amount of clapping and calling make me go through it twice in a night.

I suppose I ought to know what I looked forward to in those days, but I must say I don't I was oftener miserable than not, and always restless and ill at ease. She did not care for me, I know, nor for anybody else but herself, for the matter of that, though she had more admirers than she could have counted on her fingers in half a day.

"I don't want to be married," she used to say to Mouncey. "I wouldn't be married," with a little shudder, "for anything in the world. I want to live this way always. Jennie Wyce, in Rossthorne, got married, and she used to have to nurse horrid little babies, and sew, and work. And she was pretty, too, once. I would rather die than live as she did. No one cared for her."

"Pooh!" said Mouncey, who was fond of joking her. "You must marry a lord."

"A lord!" she said, eagerly, opening her eyes to their widest, as Mouncey told me afterward. "Do lords ever marry girls like me?"

"I should think so," said Mouncey, "Read the penny journals, and see if they don't. They never marry any one else. They like actresses the best—and flower-girls, and milliners. I have read of one who took a little crossing-sweeper, broom and all, in preference to a beautiful young duchess, with golden hair, and a haughty way, and two million a year, not to speak of family diamonds."

"And," says the woman to me, when she told the joke, "she believed it, and colored up her loveliest, and lay on the sofa thinking about it, with her eyes all in a shine. You mark my words, the innocent little fool will be on the lookout for a lord from this day forward."

There might have been a fate in it. It was not three days, before Leroy came to me laughing.

"We are going up in the world, by Jove!" he said. "Ford tells me we had a live marquis among the audience last night, and he came to see Mademoiselle Suzette. Did you see that pale, handsome, long-legged fellow in the front row? That was he."

"He had better have stayed at home," I said, savagely.

"I dare say," said Leroy, "for his own sake, as well as for Mademoiselle Suzette's. For my part, I should not care to be troubled with her, charming as she is."

That night, when I went to look out at the audience, I found Mademoiselle Suzette peeping through a hole in the curtain; and when she heard me she turned round, blushing like a frightened child.

"I was looking for the lord," she stammered. "I never saw a lord, and they say there is one in the audience. Do you know which one he is?"

"He's in the second row to-night," I answered, half-sneering. "The third man—a swell, with lilies of the valley in his button-hole. How do you like his looks? Different from the rest of us, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes!" she burst out, at her first glimpse of him. "He's handsome, and nice, and his clothes are so beautiful!"

She stood there watching him until she was

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obliged to go on, and then she went, all in a flutter.

"I—I wonder if he will like my singing," she said, tremulously, to me, as she passed me. "I'm frightened."

She had no need to have been frightened. It was not her singing he had come to hear.

His cool, indifferent face brightened, as soon as he caught sight of her, and he leaned forward, not missing a gesture or expression, as she did her part. Sometimes he smiled a little, but oftener he simply watched her, as he might have watched a beautiful bird, and at the end of her song he detached the lilies of the valley from his coat, and threw them lightly and deftly toward her, so that they fell at her feet.

She had never received such a tribute before. Ours were not swell performances, and the people who usually attended them, thought more of getting their money's worth, than of paying compliments to the actors. She came off with the flowers fastened in her bodice, and she was in a state of such ecstatic excitement, that she ran by me without seeming to see me at all.

Well, the next night he was there again, and the next, and the next; and always, after the first time, he brought a bouquet with him, and threw it to her; and so it went on for a week. At the end of that time, Mouncey came to me in a fret.

"It's time for you or Leroy to do something," she said.

"There's nothing to be done," I answered.

I hadn't been looking on without seeing things, but what right had I to interfere, though I was wretched enough to be more than half mad.

"There was a ring in her bouquet last night," she went on, "and this morning she went out to meet him. Bessie Jones has written three notes for her already. I have found that out."

"Well," said I, savagely, "stop it if you can."

"Don't be a fool," she replied. "It's not women who can stop women—women like her, at least. If Leroy can bully her enough to frighten her, or if you give her a lecture—she is half afraid of you, and it pleases her vanity to think she has made a fool of you—she may be held in check until we go away from here; and then, if he does not follow her, she is safe enough. She would forget the Angel Gabriel a week after she lost sight of him."

"Leave her alone," I broke out. "You women have a spite against each other." But I knew I was giving way to wild folly, even as I spoke.

She only laughed, in a comfortable scorn of the implied accusation.

"What?" said she. "Am I young enough to be jealous? A woman whose pink and white days are as far behind as mine are, ought to have got over envy. Bless you, man, I'm nigh on to fifty, and as tough as you. Keep your temper, and don't be simple."

That night, after the great knife-trick, when the bouquet flew toward Mademoiselle, a note fell out of it, and I picked it up and put it in my pocket. She colored up furiously, but dared not speak until we left the stage, and then she turned on me, ruffled like an angry bird.

"Give me my letter!" she demanded.

I took it from my pocket, but held to it.

"A nice fellow—my lord!" I said, trying to speak without raging. "A charming fellow!"

She stamped her little pink boot on the boards.

"Give me my letter!" she cried. "Quick, quick!"

"Why quick?" said I. "Is he waiting to know if you will come?"

She reddened to the very roots of her curly hair, in her pretty fury of impatience, and she struck her hands together.

"Give it me!" she said. "I will tell him. It is no business of yours. I hate you!"

And that was the truth, too. She would have hated the best friend she had, if they had crossed her in the merest trifle of a whim. That was her way. And yet, while I knew this, I could not help feeling a horrible pang when she spoke the words. They seemed to drive me wild, after a manner.

"Do you know where you are going to?" I asked her.

"Do you think I shall tell you?" she answered.

"I don't mean that," I returned. "I mean, do you know that you are going to the devil—to wretchedness and despair?"

I might as well have talked to the wind. There was not a warning on earth that could have touched her ever so slightly. She broke into a shower of tears, but it was only because she was afraid of being kept from her lover, and because my interference irritated her.

"I want my letter!" she sobbed, pettishly. "He—he will be gone!"

What seized hold of me I cannot tell. I seemed to burst into a rage of feeling, notwithstanding my better sense. I flung the note upon the floor, and staggered back against the rough wall, hiding my face in my hands. I must have been holding on to some hope before, without knowing it.

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"Oh, my God!" I cried. "Why is it that you are not a good woman?"

I had not been in the habit of thinking about women, but just at that moment I seemed to be knocked down, all at once, with a sense of what my gloomy life might have been made, if she had had a pure, loving heart, and I mght have won it. But she answered me like a spoiled child.

"I don't want to be what you call a good woman. I hate good women!" And stooping down, she picked up her note, and was off in a flash.

Leroy was wiser than I was, however. We had been doing well enough, and making money, since our arrival in the town; but in half an hour after this he came to me.

"We must leave here to-night."

"What?" I answered.

He produced his pocket-knife, and began to trim his nails, composedly.

"I cannot afford to lose Mademoiselle Suzette," he explained, in his coolest style. "And I don't intend to if it can be helped. I mean to checkmate my lord."

I understood clearly enough then, of course; but I made no comment.

"It is the only way," he went on. "I know the foolish girl. That business of the ring looks badly for us, and he has money enough to give her as much trumpery as she can stand up under. And he will do it. He is one of your indifferent, lavish kind."

It seemed nothing but natural that there should be some trouble with the girl when she was told the news. When she came in that night, she found Mouncey putting the last few things in the trunks, and on hearing her explanation, the woman said she turned pale, and began to cry in an excited kind of way.

"I don't want to go," she said. "It's so sudden. What is it all for?"

"Business reasons of Leroy's," answered Mouncey. "What ails you?"

"Nothing; only—only I don't like to be worried so. Where are we going?"

"I don't know."

"I wasn't going to tell her," she added, afterward. "She was sharp enough, silly as she is, to slip out to him again, or, at least, to send him word."

She fretted and pouted all that night, and showed ill-humor through the whole of the journey, which Leroy had taken care should be a longer one than usual. Mouncey had a comfortless enough time with her; and when we reached our stopping-place, it was two days before she would take her usual place in the performances again.

"Says her head aches," said Mouncey. "And I dare say it does, after all that temper."

"Pooh!" commented Leroy, tolerantly. "Leave her alone. She will be eager enough to show herself in a day or so."

And so she was. Petulant as her humor was, she found it dull work playing the invalid, and the accounts the rest brought her of the enthusiasm of the audiences, stirred her vain little soul within her. On the fourth day her headache disappeared, and she was ready to appear.

"She's safe enough now," said Mouncey, in a week's time. "Safe until the next one comes on the boards. She has let my lord drift into the back-ground, and is full of nothing but the blue satin and silver Leroy has half-way promised her for the knife-trick."

She even became as friendly as ever with me, and acted quite as if she had forgotten her anger. The fact was that the people admired her so much, that she had quite enough to make her happy. And it was no wonder that they admired her, for she grew prettier every day; prettier in the rose on her cheeks, and the gold of her hair, and the softness of her dark, dewy eyes. There wasn't a man or woman living, who could have looked at her for the first time, without being fairly startled by the sight of so much beauty.

But I may as well cut my story as short as possible.

Leroy gave her the new suit, and Mouncey made it for her—a page's costume of blue satin, slashed with silver, and ornamented with pearl tassels and fringe, dangling and swaying as she moved.

She came out of the dressing-room the first night she wore it, just before we were to do the knife-trick, ready to go on in all her bravery. Mouncey had dressed her, and I'll own it upset me a bit, right at the beginning, just to look at her—all gloss of satin, and glow of color, her little head running over with short, soft baby curls; a half-shy, half-triumphant pout on her lips, her eyes full of delight. She saw me standing watching her, and she came and stopped before me.

"Is it as pretty as the pink?" she asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Is it—is it prettier?"

"Yes."

She laughed; a breath of a laugh, as if she was so pleased with herself that she could not help it, and then she stood pluming herself like a bird, turning her head over her shoulders, this way and that, and touching up her pearl fringes, and the white feather in her cap, and the studded belt at her tiny, lissome waist.

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"I wish it was time for us to go on," she said. "I don't like to wait."

And those were the last words I ever heard her speak.

They called us almost the next instant, and on we went.

The very moment the audience caught sight of her, they broke loose. They clapped, and shouted, and stamped; they even waved their hats, and rose in their seats; and, for several minutes, there seemed nothing but to let her stand there, bowing, and dimpling, their eyes feasting upon her.

But of course it stopped at last, and we took our places, she in her usual position against the screen, and I myself at the other end of the stage. It isn't easy to tell, you may be sure—that's what shortens my breath, and makes me break down here and there.

I threw straight enough for a while, straight enough and cool enough. My hand was as steady as it had ever been, until near the end. It was the last knife I was going to throw—the very last—and she moved. I swear she moved! She turned her eyes towards something in the audience, not far from us—some one who had just come in; and somehow, she drew my eyes with her, and I saw, too. I saw him—her lover himself—sitting a few feet beyond the stage, watching us; watching her as he had always done, with a light, cool smile upon his fair face. It was the last knife, and I held it balanced in my hand; and I threw it, and it struck!

And there was a strange, sharp cry, and her little hands were tossed up wildly in the air, and she fell!

Good God! do you think any man could ever picture the least thrill of the madness that fell upon me!

There was a roar of voices, and a rush, and a kind of horrible shriek among the people; and some mounted their seats, and denounced me in their first tempest of excitement; and some climbed the stage, and those who were behind ran on, and the women wrung their hands, and sobbed in hysterical fright, and the men crowded round; and the first among all was her lover, who came near, but did not speak, only stood by, with a white face, trying to hold still the shaking hand which held crushed a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

I had caught her almost as she fell, and I held her crushed against my breast, almost as he held the flowers, but my hand was red with the little stream which trickled from the triangular mark upon the side of her white temple.

The medical man who was brought in, only bent over her a moment, and then stood upright.

"Dead!" he said. "Penetrated the brain. Stand back, you men, and let them carry her away!"

And they took her from me, and left me, empty-handed, and panting. And all the crowd fell away, and stared at me as if I had been a strange wild animal loose among them.

I don't know what I thought of, or if I thought at all, I don't remember. I know I turned from right to left, and shook as if an ague had seized me, and then my eye caught a glimpse of one man again, and my blood seemed to rush and boil in my veins.

"You devil!" I shouted. "You devil—it was you—it was you—it was you!" And I sprang at his throat and clutched him, and so seemed to fall into black darkness.

That is how it was, and that is all. She was dead, and I had killed her. "Accidental death!" the jury brought in, with a censure upon the dangerous nature of my performance. And there were plenty who were sorry for me, and who were kind to me during my illness. It was worse for me than for her, some said. A pretty, innocent creature like that, they always added. "So pretty, and innocent, and young!" But, as I say to myself often, there is only one thing for me to remember, and I am not the man to forget it. She is dead, and the hand which struck her death-blow was mine—MINE!

A PRAYER IN WEAKNESS.

BY JANE STURTEVANT.

OH, FATHER, infinite and near,
My will subdue, my heart control!
With weary, helpless, burdened soul
I cry to Thee, and Thou wilt hear!

The restless longings of the past,
The frantic clasp of hands that strained
To clutch a gift Thou kept'st, unstained
For meeker thanks—at last! at last!

The bitter word, the idle hand,
The blind revolt against Thy will,
Forgive them, Father, ah! if still
My prayer war not with Thy command.

Oh, make them memories dark and dim,
Whose warning visions only meet
My eyes when earth-love seems too sweet,
Or songs of triumph drown my hymn!

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WHERE THE SUNSHINE FALLS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Poor wretch!" said Mrs. Floyd, as her eyes rested for a moment on the stooping figure of a thin, pale-faced woman, who carried a heavy basket on her arm. She was in her carriage, and the woman on the pavement. "What does God let such people live for? Why doesn't he take them out of their misery?"

Mrs. Floyd spoke in a fretful tone.

"She may not be as wretched as you imagine," replied her companion, a lady with a cheery face and sympathetic voice. "The sunshine creeps in through the chinks that time has made in humble cottage walls, as well as through curtained windows."

"Sentiments! Mere sentiments! You can't gild abject poverty, nor make it anything but hard and wretched," answered Mrs. Floyd, impatiently. "I saw the woman's face, and its look of helpless suffering. Sunshine! No, my dear! She doesn't know what sunshine is like."

"It may be so; but if true, her case is no exception. But, I have a fancy, sometimes, that more sunshine gets in through the windows and crannied walls of the poor, than ever finds its way into the darkly-curtained chambers of the rich—more real heart-sunshine."

"Complimentary to the rich!" Mrs. Floyd smiled faintly, but the smile soon faded out, leaving a dreary look on her face.

The two ladies rode on for a while in silence.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the companion of Mrs. Floyd, as the carriage gained an eminence in the Park, and a charming view of hill and valley, and gleaming water, met their vision.

"Yes, it is fine," was the response; "but I've seen it so often that it doesn't affect me any more. In fact, I didn't see it just now, until you spoke. My eyes were with my heart, and that was far away from here."

"Your heart!" The lady raised her eyebrows. Then a glimmer of the truth came into her mind, and she said, with a touch of sympathy in her voice, "Our eyes are oftener with our hearts than others think. Indeed, our heart-world is our true world, and the one wherein we really dwell."

Mrs. Floyd did not answer, but dropped her gaze and rode on silently, with an absorbed look in her countenance, for many minutes.

"Our heart-world," she said, at length, looking into her friend's face. "Our real world, as you say. I never thought of that. But how true it is!"

"Yes; and how true, also, that our outside world does not make our heart-world. That is created and peopled from within, and it may be richer and more beautiful with the poor woman we saw a little while ago, than with you or me."

A shade of reflection fell across the face of Mrs. Floyd.

"The happiest person I ever knew," continued the friend, "the one whose heart-world was the brightest, lives in a poor little meagerly-furnished house, and amid the most cheerless surroundings. She had to work early and late to earn food and clothing for her children, and often far beyond her strength, But I never heard a complaint from her lips, nor an impatient word. She was not troubled by envy, nor ill-will, nor a covetous desire to possess the good things her neighbors enjoyed. Contentment was her great gain."

"Contentment! Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd. "Is there such a thing in the world? I'd go a hundred miles to see a contented person."

She laughed, a low, bitter, incredulous laugh.

The woman, Mrs. Floyd's "poor wretch," had noticed the two ladies in the carriage as she toiled under the weight of her heavy basket, filled with the fine linen her patient hands had made white as the drifted snow. For a moment a pang of envy, and a question of God's impartial dealings with his children, disturbed her mind. Were these two women better than she, that they could be driven about in a softly-cushioned carriage, while she must walk, and bear a heavy burden? The outside world had touched her with a painful shock, and stirred her discontent. But it was only for a while. The carriage swept on, and as it passed from her sight, her eyes looked onward. and she was living again in her beautiful heart-world.

Beautiful! You are incredulous. Yet I speak advisedly. It was full of loving cares, and sweet satisfactions; and serene from trust in God. She was not envious of her neighbors, but helpful whenever she had it in her power to render a service, and thankful in spirit for the blessings that came to her door. The hand of

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toil lay heavy upon her, but she had the sweet sleep of the patient worker.

Mrs. Floyd had not read the expression of her face aright. It was pale and thin, but in her own countenance were signs of discontent, far stronger than any that were visible on that of the laundress. As she was turning, unsatisfied, from the beautiful scenery which had excited the admiration of her friend, this humble, hard-working woman was receiving from the jeweled hand of another lady the small sum paid to her weekly.

"The clothes look very nice," said the lady, in a pleasant way, at which a smile lit up the thin face of the laundress, and made it almost beautiful. Her work had been well done, and she knew it, and in that was a satisfaction which always comes with faithful service; but the added satisfaction which approval sometimes brings is very sweet, and this the lady's words had given. The pleased expression on the face of her laundress gave it a new attraction in the eyes of the lady, and drew her heart toward her.

"Sit down and rest for awhile, Mrs. Blair. You look tired. It was a long way to carry so heavy a basket."

And the lady drew a chair toward her.

"You are very kind," said the laundress, who was a slender little body, yet with a marvelous capacity for work and endurance. And she took the offered seat.

"How is the baby?"

"Right well; and as good as she can be." The pale face was radiant now. All the mother's heart was in it.

There came down from the nursery, at this instant, the fretful cry of the babe, at which the lady turned her head and listened, a shade of anxiety crossing her face.

"How is your baby, ma'am?" asked the laundress, with a real interest in her tone.

"Not very well, I'm sorry to say. She doesn't seem to thrive, and is so cross."

"I don't think cross babies ever feel well," said the laundress.

"I'm afraid my nurse doesn't know just how to take care of her. She came highly recommended; but——" The lady did not finish the sentence. Mrs. Blair waited for a moment or two, but as the lady continued silent, the look of concern which had come into her face deepening, she said,

"I don't believe much in these nurses. I've known a good many of them, but I never saw one I'd trust my baby with. Dear, tender little things! they want more love than hired nurses know how to give. And it's so sweet to have them in your arms, ma'am. Why, I feel just as if I was in heaven, sometimes, when baby is lying asleep in my arms, and her soft cheek touching my breast. It's such a comfort, and rests me so, when I am tired, to sit down and have a good time with her. She's so sweet! I wish you could see her."

The lady did not smile. A feeling akin to envy for this happy mother, blessed with a babe in which she found so much joy and comfort, crept into her heart. She had pitied her so when she learned that another baby had been added to her little flock, with the added cares and increased toil that it would surely bring to one already over-tasked. And here was this poor mother rejoicing in the new babe, while her's had brought her more of anxiety than real delight.

"Come up stairs with me," she said, moving toward the door as she spoke.

Mrs. Blair followed her to the door. As they entered, the nurse, who had not heard them approaching, caught up the babe from where it lay fretting on the bed, and made an effort to soothe it into quietness. But it struggled in her arms, and tried to push itself away from her.

"Oh, baby, baby!" said Mrs. Blair, in soft, motherly tones, holding out her hands to the child, and lifting it from the nurse's arms to her bosom, against which she drew it with loving tenderness. In an instant the fretful crying ceased, and the baby lay hushed upon her breast. Then she talked to it as only a mother, with her heart brimming over with love, knows how to talk; and the baby felt the loving heart that was in her voice, and turned the face she had hidden against her bosom, and looking up, curved her rosy lips and cooed, to express her sweet content.

The lady glanced from the happy babe to the nurse, who had moved away, and saw a frown upon her brow, and a hard expression about her mouth. These vanished quickly; but she had seen them, and took warning. She held out her hands to her baby, calling it by pet names, and trying to coax it away from the laundress, but it refused to come to her arms. The nurse stepped forward to resume her charge, but the baby cried piteously at her approach. The mother sent her from the room, and then, after long coaxing and much tender solicitation, won her baby to her arms, where it lay, gazing with a half-wondering, happy look upon her face.

"It's love they want, ma'am," said Mrs. Blair; "and nothing else will do; and you can't buy love for so much a week."

It hurt the tender heart of the laundress to see a suffering, neglected babe, and she was not

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able to keep her feelings out of her voice. The lady felt its rebuke. It did not make her angry, but repentant; and she soberly resolved to be as true a mother to her child as the poor laundress was to hers.

In a narrow street, crowded with small dwellings, was a little house containing three rooms, in which lived the poor laundress and her husband, who was a day laborer. They had three children, the oldest a girl of ten years, and were kept as busy in providing for them as two robins with a nest full of young ones. The husband, and father, was a kind-hearted, industrious man, patient and plodding, but not thrifty. The wife possessed a cheerful temper, and had more spirit than her husband. She always looked on the bright side, and made the best of what came. If things did not suit her, she lost no time in weak complainings, but went to work to change them, if possible. If she had not been of as cheerful a disposition, she would have broken down under the burdens she had to carry. But cheerfulness refreshed her like wine; and she had this refreshment always, and at no cost; and though too great physical labor thinned her body and paled her face, she kept up wonderfully, and did not lose her strength. Busy as were all the hours from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes long afterward, Mrs. Blair found little odd moments in which to indulge her love of flowers, and all her windows were full of growing plants, and her tiny yard fragrant in summer-time with roses, mignonnette and honeysuckles. Thus she made her poor little home so attractive, that when her tired husband came from his work, it was to him the pleasantest place in all the world; and to see him pleased and contented she counted as one of her many blessings.

"My darling baby!" exclaimed the laundress, as she threw her empty basket on the floor, and catching up her latest born from its cradle, hugged it tightly to her bosom, and then almost smothered it with kisses. It was such a plump, healthy, happy-looking baby! If you touched its lips or cheeks with your finger, smiles rippled over its face, as tiny waves ripple over the smooth water into which you drop a pebble. Its cooing answers were as full of sweet meanings for its mother's ears, as she talked to it, as if every tender sound was a clearly spoken sentence.

Did the smallest feeling of envy at the better lot of the lady in whose elegant home she had been a little while before, shadow this happy hour? Let us see.

Her tired husband comes in, and half his weariness departs as his eyes rest upon his wife and baby—the face of one beaming with love, and the face of the other like the face of the beautiful cherub he had once seen in a picture.

"I was so sorry for Mrs. Colton," says the little woman, with real concern in her voice. "Her baby's been dreadfully neglected by one of them hired nurses. Horrid things! I don't see how mothers can have the heart to leave their babies with them. I wouldn't have one to touch mine; no, indeed!"

And so she runs on, full of pitying talk about the rich woman's baby, and happy in the faith that her own is so much better off.

"There's that face again!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd, as the carriage in which she was reclining wearily rolled back into the city after a short drive in the Park, from which her mind had taken no refreshment.

"It's a worn and tired face," answers her friend; "but not an unhappy one. And look, don't you see that the woman's step is light?"

"Because her basket's lighter; that is all."

"It may be that her heart is lighter, as well. The reward of her labor is no doubt in her hand, and she is hurrying home to share it with her children."

"Home!" Mrs. Floyd spoke bitterly. "To some hovel or garret; but not to a home. Oh, dear! it's dreadful the way in which these poor wretches live. I pity them, if that can do any good."

"'Tis home where'er the heart is,' you know," answered the friend, in her cheery way.

"Heart? Gracious! Do you think the woman we passed just now has any heart? She may have a piece of flesh somewhere in her bosom, that pumps the blood into her veins, and keeps her alive; but heart—oh, dear!"

"You are in a strange mood to-day."

"Am I? Well, these things chafe me. I can't bear the sight of poverty and wretchedness, and can't understand why there is so much misery in the world."

"Do you think there is more real suffering among the poor than there is among the rich? The suffering, I mean, that goes deeper—soul suffering? It is the wounded spirit, you know, that is hardest to bear. I doubt, my friend, if you are happier than the 'poor wretch,' as you called her, who passed us just now."

"Complimentary, to say the least of it."

"In your laundress there may be less of content and thankfulness than in her narrow limitations."

"Content!" Mrs. Floyd threw the word out bitterly.

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"If we have no content, we are wretched indeed. But contentment never comes by an external way; it never enters by the door of wealth, or birth, or privilege, and is found as often in the dwelling of the humble poor as in the sumptuous palaces that rich men build."

"Then one might as well live in dirt and rags."

"No. True content comes only to those who do the best they can in the sphere of life in which they find themselves, and do it unselfishly. It is our thought, and care, and love of self, that mars everything, and drives content from our doors. Our spirit of self-seeking is like the horse-leech's daughter, which always cries, 'Give! give!' and is never satisfied. That poor woman we saw just now is one of the toilers in life. She is giving herself to those she loves, laying down her life of ease and self-indulgence for their sakes; and in so doing, may find a degree of peace and rest to which you and I are strangers. She will not regard her poor surroundings as she sits among her children, and feels the deep content that faithful service brings; or, if she thinks of them, it may be with a thankful spirit, that she has so much. A hungry beggar may be as grateful for a hard crust, as a rich man for his dainty meal."

Mrs. Floyd did not reply. Something her friend had said seemed to open a window in her soul, and the light that streamed through showed her many things she had never seen before, and some in new relations to each other.

As the two friends were parting, Mrs. Floyd said,

"Maybe you're right about my 'poor wretch,' as I called her, and I am sure I hope you are. If she isn't any happier than I am, I pity her."

"Don't talk in that way. God has blessed you far above others."

"Maybe He has. There was a time when I thought so; but somehow I haven't been able to make the most of my blessings."

"Perhaps, like some of the Israelites in the wilderness, you have gathered more manna than could be used, and the residue has spoiled."

Mrs. Floyd turned a quick, flashing glance upon her friend's face, then dropped her eyes, and stood for a moment in deep thought.

"Thank you," she said at length, in changed and softened tones. "I think I must have lost my way in life. But you have shown me how to get back. Manna? I see! God gives us our duties and our blessings every day, and if we do not rightly use them, they spoil, and become an offence. That poor woman may consume each day the whole of her manna and be satisfied, while the stench of my unused abundance makes all the air sickly around me."

"And this is so, my friend, in more cases than we imagine. Herein lies the reason why the daily toiler for daily bread is oftener in more content than he who is crowned with plenty; why the maid sings at her work, while the idle mistress sits moping in her chamber."

"Thank you for another compliment! I take it and wear it. I know something about the moping mistress and the singing maid. Good-bye."

And the friends parted. What more? Nothing. We have preached our rambling lay sermon, and here is the end.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY HATTIE SPALDING.

I.

Sweet roses are blushing down by the gate,
  And the lily-bud lifts its snowy brow;
Since so coldly locked in Winter's embrace,
  They have slumbered, but only to blossom now.
And her sister flowers, they whisper and smile,
  As deeper and fairer their blushes grow,
The secrets they heard when all alone
    Under the snow.

II.

The robin is bathing his bleeding breast,
  But his silvery notes ring loud and clear,
For Winter was weary, and dropped to rest,
  And Spring, in her beauty, lies slumbering near.
As he sings how Winter has passed away,
  His numbers with rapturous sweetness flow,
For the sky has grown fairer, the earth grown bright,
    Under the snow.

III.

Around a pale mourner, sad memory's pinion
  Waves hoveringly over. With motionless breath
She whispers of one who still in his childhood
  But blossomed in beauty to slumber in death.
God smiles, and an angel-flower rises in glory,
  To bloom where the lilies of Paradise blow,
In heavenly sunshine to blossom from darkness,
    Under the snow.

IV.

Under the snow, the soft, beautiful snow,
  Oh! there might the weary spirit find rest.
There are shadowy clouds that darken our way,
  But their roses they brighten out in the west.
Oh! may we find, ere it covers our hearts,
  Under its mantle of pain and woe,
A heavenly balm that bids them bloom,
    Under the snow.

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THE FIRST DINNER I COOKED.

BY EUGENIE LAFOREST.

"Oh, yes, mother, please let her go! We'll get dinner, and have ever so much fun. Don't say no."

"And you really think you can do it?"

"Oh, yes! I am sure we can. If we get into any trouble, there's old Dinah to put us right again."

"Very well, then, Martha. If Miss Retta is willing to undertake getting dinner, you may go." And thus settling the question, mother resumed her interrupted reading, though for some moments an amused smile played round her lips.

It was the first Fourth of July after the war; and though all of our old servants had remained with us until then, they were now anxious to attend a grand celebration, that was to take place on an adjoining plantation, and to which they had been invited.

So each and all had received permission to go, except the cook. For how was it possible for the cook to leave? What would we do for dinner? Mother could not get dinner herself, even if she had known how, which she did not; she was too delicate. For sister and I to attempt it seemed equally absurd. What could girls, unaccustomed even to dressing themselves, know of cooking? There seemed to be no help for it, and mother was just saying, "I am quite sorry to disappoint you, Martha," when the thought, which forms our introductory remark, suggested itself to my mind; and so, as we have said, it was settled.

"Prepare just what you please, but don't attempt too much," was mother's final advice; and highly delighted with the permission, sister and I proceeded to make out our bill of fare. Baked chicken, cold ham, rice, sweet potatoes, loaf-bread, pickle and preserves, with canned peaches for dessert, were the articles finally agreed upon.

"Don't you think, my dear," said mother, "that you had best dispense with the chicken? Who will prepare it?"

We hadn't thought of that. But to give it up!

"Never!" said sister. "I'll run out to the kitchen and tell Martha she must prepare it for cooking, before she leaves. That's all right," she continued, returning after a few moments absence. "Martha says she'll see that Ben catches and kills a chicken at once."

I was so impatient to begin my novel employment, that I scarcely waited for the servants to leave, before I hastened to the kitchen. There, to my surprise, I saw Ben, sitting on an upturned bucket, and wearing upon his dusky countenance an indescribable look of dejection. Resting his elbows upon his knees, with a chicken dangling between them, he looked up wistfully as I entered.

"Why, Ben! Why didn't you go with the crowd? What are you waiting for?"

"Didn t git fru wid dis here chickin in time, and mammy said I had it to do fore I sot my foet cross de fence. Nebber did see sich a hard old thing to pick," he added, ruefully, as he gazed longingly across the field and over the hill, beyond which the last of the happy throng had a few moments before disappeared.

"You have done it very nicely, indeed," said I, encouragingly, for I thought it looked quite perfect. "What else is there to be done? Maybe I can finish it?"

"Got to be singed, and de feet cut off," he replied. "Course you don't know how to do dat. Singing chickins 'quires 'sperenced hands, if it ain't nuffin' but holding them over der fire."

"Oh, no; that's easy enough," I cried. "Cut off the feet, and I'll do the rest."

"Kin you, sure nuf, now?" inquired the boy, his face brightening up.

"Oh, yes! Of course I can. But if you don't hurry, you won't be able to overtake the rest of them."

"Yaas ma'am, I will," he exclaimed; and seizing the knife, he severed the legs at the proper joints, and placed the fowl in my outstretched hands.

Ben had just disappeared, when sister entered.

"You are in good time," said I. "Run and ask Dinah how this chicken must be treated, to bake it." Aunt Dinah was a bed-ridden old servant, the only one left at home. "And then wash and put on the potatoes. I think this sort of work splendid—don't you?—and we'll get on so swimmingly."

Alas for human nature! Turning to leave the kitchen, sister's foot slipped upon the feathers, which Ben, in his haste, had neglected to gather up; and though she was not seriously injured by the fall, her ankle received a wrench which rendered her unfit for work. Thus I was left alone in my glory. Of course, now that the getting

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of the dinner devolved entirely upon me, I drew on my thinking cap with renewed vigor.

"Biscuit! Let me see—they are made of flour, salt, lard, and water. No," said I; "upon reflection, I am convinced that water is only used to economize lard, and it sha'n't go in. Dear me! there's no salt in the box, and now, with my hand all stuck up this way, I must go to the store-room. I wonder, too, how much I ought to put in. A half tea-cup will do, I suppose. How it sticks to my hands! Not greasy enough, perhaps, so I'll add another spoonful of lard. I declare it is strange how hard it is to make biscuit all of a size. I give it up; and so they must go to the oven in shape like the verbs—regular, irregular, and defective.

"I believe Dinah said something about putting a little water in the oven with the potatoes, to steam them. I wonder what good it will do them? Oh! I remember, she said it would soften them. But why put so little? It will only soften one side, and I certainly am not going to turn them over while hot. No, indeed. I'll fill the oven, and be done with it.

"Now for the coffee-pot. A measure of coffee, three pints of water, (I don't suppose it makes any difference whether hot or cold, so I'll use the latter,) and be sure to settle with egg. Yes, that's just Dinah's direction, and a very easy one to follow. I don't wonder mother scolds about Martha's carelessness when we have it made poorly, when it's so easy to make right.

"Let me see! Biscuit, chicken, potatoes and coffee—all cooking. What next? Oh, yes—the rice. I wonder how much I ought to get out? There's mother standing on the porch. I'll call and ask, 'A rice-dish full?' Oh, yes, of course. How absurd in me to ask, when I see it on the table so often! And now that everything is cooking, I'll get something to read, for they say a watched pot never boils, and I won't risk it."

But soon my rice-pot claimed attention. It was boiling over! "I've put it in the wrong pot, that's all," was my mental ejaculation, as I drew forth a larger vessel, and proceeded to make fair division. Then, side by side, I swung the pots.

"What an unsavory odor! That, perhaps, is a peculiarity of chicken, and, as it's been on long enough to be tender, I'll put it in the oven to bake—not forgetting to sprinkle it with flour, pepper, butter and salt, according to directions, or occasionally put a little more butter on during baking. That, I suppose, is to make it brown better." And now for my book again.

"But what is the matter with that rice?" I stood aghast, and gazed upon the pots and their snowy-white contents, like one in a dream. In desperation, I seized a third and still larger pot, and from both vessels proceeded to practically fill it.

That rice! Even now I never think of it without a sickening sensation. For two days it was served in every conceivable style: as a substitute for tea, fried for breakfast, and pudding for dinner.

Just before dinner, father returned from town, accompanied by Cousin Will, who was my especial aversion, insomuch as he never let pass an opportunity to plague me. On this account, therefore, I was, if possible, more anxious than ever that my dinner should be a success. With them came also Harry Lee. Now I had often been teased about Harry. He certainly came to the house a good deal, danced with me at all parties, and in other ways showed his admiration. As yet, however, I could not make up my mind whether I liked him, or not. He was rich, accomplished, and handsome, and the girls all envied me what they called "my good-fortune;" but I was, I must confess, a little afraid of him. He was so self-contained, that I had an idea he was severe. I was all in a flutter, therefore, when I found he had come to dinner, and trembled lest there should be some mistake. I almost regretted that I had undertaken to play the part of cook. What, in the morning, had seemed to me such rare fun, now appeared the very reverse.

But there was nothing to do, but to put a good face on the matter, and go on. All things being ready, I set the table, sweetened a can of peaches, and proceeded to take up dinner. The chicken I considered "done to a turn;" but neither biscuit, nor potatoes, had exactly the right look, the former being undeniably yellow and hard. One accidentally dropping upon the floor, startled me with its solid thud. The potatoes, I regret to say, were in a condition that rendered the use of a spoon not simply convenient, but positively essential.

At length, with beating heart, flushed cheeks, and burnt fingers, I announced all things as ready, and the family assembled in the dining-room.

"A very nice-looking dinner, indeed," said father, wisely fixing his eye upon the side-table, where stood the dessert of cake, (not of my making,) and the canned peaches. "Here, Will," he added, "I have the headache; take this seat, if you please, and carve."

"And so, Cousin Retta, you have turned cook," said Will. "A very nice-looking dinner, considering." Here he suddenly paused, laid down the carving-knife, and for an instant a puzzled expression overspread his face. Then, in spite

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of all efforts to restrain himself, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Why, what's the matter with the chicken?" he exclaimed, at length. Mother, in mild tones, came to my relief.

"They forgot to singe it properly for Retta," she said, apologetically. Suppose we have it taken away. Let us try the ham."

It would be useless for me to try enter into the details of that dinner, or to attempt to repeat the many jokes that Will made at my expense. During that hour I learned the importance of grinding coffee, and discovered that hot water was preferable to cold in making that most delightful beverage. That part of my instructions I listened to in meekness of spirit, but when the whole egg, which had been boiled in the coffee-pot, was taken out, and even mother laughed, it was more than I could bear. The tears *would* come.

It was with a feeling of relief I arose to remove the dishes, and help to dessert. "This at least is one thing about which there can be nothing wrong," I said to myself. Had I not, in remembrance of the family propensity for sweet things, put two full cups of sugar on those peaches? Was not the cream rich in quality, and abundant in quantity? What more could be desired?

"So, Retta, to atone for this peculiarly-served dinner, you have given us our favorite dessert," said father, leisurely stirring the cream and sugar into his peaches before tasting them.

"And full atonement it is," replied Will, still laughing, as he raised his spoon to his lips.

How shall I tell the sequel? The next instant Will sprang from the table, and rushed out of the room, with father following close at his heels. I turned first from mother to sister for explanation—I did not dare to look at Harry—but had they taken a dose of quinine, they could not have worn upon their faces a look expressive of greater dismay and disgust.

I had not yet helped myself, but seizing a spoon, I plunged it into the peaches. When I had tasted, all was made clear. I had *salted* instead of sugaring the fruit.

I afterwards found that I had mistaken the sugar-barrel for the salt-barrel. Both stood together in the store-room, side by side; and I had used their contents, without looking critically at them. Hence my mistake.

All this time, while Will was making open fun of me, while father had been unable to remain at table, while mother could not always keep back a smile, Harry had never, for one instant, changed countenance. In his easy, well-bred manner, he kept up the conversation, as if nothing had gone wrong. Had he been dining at Delmonico's, with everything working as smoothly as it always does there, with each separate dish the perfection, in its way, of culinary science, he could not have worn a more unconcerned look. At the episode of the chicken, not a muscle of his face relaxed. When the peaches came on, he was the first to taste them, but he gave no sign whatever of their condition. And all through the dinner, with its other mistakes, which I gladly bury in oblivion, he showed the same delicate consideration for my feelings.

What wonder that, from that hour, I began to like him? He was no longer stern and severe in my eyes. He was, on the contrary, the embodiment of all knightly courtesy. He carried his forbearance to such a point, that he never, even after we were engaged, alluded to that unfortunate meal. It was I, myself, that first spoke of it.

"I often wonder, darling," he said, one evening, as we sat, hand in hand, alone, in a lover's *tete-a-tete*, "when you began to love me. I knew, at first, you were indifferent, and oh! how it used to pain me! Often I wondered if I ever should win you."

"And don't you know?" I replied. "Are you really ignorant? Well, then, I will tell you. Do you remember, last Fourth of July, when I cooked the dinner, all the servants having gone out a frolicking? It was your consideration for my feelings, on that occasion, that won me." And nestling close to his heart, I whispered, "Gratitude soon ripened into something warmer, and now I love you, love you, as my life."

And so I reaped better than I sowed, for the happiness of a life-time has come of THE FIRST DINNER I COOKED.

BESSIE'S CURL.

BY ENOS.

There's no one like Bess,
So young and fair;
She gave me a tress
Of her yellow hair.

There are treasures that lie
Beneath the sea;
But they never could buy
That curl from me.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149.

CHAPTER X.

"MADAME, the merchant of diamonds."

La Costa spread her broad handkerchief over the jewels, which she had heaped on the table, where they tumbled through its delicate folds like dew-drops under a cobweb.

"Let him enter."

Directly there came into the room a small, thin man, with finely-cut, dark features, and eyes like those of a hawk; a quiet person in his manner, who was neither timid nor obtrusive, but one who came on business which might be important, and gave his mind to it. He cast one keen glance at the actress, who sunk into her easy-chair, and desired him to sit down, far too well acquainted with such affairs to feel anything like embarrassment.

"I am in want of money, sir," she said, with a slight dash of bravado, "and so sent for you."

"It is a common want," said the broker, smiling faintly, "and one which it is our business to supply, under certain circumstances."

"I understand," broke in the actress. "Proper security, of course. But I want a considerable sum."

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

The broker looked a little surprised, but answered, quietly,

"The security should be ample for so large a sum."

La Costa withdrew the handkerchief from over her jewels, and pushed them toward him.

"It is there. Examine them, if you are a judge."

The man drew the glittering mass into the stream of light that fell aslant the table, and examined the diamonds with critical scrutiny. They were indeed fine stones, limpid as dew, and full of rich fire. He took no heed of the settings, which were both unique and costly, but gave his whole attention to the gems, one after another of which he laid aside with a look of increasing satisfaction.

La Costa watched him a little impatiently. She longed to see him sweep off the rich harvest of her triumphs in a mass, hand her the money she wanted, and say no more about it. That was the way she was in the habit of doing business, where her method was permitted. So she sat restlessly in her chair, changing her position each minute, and with difficulty restraining the impatience that tempted her to snatch the jewels, trample them under foot, and order him out of the house.

All her impatience had no effect on the broker, who laid the last jewel down, and, taking out his pencil, began to make a slow calculation.

"Is it that you hesitate?" demanded the actress, impatiently beating her foot on the carpet.

The broker lifted his hand deprecatingly, and went on with his calculations. She watched him with growing anxiety. What if he should refuse? In her terror, the value of that shining mass appeared to fade away. It seemed to make no impression on that cold, keen man.

"These should be sufficient," he said, at last, "but the sum is large, and just now this sort of security unsettled. If you had something more——"

"Nanette!" cried the actress. "Nanette!"

Nanette stood in the dressing-room door.

"Those loose ornaments you spoke of—bring them."

Nanette went back into the dressing-room, and directly reappeared with a heavy bracelet, thickly set with gems, and a star for the forehead, which flamed fire as she laid them down.

"They were thrown into the box where Madame keeps her hair-pins," said the girl, addressing her mistress, who answered, carelessly,

"Oh, yes, I was a little tired, and one does not care for things that came so long ago, that one quite forgets who gave them. But this, Nanette? Nanette, how came this here? How dare you bring this precious little heart? Not for the world should he have this."

La Costa snatched a small golden heart, on which drops of wine seemed quivering, and pressed it to her lips.

"My poor heart! My poor, precious heart! As if I could part with you!" she murmured, in

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a gush of childlike fondness. "Ah, sir, you might take everything rather than this! Where did you find it, Nanette?"

"On the carpet, near your dressing-table," answered the girl.

La Costa's fingers had become entangled with a slender silk cord, which was attached to the heart.

"You see it has broken from my neck," she said, knotting the cord together, throwing it over her neck, and dropping the heart in her bosom. "If I had lost it! Oh, if I had lost it!"

"The stones are only fine garnets, I should say," observed the broker, who had taken in the value of the ornament at a glance. "It would add nothing to the security here."

"But you should not have it for everything under your hand twice doubled. Those are diamonds. This is my heart itself!" cried the woman, pressing her hand upon the lace that shaded her bosom, through which the garnets twinkled blood-red. "But that is nothing to our business. I was shocked—that is a little disturbed—that this, that anything should have been lost from my neck, and I unconscious. It might have been trod under foot."

The woman trembled with visible nervousness as she spoke, and more than once she put her hand up to her bosom, as if to make herself certain that the humble ornament was safe. Then remarking the broker's astonishment, she snatched the bracelet and star from Nanette, and tossed them upon the table.

"Will this suffice? Are they enough to make your security complete?" she demanded.

Again the broker took out his glass, and went through a keen examination; then he laid the articles with the rest.

"Yes, these should cover the risk," he said, slowly, as if still disputing the question in his mind. "When do you want the money?"

"Now. At once."

The broker took a blank check from his pocket-book, and reached out his hand toward the malachite standish for a pen which lay across it.

"No, no—not that! Give me bank-notes. I want no going to banks. Let it be money."

"As you like," replied the broker. "But you will want a receipt—something to show that you have a right of redemption."

"True, I shall want that," answered La Costa, pushing the malachite standish toward him, with all its exquisite equipments; "and if your American people are as liberal to me as they have been to others, you shall not keep my jewels long."

The man smiled, and filled in the paper necessary to the transaction. Then he arranged the jewels, asked Nanette for some strong paper to fold them in, and, leaving the valuable package on the table, went away, saying that he would return shortly with the money.

If there is a woman on earth who really does not care for her jewels, I have never yet made the acquaintance of that extraordinary person. With women like La Costa, this passion is frequently the leading one, overbearing everything else. There seems to be a fascination in the cold glitter of precious stones, in sympathy with the hardness of heart, and craving vanity, which a life like hers engenders. In this woman the passion was strong, but there was still another clinging close to her almost perverted womanhood, that dominated over it, and gave her some claim on the reader for interest, if not commiseration.

In truth, the little heart, studded over with humble garnets, was dearer to her than all the treasures she had just put into peril of her own free will. Years ago that poor little trinket had been given by the man whose image was forever before her, toiling in the lonely cell of that prison. It was the sign of no noble sentiment; she knew that well enough. The very existence of the paltry gift had been forgotten by him years ago; but with her, it was the one memento of a happy day—of a declaration that thrilled her, even yet, with a weird sort of joy.

When the broker was gone, and Nanette had retreated, with her usual quiet step, La Costa drew forth the heart, and pressed it again and again to her lips, her cheek, and her bosom, as if it had been a living thing whose safety she was rejoicing over.

"Ah, my treasure, my poor, darling treasure! Have I come so near losing you? What was my heart doing that it did not cry out when dropped away from it? After lying there all these years, these happy, miserable years, that I should let you break loose, and fall under foot, to be trodden on! Wretch that I am, when was it before that you were one moment without the best warmth of my heart, the——"

La Costa dropped the heart into her bosom again, for Gaston was holding the door open. The diamond-broker passed through, and came close to the table.

"Here, Madame, is your money. Twenty thousand dollars in United States notes."

CHAPTER XI.

Would the woman on whom his very life hung, redeem her promise? Did the power

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rest with her, even if she had the will for so great a sacrifice? True, she was a creature whose wonderful magnetism almost worked miracles; but this was an occasion of such momentous importance, that belief seemed like false security, and that might be ruin. All night long Harman Cole walked his room, flung himself on the bed, or sat moodily on a chair by the window, looking out into the black darkness, wondering, drearily, if it would ever end for him.

All these doubts stung and tortured him. If La Costa had no money, how was she to raise it, in a strange country, with no friend to back her, and shadowed, socially, as she might be, by the nature of her profession? Besides all this, how could he hold faith in the enduring generosity of a creature so erratic?

Thus Cole reasoned, and the heart in his bosom grew black with gloom. What hope was there? A gleam of light flashed across his mind. She had jewels of great value, or once had. But did she still possess them? And if so, was it in the nature of any woman, much less of a creature like that, to sacrifice her most precious ornaments for a man who had already received her generous aid with more than ingratitude? No, no! In that direction there was nothing to hope. Still, she had promised, and La Costa, after all, was a woman who usually managed to redeem her word—if she could.

This awful doubt came in like a cannon-ball, to scatter any gleam of hope that arose out of his reasoning. Incapable of a great act himself, he could feel no faith in others. Thus, the night which followed his confession was a fearful one. The agony of coming ruin was upon him. Sleep? The very idea was an impossibility. Rest? What rest was there for him, with the gaunt walls of a prison looming upon him through the long blackness of that night?

There he sat, with hot, burning eyes, and drops of pain on his temples, till the gray of morning looked in upon him. Then he flung himself on the bed, face downward, and prayed God to strike him dead, then and there, before the awful ruin came.

It was an impious petition, wicked as the crime he was struggling so helplessly to escape. Oh, how he hated the daylight, which would creep in and enlighten his misery!

All at once he sprang up, dashed cold water on his face, dressed himself, and left the house. To stay there was madness. He must share his agony with some one, and in the wide, wide world there was no living creature, save this woman, to whom he could turn. Besides, she had promised to save him. Could she?

In the daylight, this did not seem so impossible.

It was early, and the young man knew that La Costa turned night into day, like many leaders in her profession. But he could not wait. The agony of the night had driven him into a condition of excitement that demanded sympathy, contest, or the abject submission of despair. A gleam of hope might give him strength to wrestle against fate. That hope could be given by La Costa only. If she failed him, all was lost.

Pale, and even haggard, but still perfectly dressed, and apparently calm, the young man presented himself at the door of La Costa's apartments. Gaston for once lost the thoroughbred calm of a French domestic, and stared at him in astonishment.

What could bring even this favored individual to the hotel at an hour so unseasonable—nine o'clock in the morning? Why, the Madame had not been visible at this period of the day since he had known the rather turbulent honor of serving her.

He said this with an air of quiet disdain, which might have angered Cole at another time; but he scarcely observed it now.

"No matter," said the young man, with cool desperation. "Go in. Get word to her some way that I am here, and must speak to her."

Gaston hesitated, and even dared to give a slight shrug to his shoulders, which did not escape the young man.

"Obey me," said Cole, sternly, "if you wish to retain your place another day. It is business of importance that brings me here. Take my message at once, or I will enter in spite of you, and trust to the lady's-maid."

Gaston, impressed by this earnestness, and rather startled by the fierceness of those black eyes, opened the door, trod softly into the parlor, and beckoned Nanette out from the dressing-room, from which the waiting-maid issued on tip-toe.

"It is Monsieur Cole, quite frantic with desire to see Madame. He insists that we shall announce him," whispered the Frenchman. "Have you the courage?"

"Monsieur Cole? There will be no danger. I will see."

Gaston gladly left the responsibility with her, and slunk through the door, observing to Cole, as he took his old position,

"It is a great risk, but Nanette has taken in the name."

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Cole waited a minute or two, then began to pace up and down the corridor, agitated and fear-haunted. After awhile Nanette appeared at the door, and beckoned him to come in.

"Monsieur will please to sit. The Madame will not be long."

The invitation was opportune, for the young man's knees were trembling under him. The deadly whiteness of his face, as he sank into the chair, startled the girl, who ventured to say that she hoped that Monsieur brought no bad news.

Cole looked at her steadily, but made no answer. His agony of suspense was deadening to all other senses, and he did not even hear her.

The girl saw that there was something serious in this, and went a second time into La Costa's bed-room. There the moonlight of a softly-shaded lamp was brooding among the frost-work of lace, and hangings of rose-tinted silk, that fell around the bed on which the actress lay, in all the luxurious abandon of sleep; her hair all loose upon the pillows, her embroidered night-dress open at the throat, her right arm, which was beginning to lose its roundness, bare to the elbow, around which the sleeve lay, torn, through all its lace and embroidery, by her own impatient hands, because of a refractory button that had angered her over night.

As a broader light was let in upon her, the woman stirred upon her heaped-up pillows, and opened her eyes, heavy with lingering slumbers, and black with artificial shadows.

"What is this about? I was sleeping well. Who disturbs me?" she murmured, heavily turning away from the light, and dropping the lace that covered an azure-down coverlet around her, as she changed position. "Did I not tell you not to come again?"

"No, Madame; quite otherwise. You said, tell Monsier Cole to wait, and come again."

"Monsieur Cole? Oh, yes. What time is it, Nanette?"

"Between nine and ten."

"So early? How unreasonable! Ah, now I remember. Poor Harmer! He has had a terrible night, I dare say. Bring my dressing-gown, Nanette. Twist up my hair. My slippers. Now a shawl. That will do."

Up from the side of her tumbled bed, the actress arose, with her dressing-gown, gorgeous with Oriental palm-leaves, trailing along the carpet, a rich India shawl, folded awry at every corner, trained over her shoulders, and her bare, white feet thrust into slippers. Thus she presented herself before the young man, who had been dreading his fate, like the criminal he was, and now shivered from head to foot as she approached him. He did not rise, but turned his head, and fixed his great, dark eyes, full of imploring anguish, on her sleepy face.

"It is fearfully early, Harmer. You must have been terribly worried, to bring me out of my bed at this hour. Now, what is it? Any news from him?"

"News from him? No. Is there not enough to bring me here without that?"

"Ah, yes! I comprehend. Nervous on your own account. Natural, but selfish."

"Is that all you have to say to me?" questioned the young man, sharply, for suspense made his voice keen as a knife.

"All? Of course not," answered La Costa, thrusting a hand into the pocket of her dressing-gown, while a yawn disturbed her pretty mouth. "But I am so sleepy—dying to get back to bed again. There is the money."

"Ha!"

This exclamation was, in fact, a wild cry from Cole, in which the awful pain that had locked him in broke loose. Then came a swift reaction. He could not believe her, sitting there huddled up in her wraps; so sleepy, so indolent, with that lazy smile on her lips. Surely she was mocking him—taking revenge for his treacherous use of her name. Oh, what cruel revenge!

"Oh, woman, woman! have mercy on me."

This prayer was a shriek, that half-lifted the woman to her feet.

"Will you have it?" she said. "But don't frighten a poor woman quite to death! You ought to know that I hate tragedy, on or off the stage. There, now, if you want mercy in that form, I give it to you."

With these words, La Costa drew forth her hand from the dressing-gown pocket, and tossed a roll of bank-notes on the table.

"There now, take up that terrible note and bring it to me, but not so early in the morning. Remember that," she said, with a low, mellow laugh, that almost shook her awake. "If you don't want anything more of me just now, I will go back to bed. Good-morning. You can amuse yourself counting the money; a short pleasure though. They are for one thousand each; twenty of them, I suppose."

As La Costa said this, she arose from her chair, trailed her dressing-gown across the floor, yawned lazily, and shut herself in the bed-room.

Harmer Cole snatched at the notes, crushed them in his hand, and tried to steady his nerves sufficiently to count them, but they had been on the tension too long for even his strong will to

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conquer them in a moment. It was minutes before he could unfold the parcel, and then his dizzy brain refused to count them. With a great effort, he unrolled the notes, and pressed the pile down with his hands. Then, one by one, they were lifted in his shaking fingers and counted. As the last fluttered from his hold, his arms were flung across them on the table, his face fell forward, and he burst into a wild passion of tears, which rained in great drops on the notes that had saved him.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Olympia Weed was again holding her court of young Bohemians in the stone alley-way, and a more picturesque group could hardly have been found in the city.

Two bright, half-dressed girls had been vigorously skipping over the fragment of a clothes-line, which Joe Hooker and another boy were gallantly swinging for them.

Olympia, who had brought the line, was standing by, with a sullen pout on her lips, and rebellious fire in her big, black eyes.

"Now, go it again!" shouted the boys, whirling the rope over their heads. "High dick-a-dory—go it again!"

Olympia started from the wall, against which she had been leaning, and came out, where a flash of sunshine struck the heavy braids of her hair, which had a great deal of buried gold in them.

"Look here!" she said, with fiery dignity; "Am I here, or am I nowhere? Do you think I cut my own mar's best clothes-line for everybody to jump but myself?"

The two boys swung the rope down with a crash, and looked at each other, as if wondering where the blame lay.

"Here I've been standing, ready for my skip, a whole half-hour, thinking them Johnson girls might tire into a little politeness by-and-bye, and give me a chance at my own skipping-rope."

"Well, come along, and we'll go in for you now," the boys called out. This was followed by a tumultuous cry from the waiting-maids that had gathered to look on.

"Oh, give us one more round! We've only just got agoing," pleaded the girls, wild with exercise.

"Oh, yes!" answered Olympia. "I haven't any right. I can wait. I haven't risked making my mar mad by sawing that skipping rope off from her clothes-line with a dull case-knife, and helped swing it too, till Joe Hooker came up with his friend there, and just gave me and the skipping-rope up to them two girls, as if I was nobody and nothing"

"No, I never did that. How should I know whose rope it was, when nobody told me?" pleaded Joe, stepping over the rope, and advancing toward Olympia, laden down with contrition. "It wasn't my fault, Limpera."

Olympia saw him coming, but retreated, with sullen dignity, into the mouth of the alley, where she leaned against the wall, and swinging one of the heavy braids over her shoulder, became intensely occupied with the faded ribbon that tied it.

"Oh, Limpera! how can you?" pleaded Joe, crushing his cap between his hands, in a paroxysm of distress. "Just as if you didn't know that I'd rather swing for you than any other girl in the alley, ten hundred thousand times."

Olympia turned her face to the wall, limiting her admirer to a forlorn view of one heavy braid streaming down her back, which seemed to quiver and scintillate with indignation.

"Oh, Limpera! don't you get in a tantrum with a fellow, when he hain't done a thing."

The girl stood still, and seemed to listen, which encouraged Joe.

"You know I think the hull world of you. Wasn't I going into business for your sake, something extra genteel, because of your being so?"

Here Olympia partly turned. Thus emboldened, Joe ventured to touch the little brown hand, which had dropped downward, as if to tempt him.

But the indignant young lady gave her arm a jerk, that lifted one shoulder out of its sleeve, and flashed off a button or two from the scant supply behind. This caused Olympia to face round, with her back to the wall, and her eyes blazing defiance on the two girls, who stood giggling in the crowd.

"Oh, now come, make up with a fellow!" pleaded Joe.

Olympia gave her shoulder another sullen lift; but remembering the buttons, softened the action with a relenting, downward glance.

Joe's heart leaped into his mouth.

"Oh, come, now! jine into the fun, and we'll swing for you like sixty."

"Are you awful sorry?" whispered the girl.

"Awful? Just ready to hang myself with that rope if you keep so sot agin me," whispered Joe.

"Well, this once, but never—never again," said Olympia, with solemn, stage effect; and swinging the braid of hair back from her shoulders, thus adroitly hiding the defect in her dress, she was stepping out with appeased dignity,

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when the young Arabs joined in a shout of warning, "Hi, hi!—the old woman is coming!" then scattered down the side-walk, where they paused, in groups, watching events.

Olympia saw her mother coming down the alley, with soapsuds dripping down her bare arms, and a dangerous light in her eyes.

"Olympia Weed," exclaimed the irate woman, "what are you doing here? Part of my clothes-line has been stolen. Who has done it?"

Before Olympia could speak, Joe Hooker rushed between her and the exasperated mother.

"It wasn't her, marm, not a bit of it! Me and the boys are always up to that kind of mischief—specially me. But here's the rope a waiting for you, just as good as new. Just one knot, and the line is all right. Don't you see?"

Joe ran down the alley, and would have brought the rope, but Mrs. Weed followed him to the pavement, and snatched it out of his hand. The poor woman, harrassed with over-work, and naturally of a hot temper, gathered the rope up in her hand, and struck Joe over the shoulders with it. A stray end flashed across the boy's eager face, and left a red mark there. This was enough to throw the young Arabs, scattered along the side-walk, into wild consternation. As Mrs. Weed turned up the alley, they swarmed after her, like bees from a shaken hive, hailing her retreat with opprobrious hoots and jibes.

Then Olympia Weed came forward, and hurled a storm of wrathful oratory into the riot.

"And you, too, Joe Hooker. I wouldn't have believed it of you! Don't you ever dare to speak to me again, after abusing mar," she said.

"I wasn't doing nothing, only kind of adoring you, Limpera," said Joe, rubbing the scarlet mark on his cheek, as a sign-manual of his devotion. "Didn't I stand atween you and your exasperatious mar and get this, which might a been on your own lovely cheek? Don't be so hard on a feller as wants to die for ye."

Olympia stepped down the alley, with the air of a gipsy queen, and gave Joe her hand.

"I take it all back, Joe. You did come out manly, and lie like a gentleman."

"That's the trump!" he exclaimed, looking proudly around. "Who says she isn't Queen of Diamonds, and I Jack of the same?"

"Well, I say I do," interposed a girl, casting a scornful glance at Olympia's dress, which bore woful confirmation of her words. Olympia, aware of her weak point, attempted to arrange her dress behind with one hand, but failing in that, for want of buttons, became completely demoralized, and pressed back against the wall; still with her face, all aflame with blushes, turned on the enemy.

Her opponent broke into a triumphant laugh, in which the strange boy joined; but Joe Hooker gave his cap an extra slant, and took his place by Olympia, with one shoulder up, and both fists doubled.

"Oh, if you wasn't a girl, jist! If you was only a boy, twice as big; only a boy," he said, drawing a deep breath, and eyeing the Johnson girl savagely.

"Oh, but her laugh! but her laugh!" cried Olympia. "She don't get a chance often. Only if I was her, when I did come into a genteel alley-way, where folks lived like folks, I'd wear a dress that didn't show my big ankles every time I skipped, if it was made out of my mar's faded-out gowns."

"Who does, I'd like to know?" faltered the girl, crouching down, that her scant dress might take a show of length.

"Some persons that I won't name, having better manners than some other persons," answered Olympia, loftily.

How far this sharp discussion might have gone, it is impossible to say, but the contest was broken up by the appearance of a gentle-faced old man, in a well-mended mechanic's dress, who turned into the alley, with a bundle of refuse sticks from some joiner's shop under his arm.

"What is the matter, Olympia?" he questioned, looking into the flushed and wrathful face of the girl.

"Nothing, grandpa. Nothing worth noticing; only this alley-way is a getting too promiscuous, regarding company."

The old man looked around, and smiled.

"Never mind," he said. "They always make room for the old man, and will now, I dare say."

"Yes, yes! Will do that at any time," shouted the little mob, "and lick any boy out of his boots, if he has any on, that don't."

Here the whole mob crowded back against the walls of the alley, and left a free passage for the old man, while Joe Hooker snatched up his cap, and came forward with it in one hand.

"Please, now, let me carry in the chips for you," he said.

The old carpenter gave up his burden, and turned to Olympia, from whose really handsome face the storm was passing.

"Olympia, my child, I have got the orders for you."

"Oh, you don't say so!" cried the girl, snatching the old man's hand. "Tickets for the Grand Opera?"

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"Four of them. So you can ask some of your friends here."

Joe Hooker turned, with the stick in his arms, and waited in keen expectation.

"Of course, you'll be one, Joe," said Olympia, with a superb air of patronage. "And this other gentleman. I don't bear malice."

The strange boy broke into a broad grin of delight, and thrusting both hands into the pockets of his ragged trousers, looked triumphantly around on his less fortunate companions.

"Me, too, Limpera! Me, too!" cried half a dozen voices from the crowd.

Olympia shook her head, till the braids swayed ominously from shoulder to shoulder.

"There's only one more, and it takes time to make up one's mind," she said, with an air that might have befitted Queen Elizabeth, while making a choice of prime minister. "Besides, it depends on frocks. I shall wear my pinkest calico, with mar's—— Well, no matter about that. There's sure to be ribbons in my hair, and no girl can go with me that can't set me off scrumptiously."

"I'm scrum! I've got a pink calico frock!" cried an eager, black-eyed girl from the excited crowd.

"Pink calico is just what I'm opposed to," answered Olympia, with decision. "Does anybody think I want a girl dressed just like me? Quite the contrary. Pink's an objection that can't be got over."

"How about blue—sky-blue alapacker?" cried another, elbowing the discomfited owner of a pink dress back into the crowd. "With red roses and a straw hat. Isn't that about your style, Limpera?"

Olympia took a solemn look at the girl, whose face was less likely to obscure her own, than the rather pretty one whose black eyes she had clouded with disappointment.

"Well, we'll see about that. Pink and blue are tip-top colors to go together, mar says; and if she don't know, who does—being in the opera every night, a-dressing up the actresses. Yes, I rather think blue might answer."

"Pink and blue! That's the time o' day!" shouted the girl, dancing high, as if she had a skipping-rope under her. "Now, 'Rier Johnson, don't you wish you'd just choked in when Limpera's mar came down?"

"No, I don't," answered the girl, with sullen bitterness. "Wouldn't go, if she asked me a hundred times."

"Which I'm awful likely to do," said Olympia, laughing scornfully. "So, as there is nothing more to say about it, supposing this alley is left to them as live in it. No one else has been invited, as I know of. That's right, Mr. Hooker; mar may be wanting the kindling-wood."

Having thus dismissed her court, Olympia marched up the alley with a grand swing of authority, and disappeared.

Directly the young Arabs stole away, and dispersed themselves around the neighborhood, two only remaining. One was the girl with pale, sun-burned hair, and saucy, gray eyes, who had been fortunate enough to secure an invitation to the gallery of the Opera House. The other was the equally fortunate lad who had come under the escort of Joe Hooker, and had resolved to wait for him, now that their difficulty had been dispelled.

For a short time these two stood leaning against the opposite walls, casting shy glances at each other. Then the girl crossed the alley, as if prompted to leave it, but hesitated, looked over her shoulder, and brought up close to the young stranger.

"Dear me! I really—I thought you had gone," she said, as if quite unaware of his presence. "This alley-way is so dark. I hope I didn't run against you, nor nothing. I was so busy looking for Limpera to come out, 'cause I want to know all about the theatre—whether it's music, or what."

"That's what I'm a waiting for," muttered the boy, shyly. "She asked me, as well as you."

"And that makes us sort of acquainted, don't it?" questioned the girl, with a little coquettish laugh.

"I should think it more 'an likely, 'cause we're bound to go to the theatre together; that is, if—if you'd just as lief I would go along with you as not."

The girl looked down, and giggled.

"Who be you now, any way?"

"Do you mean, what's my name?"

"Yes."

"Dave. That's my name."

"Dave? Dave what?"

The boy reflected a while, as if he had quite lost sight of his name, and at last stammered out,

"Lan—Lan—I believe it's Landers."

"Dave Landers? Is that it?"

"Just it, when you put the two together; but, as a general thing, it's Dave."

"Live with your own folks?" questioned the girl.

"Hain't got no folks."

"Then, where *do* you live?"

"In—in my own house, down by the water," said the lad, with a dash of confidence.

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"Oh, my! You live in your own house, but who with?"

"Nobody, without I ask some other chap to come in, which I do once in a while, when things get too lonesome."

"Now, that's what I call grand! A whole house to one's self!" said the girl, quite bewildered by so much greatness. "But what do you do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, for a living?"

"Do? Do? Oh, I'm in the provision line!"

"Dear me!"

"Now, tell me your name."

"Oh, I'd just as lief tell as not? Susan—Susan Beach."

"Well, Susan, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Hooker meant to take that dashing, light-eyed girl, so I may as well ask you to go along with me. Will you, now?"

Susan turned away, giggled a little, then looked over her shoulder, and said, "Well, Joe, I know of some one that'll be owerful mad, but I mean to go with you, any how. Oh, my! there comes mar, looking for me! Good-bye."

CHAPTER XIII.

With the precious notes in the vest-pocket, close to his heart, which seemed to have leaped out from the iron band that had girded it, Cole went directly from La Costa's apartments into the heart of the city. Once more he was full of hope, elated with self-consequence. His feet scarcely touched the pavement; his eyes shone with a triumphant gleam; his marvellous good fortune at moments seemed incredible. In order to satisfy himself of its reality, he pressed the notes with his hand from time to time. Luck, to him a familiar spirit, was about to disenthral him again. What was it that made seemingly incredible things easy to him? Another man would have been found out, dragged down by the galling weight of his own crime, while he was not only lifted above it, but made richer by thousands, because of the evil things he had done.

The elation of these thoughts filled his eyes with fire, and curved his handsome mouth with proud smiles, as he left the thronged street, and entered the banking-house of which he had been made a partner, as it were, by a miracle. Passing through the line of clerks, with an air of possession which made some of the young men who envied him smile bitterly, he entered the inner office, with a hand laid with apparent carelessness upon his heart, half in terror, lest the treasure there should escape him, or prove unreal in the handling. But a chill fell upon him when he found the room empty. Every moment seemed an eternity, until he could reach the Exchange, which was to be his redemption.

He sat down in one of the great leathern easy-chairs, that impress one so with their solid business aspect, and waited till the fire went out of his dark eyes, and the smile left his lips, rigid with anxiety. What if he should fail at the last moment? What if Dana, forgetful or heedless of his promise, had thrown the note into the market, beyond his reach? It might be, even, that it would float into the possession of the very man whose name was upon the back. Then who could save him from the ruin of that terrible exposure? Never, since he had first committed the crime, had fears more keen and terrible possessed him. With the money rustling under his hand, he felt a strange dread growing upon him. Would the man never come? What had taken him out at this moment, when his fate lay in the balance? Had he examined that signature, and found something to distrust in it? Perhaps, even then, he had gone to verify the doubts that had arisen.

How many hours had he been waiting? What could have kept the man? Cole wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead, took out his watch, regarded it with haggard impatience, and closed the case, with a long, deep breath. He had been sitting in that chair just fifteen minutes. The smile upon that face mocked at the self-contempt that produced it.

He was coming. That quick, light step could belong to no one but Dana. Cole started up, and once more wiped the drops from his face, which was pale and eager now. A man, who might be thirty-five. but looked younger, came into the office, filling the whole room with the power of his presence. When he lifted the hat from his head, and shook the rich brown hair-lock from his temples, a third person, regarding those two men, would never have remembered Cole as handsome; mere physical beauty was so inferior to the grandeur of manhood embodied in the other person.

"Ah, Cole! are you here?" he said, pleasantly. "But what is the matter? You look ill."

"Ill? No. Have been walking under a hot sun, that is all." was Cole's rather tremulous reply, while his hand hovered nervously around his pocket. "I had an hour to spare, and so came down to complete our arrangement about the partnership. I—I suppose you have that note at command?"

The faintness of intense anxiety weakened the man's voice, as he asked this question, so simple in itself, yet so momentous to him, and the heart

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fairly leaped in his bosom when Dana said, carelessly enough,

"Oh, yes! It is in the safe, and will rest there till Mr. Cameron's return. It was understood that there was to be no negotiation till then."

"Because I hoped to exchange it for the money I have brought with me," said Cole, brightening all over. "One likes to take up an obligation of that kind the moment he can. Will you see that these notes are all right, Mr. Dana?"

Dana took the notes, counted them, folded them neatly in a package, and placed them in the safe, from which he brought the note.

At the sight of this note, which had haunted him like a curse since the hour it was signed, a tremor of such intense impatience seized upon Cole, that he fairly snatched at it. Then, fearing that Dana might observe his emotion, he turned away, and forced back a nervous sob that was almost choking him.

With all his cool self-poise, this man could not feel himself rescued from the awful effects of a first crime, without feeling, in all its force, the escape he had made. Even with the note safe in his pocket-book, all these sensations would not give way to a certainty of relief that should have swept every fear before it. He sat down and conversed with forced carelessness for some minutes, anxious to put aside any impression his unconquerable nervousness might have created.

"It is fortunate you dropped in just now; for, if the weather holds good, I may take a run up the river one day this week."

"In your yacht?" questioned Cole."

"Yes. Would you like a sail through the Highlands? We could put in for an hour below Heath House—Cameron's place, I mean—and get his signature to the contract. Perhaps he, too, would like a trip on the Hebe. Will you go?"

"I shall be happy. Yes, very happy," answered Cole, scarcely knowing what he said. "Whenever the Hebe is ready, you can depend on me, either for business or pleasure. Good-morning."

"Good-morning. When the wind is fair, I will send you word."

Leaving the crowd in Wall street, Cole struck into the most remote thoroughfare he could find, beset again with unreasonable fears, that all was not yet safe with him. What if Dana had suspected something, and given him the wrong paper? True, he had looked at it, but blindly; for everything in the office, that stately man and all, seemed to be reeling around him. Looking up and down the street, to make quite sure that he was alone, Cole took out his pocket-book, and drew forth the note. The name he had forged was on the outer fold. He shrunk from it with a sting of pain, and thrust it back, looking over his shoulder to be sure that no one saw the mark of the thing he had done. Then he opened the book again, with a fierce determination to tear his crime into atoms and forget it, but his hand was stayed by a new fear. If he did this, how would the act of treachery be accounted for to the woman whose generosity had placed that paper in his power? Had he not promised to bring the note to her? It seemed to him weeks since he first set forth on that terrible errand. Still, he dared not tear that little scrap of paper in pieces until she had seen it. The temptation was almost beyond his strength, but the fear of offending La Costa was more potent than this desire, and he dared not yield to it.

It seemed like thrusting a serpent back into his bosom, when he replaced the portemonnaie in the inner pocket of his vest. He would take it to La Costa, convince her that he had acted in good faith, and then burn the thing before her eyes. Then, and not till then, he might feel like a free man.

But would this strange woman grant an annihilation of the proofs in his hands? There had been something in her eyes that gave a strange gleam of triumph to her pity, a sort of feline after-purpose, that made his heart faint as he remembered it. Why did she insist upon seeing the proofs of his crime? Did she suspect that it was only a story got up to extort money from her?

Well, she should see the hateful document, and be convinced of its reality. But no, that was not all; some deeper motive lay at the bottom of it all. It was not in La Costa's nature to be so covetous. Better a thousand times have her displeasure, and tear the venomous thing to atoms at once. Again he took the paper from his bosom, but crushed it fiercely in his fingers, when his elbow was touched, and looking down, he met two bright eyes looking into his.

"I didn't mean ter make you jump so," said the boy Hooker; "but seein' as you looked sort of flustrated, thought mebby I could do something ter help along Have wanted to, ever since you was so all-fired good to little Celestina."

"What are you talking about? Who are you?"

"Oh, nothing perticlar! Nobody perticlar, seeing as you don't know me; but of course you wasn't likely to, being so many of us in that 'ere team. But I knew yer hat the first thing; it's sich a hamsome broad-brimmer, who could help it? So, as you seemed anxious about that paper, says I, now's yer time to pay him off a trifle for pulling little Celestina's arm into jint."

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"Ha! I remember. You are speaking of the little girl that was hurt?"

"Yes, sir. Limpera Weed's little sister. Limpera was that hamsome gurl as walked so close to you all the way home. In course, you remember her."

At another time Cole might have laughed at the remembrance, but his nerves had been too keenly strained for anything but impatience, which amounted to exasperation, when the lad reached up his hand toward the paper, which he crushed into a closer grasp.

"I'll take it to the bank for you, or anywhere else, without asking for a red cent. Only wish it was a valise or carpet-bag, hefty enough to show you how I want to do something worth while, 'cause of your goodness."

"Goodness!" repeated Cole, with a thrill of bitter sarcasm in his voice. So, you want to pay me for that?"

"Couldn't begin to do it; a hull truck load of baggage would be nothing to the care you give to Limpera's sister. Mean ter fetch and carry for you just as long as I live. Only let me begin right here, with that document."

"There, there! I have nothing for you to carry," said Cole, stung by the lad's allusion to the evil thing in his hand; and turning away at the corner of a street, he passed on, made desperate by the boy's generous importunity—desperate and reckless of consequences, for in his hatred of the paper, he tore it, flung it down in some rubbish in the gutter, and hurried on, absolutely laughing, under a sense of relief.

After passing a block or two, a consciousness of what he had done seized upon him. In his madness, he had deprived himself of all power to conciliate the woman who had been so generous to him. What proof, except his own suspicions, had he that La Costa had any object in helping him but womanly pity, and a wish to save a son of the man she loved from open disgrace? Had every vestige of cool self-possession left him? Had he become a madman, as well as a villain? Swiftly and bitterly the man reviled himself with these thoughts, and as swiftly he wheeled about and retraced his steps, searching keenly for the paper, walking more slowly, and holding his breath each instant, as he drew near the spot where he had flung it down.

Then he stood perfectly still, like a man stunned. The paper was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRINCE OF THE WALTZERS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

LISTLESSLY up the stairway,
And listlessly through the hall,
With her bright smile fled, and her roses dead,
Loiters the belle of the ball.
It is only the hour of midnight,
And why does she hasten so?
And leave the Prince of the Waltzers,
To seek for her high and low.

Alone in her quiet chamber,
She flings off flowers and pearls,
And she tosses her robe in the corner,
And takes out the comb from her curls.
And her cheek is whiter than lilies,
And her tears they fall and fall,
With the gloom on her brow, would you know her now,
For the brilliant belle of the ball?

To and fro, in her chamber,
She paces with restless feet,
For she fancies she hears the dancers,
And the music's beat and beat,
The swing of the "Beautiful Danube,"
And her tears fall down like rain;
For she knows the Prince of the Waltzers
Is seeking her in vain.

Oh! why did she leave the ball-room?
She dared not, she dared not stay,
Lest, on the swift surge of the music,
Her soul should be carried away.

For how can a woman be guarded
From whispers, and flattery, and glance,
And the light caress of a soft-hand press,
In the sweet, bewildering dance.

Oh! why was the world created,
If never a soul is glad?
Or why is love ever given,
If only to make us sad?
And why should the Prince of Waltzers
Be tied to a sickly wife?
And why should the belle of the season
Be loving him better than life?

And over and over, these problems
Go surging along her brain,
While afar, the Prince of the Waltzers
Is seeking for her in vain.
And not till over the mountains
The rays of the morning creep,
Does the brilliant belle of the ball-room
Sink into a troubled sleep.

Ah! weep in your slumber, my lady,
You shall weep more bitterly yet;
There is reaping of woe and sorrow,
For those who their God forget.
You lived but to triumph and revel;
You were belle of the feast and ball;
But the sweets in your cup are all vanished,
And now you must drink the gall.

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MR. SHELDON'S ADVICE.

BY HELEN M. THORNTON.

MR. SHELDON was the principal banker of the important manufacturing town of Tormont. He piqued himself on his wealth, but he piqued himself more on the fact that he had made it all himself, and he piqued himself still more because he had made it by never allowing anybody to get ahead of him. "That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said, one day, to his favorite clerk. "Sharp's the motto, if you wish to rise. I don't mean you should cheat; that, of course, is both wrong and ungentlemanly." (Mr. Sheldon piqued himself, also, on being what he called "a gentleman," and above all little meannesses.) "But always be wide awake, and never let anybody cheat you. I've noticed, by-the-bye, that you've seemed rather down-hearted, lately. If it's because you've your fortune yet to make, don't despair; but follow my advice. An opening will come, at some time, for something better than a clerkship; and though I shall be sorry to lose you, yet I'll give you up, if it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon; "but it's not exactly that. I suppose I shall get along somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I really take an interest in you, as you know;" and he did, so far as words were concerned. "Perhaps I can give you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and——"

"In love!" exclaimed the rich banker. "In love, and with only a clerk's salary to marry on. It will never do, never do, Harry. Marriage for one like you is fastening a mill-stone around your neck, unless, indeed," and he stopped, as if a bright thought had struck him, "unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She *is* rich, or will be, I suppose," answered Harry, "for her father is quite wealthy. But that's just the difficulty. Her father would never let her marry a poor man, and she won't marry without his consent."

"What a regular tyrant!" said Mr. Sheldon. "Gad, if I was the lover, Harry, I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old curmudgeon in that way," and he chuckled at the imaginary triumph he would achieve. "'Pon my soul, I would. I never, as I told you, let anybody get ahead of me."

"But would that be honorable?"

"Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war? I thought you had some pluck, Harry. Lord, how I should like to see the stingy old hulks rave, and stump about on his gouty toes—for he must be gouty—when he heard of your elopement." And he laughed, till his portly sides shook, at the picture he had conjured up.

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And then what could I do, with a wife brought up to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do forgive. They can't help it. Besides," with a confidential wink, "I think I know your man. It's that skin-flint, Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's a pretty minx, though she is his child. Oh! you needn't deny it. I saw how you hung about her, at our party, the other night; and when I joked about it with my daughter, the next morning, she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a very good match for you. Now I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those Canal shares last winter; and I mean to pay him for it, some way. I tell you what I'll do. I mustn't ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I mustn't of course be known in the affair; but I'll give you leave of absence for a month, and a check for two hundred dollars to pay for your wedding-trip, if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check. Bless my soul, won't the old rascal howl, when he hears how we've done him!"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however, and it was not till Mr. Sheldon, eager to see his old commercial rival put at disadvantage, had urged him again and again, and promised to stand by him, that he finally consented, and took the check which his employer persisted in forcing on him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him, just as he was shaving, which ran as follows: "Dear Sir:—I have, with much difficulty, persuaded her to elope. It was not, however, till I showed her your check, that she would consent

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to do so. She said that she was sure you could not recommend anything that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father; and she hopes you will stand by us. We are off by the owl-train for New York, where we shall be married to-morrow, before Mr. Meadows is up. Very thankfully, HARRY CONRAD."

The old gentleman brought the note with him to table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles, and read it over and over again. "I'd give fifty dollars," he said, chuckling, "to see the old fellow's face, when he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast, while waiting for his only child and daughter, who, a little spoiled by over-indulgence, was generally late. But this morning Matty was later than ever. The banker had read all the foreign, as well as the home news, and even re-perused Harry's note again, before she made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said, at last. Then he looked up at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now this is really too bad. John," he cried, addressing the man-servant, who waited at the side-board, "send and see why Miss Sheldon don't come down. Tell her," with a severe air, "I'm tired of waiting."

John came back in about five minutes, looking very much flustered. "If you please, sir," he stammered, "Miss Sheldon's not in her room, and the maid says, she says, that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich banker's jaws fell. If there was one thing he loved better than money, better even than life itself, it was his motherless child. What had become of his darling? What awful tragedy was about to be revealed to him? Had she gone out for a walk the evening before, and stumbled into the river? No; he remembered parting with her at ten o'clock. Had she been looking from the window of her room, and fallen out? He started up, with a cry of agony, to go and see, beholding already, in imagination, her mangled and lifeless form. But he was prevented by the footman appearing at the door, with a telegram. "From Miss Sheldon, sir," said the servant, obsequiously.

"A telegram?" he cried, unfolding it, with trembling hands. "What can it mean? Has she been found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:—"Dear Father: Harry and I were married at seven o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement, till Harry assured me you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing. MATTY."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered breath. "The impudent, disobe——"

But here he stopped. He stopped, and mopped his bald head, which, in his excitement, had broke out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered, just in time, that both the butler and footman would overhear him. He remembered, also, that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that, if the story got out, he would be the laughing-stock of the town, including, hardest cut of all, Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that he had but one child, and that she was all in all to him. So he accepted the inevitable, and telegraphed back: "You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the two hundred dollars for pin-money. Tell Harry he's too smart to remain a clerk, and that I take him, to-day, into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you! H. SHELDON."

The runaways returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now, in confidence.

MEMORIES.

BY G. F. EARLE.

THE memory lives of that old time,
That time so long and long ago;
One far, fair Summer's golden prime,
When breezes murmured soft and low.

The days were long, and clear, and bright,
The air all sweet with breath of flowers;
And through the morn and evening light
The thrush sang clear in shady bowers.

The stars were bright in warm, blue skies,
And gently blew the evening breeze,
Breathing in weary, long-drawn sighs,
As it rustling in the forest trees.

The woodland paths seemed ways of gold;
The forest bank a knightly throne;
And all those things, in days of old,
Were clothed in beauty since unknown.

The forest paths I walk again;
But half the olden charm is fled;
The memory, too, brings only pain;
And beauty fades where love is dead.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a visiting toilet in olive cloth, serge, or camel's-hair. The trim-

mings and skirt are of a darker shade, and may be either of the same material, or of silk, as the taste and purse of the wearer may determine. The skirt, which is demi-train, three and a quarter yards wide at the bottom, has, for trimming, first, a flounce eight to ten inches wide, cut on the bias; above this is a puff quite full, and put on with a heading, top and bottom. The puff, which is, as before said, quite full, is, after sewing on, further tacked in the centre, to form the pointed pleats, as some Polonaise fastens down the front. The left side of this Polonaise is in one with the back, where it is draped to the waist, along with the right side, under a wide ribbon bow. Pocket hung from the waist, with revers and buttons; point ornamented with worsted ball-fringe, corresponding with the trimming for the Polonaise. Pleises of silk or material at the wrist, headed by a pointed cuff, edged with fringe. A short pelerine completes the costume, fastening from right to left; felt bonnet, with olive and black ribbon; cardinal feather. In cloth or camel's-hair, double-width, good, twelve yards will be required; six and a half to seven yards of ball-fringe, one dozen buttons.

Next is a house-dress, of narrow black and white striped silk, such as may be now bought

for one dollar per yard; or the same costume may be made up in striped woolen, of two shades. The under-skirt is ornamented by two narrow-plaited ruffles, stitched on one inch from the top

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of ruffle, to form a heading. The front of the dress is trimmed with three scarf-draped pieces, put on diagonally, each ending on the right side, with a bow of black ribbon; the back only has the tunic, which is sewn in half-way from the waist with the side-gores, then left loose, and the end trimmed with a small plaiting to the skirt pattern; cuirass basque, corded on the edge, and with plaited ruffles, trimming both sides of the front, separated by bows of black ribbon; coat-sleeves, with double-plaited cuffs, separated by smaller bows. Of narrow silk, twenty to twenty-two yards, will be required; of woolen goods, fourteen to sixteen yards, double-width; eleven to twenty yards, if single.

An entirely new design for a water-proof, and in gray tweed, makes a pleasant variety for

these indispensable wraps. Our model is only ornamented with rows of stitching; the cape forms loose, square sleeves, with revers, pointed, turned-down collars, edged with cross-band, and finished at the throat with plain standing collar; buttons of bone; four and a half yards of cloaking, twelve buttons.

Some of our subscribers have asked for evening dresses for little girls. First, we give one for a miss of ten to twelve years. The dress is of ivory-white, or pale ecru cashmere, trimmed with quilling of the same. The Polonaise is edged with cashmere lace. This would be equally

pretty, made of dotted or plain Swiss, and worn over a slip of blue or pink silk.

Next is an evening dress for a little girl of six to eight years, made princess shape, and fastened

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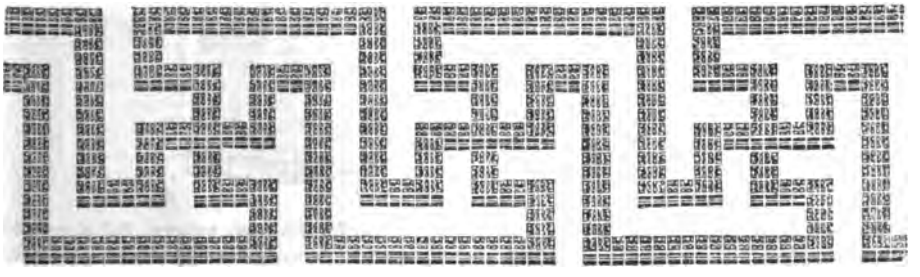
at the back. It is made of blue silk, and trimmed with plaiting of Swiss muslin, sash low on the skirt, and tied in large bows at the back.

Another, for the same age, is of pink cashmere, or merino, of a similar shape; down the front folds of the material on either side of which is a cascade of lace, either cashmere or French Valenciennes; further ornamented by bows of ribbon; two rows of plaiting on the skirt of the material, with or without a narrow edging of lace. These dresses are all made low-necked and short-sleeved. Can be worn over an under-skirt of clear muslin, with long sleeves, or the dress made high, with sleeves.

GRECIAN BORDER FOR FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

CROSS STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



It has become fashionable, of late, to embroider flannel petticoats. Some are scolloped and buttoned at the edge, a flower being worked in every scollop; others are ornamented with cross-stitch, worked on canvas, the threads being pulled out on the completion of the canvas.

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The petticoat is hemmed at the edge, a strip of Penelope canvas tacked above the hem, and the design worked in either two shades of the same color, or two contrasts. Our model gives two shades of scarlet. The design is after a very celebrated antique Greek pattern, and is particularly beautiful.

THE DUCHESS PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a very stylish, and entirely new, pattern for a paletot, called the Duchess. We also give, on the next page, a diagram, by which to cut it out. Directions for enlarging these diagrams have been given in former numbers.

We can furnish a cut pattern, full size of this paletot, if desired, for fifty cents. We make this statement in answer to numerous applications for former patterns. The pattern will be sent by mail, post-paid, and will save the purchaser the trouble of enlarging the diagram.

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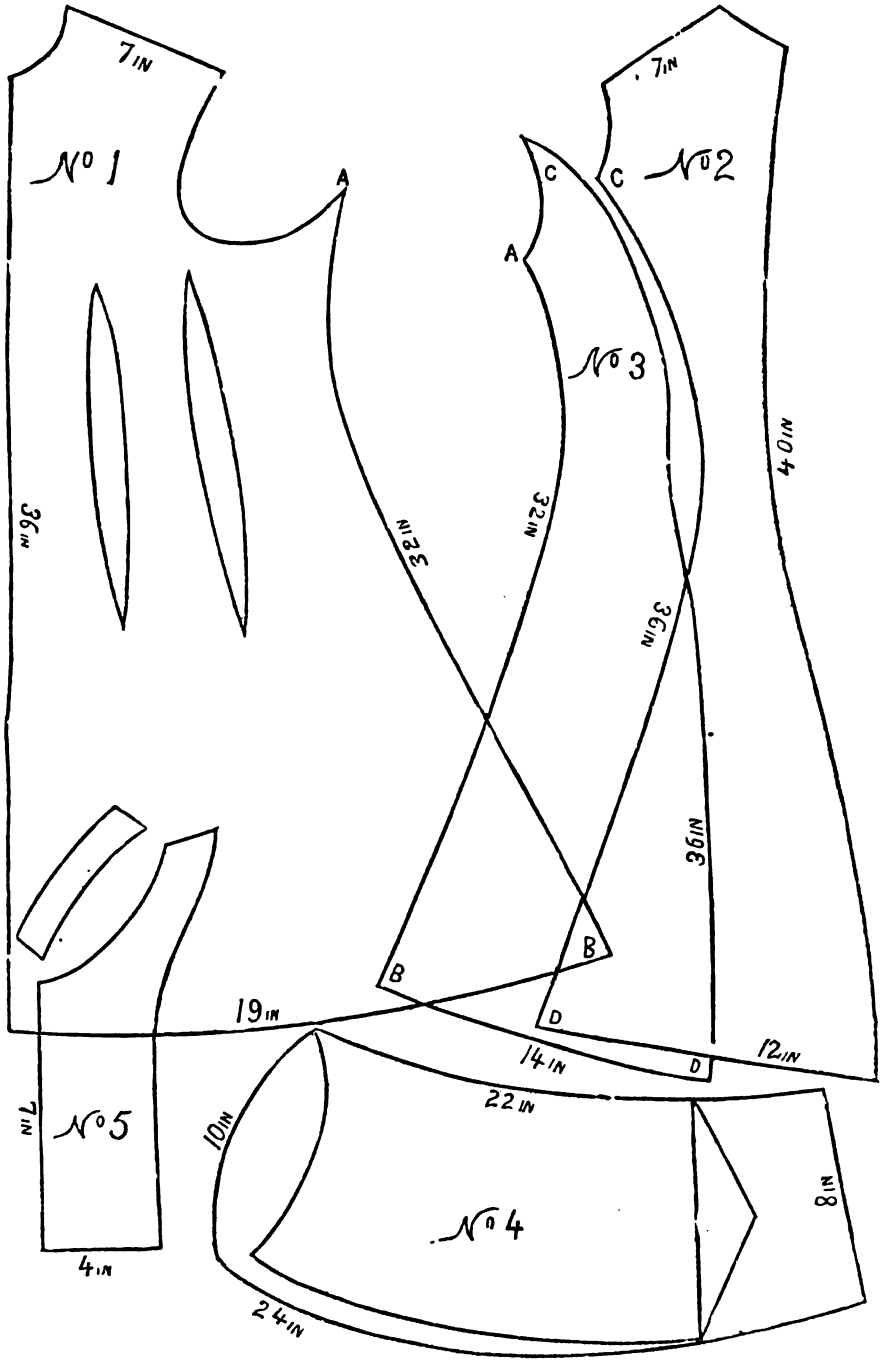

No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side of Back.
No. 4. Half of Sleeve, showing the under side.
No. 5. Collar.

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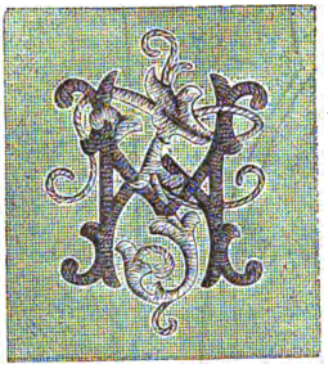
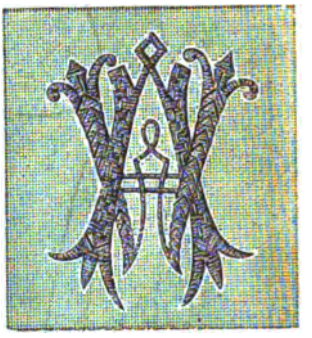
DESIGNS FOR MONOGRAMS.

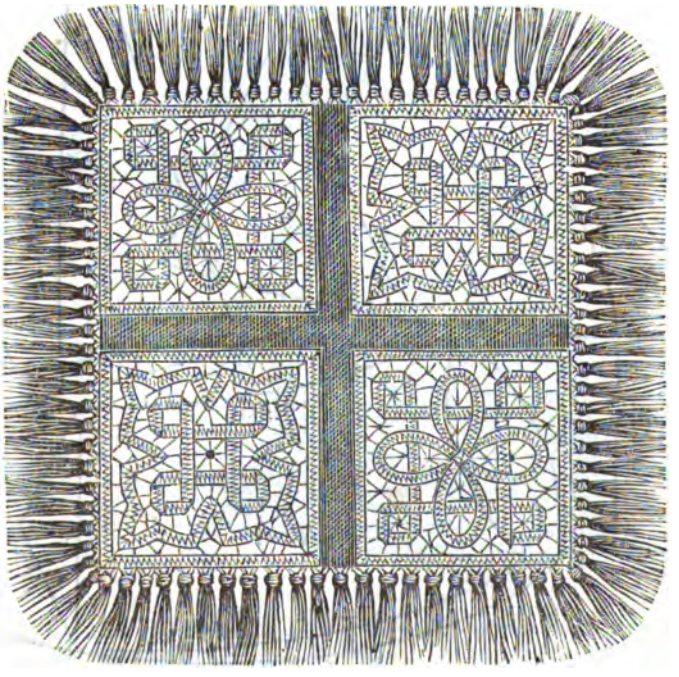
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





ANTIMACASSAR—MEDIÆVAL BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here, a design for a tidy, or antimacassar, in mediæval braid, quite a new style of of work, and just now very fashionable. We also give the detail of a quarter of the square.

Materials required: In either ecru or white, thirteen and a half yards of open braid; six skeins of thread. The squares are divided by bands of colored satin ribbon, or plain linen, as

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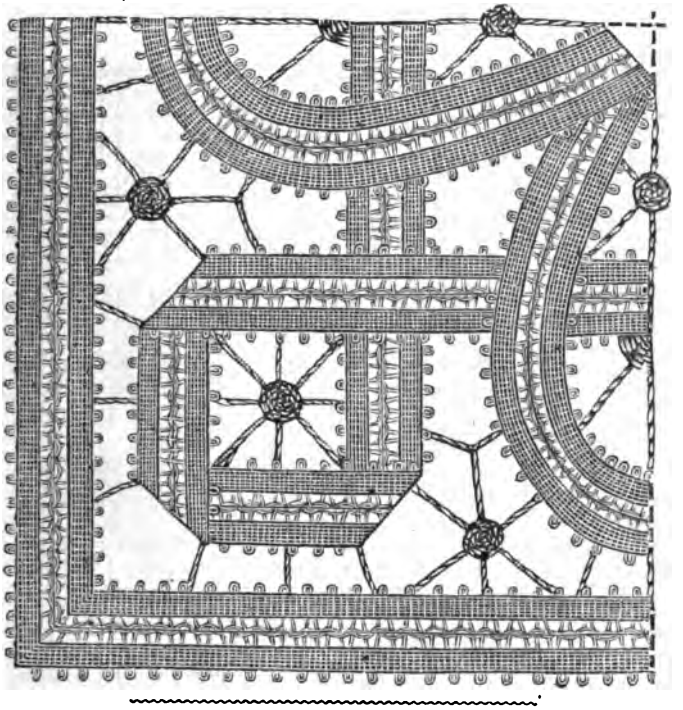
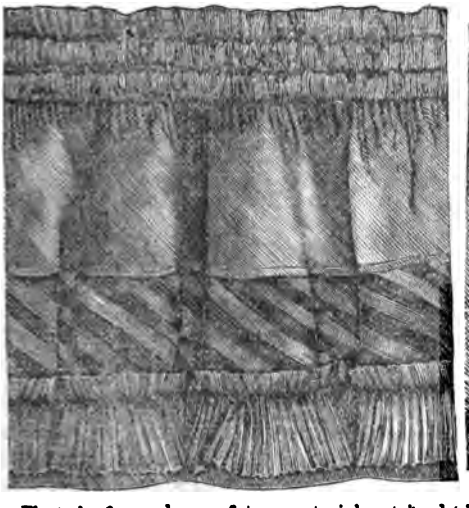
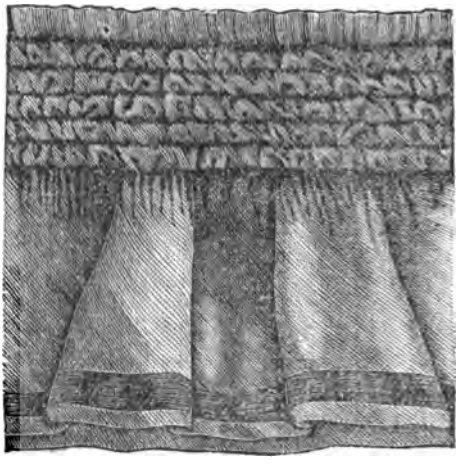
may be preferred. Materials for the lace designs may be had from Madame Gurney, New York P. O., Box 8527. Prices upon application by letter. The point-lace instruction supplements may be had, also, from Madame Gurney, for ten cents.



TRIMMINGS FOR DRESS-SKIRTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





First, is for a dress of two materials, striped and plain. The lower part is of the striped material, cut on the bias, and edged with a kilt-pleating. The heading consists of a kilt-pleating, stitched down thrice. Next is a box-pleated, flounce, trimmed with a wide band of braid, headed with five puffings, and a kilt-pleating to stand up.

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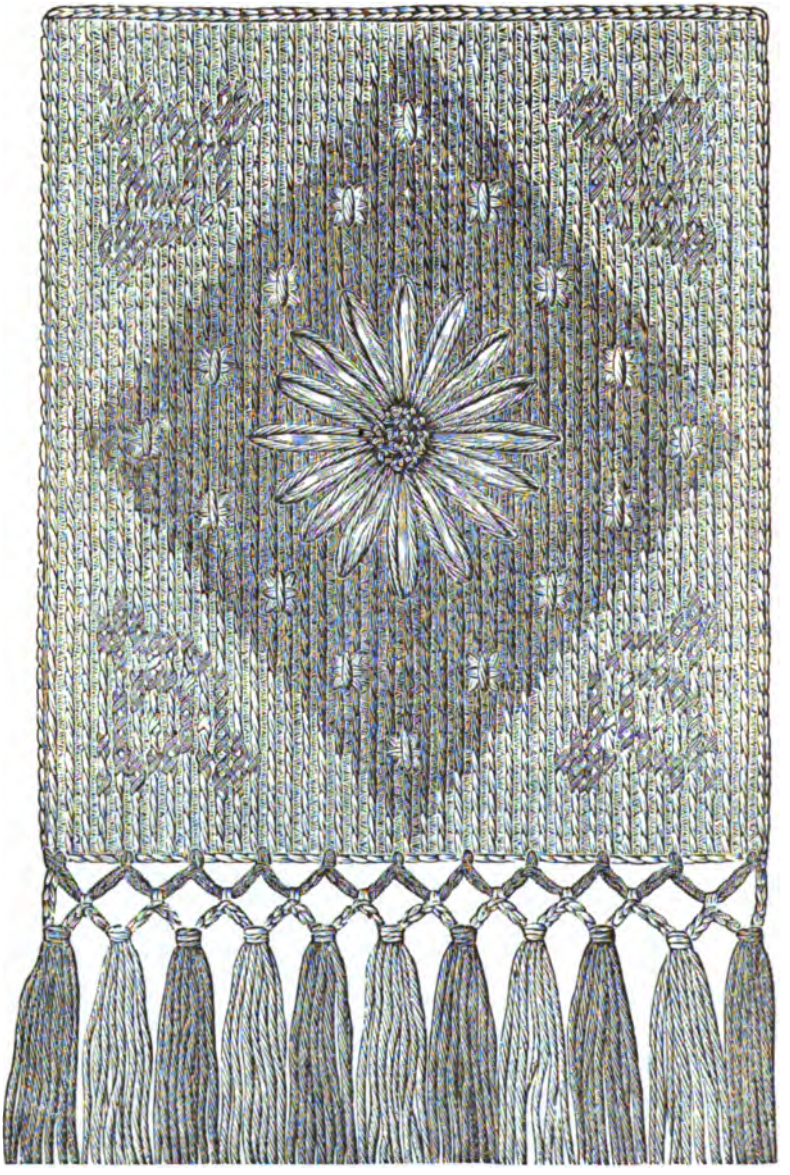
SECTION OF COVERLET FOR INFANT'S CRADLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our original is crocheted in Victoria stitch, with blue and white wool, in alternate stripes, which are then embroidered in point russe, knotted and cross-stitch, with white floselle. The stripes are commenced the narrow way, along a foundation of forty-two stitches. Miss the first stitch, and then crotchet forty-one rows in the ordinary Victoria stitch. Second to fortieth pattern rows: With white and blue wool, and crochet the diamond with blue, the other stitches with white wool. This pattern requires three strands of wool, two white and one blue.

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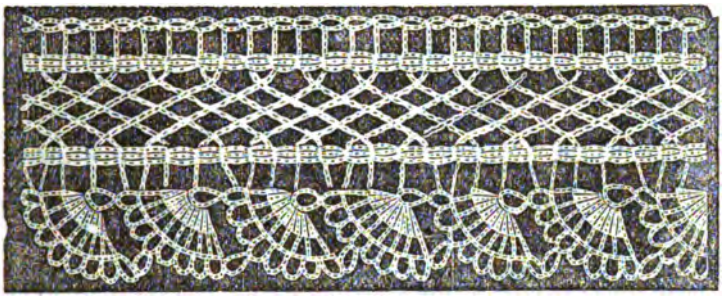
To change the colors, cross the threads on the wrong side of the work, so that the stitches lie close together. The blue stitches can then be crotcheted, while the strands of white wool hang down on the wrong side, till they are wanted again. Repeat the first to the fortieth rows, till the required length is attained; then embroider the completed stripe with white filoselle in point russe, with yellow silk in knotted stitch, and with blue silk in cross-stitch, for the corner figures. Then crotchet the stripes together on the wrong side, and begin the scallops as follows: First round: With blue wool. Alternately one double in the margin, five chain, close with one slip stitch. Second round: With white wool, one double in centre of five chain, five chain; repeat. Last, add fringe of blue and white wool, as shown in illustration.

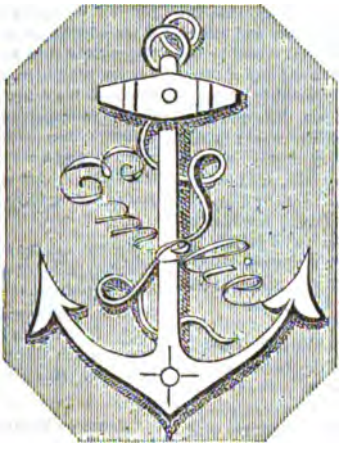
EDGING IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

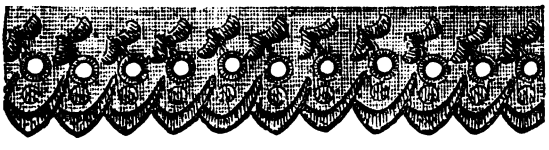


A subscriber has asked us for a pattern for an edging in crochet. We give one accordingly It requires no description, the engraving is a sufficient guide.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDGING FOR UNDER-LINEN.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THAT HIRED GIRL."—One of the great problems of the day is how to secure leisure for culture, and yet keep up a comfortable home. The great obstacle in the way is generally thought to be "that hired girl." How to abolish her, and yet keep up the house, is the difficulty.

We have gained a great point, when we have learned to make allies of our servants. Nothing pays so well as to attach a girl to you personally. Let her feel, from the moment she crosses your threshold, that you are a friend to her; that her interests are a matter of thought to you. A kind word or two, spoken without any unsuitable familiarity; a kindly inquiry, with regard to her home friends; an expression of sympathy for trouble or bereavement, are all dear to the heart of the stranger in a strange land. We may resent the idea of stooping to win the affections of Norah or Chloe; but many a rich housekeeper has had reason to know that "a good name" among servants was "rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." They will give, out of good-will for one lady, service that all the money of another cannot bring. To try and "do without" help is suicidal to the mother of young children, unless she has muscle far above the average. We are dependent upon them, and it is certainly our interest to make the best of the situation. We owe them duties, also, beyond the mere payment of wages. If, as one has said, "power to the very last atom is duty," then it is our duty to make them better and more efficient women in the world, when they go out from it.

We knew a lady of wealth, who trained, in the course of years, a large number of young American girls so efficiently, that they were able to take a first rank in the middle class in society. They married steady, industrious, rising young men, and some now preside in homes more stately than the one where they were trained for life's duties and labors. We are sure that this lady was quite as well served by her intelligent girls, who were trained to dress and deport themselves in a lady-like manner, as the generality of people are by their slip-shod, loud-voiced Bridgets. The difference of influence upon the children of the house cannot be estimated. This last consideration is a very mighty one with thoughtful mothers. For the children's sake, and for nothing else, we need to elevate the character of our domestics to the very last atom of our power. It may involve care and trouble, but let us remember Him "who pleased not himself." We were not given this life to spend it in gain and self-indulgence, but to perfect a noble, beautiful character, which shall be a blessing to all around us.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.—An old subscriber writes: "You are probably aware that this is the twenty-seventh year I have been sending you subscribers for your magazine." Perhaps no periodical in the world has so many of these old friends as "Peterson." And we shall try to deserve such patronage. We have seen the rise and fall of hundreds of magazines, and expect to see the rise and fall of hundreds of others. We have secured this permanence by always keeping our promises, and by giving more for the money than any other. If you subscribe for "Peterson," you do not lose your two dollars, but get their worth over and over again during the year.

GETS UP ITS OWN CLUB.—A lady sends a club for 1877, and says: "It is a pleasure to get up a club for 'Peterson.' In fact, the Magazine gets up its own club."

FANCY JEWELRY, this year, runs into the most extravagant shapes. It takes such forms as small lamps, lanterns, parrakeets on their perches, bells, and jockey-caps. There are also flowers, with dewdrops in diamonds, arrows which seem to pierce the ears, small guns, pistols, and all sorts of garden implements. In sleeve-links the variety is equally astonishing. There are small plates, copied in enamel, postage-stamps likewise in enamel, scarabees, monograms, coats-of-arms, swallows, horse-shoes, etc. To sum up all these vagaries of fashion, the cat's-eye is the favorite stone, the club on a playing-card is the favorite form, and the porte-bonheur is the favorite ornament. Lockets are not nearly so fashionable as last year; black velvet is worn round the throat with an evening toilette, and either a pendant of precious stones, or ancient enamel, is suspended from it. The taste for antique jewelry and ornaments is so great, and such absurd prices are asked, that nobody should buy without a full knowledge of the value of what is offered, for imitations are on sale which almost defy detection. For example, the Russian chains called Danicheff, composed of silver, lozenges, and terminating with a Russian cross, are sold in quantities as old jewelry, whereas, with the exception of one perhaps in a hundred, they are all modern.

"THEY SAY."—When we were young, a friend once said "I would not for the world hear all that is said of me." We have often, through life, lived to see the wisdom of this. To walk straight on, in the path of duty, faithfully, lovingly, doing whatever falls nearest to our hands, and never stopping to think of our neighbors' comments, is the wisest plan to gain their esteem. We shall be talked about, do what we will; but don't take the trouble to right yourself very often; live down the worst; forget the petty flings of envy or malice. Don't repeat your grievances; they will be sure to grow. "They said" the Master kept low company here, you know; yet angels and archangels approved his course, and vie in doing Him honor now. Choose your associates for their worth, not to please Mrs. Grundy; then stick to them, through all weathers; and you will find a world of true friendship, if not popularity; and those, whose opinions are worth having, will value you according to your deserts.

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember! Formerly, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post-offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price*. Bear this in mind! The postage we paid in 1876 was over ten thousand dollars. All this the subscribers now save. Hence "Peterson" is cheaper than ever.

"QUEEN OF FASHION."—The Lansing (Iowa) Mirror says: "The ladies will be interested in 'Peterson's' annual announcement elsewhere. It is the queen of the fashion magazines—always progressive, always entertaining, and *invariably ahead of its competitors*. We will cheerfully forward subscribers."

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR.—We will send, for a premium, (if preferred to the "Cornwallis,") either our "Pictorial Souvenir," or our "Gems of Art." Each of these has twenty-five engravings similar to, and of the size of "Coming Home," in the present number.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-by, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club. *It is still in time, too, to get up new clubs.*

FOR FIFTY CENTS, remember, we will send to subscribers to "Peterson," *but to no others*, either of our premium engravings, a list of which will be found on the second page of the cover. A first-class engraving for framing can thus be secured for the mere cost of the paper and printing. See the advertisement in our January number.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED magazines, like "Peterson," are the ones to take. Subscribers to them are always sure of receiving all the numbers. Every year, new magazines are started, with high-flown promises, that fail before six months are out, cheating the subscribers.

DRESS ECONOMICALLY, BUT DRESS WELL, for the two things are not incompatible. Consult our "Every-Day Department," and be convinced. Some very pretty dresses for children are given there.

COURTESY is never out of place. It is as easy to look and speak pleasantly, as the reverse. A rude, abrupt manner constantly makes enemies.

MONEY SPENT ON GOOD READING is far better bestowed than on gaudy trinkets. The house where magazines are taken, is always a refined one.

"THE FAST EXPRESS."—This is an especially spirited illustration, and does both the designer and engraver great credit.

THINK OF THE POOR, in this inclement season. Charity is first of all the Christian graces.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Cyrilla. By the author of "The Initials." 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The earlier editions of this novel ended tragically, which was a great mistake, for nothing in the story made such a conclusion necessary. We say a great mistake, because a novel ought to end happily, unless, as in "The Mill of the Floss," any other conclusion would be impossible; for people read novels for relaxation, and do not care to get interested in the characters of the story, only to have their feelings harrowed up by a tragedy at the close. The author of "Cyrilla" discovered her mistake, after the publication of the first edition of her novel, and in this new edition has corrected the error, and brought the story to a happy denouement. In its present guise, "Cyrilla" is only less absorbing than "The Initials." Cyrilla herself is quite as charming as the heroine of the latter fiction, and that is saying a great deal, for nowhere else hardly is there a character so noble, so womanly, so bright, so loveable. The descriptions of life in Germany, where the action of the tale is carried on, are not the least merit of the book; for they introduce us into the familiar household existence of the German people, and make us, so to speak, at home with them. Altogether, "Cyrilla" is above the ordinary run of novels.

The Fatal Secret. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—No other American novelist retains her popularity better than this lady. Nor, as we have often said, is the reason far to seek. Like Sir Walter Scott, she never allows the action to flag, but keeps up the interest to the very last. Of course, she has not the genius of Scott, nor are her incidents always, as his were, probable. Very often she has to force her hand, as it were; but this is a fault which annoys people only in proportion to their culture; and in culture, alas, the great mass of ordinary readers are sadly deficient. One reason why otherwise good writers fail as novelists, is because they do not keep up a brisk succession of incidents. They write very correct books, but the books are stupid. Mrs. Southworth's are not always correct, but they are, at least, alive; and "The Fatal Secret" is one of the very best of them.

Noblesse Oblige. By the author of "Mlle. Mori." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Hoyt & Co.*—The scene of this story is laid in France, during the Reign of Terror, the same eventful period to which Mr. Benedict's novelet, in this number, is devoted. The characters are boldly sketched, and the incidents are full of interest. On the whole, it is one of the very best stories of the season. It wants, perhaps, the dramatic force of "In the Red Days," there being no scene in it equal to the firing of the chateau, in our last number, and the arrest of the Marquis. Nor is it equal to its predecessor, by the same author, "Mlle. Mori." The volume is neatly printed.

The Modern Cook-Book. By M. Francatelli. With Sixty-Two Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the very best cook-books, belonging to the higher class, which has ever been published. Its author was a celebrated *chef*, well known in the royal and aristocratic circles of Europe, and the volume contains all his best receipts. No hotel or restaurant should be without a copy of the volume. It would be equally valuable, also, to the confectioner. To private families, also, it would be an acquisition, unless to those of the very slenderest incomes. The volume contains over six hundred pages, and is handsomely printed and bound.

Courtship In Seventeen Hundred and Twenty, and Eighteen Hundred and Sixty. By Hawley Smart. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of these charming romances of two centuries is already favorably known for two spirited novels, "Breezie Langton," and "Two Kisses." We like this volume, however, better than either. It belongs to "The Star Series," a new one, destined, we predict, to be very popular. A more neatly printed little book we have rarely seen.

Basil; Or, The Crossed Path. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—No cotemporary novelist equals this one in the skilful construction, the intense interest, of his plots. "Basil" is, in this respect, extraordinary. This is a new edition, in paper covers, at a price to suit the times.

Whitefriars. By the author of "Whitehall." 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A historical story of the times of Charles the Second, full of vivid pictures, and carrying the reader with it, from the first chapter to the last.

Joshua Haggard's Daughter. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is not nearly so powerful as some of Miss Braddon's earlier fictions; nevertheless, it shows, here and there, melo-dramatic power far above the average.

Dear Lady Disdain. By Justin McCarthy. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. New York: Sheldon & Co.*—A really brilliant novel, as novels go now. There is unusual force in the principal characters, and exceptional interest in the plot.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER appears to have been as popular even as the January one, and more could not be said in its favor. The principal engraving, "Such a Love of a Man," won universal applause. All of our exchanges speak in the highest terms of the number. Says the Norristown (Pa.) Herald, for example: "The thousands of subscribers of Peterson's Magazine will find the February number fully up to its usual standard, in its literary, fashion, art, and other departments. No ladies' magazine gives better engravings, and the stories in 'Peterson' are among the best. The price, too, is a dollar less than other monthlies of the same class." Says the Butts Co. (Ga.) Argus: "This ever-welcome visitor, for February, has already reached us, and was at once seized by a lady, who expresses a high opinion of the favorite that arrives so promptly. The plates for the month are excellent in every department." Says the Littleton (Pa.) News: "Peterson's Magazine for February is upon our table, and, as usual, replete with all the latest fashions, the freshest literature, and most complete household department. We know of no magazine we would rather recommend to our lady readers than Peterson's, as it seems to combine everything to please their fancy, as well for useful and substantial articles, as for ornamental."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

A MOST DELIGHTFUL and convenient preparation for imparting a pure and delicate tint to the complexion, is Laird's "Bloom of Youth," sold at all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.—QUALIFICATIONS OF NURSES—CONTINUED.

The practice of neighbors visiting the sick, in villages and communities, is, in mild parlance, a social evil, during the week; on the Sabbath, (when they have but little else to do,) a positive nuisance, as it becomes an injury to the patient.

The writer, when young in the practice of medicine, and disliking to displease the nurse, or have any controversy with her, but rather striving "to be all things to all men, (women, too,) whereby he might gain some," in Apostolic language, suffered his patients to be injured repeatedly by improvident visits; and, especially on the Sabbath-days, the sick-room would be literally thronged with visitors, gossips, *et id genus omne*, and he approached the residences of his patients with dread on Monday mornings, anticipating the reports of nurses, of a "restless night, increased fever, delirium," etc., the marked and invariable result following the excitement of *seeing friends* the day before. And even though the order is given by the physician, in the most positive manner, to admit no one to the sick chamber, how often do we find the nurse lacking in the requisite FIRMNESS to refuse the neighbor a friend!

The administration of medicine is frequently rendered unpleasant to the nurse, by the abhorrence manifested to it by the patient. However unpleasant the task may be, the good of the patient forbids any compromise of duty, and feelingly, but firmly, must the importance of a compliance with the directions of the physician be insisted upon. If, however, the stomach reject it, more harm than good may be done by urging the prescription too far. In such cases, it is important that the nurse possess

DISCRIMINATION,—Happily for both nurse and patient, such cases will not arise as frequently as in years gone by. More care is exercised by physicians generally, in prescribing, or in making up their compounds, than formerly. More regard is being manifested for the patient, in making the medicines more pleasant to the taste, which can readily be done if fluid extracts, active principles, concentrated tinctures, elixirs, etc., be chosen, instead of continuing the use of the old-time crude article. The Homœpaths and Eclectics have done much toward this much-needed improvement, and now, with the aid of Chemists, and their fine therapeutical compounds, no medicines need be given of a decidedly unpleasant or nauseous character, by the followers of any sect or pathy.

DISCRIMINATION is an important qualification, which the nurse is sometimes required to exercise in an eminent degree. It is a sort of talent which a nurse cannot readily acquire, save by experience and observation; but it is a talent or a judgment which every professional nurse should possess, as it is often needed, and is eminently advantageous in the absence of the physician, when the circumstances of the case imperiously demand a deviation from his directions. For example, a physician, at his usual call, can only judge of probable results usual in such cases, and prescribe accordingly. But if unexpected changes ensue soon after he leaves, similar changes are demanded in the administration of medicines ordered. That medicine suited for one condition of the patient, is not suitable for all. For instance, he may order a quinine mixture during the entire day, or until such an hour when the paroxysm is looked for; but in the meantime, from some unexpected cause, the child has supervened some hours sooner than anticipated, and then the nurse should wisely discontinue that medicine, and resort to that for fever, if she have any in her case.

As space will not permit us to complete these illustrations under this head, the further consideration of them must be delayed for the next number.

FLOWER-TALKS FOR MARCH.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

STARTING BEDDING-PLANTS.—Where a person has a collection, comprising geraniums, fuchsias, lautanas, and such plants as are used for bedding purposes, enough can generally be started at this season of the year to furnish all that are needed in a small garden.

A good way to do this is to take a shallow box, with a tolerably tight bottom, and fill it with sand—clear, clean sand. In this insert small cuttings of geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, lautanas, and any other plants you wish to increase the stock of; and when you have done this, saturate the sand thoroughly, so much so that it is as much like mud as it is possible for sand to be, and then cover the top of the box with a pane of glass. I ought to have said that you needed but a couple of inches of sand in your box. Keep it in a warm place, and keep the sand wet until the plants begin to grow, which can be easily told by the new leaves which put forth. In this way almost any plant can be grown, with certainty of success. I have never failed in inducing the most delicate to grow, by starting them in this way, and not one cutting in fifty is lost. When they have become thoroughly rooted, and have grown several new leaves, they can be transplanted into little pots, where they can remain until time to plant out in the garden. I generally keep a box of this kind standing in my conservatory, and whenever I trim a plant

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I put the best part of the prunings into the sand, and consequently have small plants growing nearly all the time, to give to my friends, or take the places of older plants, when needed.

Uncovering Plants in Spring.—In our northern latitudes, where such sudden changes of weather occur, it is best not to uncover roses, and other tender shrubs, until April. When the weather becomes settled, and there is no danger of hard freezes, is plenty early enough. Plants will come ahead enough faster if left uncovered until all danger of this kind is over, to make up for the time their covering keeps them back. The manure used on tulip and hyacinth beds can be forked in, and it is a good plan to give an early dressing of manure to all early-blooming flowers. Roses, and all shrubs which bloom in a new growth of wood, should be pruned in well, to induce plenty of new shoots to start. In pruning, always cut back to plump and healthy-looking buds, and don't hesitate to cut off a thrifty branch when you feel satisfied that the plant will be improved by your doing it. Most amateur cultivators of flowers hesitate about cutting back, and pruning their plants. It seems too bad, they say. But it is much better to sacrifice a little thrifty growth, and have the whole plant bettered by so doing, than to retain it, and have an ill-shaped, unsatisfactory plant in consequence. A good florist or gardener never hesitates about cutting off the thriftiest branch, if he thinks it will be the better for the plant to do so.

Stimulating House-Plants.—House-plants may have guano, or other manures, given them, at this season. Dissolve it in water, and take care that it is not too strong. A large spoonful to a pailful of water is generally sufficient.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP AND FISH.

Giblet Soup.—The giblets must not have the skins taken off, but must be fried rather brown, with a lump of butter and a little flour dredged over them. About three pounds of beef will be sufficient for one set of giblets. The beef should be browned in the stew-pan, as the giblets were. Then add four or five pints of water, four or five onions sliced, a tablespoonful of whole black peppers, and a little salt. Simmer and stew gently for five or six hours till done; then, when cold, take off the fat. Next day add to it a little flour, a lump of butter, a wine-glass of sherry, and nearly as much of good ketchup. Heat well and serve.

Pickled Oysters.—Take one hundred oysters, strain them from the juice, and wash the oysters in clear, cold water; put the juice on to boil, and skim it well. Add to it one large teaspoonful of salt, a spoonful of whole allspice, a dozen whole pepper-corns, one wine-glassful of white wine, a wine-glassful of the best wine vinegar, and a couple of blades of mace. Then throw in the oysters, and let them only scald a minute. Serve cold.

Oyster Fritters.—Take a pint and a half of milk, a pound and a quarter of flour, four eggs. The yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to whish add the milk, and stir the whole well together. Whisk the whites to a stiff broth, and stir them gradually into the batter. Take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster in it, and fry in hot lard. Let them be a light-brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put in the batter all at once, as that would thin it.

Noodles for Soup.—Beat one egg light, and add to it enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead it, and roll it out thin, and cut it into long, narrow strips, and dry them in the sun or near the stove. Put them in the soup a short time before serving, or they will boil to pieces.

MEATS.

To Cook Beefsteaks in Different Ways.—How long you are to leave a steak on the fire is so entirely a question of judgment and skill, as well as a matter of taste, that it is impossible to give any rule about it. You should turn your steak as soon as it has been on the fire a few minutes, and keep turning it till done. This process prevents the formation of a hard rind of overdone meat. For a steak to be well cooked, it ought to be equally done throughout its thickness, but not by any means overdone, and consequently dry. Sprinkle the steak freely with salt when serving, not before.

1. Mix together a handful of finely-minced parsley, and a goodly lump of butter, which place on the steak, the heat of which will melt it by the time it is served. This is what they call here *steak a la Parisienne.* Fried potatoes are usually served with it.

2. Mince a number of stoned olives, and knead with a lump of butter, putting it on the steak as it is sent up to table.

3. Mince a pod or two of shalots, put them in a sauce-pan with a lump of butter and a little pepper, and when they begin to brown, pour over the steak.

4. Squeeze the juice of a lemon in a sauce-pan, add to it a good piece of butter and a very little grated nutmeg; when the butter is quite melted, pour over the steak.

5. Mince a few button mushrooms, give them a turn or two in a sauce-pan, with a piece of butter and a little pepper, and pour over the steak.

Slices cut off a leg of mutton, and cooked as steaks, are very good eating.

DESSERTS.

Apple-Cake for Dessert.—Ten or twelve apples, sugar to taste, the rind of one small lemon, three eggs, a quarter of a pint of cream or milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of good short crust, three ounces of sweet almonds. Pare, core, and cut the apples into small pieces; put into a basin sufficient moist sugar to sweeten them. Add the lemon, which should be finely minced, and the cream; stir these ingredients well, whisk the eggs, and melt the butter; mix all together, add the sliced apple, and let these be well stirred into the mixture. Line a large round plate with the paste, place a narrow rim of the same around the outer edge, and lay the apples thickly in the middle. Blanch the almonds, cut them into long shreds, and strew over the top of the apples, and bake from half to three-quarters of an hour, taking care that the almonds do not get burnt. When done, strew some sifted sugar over the top, and serve. This cake may be eaten either hot or cold, and is sufficient to fill two large-sized plates.

A Sweet Dish of Macaroni.—Quarter of a pound of macaroni, one pint and a half of milk, the rind of half a lemon, three ounces of lump-sugar, three-quarters of a pint of custard. Put the milk into a sauce-pan, with the lemon-peel and sugar; bring it to the boiling point. Drop in the macaroni, and let it gradually swell over a gentle fire, but do not allow the pipes to break; the form should be entirely preserved, and though tender should be firm and not soft, with no part beginning to melt. Should the milk dry away before the macaroni is swelled, add a little more. Place the macaroni on a dish, pour the custard over the hot macaroni, grate over it a little nutmeg, and when cold garnish the dish with slices of candied citron-peel.

Lemon Pudding.—Half a pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours in a buttered mould. Serve with or without wine sauce.

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CAKES.

Buns.—Mix one and a half pound of dried flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, melt six ounces of butter in a little warm milk, a spoonful of yeast, half a pound of currants, washed and dried. Mix the whole in a light dough. Keep it warm till it rises.

Simnel Cake.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of lump-sugar, one pound of currants, two ounces of candied lemon, quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, mixed with an egg and a little milk. To be put in a tin mould, and baked till sufficiently done.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with an ecru camel's-hair Polonaise over-dress. The under-dress is made with a fan-shaped train at the back, and with a deep flounce, having a plaited heading above it in front; a bias band, with a plaiting on either side, is placed some distance above the flounce; the sleeves are of black silk, finished at the hands, to correspond. The ecru over-dress is short in front, falls square over the train at the back, and is trimmed with guipure lace; it has a square sailor collar, and a wide bow, and ends where the skirt is caught back. Black felt bonnet, trimmed with ecru ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF MAUVE POPLIN.—The jacket is of black corded silk, trimmed with folds; buttons, narrow pipings, put on clusters in points, and finished with a deep tassel fringe. Bonnet of black straw, bound and trimmed with mauve and with mauve feathers.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two very scant flowers, edged with narrow plaitings of silk; the tunic is very deep, both in front and at the back, and is slightly caught up at the side; the very deep, rather close-fitting sacque has a rolling collar, and, like the tunic, is trimmed with a band of rich embroidery. (Feather trimming, in place of the embroidery, is very beautiful.) Bonnet of blue silk, with a long flounce and ribbon.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH, HEAVY, BLUISH-GRAY SILK.—The skirt is plain, with a train tied back with two loops of the silk; jacket of brown cloth, trimmed with galloon, fancy buttons, and a band of fur; pointed pocket of plaited silk. Brown felt bonnet, trimmed with a curling feather, scarlet geraniums, and ribbons.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK.—The long under-skirt is trimmed with several narrow plaitings at the back, with but three in front; the very deep Princess over-dress fastens down the middle on the waist, but the skirt slopes a little diagonally to the left side; it is almost as long as the under-dress at the back; it is finished with buttons and a plaiting of the silk down the front, and with a plaiting, one part of which stands up, and the other falls down around the bottom; the sleeves are rather large at the hands, and are trimmed with these plaitings. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with blue feathers.

FIG. VI.—JACKET OF BLACK SICILIENNE.—The close-fitting back terminates with three silk plaitings, which are continued to the side pieces, where they terminate under butterfly bows. The front is fastened to the waist, then cut open, forming deep points at the sides, which points are trimmed with rows of lace studded with silk loops. The sleeve is trimmed to correspond.

FIG. VII.—CLOTH JACKET OF DARK FOREST-GREEN.—It buttons over on the left side, with large horn buttons, and is bound with a wide braid of dark-green. It is half-fitting to the figure at the back.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, as usual, some of the newest styles of bonnets, and also some bridal head-dresses.

There is no perceptible change in the make of dresses. Very long, plain pockets are still exceedingly popular, both like the costume, and also of silk, camel's-hair or cloth; but the Princess robe is the newest, though it is, after all, but a return to the old Gabrielle, made narrower, and sometimes worn over another skirt. All skirts are very much too tight-clinging, both for comfort and real grace, but this fashion is the distinguishing feature of the present style. In order to add to the extreme attenuation of the figure, the white muslin petticoats are not starched, and are put on a deep yoke, which fits perfectly around the hips. Many ladies, in fact, only wear a long flannel one, trimmed with white embroidery under-costumes, while for evening wear the flannel petticoat is short, and an over one made of white cambric is added—the latter being long, narrow, and terminating either with rich embroidery or deep imitation-lace. Batiste and fine muslin petticoats have only a flat trimming in front, and a flounce gathered with a drawing string at the back; the strings, when drawn, cause the petticoat to be moulded exactly to the figure, and all the fullness of the petticoat to be gathered to the centre of the back. The same plan is now adopted with regard to the skirts of dresses. On the back breadths there are either two drawing-strings, or one in the centre, which are tied, so that the front and sides of the skirt hang perfectly plain, and the back flows in folds. All these details are contrived with a view to obviate all bunchiness and fullness about the hips, and to render the figure as slim as possible.

It is still so cold and blustering, that only dark costumes are seen on the street, but these are often brightened with a cording of cardinal-red, or corded red bows. Evening-dresses of dark material are also brightened up with cardinal-red or linden-green, which is the color of the flower of the linden or lime-tree, a most delicate light-green with a creamy tint. This new tint is being shown in the shops in all kinds of spring dress-goods, and soft grays, pearls, wood colors, with innumerable others of such a variety of shades and tints, that it is impossible either to name or describe them.

SACQUES are cut long and narrow, to preserve the straight, slender appearance of the figure.

BONNETS have still the high, narrow crown, and close-fitting front.

THE HAIR is still dressed up high, but close to the head at the sides. For a plain style, the two braids falling low on the neck, and turned up at the sides, are worn again. This is a fashion of six or seven years ago, revived.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BLOUSE DRESS OF BLUE AND GREEN PLAID CLOTH, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt is untrimmed, and the waist is plaited, and made to come far down over the hips; a belt with long ends, which tie at the back, is laid in plaits in front; square sailor collar at the back, trimmed like the bottom of the waist, and belt with broad, blue braid.

FIG. II.—BLOUSE DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is quite plain; the blouse waist laid in plaits, and cut larger at the back than in front; the collar, band around the waist, and trimming, is of dark-blue silk.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME OF BOTTLE-GREEN KERSEYMERE.—The trousers are close-fitting at the knees, the long jacket opens over a vest of the same pattern, and the rolling collar is of black silk.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG GIRL'S FAWN-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR.—The under-skirt is untrimmed; the upper-skirt, pointed basque, and cuffs, are ornamented with a bias band of dark-brown and fawn-colored plaid silk.

FIG. V.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF BLUE PLAID CASHMERE.—The front is perfectly plain; the waist at the back is elongated, and plain at the side; in the middle it is plaited; the short skirt at the back is in very full plaits; square sailor collar, and cuffs of the cashmere; broad, dark-blue ribbon sash.

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PATTERN IN DARNED NETTING.

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Peterson's Magazine, April, 1877

Extra!

Stag's Head: in Applique of Cloth.

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IN THE WOODS IN SPRING.

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LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS: BACK AND FRONT. CADOGAN NET. CHILD'S HAT.

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SPRING WALKING-DRESS—FRONT.

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SPRING WALKING-DRESS—BACK.

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WALKING-DRESS. SPRING HAT.

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WALKING-DRESS. SPRING HAT.

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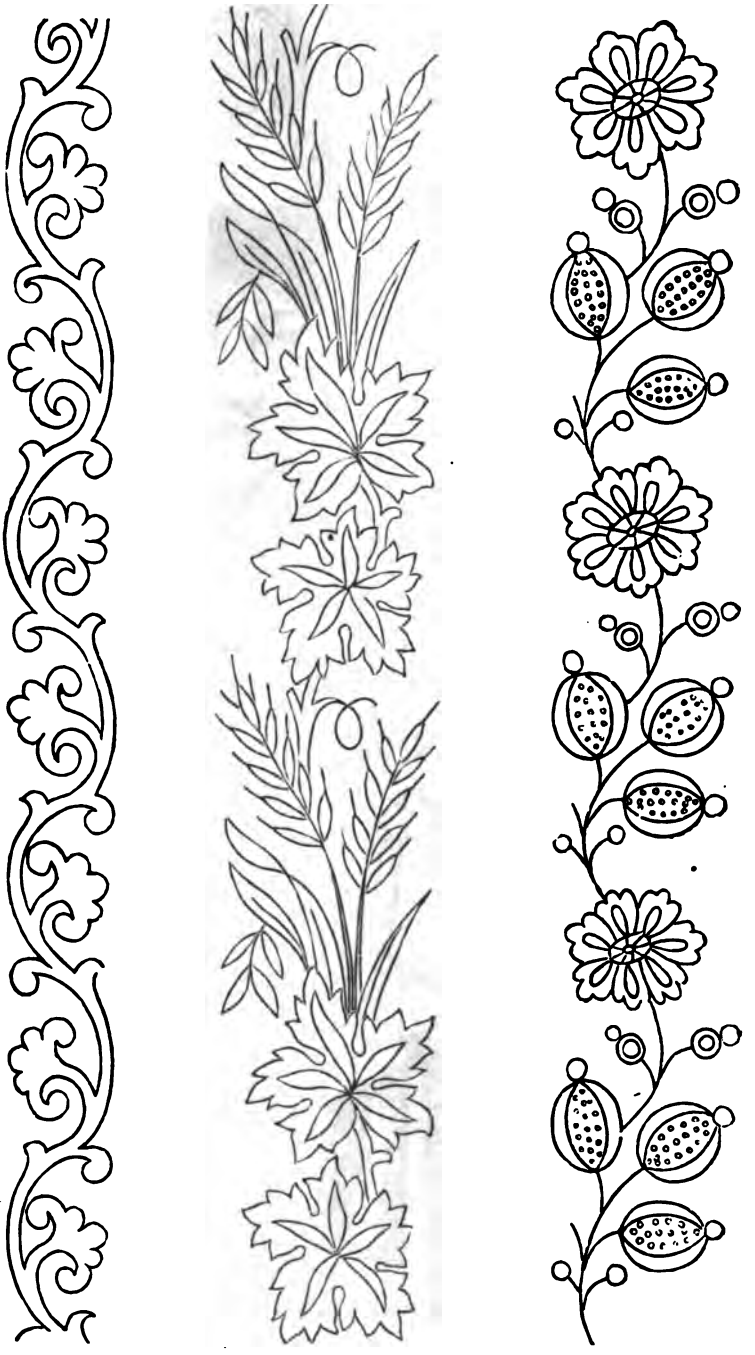

EMBROIDERIES AND BRAIDING.

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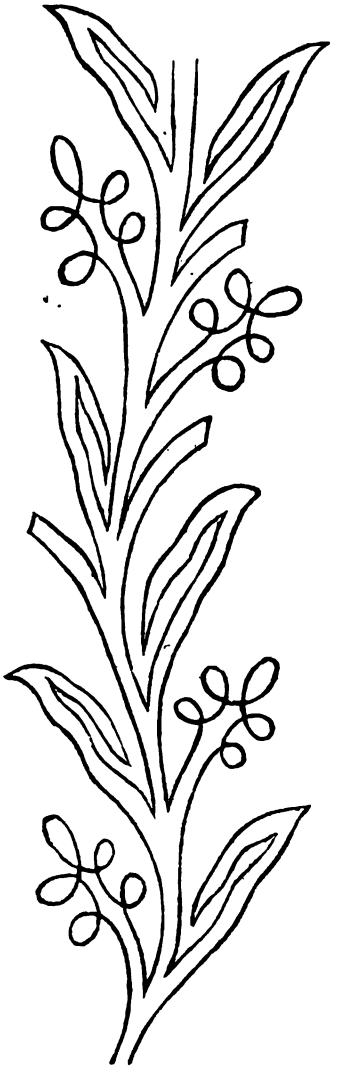

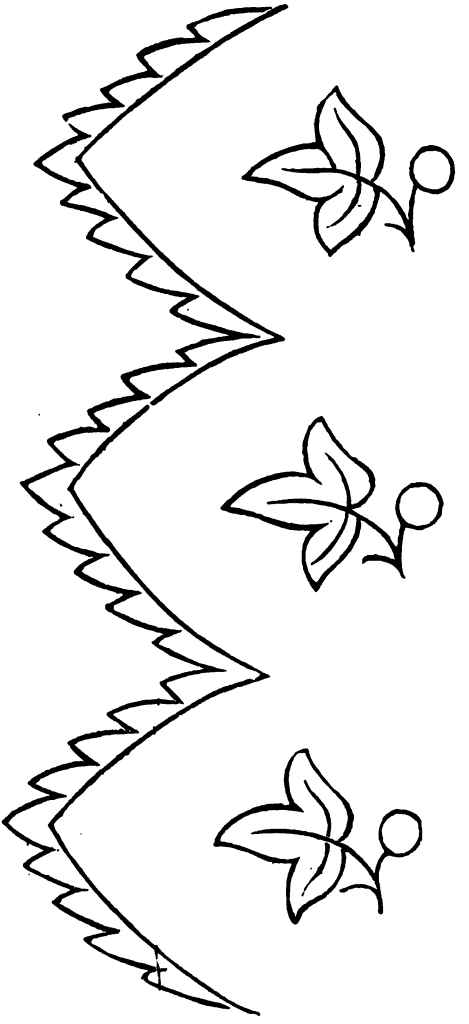

BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERIES.

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Rest for the Weary, Rest.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Phila.

Words by M. THORNTON. **Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.**

Andante Con Moto.

1. Rest for the wea - ry,
2. For this we nerve our

rest, ... When all life's toils are o'er;
strength, ... For this we on - ward move;

rall.

Rest for the wea - ry, rest, . . . Up - on a tran - quil
Shame and reproach - es bear, . . . And take them all for

rall.

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a tempo.

shore; Where sighs, and tears, and pains, . . .
love: Count ev' - ry hour that flies, . . .

Once all in mer - cy sent, Will ne'er dis - turb a -
Watch ev' - ry sun go down, Still near - er to the

rall.

gain, ... The blest in - hab i - tant.
skies, ... The robe, the palm, the crown.

Slower.

Rest for the wea - ry, rest, Rest for the wea - ry, rest.
Rest for the wea - ry, rest, Rest for the wea - ry, rest.

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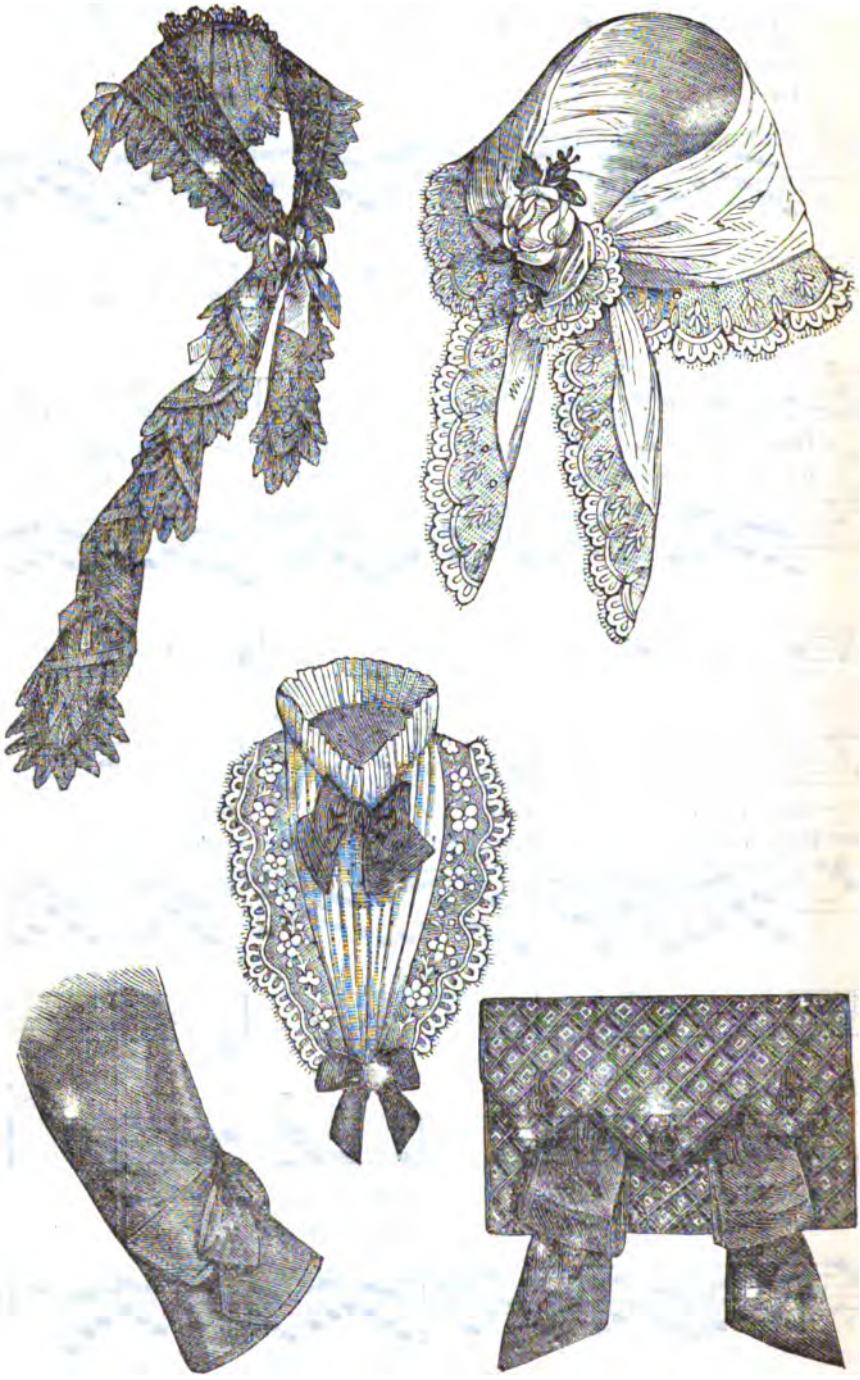

FICHUS IN VARIOUS STYLES. SLEEVE. POCKET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1877. No. 4.

THE APRIL FOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OH! COUSIN CHARLEY," ETC., ETC.

EVERYBODY has heard of Madame d'Outremont's Institute for Young Ladies. In good, old-fashioned times, it would have been called a boarding-school for girls; but we are a long way past such simple language now. No *debutante* can be brought out, in this enlightened age, who has not graduated in an Academy, or Institute, or other high-sounding establishment. And of such establishments, Madame D'Outremont's was confessedly one of the most fashionable: in fact, it was known, north and south, east and west, as the very pink of perfection, in its way.

Every season, Madame had three or four evening receptions, at which her older pupils appeared, in order that they might learn, betimes, how to enter a room, how to curtsey, how to talk to gentlemen, and how to flirt a fan. At these receptions, there was music, sometimes charades, generally dancing. The male guests consisted, almost entirely, of relatives of the hostess, or those of the pupils. A few middle-aged beaux, in addition, were allowed to appear; these were in the habit of flirting with Madame, and were considered, therefore, "entirely safe."

It was the last reception of the winter term, and the most brilliant. Easter was close at hand, when the school would break up for a holiday; and Easter fell, this year, very early—in fact, in the last week in March. Many of the girls were to leave permanently, and on their account the festivities had been made very gay. The dancing had been kept up to a very late hour, and the whole affair had been proved a great success.

In one of the sleeping-rooms, late that night, four girls were assembled; and as they were too excited to sleep, they naturally fell to discussing the reception.

"Did you notice," said one, "how that old bean, Bentley, hung about Kitty Stevens? He is Madame's prime favorite, and his defection made her furious: she looked as if she could have eaten him, and Kitty, too, for that matter."

"What an absurd fossil it is!" laughed another. "I do believe he wears stays. He dyes his hair and whiskers, for certain; has false teeth, and uses plumpers. He's fifty, if he's a day."

"Well, it shows good taste, at any rate," said a third. "We must all admit that Kitty's the beauty of the school. Dear me, most of us would have no chance if it wasn't that she's quite out of the market; for she's to marry her second cousin soon after she graduates. They've been engaged for two years or more."

"Yet I believe old Bentley," said another, "thinks he has made an impression on her. Did you notice his self-complacent air, when she allowed him to take her out to supper? He plainly thought she was struck with his appearance and manner, when the fact was, I suspect, that, as her cousin was absent, she preferred him just because he was old. She isn't a bit of a flirt, as some of us are, girls; and she didn't want people to talk. Still, as she is so good-hearted, she couldn't help making herself agreeable; and the old goose fancied, if his simpering didn't belie him, that she was in love with him."

"Oh! he could not be such a dunce," answered the one who had first spoken. "Fancy a man of his age, thinking a girl of nineteen, and such a one, in love with him!"

"But Madame makes such a fuss with him. And of all fools, an old fool's the worst. Really, he's as vain as a peacock."

"I tell you what, girls; let's have some fun out of him. A bright idea has just struck me."

"What is it? What is it?" cried the other voices, in chorus.

"We'll send him a note, pretending to come from Kitty, appointing a rendezvous early in the morning. I'll write it. I saw the old villain

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squeezing her hand. She blushed furiously, and jerked it away. I'll make her apologize for that, and that will quite take him in. Trust me for knowing how to gull this old puffer pigeon."

The other girls clapped their hands, and entered heartily into the plot; for the speaker, Florry Vaughan, was known to be the most mischievous in the school. She was bright, too; and of her success, therefore, the others had little doubt. The unauthorized use of Kitty's name, which, if they had been older, each and all would have instantly condemned, did not trouble them in the least. Were they not school-girls? Was not vacation about to begin? Wasn't the whole thing "great fun," as they phrased it to each other? They were neither better, nor worse, than other healthy, merry girls overflowing with animal spirits. We must not condemn them too severely.

The next day Florry produced the letter she had written, and read it, in secret conclave, to her three fellow-conspirators. It ran as follows: "Dear Mr. Bentley,—I am afraid I was rude to you last evening, when I jerked away my hand. But so many people were looking on, that I was frightened. You will forgive me, won't you, now that I tell you this? I am going away day after to-morrow, and perhaps I shall not see you again; but I should like to hear, from your own lips, that you are not angry with me. I want, too, that you should finish that charming conversation you began, and which the dancing interrupted. I do so love to hear intelligent persons talk. I sometimes take a walk, before breakfast. I start about six o'clock, so as to get back by seven, and go in, with the rest, to prayers. If you were to pass the door exactly at six, to-morrow morning, perhaps we might accidentally meet. I hope there is no harm in this, is there? Could you go by this afternoon, about five, wearing a spray of lilies-of-the-valley in your coat, so as to let me know you have received this note? It would not do for you to write back: the letter might be intercepted. Madame is such an old ogre, always on the lookout. I will be peeping from the window. *Do* come. Yours, ever, KITTY."

"Isn't it rather strong?" said one of the fair hearers. "Don't you think he'll see that it's a trap?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Florry. "He'll bolt the bait, as brother Fred says, like a pickerel. Watch at five, and see if he doesn't."

The note was despatched, and the four girls, at five o'clock, hidden behind the green jalouses of the parlor, watched for their prey. They did not have to wait long. Precisely at the hour, the ancient beau went by, stunningly got up in a black frock-coat, with lavender-colored trousers, patent leather boots, a hat evidently bought that very day, lavender gloves, and a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in his button-hole.

"Now we have him!" cried Florry, in exultation. "The next thing is to take all the girls into our confidence, except Kitty, and the girls who sleep in the same room with her. We'll all be up, and dressed, and at the windows; and when the old goose comes along, we'll all pop out our heads; and then—then," bursting into laughter, "I'll call to him, and say what a fine morning it is for the first of April."

Now, up to this moment, none of her three auditors had remembered that the morrow would be All-Fools Day; and when Florry thus capped the joke, as it were, they burst into laughter as madly as herself.

The plot was carried out, as Florry had proposed. More than twenty new confederates were let into the secret; and such is the sense of honor among school-girls, that no one betrayed it. But all were ready, at six o'clock the next morning, to participate in the *denouement*. There was comparatively little sleeping that night. What with the expectation of the "great fun," what with scheming how to circumvent the teachers, most of the fair conspirators lay awake, or only slumbered fitfully. Florry was the first up. Noiselessly she marshaled her forces. Fortune, too, favored her, for the windows looking on the street belonged to the drawing-room and the school-rooms, which at that time were unoccupied.

The morning broke, clear and balmy. March was literally acting in the spirit of the old saying: it had come in like a lion, it was going out like a lamb. Three rows of windows, in as many different stories of the house, were crowded with mischievous girls, who could hardly keep down their laughter till the proper moment. Hidden behind the curtains, they waited the signal, which, on the first floor, was to be given by Florry, and on the second and third floors, by one of her lieutenants: these three alone being allowed, meantime, to peep out occasionally and reconnoitre. Just as the town-clock struck six, and before its last note boomed on the air, the hero of the occasion was seen turning the corner, and approaching the house. He was attired in the same jaunty manner as the evening before, and in his hand he carried an enormous bouquet.

He glanced anxiously at the front door, as he came up, and stopped a moment, as if a little disappointed that Kitty was not there. But

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Florry did not keep him long in suspense. Half choked with laughter, she gave the signal. Instantly the curtains were drawn back, the sashes were raised, and a crowd of merry faces was thrust from the windows. The poor victim, glancing up in dismay, and hearing the mocking laughter, half recoiled; for a dim conception that he had been made sport of began to dawn on him. In a pause between the peals of laughter, Florry, leaning out of the drawing-room window, kissed her hand, ironically, to him, and cried, in her clear, ringing voice,

"Good morning, Mr. Bentley. How early you are. But it's fine weather, isn't it, for a lover's meeting, this first of April?"

And then fresh peals of laughter, led off by Florry herself, rent the air. The victim started back; this time so suddenly, that his hat, that immaculate hat, tumbled off, and rolled into the gutter; the bouquet fell from his hands; he looked to the right and left for escape; and finally bolted down the area-steps, where he knocked over the scullery-maid, who was coming up to look for the milkman, and they both rolled to the foot of the flight together.

Of course, Florry and the three other leading conspirators were expelled from the Institute; but they were not concerned at this, as they had finished their education. Madame only did it, in fact, to keep up appearances; for no one was angrier than herself at the defection of her admirer. "To think," she said, confidentially, to her chief assistant and partner, "that the old fool should dare to make love, before my very eyes, to one of my scholars."

Kitty was very indignant when she found what use had been made of her name, and was far more difficult to appease than Madame. We doubt if she has ever forgiven Florry. The proof of it is, that she did not invite that mischief-maker to her wedding, though she did ask most of her other older school-mates, and even poor Mr. Bentley.

As for that unfortunate Adonis, he is no longer seen at Madame D'Outremont's receptions, for she has erased him from her list. Worse than all, the story of the note, and its consequences, somehow reached his Club, and he has been chaffed there, ever since, as THE APRIL FOOL.

THE ENGLISH GARDEN AT MUNICH.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

A SYLVAN chase; a forest; erst a garden,
Grown wild with sun and wind.
You look to meet Orlando, as in Arden,
Or dear, sweet Rosalind!

Or in remoter haunts, 'mid fern and briar,
In voiceless depths of wood,
The red-deer tall, or Little John, or friar,
Or eke bold Robin Hood!

And yet, hard by, lo! tow'r and steeple looming
The chestnut groves above,
And side by side with tangled thickets, blooming
All homely things you love!

The hawthorn sweet; the fragrant lilac bowers,
That myriad buds unfold;
The bright laburnum, with its rain of flowers,
All wet with dripping gold!

And hark! the sound, o'er distant waters shining,
Of hidden falls away.
And happy lovers on the sward reclining,
And children at their play!

The lake is full of boats; and flutt'ring after,
Gay pennons kiss the air;
And dip of oar, and shout, and song, and laughter,
Make dream-land ev'rywhere!

OVER THE SEA.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

DARK clouds o'er the heavens are sweeping,
The wind murmurs wild and low,
And it wails out the words that my lover
Spake to me long, long ago:
"We part but to meet, my darling!"
Ah! when will the meeting be?
The days grow to years so slowly,
Now my lover is over the sea.

The white-crested waves are plashing
Their tireless song at my feet,
They have sung it so long and so falsely,
That I heed not the music sweet;
'Tis the old refrain they are chanting:
"Some day we will bring him to thee!"
But their notes have all grown discordant,
Now my lover is over the sea.

The sea-gulls around are flying,
Their tale is the same to-day:
"We have seen thy lover, oh, maiden,
In the land that is far away."
Fly swiftly, fly swiftly, oh, sea-gulls,
And carry this message from me,
"Oh, love, oh, love, I am lonely,
Come back to me over the sea."

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IN THE RED DAYS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 197.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NARROW valley, overshadowed by the Vozges mountains; so narrow, that at either end it was little more than a defile cradled between the hills, widening toward the middle sufficiently to set a fair-sized town therein. This was Leitisch, one of the places in the possession of the French army.

In the centre of the village, rose a long, wooden building, employed as a hospital; just beyond, down the turn of the street, another wooden building, much smaller, guarded, too, by soldiers. This was the prison. The night had fallen; the very night that the returned soldier was telling his story in the *auberge*, on the Strasbourg road. In a small room, upon the ground floor of this improvised jail, sat a young man, dressed in the uniform of a French officer. He was seated at a square deal-table, busily writing by the light of a single tallow-candle.

A man, who had not passed six-and-twenty; so handsome, that women would have made a hero of him just for the sake of his face; while the epaulettes he wore showed that his talents and courage had already won him an enviable position. This was Gaston St. Foix, doomed on the morrow to a traitor's death. Circumstances had combined to afford him a reprieve of several days beyond the date originally fixed for his execution, so that he was still living on the evening when the woman who loved him was stricken down by the terrible tidings of which Jean Laguet had been the bearer. Even in the blackness of the charge brought against him, friends remained to the young Colonel, who had been such a favorite with the highest grade of his superiors. At the very time of Jean Laguet's departure, when the rumor was current that the court had dissolved after pronouncing sentence, a reprieve and second inquiry had been demanded, and granted. It was hoped that new evidence might be produced—a different coloring thrown upon the whole matter. It had been known that General Hoche himself was the personal friend of the accused, and had at first treated the charge with indignant unbelief.

Days had come and gone, the court-martial had ended at last, but there had been no possibility of shaking the proofs. Gaston St. Foix was to be shot on the morrow, as a traitor. He had, some weeks before, been intrusted with a command of considerable importance, and had failed. The accusation was, that he had meant to yield the post to the enemy; evidence of a treasonable correspondence had been found. His defence was a denial of the letters, as forgeries, but it had fallen through. He sat there, writing the last letter his hand would ever pen; it was to Clemence. Months had elapsed since any communication from her had reached him. He knew, through report, that her father had been arrested; after that, he had passed all the weary months without news, bearing the horrible burthen of anxiety in addition to his other cares; as helpless, in every way, to aid those so dear to him, as if they had been the inhabitants of another world.

He could indulge a hope that the wish of a dying man might be carried out; that some time the letter he was inditing would reach the person for whom it was intended. He meant to leave it to the charge of the General himself.

He was roused suddenly by a noise outside the room where he was confined: the grounding of a musket, voices in short, quick speech; then the door opened, and an officer entered.

St. Foix glanced up as the visitor approached the table. He did not rise. He looked with a cold disdain into the face of the intruder, and said,

"To what do I owe the honor of a visit from Captain Bochet!"

"To my desire to show myself your friend," was the reply.

"The show of friendship comes a little late," St. Foix said, bowing, though with a tinge of irony perceptible through the courtesy of his voice and manner. "Permit me to thank you all the same."

Bochet appeared unconscious of any satirical intent upon the part of the prisoner. He seated himself at the opposite side of the table, his keen eyes glancing toward the unfinished letter, which St. Foix quietly placed beneath some other papers.

"I know to whom you were writing," he said.

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"That may be," was the answer, "though I cannot suppose that any affair of mine could be of the least interest to Captain Bochet."

"That letter is for Mademoiselle de L'Estriere."

"It is; though I do not care to hear her name from your lips."

"And yet it is for her sake that I am here, Gaston St. Foix," continued Bochet, rapidly. "I want also to tell you something which concerns myself. Will you listen?"

Gaston had made a hasty movement when the other began to speak. His face grew pale, and a hot fire flashed in his eyes; but he controlled himself, and after an instant's hesitation, said, quietly,

"I am listening."

"Last winter," continued Bochet, "I was Commandant of the district where she lived——"

"I know you were. Was it you who had her old father arrested?"

"No. I would have saved him if I could. I would have aided Clemence de L'Estriere by every means in my power, but she fled without my seeing her; joined her father; went with him to Paris."

St. Foix put his hand before his face, to hide the sudden gleam of joy which irradiated it, but remained silent.

"My duties detained me for weeks in Burgundy. I succeeded, at length, in getting exchanged to this army. When I reached Paris, the old man was dead; he had died in prison, and his daughter had escaped to England. You knew that."

He had *not* known it. He could have embraced this man, whom he recognized as his deadly foe, that he had given tidings which took so much from the bitterness of death.

"Well?" he asked, calmly, lifting his head again.

"You have believed me your enemy; at least, I am not without heart. Shall I tell you why I hated you? Because I loved Clemence de L'Estriere, and I knew that she loved you. Yes, I have hated you; I did not try to hide it. For all that—I am a strange compound, perhaps—I cannot let the man she loves die without an effort in his behalf."

He spoke with passionate energy—face and voice wild with a strange emotion. St. Foix sat watching him with a chill composure, which formed a singular contrast to his excitement; and when he paused, said, in the same courteously ironical tone in which had before spoken,

"Excuse me if I say—no matter how kind your intentions may be—pray, accept my best thanks therefor. I do not exactly see how they could be carried out when they assume that form."

"You sneer at me, Gaston St. Foix. You do not believe me. Listen, then. I am here to save you. You can escape this night; escape without implicating any human being."

If the man addressed had been a figure carved out of stone, he could not have sat more unmoved, apparently. Bochet, regarding him with those eager, fiery eyes of his, could not see him stir even a hair's-breadth; and he could not even yet believe, could not credit, the evidence of his own ears, or trust to the sincerity of the speaker. There could be no other way of accounting for this strange reception of such tidings; this was the thought in Bochet's mind—a very natural one, too.

"You think I am either crazy, or mocking you, St. Croix," he said; "but it is true; you can escape this night. Do you hear? I will show you. Are you listening?"

Gaston made him a slight sign to continue. Bochet bent nearer toward him, across the table, and went on in a low tone, speaking with the same nervous haste.

"I discovered the way myself, by the merest chance, only this morning. There are stores piled in the cellar below. I went to see, personally, the state they were in—the amount of them. There had been inquiries, but that is no matter. The commissary left me there alone for awhile; went to look for some papers—accounts——"

He slightly paused again; again Gaston made him a sign to continue.

"I was at the further end. I mounted on the bales and boxes, to examine them. Suddenly I heard voices—yours and the guests; so I knew I was under this room. I listened; they were very distinct. I moved away; I could not hear them. I went back and examined closely. There was a trap-door; it gives into this place. It is hidden under that pile of old lumber."

He rose as he spoke, and motioned Gaston to follow; crossed the room toward the heap of rubbish to which he had pointed. Very carefully, so as to make no noise, he lifted some sacks, moved an end of the boards, and showed the door, so covered with dust, that it was scarcely perceptible even then. The prisoner stood silent, watching, always with that same strange look upon his face. Bochet whispered,

"Hold the candle here."

St. Foix brought the candle from the table, and held it as directed. Bochet poked about with his hands, discovered an iron ring, and tugged at

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it till the door yielded. One could look below; it would not be difficult for a man to swing himself down by the bales and boxes.

"The gratings of the cellar-window are loose," Bochet continued. "Once down, then your escape is easy enough."

St. Foix did not answer. He walked back to the table, set the candle in its place, and resumed his chair. Bochet closed the trap, pushed the boards into their position, and followed.

"You cannot believe yet," he said. "It does seem incredible! The things were stored months ago. The dwelling was only meant for a storehouse. Nobody remembered that door when——"

"It was wanted for my prison," added St. Foix.

"You can see how easy it will be," Bochet went on. "You can escape across the hills; make your way to Alsace. You have only to avoid the Imperial troop. With your knowledge of the country, that will not be difficult."

"Sit down," said St. Foix, as unresponsive as if he had not heard a syllable.

Bochet looked at him now with a sudden flash of angry suspicion in his face, but took the chair on the opposite side of the table.

"At least, now, you are convinced of my sincerity?" he said.

"One moment," continued Gaston. "I want to ask you a question. Do you believe me guilty?"

Bochet hesitated.

"Answer!"

"At least the proofs are indisputable."

"And you help me to escape?"

"For her sake!"

"And what remains to me after?"

"Life! Is not life precious? Freedom! Is not that worth having?"

"The secret, obscure existence of a fugitive—a man branded as a traitor—that is not life! Freedom is not freedom on such terms!"

"You will——"

"Be still! I have heard you. It is my turn now to speak. Do you listen to me!" exclaimed St. Foix. His voice was low and collected as ever, but there was fire enough in it now. His eyes blazed, his color rose in two scarlet spots on his pale cheeks. "Of all women in this world, Clemence de l'Estriere would be the last to pardon such cowardice, and you know it! Was that your reason for proposing an ignominious escape to me?"

"You outrage me, then, by way of showing your appreciation of my effort to help you!" exclaimed Bochet, livid to the very lips, rising hastily, as hastily reseating himself. "You force me to say that your conduct is worthy your name and race."

"If I wrong you, God forgive me!" returned Gaston; "but I think I do not. Look back. I knew you when we were boys. I tried to be kind to you. I comprehended your desire to rise above the position in which you were born. I gave you books—aid! You hated me because I had the ability to serve you. In the trouble that arose with my uncle, your trickery and falsehood counts for much."

"So! Trickery! Falsehood!" repeated Bochet, between his clenched teeth.

"Yes—both could be proved! When you joined the army, this summer, you hated me because you coveted the position that I held."

"And I wanted to save this man's life!" cried Bochet, furiously. "I would have risked my own safety to do it, and this is my reward."

"See here! Disguises are useless between us, Martin Bochet," exclaimed St. Foix. "I know you. How far you have been concerned in the plot which has ruined me, which costs me my life, I cannot tell. You are, as you said yourself, a strange compound. It is possible that you had no hand in these forged letters, but I believe, oh, I am certain, that at least you have allowed the work to go on, and kept silence. Are you so weak, that at the last you shrink from having my death on your soul, and so come to me with your vile proposal?"

Bochet tried to speak; the words died in an inarticulate murmur.

"Was it so, that you compounded with your conscience, for you have one," continued St. Foix. "You want to spare my life, yet compass your ends; separate me from the woman I love, as effectually as death could do, by helping me to escape—a felon, a traitor! You have mistaken your man. You did not understand the Breton blood with which you had to deal. Go your way—I can die. I will not be dishonored by my own act."

Bochet breathed in gasps, like a man who had been running at full speed up a hill; great drops of sweat stood on his forehead, like beads; his lips moved, but it was some seconds before words escaped them, and then there came no reply to Gaston's charges or bursting wrath; only a repetition, in another form, of his previous persuasions.

"If you are innocent," he said, "the day may come when you can prove it. Better save your life, bear the present dishonor, for the sake of clearing your name hereafter."

St. Foix started to his feet.

"If you do not leave this room," he said, "I will call the guard! You shall not wait an instant. You shall not speak another word. Go!"

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Without so much as glancing toward him, Martin Bochet crossed the room, tapped on the door with the hilt of his sword. It was opened by the soldier, and he passed out.

St. Foix reseated himself at the table, and finished his letter. That completed, he said his prayers, brave man as he was, feeling honored in the privilege; lay down upon his bed, and slept.

The dawn broke; the village bells tolled the hour. He rose, arranged his hair, and waited. Then he heard the march of the guard without, the grounding of the muskets. The door opened.

The priest came first. Their interview was not a long one; it had been a singularly pure record upon which this man could look back. At least, so far as this world was concerned, he could go in peace.

The door opened again. He was stationed between the soldiers, marched out into the open air. Suddenly there rose a great din and tumult. Drums beat; soldiers and officers fled wildly through the street; volley after volley of musketry cut the air with sharp report. The confusion was indescribable.

The enemy had surprised the village—only a feint, it was already discovered, for the body of the Imperial troops were sweeping like a storm upon the main portion of the French army, stationed somewhat lower down the valley.

The whiz of shot, the rush and purposeless hurry of men without leaders, in the village; from below, the roar of cannon, the blinding smoke, the Republican Generals forming their forces to meet the foe. Guards, spectators, prisoners, down the street all rushed. St. Foix perceived that he was in the midst of a little body of his own men. He snatched a sabre from one, and ran on, shouting,

"Follow me!"

And they did follow—into smoke, fire, carnage, death! On pressed the Imperialists. The little band which St. Foix led was forced to fall back, further, swifter. A more murderous fire poured in among them. Other French soldiers rushed up—too late! St. Foix saw Bochet among them—saw him taken prisoner. From before and behind, the Imperialists were crowding. For a little while it seemed that not only would the hamlet be taken, but the entire army be forced to yield ignominiously, like animals in a trap. Then St. Foix found himself, with a few men by his side, hotly pursued by treble their number. They had mounted a declivity which overhung the village; at their back was a descent, rocky and precipitous The French threw down their arms—yielded, fled. A bullet whizzed close to St. Foix's ear. He stumbled, lost his footing, and rolled headlong.

"There is one not worth looking for," cried the German leader. "Between the pistol and the fall, he is finished. On, my men! On!"

CHAPTER IX.

It was the close of the first day of the dreary month of December.

Amid the gloom of the ghostly twilight, Clemence de L'Estriere reached the outskirts of the little Alsatian hamlet, where I showed her to you at the commencement of my narrative.

I told you it was in the month of October, that the returned soldier, Jean Laguet, reached his home on the Strasbourg highway, and, in the course of his war stories, unconsciously struck our poor wanderer a blow, which deprived her of the one hope left in this world—that of finding the man she loved.

For a fortnight Clemence was very ill, but though the kind hearts who watched her had fears of her life, she never herself, in her seasons of consciousness, indulged in the idea. She knew that she was to live; wherefore, seemed unanswerable, but she was to live. She bore the burthen patiently; nay, what is more wonderful, she kept her faith in God! Since He willed that her earthly existence was to continue, there must be a reason therefor, utterly hidden though it were from her mortal sense.

The delirious fever passed. Strength came back much more rapidly than one would have believed possible. She had left her bed, was about the house, looking scarcely more fragile and shadowy than before.

The days went on into weeks. Even her present place of refuge must be forsaken. News had reached her from faithful Madelon. Among the interminable lists of names of those who were to be arrested whenever found on the soil of France, was that of L'Estriere's daughter. At the same time, almost, came reports from another quarter, that a portion of Hoche's army was falling back, either from defeat, or with the intention of making a junction with troops upon another frontier. No matter what the motive, it was enough to know that among the press of mad, brutal soldiery might come Martin Bochet. No fate could be so terrible as the chance of again meeting him. Her friends helped her by every means in their power. For the time, the one course seemed to take her way deep into Alsace; into some mountain-guarded hamlet, whose situation left it quiet amid the tumult of the opposing armies. Later,

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some opportunity might offer for her to escape into Switzerland, and reach Geneva. But she did not look forward. The one thought in her mind was to be gone. So her journeys commenced anew. I cannot follow her along their course; it is too painful.

Madame Laguet had once, in her girlhood, lived in Paris; had known a young peasant woman there, who came from Alsace, and was employed as nurse of an infant in a great family where she herself lived. The woman's name had been Faustine Dirche, and the child she nursed was Gaston St. Foix.

So they thought of this woman when seeking a bourne for the pilgrimage which Clemence was to undertake. The journey had ended. That long round of days and nights, of forced interruptions and delays, of fears, suffering—they had ended.

Destiny seemed never weary of dealing fresh thrusts to the ill-starred girl. On from Strasbourg she had toiled, still with her guitar and papers, as a safeguard; able, always, when questioned, to give the name of the village to which she was bound, the home she was seeking. To call it home was no falsehood, for it seemed to her now, that the one spot on earth which could appear a place of rest, would be that which contained the woman who had held Gaston in her arms, had loved him in his babyhood.

It was in the last village she had to pass, before reaching the one of which she was in search; not more than a walk from dawn to sunset lay before her. Inquiries were made there; papers had to be shown; her reasons given for being on such a journey; and while she was telling her usual tale, and mentioning Faustine Dirche's name, some bystander cried out that Faustine had died that summer, in the fever which swept through Wurmzel and its neighborhood.

Still, in the morning, Clemence took her way. At least, somebody belonging to the woman might be alive; in any case, she must go on. Mind and body were so exhausted, that she was incapable either of keen suffering, or forming any new plan. Her dulled senses, even in spite of these tidings, clung obstinately to the project which had occupied them since she set forth from the shelter of Madame Laguet's roof. She must go on.

For many miles of the weary route her strength was spared by the opportune course of a man with a donkey and cart, who was traveling her road, and gave her a place in his wagon. But even with that help, night was falling when she reached the outskirts of the little village, and saw the two children playing near the cottage door.

She was close to them, before they noticed her. Then she called—

"Children! Children!"

They were frightened at first by her ghastly appearance in the twilight, and would have run away, but she held up the guitar, which had so many times done her good service.

"Do not be afraid," she said. "I will sing to you. I can sing such pretty songs. Only listen to me a moment! Have you a mother?"

The little girl, clinging fast to her brother, nudged him in sign that he was to answer. But before he could do this, the mother herself appeared at the door.

Then it was that Clemence cried, "Food, and a night's rest, for the love of God!" as we have seen; was recognized by her foster-mother, and fell on her neck, weeping.

The good mother supported her, helped her into the little kitchen, and placed her in a chair.

There was a pot of coffee setting on the hob. Her foster-mother hastily poured out a cup, and gave it to her, with a piece of bread. Clemence managed to swallow a few mouthfuls, the children watching her with troubled eyes.

"My poor child!" said her foster-mother, at last, "it breaks my heart to see you in this plight. Where were you going?"

"This is Wurmzel?" Clemence asked.

"Yes; this is Wurmzel."

"I was journeying here," Clemence said, gathering up the remnant of her energies, afraid they would desert her altogether, and added, "I little expected to see you, however. I did not even know, *ma bonne*, that you were alive. I had hoped to find a friend. I set out, expecting to meet here a person who would have been good to me in my hour of need. Only yesterday I learned that she was dead—dead! But I came on. I thought perhaps some of her family might be alive, and would assist me for her sake. You would know; she must have been your neighbor."

"What was her name?"

"Faustine Dirche. Did you know her?"

The two children had been standing by their mother's side, listening eagerly. As he heard the name pronounced, the boy clutched his mother's dress, and cried out something in patios.

"Go away," said the mother. "Go into the other room;" and both children obeyed with an alacrity which spoke volumes for the strict discipline in which they were reared.

"Did you not know?" she said. "I am Faustine Dirche. I had married, a second time—here; hence my change of name. There were

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two, Faustines, however. It was my niece, of the same name, who died."

"Then you know the whole," cried Clemence, brokenly. "She, too, had a foster-child—Gaston St. Foix. You may have seen him since you left our part of France—since he grew up—before this dreadful war. He is dead—dead! They murdered him! And he was my betrothed husband."

"Listen," said her foster-mother. "I have strange news. I have heard that Gaston did not die."

"My God! My God! Is it certain? Is it——"

"Yes, yes! See, this was the way of it. Weeks ago, a soldier in the same regiment was taken prisoner. He was fired at—was wounded; but he escaped. He got into the mountains; he made his way to this village, to my house. I took him in. I have few neighbors. Nobody asked questions. He was ill. Enough for all of us. We only ask both armies to leave us in peace."

She told her story slowly, with pauses, as if afraid to reach the end—watching Clemence narrowly the while.

"Go on! Oh, go on! He told you that—that——"

"Only be calm, be calm. It is all good news—all good," she said, through a sudden rush of tears.

"He told me that when Gaston was leaving his prison, the Germans surprised the village. Gaston fought with his men, was stunned by a pistol shot——"

"But not killed—not killed?"

"No, no! He was found later, where he fell—taken prisoner, too, with so many others."

"A prisoner——"

"Wait! It was a mercy! He would have been shot, through the plot formed against him by the wicked men, who hated him because he was good and noble. During his imprisonment he got the whole truth—the proofs from a man who had been led into it. He told when he was dying."

"Gaston proved innocent—innocent?"

"Yes. Wait. Listen! Since then I have had other news. He escaped. I have hopes that he may reach the village even. He is hidden——"

"He is here!" broke in Clemence. "You are afraid to tell! Oh, joy does not kill. He is here!"

The door opened—a voice called her name. For a little she thought that she must have died, and gone straight into Heaven. Gaston held her in his arms.

During his captivity the means of clearing up the plot against him had been put in his hands. The proofs did not implicate Martin Bochet, but the dying man who revealed the truth to St. Foix, had the moral certainty that he had urged on the persons who carried out the evil bargain. If so, he paid the penalty of his sin; for before a year went by he was guillotined. Destiny called him back to Paris, and his head fell during the latter days of Robespierre's rule.

The lovers lived—past the righting of Gaston's name—past the horrors of the Revolution; lived long years of happiness, which brought their lives far on into our century; but my record of them finishes with that blessed reunion in the faithful peasant's dwelling.

THE END.

TO MYRA.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M. D.

Myra, we have met before,
Somewhere—somehow—in a vision;
In some starry clime Elysian,
Or on cloud-land's misty shore.
Smile, ye skeptics, in derision:
Truly, have we met before.

In my soul, I bear a token
Of that meeting; memory dearer
Than all else, and gathered nearer
To my heart—a dream unbroken;
Where the skies were softer, clearer,
There our fondest love was spoken.

Surely, we have met before,
In some holier condition,
(This I know by intuition,)
In the days of primal yore,
Ere we found, by strange transition,
This unloved, unfriendly shore.

Even now thy eyes are telling,
From their depths of love unbounded—
Depths, no mortal ever sounded—
Some pure star was once thy dwelling,
Where thy soul, by light surrounded,
Tasted bliss with pulses swelling.

Myra, we were strangely fated:
Was the fiat less than cruel,
That compelled our love's renewal,
And dead Hope reanimated?
One in heart—in being, dual:
Thus for ages have we waited.

Let us hope—despairing never!
Every earnest wish, ascending,
Finds fruition, close attending;
Time, our lives, can only sever,
While our souls, together blending,
Make a Paradise forever.

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MISS MEHETABEL.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

"If you please, Miss Mehetabel, would you like some pansies to-day?"

But the lady to whom this appeal was made, without any apparent regard to it, passed quickly across the pavement, from her carriage to the steps of the fashionable boarding-house, which was her temporary abode.

The little flower-vender's heart thrilled with a pang of keen disappointment. For a week she had not failed to be at her post beside those steps, at the very hour when the lady usually returned from her daily visit to the Exposition. It was not every customer who had manners so kind, or a voice so sweet, or who looked at the little girl with such interested eyes, and called her "my dear." To the child, "Miss Mehetabel" was the embodiment of everything gracious and beautiful; the quaint name, accidentally overheard, delighted her fancy, as much as the owner's kind ways touched her sensitive little heart. To-day she had hurried breathlessly through half a dozen streets, in her eager anxiety not to be late; and, alas! the lady did not even notice her.

The child glanced at her freshest and finest cluster of pansies, the one she had specially reserved for this moment; and her poor little lip involuntarily quivered as she prepared to turn away. She was much too shy to try to attract the lady's attention by speaking a second time. Nay, it even seemed an impossible thing to return to-morrow, after such a manifest repulse. It was a cruel termination to the romance of a week.

Miss Mehetabel was far from being guilty of deliberately slighting or neglecting the little admirer, whom she had come to expect daily with pleasure; but she was preoccupied, fretted, and fatigued by a long day's wandering amid the bewildering sights and sounds of the great Exposition, in company with a party of not very congenial acquaintances. Absolute repose and silence seemed to her more desirable than any other earthly thing. The noise and distraction of the heated streets reminded her, by contrast, of her own cool, white chamber at home; she vaguely wondered what infatuation had possessed her, unaccustomed as she was to the excitements of sight-seeing, to come hither, in this stifling weather, and endure, day after day, the companionship of the Jones family.

"One ought to be growing sensible at five-and-thirty, if ever," said Miss Mehetabel to herself, discontentedly. "But I see every little grain of wisdom costs us its full value to the end of our days. If, as somebody says, man's foresight only equalled his hind-sight!"

And then, Miss Mehetabel's shapely foot slipped on the broad stone steps, and grasping at the nearest object to steady herself, she found her hands on the shoulders of the little flower-girl, who had impulsively sprung forward to her assistance, and now looked up at her with a single big tear trembling in either eye, ready to fall.

"Thank you, dear," said Miss Mehetabel, smiling on her supporter. "Here you are, as usual! But if it had not been for this awkward stumble, I really believe I should have passed without seeing you. Why, what is the matter, child? Are you crying?"

"No, ma'am—nothing," said the child, confused. "Only I saved such a nice bunch of pansies for you, Miss Mehetabel, and you never looked at me at all."

"Is that it?" said Miss Mehetabel, laughing a little, and beginning to draw out her porte-monnaie. "It was a very shabby thing for me to do. Never mind; it shall not happen again."

The child flushed instantly.

"If you please," she said, with a quick gesture of refusal—"if you *please*, Miss Mehetabel, I should like you to let me give them to you, just this once." And thrusting the velvety, golden-hearted blossoms into the lady's hands, she ran off, without waiting to be either thanked or expostulated with.

"I won't have her think it was the money I waited for," said the proud little maiden to herself, tingling all over, and barely able to refrain from tears at the thought that Miss Mehetabel might possibly have imputed her evident disappointment to a mercenary motive.

Miss Mehetabel stood a moment, looking after the small figure vanishing around the corner, its head held very high, and hardly knew whether she was most amused or touched by the oddity of the incident.

"Poor little thing! What a pitiful look! I am really ashamed not to have noticed her. However, I must try to make it up to her to-

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morrow—that is, if she will permit me," said Miss Mehetabel, laughing softly. "What a pity that such an interesting little creature should be running about the streets like that! I wonder if she belongs to nobody? If I had ever thought of adopting a child—— Nonsense! What could I do with a child, except to spoil it?"

Miss Mehetabel placed the little flower-vender's gift in a tiny vase, in her own chamber. There it remained unnoticed many hours, a silent solution, had she known it, of many complications of thought and feeling, which had combined to perplex her of late.

In the excitement of the last few weeks, and the contact with fresh experiences and ideas, Miss Mehetabel had been gradually growing conscious that her life could not go on henceforth with its old conditions quite unchanged. She felt the need of some new interest, some absorbing occupation. What was it to be? She was not like some of the women she had met of late; she had no taste for presiding in committees, or trying to teach society its duties; even had she been inclined to any branch of art or science, it was too late to pursue it seriously. She could not devote herself to the poor, like the heroine of an English novel, for there were no poor to speak of, in her native village. She did not care to travel, or write a book, or found a sisterhood. Miss Mehetabel was too wise not to see clearly that she had no vocation for anything extraordinary. That made it only the more difficult to decide in what way the need for wider activities and sympathies could be satisfied. It was a question which could not have arisen, had Miss Mehetabel been what nature intended her to be—a happy wife and mother. Like many another woman, she had missed her destiny.

There was an episode in Miss Mehetabel's life to which she never alluded. It was connected with bridal robes, growing yellow in closed drawers that never saw the light; with the dead shapes of proud and joyful hopes, that could have no resurrection. It was the old story of weakness betrothed to strength; carried away from its saving allegiance by a pretty face and a fit of passion; doubtless, repenting long since in sackcloth and ashes.

Miss Mehetabel did not come of a race which either forgot or forgave easily. She believed herself to have outlived the pain of those days, and to entertain for John Engleton no feeling but contemptuous indifference; nevertheless, at the bottom of her heart, almost unacknowledged, lurked a secret sentiment, that when his hour of humiliation arrived, it would be but just and meet that she should be there to witness it—she did not add, to exult in it. Miss Mehetabel supposed herself to be influenced merely by a fine sense of retributive justice. For years, however, no tidings of his fate had reached her.

As she paced to and fro in the narrow confines of her narrow chamber, lines of disturbed thought growing visible on her still white forehead, Miss Mehetabel's glance fell upon the vase of pansies, and rested there, at first, half-absently. Then she paused before them; admired the delicate tints of purple, and azure, and gold, heightened vividly by the gas-light; touched, with a gentle forefinger, the rich petals. No two flowers had the same combination of coloring; each had an individual look; and as she gazed, her fancy shaped them into resemblances of many quaint faces, from each of which looked forth a separate soul, and all at once the eyes of the little flower-girl seemed to meet hers. Miss Mehetabel half-smiled, half-sighed, and turned away. She had not been insensible to the child's romantic fancy for her. It touched her curiously, though she was accustomed to the partialities of children; perhaps because her emotions were in a state of unusual tension; perhaps because fate had a design in it. At any rate, the attraction between the woman and the child was mutual.

"If I had ever thought of adopting a child," said Miss Mehetabel, once more; but this time she did not put away the suggestion with a shrug of the shoulders. Why not? she asked herself. She was mistress of her time and money, fond of children, peculiarly fitted to undertake the care and training of one; moreover, such a task would furnish her with the very interest and occupation she desired. Miss Mehetabel determined to take the idea into serious consideration. There was no need to come to a decision abruptly; and, in the meantime, she would cultivate the acquaintance of the little flower-girl.

Therefore, the next day, when the child, at the usual hour, took up her position beside the boarding-house steps, she was astonished by an intimation that Miss Mehetabel was in, and would like to have her walk up stairs. Up stairs she accordingly went, following the messenger, and speedily, with a fast-beating heart, found herself in the presence of the lady with the kind eyes and sweet smile; actually bidden to sit down in a low chair by Miss Mehetabel's side, and rest for a few minutes; pressed to accept oranges and cake; better than all, feeling herself the object of that gentle interest which had already won her heart.

Children readily confided in Miss Mehetabel. She very soon learned that her little friend's name was Dora; that she was twelve years old;

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that her mamma had died last year, and little brother not long after; that Dora could not go to school since then, for papa could not afford it. Papa copied papers for the lawyers, but was ill a great deal, and lately had had no employment. They were very poor, and that was why she came to be selling flowers. She concluded very seriously with, "Little Nell put it into my head first."

"Little Nell?" cried Miss Mehetabel.

"Yes, Miss Mehetabel. Little Nell, in the story Mr. Dickens wrote, you know. It was one day when papa was very sick, and I missed mamma dreadfully; and I went into the garden—to cry," said Dora, hesitatingly, as if the confession implied moral cowardice. "And there were mamma's flowers everywhere; so many, and so beautiful, and the pansies the most beautiful of all! And somehow, I remembered little Nell and her grandfather, and then I thought of the Centennial, and the people coming and going; and so—and that is how it was."

The beautiful, dark-eyed lady looked so grave, and sat musing so long after Dora ceased to speak, that the child was growing flushed and nervous with a dread of having somehow annoyed her. But when Miss Mehetabel at last raised her eyes, they were as kind and reassuring as ever, though, it may be, a little saddened.

"You poor little thing! with nothing in this cruel world but your bunches of flowers and your brave heart! What will become of you when the frost withers your garden?" thought Miss Mehetabel. Aloud, she said, "And what does your papa do all day while you are absent?"

"Oh, I try to get up very early, and put everything in order. I get papa's breakfast, and make his bed," said Dora, simply. "Then there is a family living in our house, and when papa is not able to go out, and needs anything, Mrs. Mack is very kind. You can't think how kind she is, Miss Mehetabel. There are such good people in the world. Don't you think so?"

Miss Mehetabel assented, not without secret emotion. She was struck with the absence of any trace of childish dependence in Dora's talk; innocent and ingenuous as her own favorite little Nell; like her, she also, alas! had been forced upon a premature womanhood of consideration and care. Miss Mehetabel gathered that the mother had been the mainspring of the household, and that, since her death, Dora had been left measurably to her own guardianship and counsel.

"You must let me come and see you, Dora," said Miss Mehetabel, finally. "Perhaps I may be able to find something for your papa to do, when he is able, and then you will not be obliged to sell flowers all day. A little girl like you ought not to be in the streets so much. May I come?"

"Oh, Miss Mehetabel!" exclaimed Dora, clasping her hands with an inexpressible look. She would have liked to fall at the lady's feet, and kiss her gracious fingers. It was like a page from a fairy tale. Foremost into her mind came the thought of her papa's astonishment.

"Because I never told him anything about you," said the child. "He will think I have only had a pleasant dream, until he sees you coming in."

"By the way," said Miss Mehetabel, recalling Dora, as she turned to leave the room, with a promise to return at a certain hour to-morrow, "you have not mentioned your papa's name, have you?"

"I don't remember, Miss Mehetabel. Papa's name is Engleton—John Engleton."

Miss Mehetabel's heart stood still, with a sensation as if some one had struck her a blow

"John Engleton!" She paused. Perhaps there was more than one John Engleton in the world. "Has your papa always lived in Philadelphia, Dora?"

"I was born here, Miss Mehetabel; but a long time ago papa used to live in New York, at a place called Westridge."

"That will do," said Miss Mehetabel, motioning the child away. She did not want any further confirmation of John Engleton's identity.

The door had hardly closed upon Dora, departing in a rapture of hope and delight, and adoring gratitude, when Miss Mehetabel was on her feet, pacing hastily up and down, like an enraged lioness. So it was John Engleton's child she was about to befriend; it was John Engleton whom she had planned to rescue from distress. All the bitterness that had lain dormant in her soul sprang into active being; the woman herself trembled at the strength of her own roused passions—at the storm that swept over her with awakened recollections of the past, its pain and humiliation, with a vision of the monotonous, intervening years creeping by, empty of hope or purpose. And to whom was it owing that her life had been so unprofitable to herself or others, but John Engleton? Now, her hour had come. John Engleton should feel it.

Thereupon, as she grew calmer, a subtle, unwomanly scheme of revenge crept into Miss Mehetabel's mind. It grew upon her as she considered it. There was a righteous law of recompense for all the sin and suffering of the earth, she reminded herself, grimly. This man had

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robbed her youth of its brightness, brushed away the bloom and glory of her life; it was but just that, amid the humiliations of poverty and obscurity, John Engleton should be still more deeply humiliated by charity from the hand of her he had injured. More: he should see her, from the shining heights of ease and prosperity on which she stood secure, step down into his lowly abode, and bear thence all that remained to him of dearest in life, leaving him alone for evermore. She felt a savage satisfaction in the certainty of success. John Engleton might rebel against the necessity of parting with his only child; of becoming, in any sense, Miss Mehetabel's pensioner; but poverty and distress are two strong arguments, with which she felt sure of overcoming all the objections which a man, so weak by nature, and brought so low by circumstances, could muster.

It was the hour of the powers of darkness with Miss Mehetabel. How the long, sleepless night passed, she never knew; morning found her haggard and weary, but firm in her purpose. She put on a rich robe, the better to emphasize the contrast between them in the eyes of her fallen enemy; she adorned herself with jewels, but she scarcely ventured to look in the glass. She was afraid of her own eyes. When Dora appeared, she tried to meet her with the accustomed smile and kind word; but the child was not to be deceived. She felt the change, and grew half afraid of the grand lady who walked at her side, and who, before they had proceeded far, dropped into a stern silence, and seemed hardly conscious of her little companion's presence. It was not at all the Miss Mehetabel of her previous experience, she thought; nor was it; but a Nemesis, intent on the accomplishment of her task.

They stopped at a small cottage, in the very outskirts of the city; it had the forlorn look of a place in which nobody is interested; all the more forlorn, as it had evidently once been carefully and neatly kept. Dora ushered Miss Mehetabel through a narrow passage, and up a flight of bare, steep, creaking stairs. Pausing at a half-open door, she whispered,

"Papa is not so well to-day, and is lying down. I hope you won't mind?"

"By no means," said Miss Mehetabel; and Dora pushed the door wider.

The hour was come! The hour she had so long been secretly convinced *must* come; the hour of retributive justice, to which the slow years had converged his life and hers, as to a focus. Miss Mehetabel did not ask herself what her guardian angel would have said of the spirit in which she approached it. I do not think she would have dared.

It was a poor, little, shabby chamber they entered, although neat; and on a low couch, in the attitude of slumber, lay the figure of a man, partly covered by a rough shawl. The sound of their footsteps entering did not seem to disturb him; nor did he stir when Dora said, softly, "Papa, the lady is here."

"How sound asleep papa must be!" said the child, in a disappointed whisper; and going to his side, she bent over him, calling him in a louder tone. She touched his hand.

"What is the matter with papa?" she said, her eyes dilating with a look of mingled fright and wonder, as she turned their glance on her visitor. "His eyes are open—but he doesn't hear me. Papa! papa!" she shrieked, her vague terror increasing at the sight of Miss Mehetabel's sudden pallor.

It was a vain appeal. John Engleton indeed slept; but it was the sleep which no sound but that of the resurrection trump would break.

"My God, forgive me!" cried Miss Mehetabel, falling on her knees.

All resentment died in her soul as she looked down upon the rigid face of her dead enemy. Sharp remorse succeeded. What had she been thinking about? This her hour of triumph? Nay; it was the rebuke of One greater than she, to the evil spirit that had so long possessed her. Like a flash, the stern words of the old Scripture rose before her: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

"May God forgive me, as I forgive him!" said Miss Mehetabel, solemnly, and rose up to comfort the child.

ON A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY J. ALLISON.

Two little blue eyes are closing in sleep,
Angels are gathering, their night-watch to keep;
Bright as the stars, softly shining above,
Come at the child's call, these beings of love.

Two little feet are so tired to-night,
Running from dawn till the last fading light.
Lay her down gently, angels will keep
Our little darling while she's asleep.

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CUPID AND THE CAPTAIN.

BY BESSIE W. WILCOX.

"Oh, dear!" said Jeannie, "I'm so tired of this horrible old ship, with its eternal up and down, that I don't know what to do! I've finished my worsted-work, and haven't an inch of canvas left on which I can put a stitch. I've read all the books on board, and there's not a soul that's well enough to speak but our two selves."

"If the ship didn't roll so, we might walk," said Deb, turning over in her steamer-chair, and making a languid effort to reply.

At this moment, the Captain, fresh and breezy, came along, and as firm upon his feet as the piers for the Brooklyn bridge.

"Well," said he, looking down at us with his bright, brown eyes—the Captain was a handsome, portly man of forty-two—"isn't this lovely? Who wouldn't go to sea in such weather as this?"

"I wouldn't!" snapped Deb.

The Captain looked honestly surprised. "Why," said he, "what more could you ask? Look at that sunset. Isn't it beautiful? Look at the moon, just beginning to show her face. Isn't that lovely?" And he appealed to Jeannie.

"Oh, yes, if one could stand on land and see them; but one can't enjoy anything at sea. How can I think of the moon, when my head goes so all the time?" And Jeannie tumbled her hands over and over in her lap, like a dog digging for rabbits.

The Captain laughed, and looked at us in pity. "The fact is," said he, "the sea is no place for women. But for all that, I courted my wife at sea, and I married her aboard ship."

"Oh, dear! how could you?" asked Jeannie. "However, perhaps she wasn't sea-sick."

"Yes, she was; she was terrible sea-sick. If she hadn't been, I dare say I should never have been particularly acquainted with her."

"Sit down, and tell it," said Deb, eagerly.

The Captain took a long look at the horizon, and then sat down. Over in the west, and above the horizon, was a wonderful crimson and purple country, with range after range of scarlet hills; one faint green lake in the centre, and just one star drowned in its depths. Over in the east was a silver ship, the first we had seen in a week; and just behind us, the sea-birds had settled down for their night's rest, in the cradle of those stormy waves.

"Well," said the Captain, "fifteen years ago I was twenty-seven years old, and I had sailed out of the port of New York, as one thing and another, for a good many years; but this was my first voyage as captain, and it was to be a long one, too—several months. I was feeling very good about it. I'd got a nice ship. Of course it was a steamer. Steamers was more scarce in those days than they are now; and though I'd liked being mate pretty well, every sailor wants to be captain, and here I was captain at last. Then I'd been up to Connecticut to see my mother, and left the old lady remarkably well and comfortable; and so everything seemed just as nice and comfortable, till I came back to the ship, and found there were seven women booked to take the voyage with me!

"You see, in those days I was uncommonly green. I'd been at sea all my life, and never had anything to do with women, and I didn't know how to get along with them; and I had an idea it took all a fellow's time a waiting on 'em. And, altogether, I'd as lief have the devil himself on board as one woman, let alone seven. Well, I went down to the ship company's office, and put it in hot to the president. But they were friends—a mother and six daughters—and he was set upon it that they should go, and go they must. Said they was going out to join the father, who'd settled on some island or other; and he sent them along with me because he knew I'd take care of them. I was mad enough to swear, and told him I wouldn't have anything to do with them more than civility required; that I'd see they was comfortable, but, by the Lord Harry, that was all I would do! But he only laughed, and said he knew I'd do all that was right, and that I needn't be so bothered—they was most of them children, and wouldn't need much attention, and would keep things lively on the ship. So there wasn't anything to be done, and I had to give in.

"When I knew they was coming aboard, I went ashore, and left my steward and first officer to store 'em; and when I came back, I was right mad to see how comfortable and at home they looked—the mother and two oldest daughters sitting sewing in the cabin; and there wasn't a nook or cranny on that ship that the other four girls hadn't poked and pried into. The oldest girl was twenty, and the other was under six-

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teen; and though the young ones was full of mischief, it made me mad to see how genteel and lady-like they all was, and so pretty-behaved, that I couldn't be as offish as I'd meant to. The mother and I was soon great friends, and so I was with the youngest girls; but as soon as we got fairly out to sea, the older ones were taken sick, and I didn't see them again for a week. At the end of that time, they were all on deck again, except the oldest. Jessie was her name, and the mother told me she couldn't get her out for a breath of fresh air. Oh, she was terrible sick! There warn't any let up to it. And there she lay in her berth, losing strength all the time, and wouldn't take the only chance there was for her to get better—going up on deck.

"'Why, ma'am,' says I, to her mother, 'you must get her out. She'll die if you don't.'

"'I can't,' says she. 'She won't do it, and I can't make her.'

"'Well, I can,' says I; 'and you can just tell her that to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, I'm coming to help her on deck; and if she won't come, I'm to take her. I won't have anybody dying on my ship, if I can help it.'

"'All right,' says the mother, kinder crying; for the girl was so sick by that time, she was dreadful frightened.

"Well, when the time come, I went below, and there was Miss Jessie lying on a sofa. Her mother had told her what I said; and though she didn't believe I'd do anything, she'd dressed herself enough to see me. So I bade her good-morning, and said I was glad to see her, and that I'd come to help her on deck; and then I offered her my arm. She answered very politely. She was always very lady-like, even when she was mad, and said she was much obliged, but that she meant to stay where she was.

"So, says I, 'You'd better go on deck; you won't get well if you stay here;' and I offered her my arm again.

"She was the proudest person I ever knew, and she just listened to me till I got through, and then she bowed her head at me, very dignified, and said, 'No, thank you,' and turned over and shut her eyes, as much as to say, "You can go now."

"'Well, then,' says I, 'I'm darned if I don't take you!' And I just gathered her up in my arms, and before she got her eyes open again, I had her on my shoulder, and was running for the companion-way with her, and shouting to the steward to bring up a mattress and some pillows. Oh, wasn't she mad? She was so little, and so exhausted with sickness, that she couldn't do a thing. She was too weak even to pull my hair or box my ears; so she had just to keep still till I laid her down on the bed the steward and her sisters fixed for her. But she wouldn't speak to me, not a word; so I just had chairs brought for her mother and sisters, and then went about my business. When it came time for her to go back again, I just carried her down, and put her back on the sofa, and told her I'd come for her next day. But next day, when I offered her my arm, she took it—all without a word, mind you—and we promenaded upon deck as solemn as two ghosts. Afterward, she told me, that after the first day she tried to lock herself in her state-room; but her little sisters stole the key, and wouldn't give it up; so she only had the choice between walking and riding, and she chose to walk.

"After this, she began to get better. Why, it was wonderful how she improved; and she looked so pretty, sitting up on her pillows, that I began to coax her to talk to me; and very soon she forgot all about how mad she was, and we became very good friends. I began to court her just as hard as I could, and I did have the worst time with those little sisters of hers that ever was. There was always one or two of them round, and I didn't mind that so much, but they were always getting into some mischief or other. And when I was making love to her as hard as I could, up I'd have to jump, and run off to save the little witches from breaking their necks. Then they would steal my onions. You know onions are very necessary on a long voyage. And as soon as they found I set store by them, the imps made away with them whenever they could; and just as I'd get a good tight hold of her hand, I'd be sure to catch sight of some of those young ones at my onions. Then I'd have to let go, and rush after them; and by the time I got back, she'd have hidden away her hand, and I'd have to begin all over again."

And the stalwart Captain shook his head, and sighed over his laborious courting.

"Well, by-and-bye, when I found Jessie was all right, I applied to the mother, but she was very unwilling—in fact, refused up and down. I didn't wonder at it either, for I was pretty lively in those days, and they didn't know anything about me, except what they'd seen on the voyage. But the mother said she wasn't willing to take the responsibility of letting Jessie marry when her father was so far away; and that he'd sent for them all to come out to him, and she didn't know what he'd say to her if she lost Jessie by the way. Of course, that was all right; but there was something in the way she said it that raised my dander. So, says I, 'All right, ma'am. I

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shan't marry your daughter without the consent of at least one of her parents; but, if I'm not mistaken, I'll have that consent before very long.'

"'I don't know what you mean,' says she, very short.

"'You'll find out soon,' says I.

"And so she did; for after that I kept myself to myself, and never stepped on the after-deck, except when they were below; had the first officer take my place at table, and took my meals in my own room. Oh, I felt terrible bad! But Jessie she took it to heart as much as I did; and before long she was down sick again; and she did nothing but cry all day long, and neither her mother nor her sisters could get her on deck. Well, the mother stood that as long as she could, but finally she sent for me, and told me, kinder stiff, that Jessie felt so bad about the engagement being broken, that she thought it better be renewed. So I said, pretty stiff on my side, 'Madam, I will renew my engagement with your daughter on one condition—that I marry her before we part. She can go on with you, and see her father if you like; but I won't let her go to the other side of the world from the place where I'm going, unless we're married, and I'm sure of getting her when I come back.'

"The mother made a terrible time about that, but I wouldn't give in an inch. So at last she gave her consent, and the poor thing burst out crying, and said I might do what I liked, if I'd only get Jessie on deck. I didn't wait to hear any more, but I tore down stairs as if the devil was after me, and knocked at the door of Jessie's state-room. 'Come in,' says she, very weak. I threw the door open, and rushed in; and there she lay in her berth, just as white as the wrapper she had on; and she had a handkerchief in her hand, all in a little damp ball, with the way she had been crying. I flew at her, and snatched her up in my arms, and I—why, I most devoured her! And says I, 'Come up on deck, and get well. We're going to get married, as soon as we're in port.' And away I went up on deck, with her in my arms. I rushed into my cabin, where her mother and sister were sitting on the sofa, and I sat down in a big chair, and held her in my lap; and after she'd cried till she was tired, she began to laugh; and then we both laughed and talked, till the mother laughed too, and said she thought we were crazy. But by dinner-time Jessie and I were both back in our places, and everything was as lovely as—as it is to-night," added the captain, casting his misguided eyes over the waste of heaving water around us, now black in the evening light.

"Things all went smooth as oil after that," continued the Captain, "and I looked forward every day to the time we should get into port. And I dreaded it, too, for I knew I should lose her very soon after that. They were going out on a vessel that was to start a few days after we got in, and it was arranged that they should stay on board ship till time to be off. Meanwhile, I'd made up my mind to be married on deck. We got into port in the night, and the next morning I was off, and on shore, as soon as breakfast was over, and in a carriage, riding up and down, and hunting for a minister. You see, I was a stranger, and didn't know I had a friend in town; but before I'd been half an hour on shore, I found two. The first was Ben Roland, an old friend of mine, whom I thought safe at home; but he'd come by another route, and here he was; and I just drove up behind him as he was going in the door of a hotel. 'Hullo, Ben!' says I, opening the carriage-door. 'You're the very man I want. I'm just hunting for a groomsman. Get in! Get in!' And I pulled him into the carriage, and told him all about it. Of course, Ben was happy to serve; but he hadn't been there much longer than I had, and didn't know where to find a clergyman any more than I did. The hack-driver didn't know anything about it; and finally we copied several names out of the directory, and went and called on their owners. Would you believe it, every one of those clergymen were out except one, and he had a funeral on his hands for three o'clock!

"'Well,' says I, 'I'll be darned if I don't get married to-day somehow. Jessie's ready, and the first officer's dressing up the ship with flags, and one thing and another; and if I can't be married at three, I'll have to be at five!

"The clergyman said he was off duty at five; but as he didn't seem to understand very well how to find me, I left Ben and the carriage standing before the door, with orders not to let the Reverend out of his sight till he brought him to the ship at five o'clock. So there he sat, smoking and reading the paper, till funeral time; then he drove him there, attended the funeral, and then, away to where the gig was waiting for them.

"Meantime I walked off alone; and after I'd gone a couple of blocks, who should I meet but Mr. Grinnell, an old friend of my father's, and of mine. 'Hullo, Fred!' says he, 'where in thunder did you come from?' And then we fell to talking, and he told me he'd come to town, to meet Jessie's mother and the girls.

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"'Why, I brought 'em with me,' says I. 'They're on board my ship now.'

"'You don't say!" says he, winking at me. 'Uncommon good luck for a young bachelor like you, Fred.'

"'Oh, nonsense!' says I, looking as glum as I could. 'I didn't want 'em to come. I did my best to leave 'em behind.'

"'You did?' says he. 'That shows uncommon bad taste on your part. They're the nicest girls I know.'

"'They're well enough,' says I.

"'Well enough?' says he. 'They're splendid! I'll tell you what, Fred, it's time you were married; and if you will marry one of those girls, I'll give you a wedding-suit. There!'

"'Done!' says I, shaking hands with him. 'I'm going to marry one of them this afternoon. Come to the wedding, and bring along the suit.'

"'You're not?' says he.

"'I am,' says I. 'Five o'clock, sharp. But if you're not there, remember, we won't wait for you or the suit.'

"'I believe you're lying,' says he. 'But come in, and let's have your measure.'

"Well, I went back to the ship, and by five o'clock everything looked fine, I can tell you. The awnings were all up, and every rag of bunting that the first officer could beg, borrow, or steal, was flying in the breeze; and the man-o'-war in the harbor lent us its band. The officers off all the ships came aboard; and the steward got up a supper that would have done honor to Delmonico. Jessie and her sisters had had up their trunks, and rummaged out their white dresses; and they had some flowers, that I had brought them from on shore, in their hair; and they all looked as pretty as rose-buds. Mr. Grinnell was there, too, with some of his daughters, and the wedding-suit, though he didn't much believe in the wedding, till he got aboard. And then, just after him, came Ben, shoving the minister ahead of him, up the ladder. He'd tagged round after that poor man all the afternoon, and he never let go of him till he saw him safe on deck.

"Just at two bells we were married. Ben and Julia, the second girl, stood up with us, and the mother gave her away; and then we had supper, and a smashing ball; and I was the happiest man alive.

"Five days after that their ship sailed, and my wife went with them; and a week after that I set off on my return voyage. Then, when I reached New York, the owners gave me a larger vessel, and sent me to Europe, and then to India; and so, in one way and another, it was a whole year before I could get back to where I was married. That was a long year, I can tell you; and the worst of it was, that I didn't see any prospect of seeing her very soon. She was off on that cussed island with her father; and though I would be comparatively near her again, I couldn't leave the ship long enough to go and see her. I wrote to her every chance I got; but mail matters are so uncertain in that part of the world, that my letters were often a perfect age in reaching her; and though I always knew where she was, she often didn't know for weeks together what had become of me. So, when I come into port on the first anniversary of my wedding-day, I didn't expect anything better than some letters; but the ship had scarcely come to her moorings, when Ben Roland came tumbling up the ladder.

"'Hullo, Fred!' says he. 'Come ashore. Your wife's in town, and I reckon she'd like to see you.'

"'My wife?' says I. 'Lord Harry!' and I rushed into my cabin and jumped into my best clothes, and was in the boat in a twinkling.

"'Where is she? How did she get here?' I shouted. 'Thunder, man! why don't you speak?' and I shook him by the back of his neck. But he only laughed, and said she was at his house.

"'I didn't know you had a house,' says I.

"'I have, though. I've married Julia; and when your wife got your letter, saying you were coming here, she told her father she wasn't going to stay away from you any longer. So she's been waiting for you for a week.'

"'She's an angel!' says I; and I said so all the way to the house.

"She didn't know the ship had arrived. Ben had seen her from down town, and she and her sister were sitting in the parlor entertaining some ladies, when Ben let me in with his latch-key. I opened the door, and there she was, on the sofa, and looking just as sweet as when I saw her last. I didn't stop for any ceremony, I can assure you. It wouldn't have made any difference if there'd been fifty people in the room. Why, she was most eaten up in a minute, and all the ladies got up and laughed, and said they guessed they'd better go. I didn't say anything against it, and I don't think Julia did either; so they went away and left us to ourselves.

"Then I had to do all my courting over again, for we'd been separated so long, we were scarcely acquainted. And this time it was just as pleasant as it was the first, and for me a great deal

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pleasanter; for you see there wasn't the least bit of doubt about the result; she hadn't even the ghost of a chance to say 'no.' So I bought a house next door to Julia and Ben, and I've sailed out of the same port ever since. I only go on short voyages now-a-days, and seldom am ever away from her for more than two months at a time. We have two sons and a daughter now, and she seems to be pretty well contented. As for me, you can see, I'm not pining. I'm getting old," continued the Captain, stretching his vigorous arms; "but my boys are growing up, and—— Dear! dear! to-night is just as lovely as the night I was married."

"What a nice story," said Deb, smiling. "Well, I suppose some people are interesting when they're at sea. I know I'm not."

"Some people interesting at sea?" said the Captain. "I guess they are. People have nothing else to do at sea, and so Cupid has full swing. It's a mighty dangerous situation for one when a pretty little landsman is put under his charge; and he might about as well strike colors at once. But it isn't so with the lady. If she's sea-sick, she won't pay any attention to love-making; and while one's courting her as hard as he can, she's generally thinking about a thundering headache she has, or wishing she had a little more ice. Oh, I tell you, sailors are much abused animals." And the gallant Captain shook his head mournfully.

By this time the sun had hidden his diminished head, and the moon was having it all her own way. The purple and crimson country had vanished into night; the silver ship had sailed away, down below the horizon; and the tired little land-bird had tucked his head under his wing for the night. Mrs. Boxer & Co., after the fashion of people at sea, had gone to bed with the sun; and we were alone on deck, with only the man at the wheel, and the Southern Cross, blazing in white splendor, to keep us company. By-and-bye Jeannie's pretty eyes began to close, and Deb's answers to grow thick and dreamy. So we said good-night, and soon were dozing off to sleep, with the sound of the waves in our ears, and dreams of Jessie and the Captain still dancing through our heads.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY MARIE E. M'CALL.

In my Book of Life, leaf after leaf,
The Master's hand turned o'er,
E'en to the last, while I in grief
Stood trembling, weeping sore;
Thinking how marred, and dark with blots,
Was every page my tears
Had washed in vain, to cleanse the spots
From the record of the years.

In dread, I waited the just rebuke,
And bowed in shame my head,
But, gently, my hand in His own He took—
"Fear not, my child," He said;
"I will not chide: see, free from stain
Another page, pure, fair,
Before thee lies:—try yet again,
Write good deeds, true words there."

Upward I looked, the touch, the tone
So tender, moved my heart
To thank and bless Him, but alone
I stood, with lips apart.
Thrilling with words unsaid, my eyes
Saw not the face divine,
But the golden stars in the purple skies,
And I heard the church-bells chime.

Solemn and slow the midnight hour
They pealed, then loud and clear
Rang merrily out from every tower,
To greet the glad New Year.
And I knew, but a dream was my vision bright,
Yet its meaning came to me,
Like the welcome gleam of the beacon-light,
To a mariner far at sea.

When the clock struck ten, two hours before,
From the circle gay I sped
Alone to my chamber, and closed the door,
Then each penned page I read
In my diary small, to the very last,
And all were stained and wet
With bitter tears; for the fruitless past
I grieved with vain regret.

"Twelve months," (I wailed,) "now fled for aye!
Ah, me! how swift they went!
And I cannot recall a single day
Of the many lost, misspent!"
Then low I bent, by the window seat,
To pray—for God more nigh
Did seem, (so ran my fancy sweet,)
If I could but see the sky.

There, like a child, myself to sleep
I sobbed, and the vision, bright
As sunlight, shone through my slumbers deep,
And my sorrow put to flight.
Not alone for me are the words of cheer,
For His children great and small;
He pleads, "Oh, Father! another year
Spare Thou this tree." To all

He gives again the Book of Life,
A fresh, white page turned o'er.
Oh, let us wage a ceaseless strife,
And fight, as ne'er before,
For the glorious prize, the victor's crown,
Glad when the goal is won,
At the Master's feet to cast it down,
And hear His sweet "Well done."

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A SUDDEN SHOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUCH A LOVE OF A MAN," ETC., ETC.

"What shall we do, Neddy? There's going to be a shower, and we'll never get home in time."

"Oo cover me with oo basket," said Neddy, "and hide oosel'f under a tree."

Little Katie Spencer had been out berrying with her brother, and had not observed the gathering storm until this moment. Now, all at once, the sudden darkness, and the ominous rising of the wind, arrested her attention. She had just time to drag Neddy under shelter, when the tempest burst in all its fury.

It had rained, perhaps for ten minutes, when a light summer-carriage, drawn by two blooded horses, came rattling down the road. A young gentleman, apparently about eighteen years of age, sat on the front seat, driving. Seeing Katie and her brother, he pulled up.

"Hillo! little ones," he cried, in a frank, cheery voice, "don't you want a ride? If you stay there, you'll get wet through. Jump down, John, and help the children in."

A groom, in a plain livery, at this moment sprang out, and assisted Katie and her brother, nothing loth, into the carriage. "That's all right now," said the youthful knight. And he added, mentally, "What a pretty little girl!"

At the end of about ten minutes, the carriage turned in, by a porter's lodge, to a broad avenue, which ended in front of a stately mansion.

"Here we are," said their host. "This is my home, and you must stay here till the storm is over. Let me help you out."

A moment after, he led the way into a spacious hall, with curious old carved furniture, a suit of antique armor, and Spanish leather on the walls. Katie had never, in all her life, seen anything so grand. Her father was a farmer in but moderate circumstances, and excessively penurious, and his house and furniture plain to meanness. But here everything was stately and sumptuous. It seemed to Katie as if she had walked into the Arabian Nights.

Her young host appeared to be gratified by her undisguised admiration. "You like it," he said. "Well, come into the library, and you'll like that better. And we'll have some tea, for you must be half chilled."

The library, into which he now conducted his guests, more than realized all he had said of it. Books lined the walls; busts stood about; there were a few good pictures. Tea was speedily produced, a matronly old housekeeper bringing it in; and with the tea came bread and butter, cut in slices so thin, that they were a marvel to Katie; and also cakes, which latter won Neddy's heart at once. The host's gay talk and cozy manners, soon put his little guests at ease. Neddy began to prattle quite confidentially, and Katie gazed and gazed on the beautiful things about her, feeling that she was in a new world.

It is a melancholy fact, that the lives of the great majority of American women are sadly prosaic. The every-day duties of a household, especially when the means are narrow, exhaust all their time and energies. The beautiful is a sealed book to them. Katie was now twelve years old, but at this moment she had known only the hard, material side of life. This cultured home was a revelation to her. She had been born with all artistic instincts, but hitherto they had lain dormant; now, however, they burst into full life, all at once.

"Oh!" she said to herself, clapping her hands, "if I could only have a few pretty things like these; if I could only learn all there is in these books."

She heaved an involuntary sigh, when, the rain having ceased, the servant entered to announce the carriage.

Their host himself drove the children home. The surprise and gratification of the good mother could not be concealed.

"Been at Thorndyke Hall," she said. "Why, that must be the young heir. I had heard he had just finished at college, and gone to Europe. The old house has been shut up these ten years; in fact, ever since he was an orphan."

"Are the Thorndykes such great people?" asked Katie. "If this is young Mr. Thorndyke, he wasn't a bit stuck up. Was he, Neddy? He said he was going to sail for Europe in a day or two. But what a beautiful house he has," she added, enthusiastically. "Such a library! Such pictures!"

"Oo should tell about the cakes, too," put in Neddy. "Such nice cakes, with sugar on 'em. I likes Missa Thornspike, I doos."

From that day a new era opened for Katie. All she thought of now was how she might participate in this cultured world, of which she had

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caught a glimpse the afternoon of the shower. To get a better education than the district school afforded, now became her ambition. As she grew older, this longing grew more intense. "Oh! mother," she said, again and again, "do persuade father. In time I might become a teacher, and pay him all back."

But it was difficult to bring the father over. He regarded all reading as a waste of time. "I never knew anybody, leastways any woman, to make money by it," he said; and in this opinion, alas! he had, and still has, many imitators, as not a few daughters know to their sorrow. But at last he was persuaded. It was a glad day when Katie, now over thirteen, was sent to boarding-school. How faithfully she worked! "Father shall never regret the money he is spending on me," she said. She was very soon at the head of her class. When her school terms were over, she went to a Female College, supporting herself, partially, by assisting the teacher. Thus the years hastened on. Katie was perfectly happy. Every summer she went back, for a month's vacation, to the old farm, until, when she was twenty, an epidemic fever carried off her parents within a week of each other, and after that the place had no attraction to her, for Neddy had died three years before. So she sold the property, and was quite surprised to find that its price, added to the unexpected savings of her father, gave her a fixed income, not large, indeed, but sufficient for all her simple wants

Meantime, she had developed into great personal loveliness. Her face would have been beautiful under any circumstances, but culture had refined all its lines, and heightened its spirituality. Few were so admired. Had all been known, she would have been even more sought after; for an anonymous novel had just taken the public by storm; and Katie was its author. Only her publisher knew the secret. But everybody was asking who had written this remarkable book.

"I want you to look your best to-night," said a great lady, who was a power in the social world, and whose daughter, an old school-mate, Kate was visiting. "Among my expected guests is Mr. Thorndyke, who has just been elected to Congress, from one of the city districts. He is eminently handsome, rich, accomplished, and is fast rising to eminence in law and politics. He will be a Senator some day, perhaps President."

Could this be *her* Mr. Thorndyke, Katie said to herself; for in all these years she had never forgotten her young host. In secret he was her Red Cross Knight: her hero, to worship, and follow, afar off. In writing her novel, she had unconsciously, revealed something of this; the hero was really Mr. Thorndyke, as he seemed, at least, to Katie. And now, the mere possibility that she might meet him, made her usually calm pulses beat fast. When the evening came, and, on being brought up to be introduced to her, she recognized that he was really the object of her dreams, she felt embarrassed to a degree she had never experienced before.

Mr. Thorndyke was evidently struck by her great beauty, and exerted himself to please; and as he was a brilliant talker, he gradually drew Katie out. Her wit, her magnetism, her wide reading, but most of all, her perfect womanliness, and her sympathetic nature, charmed him inexpressibly. He had never, as he confessed to himself, met her equal before.

"Of course," he said, after awhile, "you have read this new novel, about which everybody is talking. Do you know, however, that I believe the author and I are acquainted?"

"Acquainted?" stammered Katie, trying to speak composedly, though her heart was beating fast. Could she have betrayed herself? Did he suspect? No, that was impossible.

He did not observe her agitation, but went on,

"I feel that I know her, or rather that she knows me. She makes her hero, for instance, do and say things that I would be sure to do and say, under the same circumstances."

"That's not at all remarkable," said Katie, rallying. "Of course, the author, to be natural, must make her characters talk and act like real human beings; and that is just what you assert of her, and no more, as I understand it."

"No, I assert more. But of that presently. Meantime, I have other proofs. The author describes, in her Mount Joy Chase, an old family estate I happen to own, and so accurately, that I feel she must have lived there. But the house has been shut up ever since I was left an orphan, at six years old. So the fair novelist," he continued, laughingly, "must be now forty or fifty years of age; antiquated, ugly as sin, sour and satirical, vinegar double-distilled."

"It was probably your governess, then," said Katie, demurely. "You had a governess, hadn't you, when you were very little? And she was doubtless an old maid, sour and satirical, vinegar double-distilled, as you say?"

"You are chaffing me," answered her companion, with a bright smile. "But I am in earnest. I had a governess, it is true; but she left me before I was five years old; and at that time all I cared for was jam, and plenty of it. She did not know me as I am, she could not. No, you may laugh at me; but what I mean is

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something deeper. I mean that the author has shown a wonderful insight into my profounder nature. I see, too, you apprehend me; your face betrays it. You are so sympathetic, you catch my meaning."

"Not at all," said Katie, yet blushing furiously. Determined, however, not to let the conversation assume too serious a tone, she continued, banteringly, "I was only thinking that, if you should meet the author, you would detect her at once, by the same profound insight, you know." And she glanced up at him, mirth dancing in her eyes.

"Well, I won't quarrel with you," retorted her companion. "You affect not to be convinced. 'If she will, she will, and if she won't, she won't,' as Suckling says. But when you get to know me better, you'll see how like I am to the hero of the story. And now, having made a fool of myself by my egotism, though, after all, it's some subtle quality in you that compels me to confidence, will you show that you pardon me, that you don't think me altogether an incorrigible coxcomb, by giving me this waltz?"

The acquaintance, thus begun, soon ripened into intimacy—nay, into love. As for Katie, she had been in love all these years, though she did not find it out until now; and Thorndyke lost his heart, if truth must be told, on that first evening. Before the season was over, he had asked for, and won, his bride. Everybody envied our heroine. But most of all, she envied herself. To have the dream of her life thus come true, was almost more than she could credit. "God has been very good to me," she said, in the privacy of her chamber. "What have I done to deserve such happiness?"

The secret of her authorship had now to be told to Mr. Thorndyke. It was not without a spice of mischief that Katie did it. He listened in unaffected surprise.

"You?" he cried. "You? I never thought it!"

"Yes! I. Behold, before you," and she made a mock curtsey, "the sour and satirical old maid, double-distilled vinegar itself, whom you knew you would recognize as the author, the moment you saw her."

"I cry your mercy," said the lover. "But how, how did you know me so well? You were never at Thorndyke Hall; you never saw me before this winter. Are you gifted with supernatural powers? I know you to be an enchantress; but you have second-sight; you practice absolute divination."

"Neither a witch, old or young," retorted Katie. "I never ride on broom-sticks, nor deal in midnight incantations. I only happen to have a good memory, which you, sir, have not, it seems."

"A good memory?"

"Yes. We have met before."

"Met before? You are jesting!"

"Met at Thorndyke Hall."

"You astonish me! It cannot be!"

"Shall I tell you a fairy tale? Yes? Well, then, once upon a time, to use the orthodox preface to all such stories, a little girl, with her five-year-old brother, was caught out in a sudden shower, when suddenly, not in a gilded chariot exactly, but in a light summer-carriage, a—well," with a charming blush, "let us say—a young prince drove by. Pitying the forlorn condition of the children, he took them up, carried them to his house—no! it must be called a palace, or else this is no fairy-tale; and then, not only feasted them sumptuously, but also showed them all the wonderful things of his enchanted abode. After that, when the rain was over, he drove them home, and then—and then, to quote good old John Bunyan, and to drop the fairy-tale, he went on his way, and they saw him no more."

Recollection, and recognition, had been dawning on Thorndyke, as Katie went on; and when she finished, he cried, "I remember it all now. And you were the little girl? I wonder I never suspected it before. I often thought of you afterwards, and I now see the resemblance. Only, darling," and he took her to his heart, "you are a thousand times more beautiful."

"Little things, said Katie, sagely, "often mar or make one's destiny. My whole life was changed by the events of that afternoon. What I am, what happiness I hope to have," and she clung to him fondly, "I owe, incidentally, to such a trifle as that SUDDEN SHOWER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

GOD make us brave to meet each loss
Without a sigh;
To do our work, and bear our cross,
Nor question why!

He knows the secret of our ways,
And what is best:
The long, dark shadows pulse with praise,
And lead to rest.

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"MISTRESS RICHARDS' BOY."

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

I WAS only seventeen, when the death of my guardian left me quite homeless. I was an orphan, confided to his care, in my babyhood, by my father, who had been a college chum and close friend. And while my guardian lived I never knew the want of the fatherly protection I had lost so early, or the mother-love I had never known. He was very wealthy, cultured, and refined, and he surrounded my young life with beauty and luxury. And so, when, at his death, which occurred very suddenly, his property all passed to a distant, and, as I fancied, in my disappointment, a rather stony-hearted relative, it was a great shock to me; it was like walking, by one step, from a flowering, blooming garden into a desert.

I think, indeed I know, that he meant to have made some provision for my future. The lawyer said so; said he had often spoken of it; he intended to will half of his property to me, but the papers were not made out. And so, friendless and poor, I was left in the world, to fight its battles alone. Only seventeen! Young shoulders to bear the burdens of care and labor that so suddenly fell upon them.

We had lived in a very secluded manner, and I had very few acquaintances; but I had read many novels, and was as romantic and sentimental as their teachings, and my solitary, dreamy life, could make me. I had never been to school, and so I had not even school-girl friendships to help sustain me in my loneliness. I had had a governess until the last year; a kind woman, to whom I had become much attached; and, in my first desolation and dismay, I thought of her as a possible refuge. But afterthought told me she was a paid dependent, now in another family, and I could not possibly go to her, nor could she come to me.

What was I to do? This hard question, that so many have confronted, stared me in the face the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. I was not fitted for teacher in any high department. I was to have gone away to school, to remain until I graduated, at one of the first young ladies' seminaries in the country. My guardian had written to the principal the day he was taken sick, but that was all past now. My education, as far as it had gone, was good, for my governess was thorough and conscientious. But I knew, incomplete as it was, and with my youth and inexperience, I could not compete with the experienced, successful teachers, who were so readily to be found. I could play the piano well enough for an amateur, but not well enough to teach others. And as for the last resort of destitute ladyhood, fine sewing, I said to myself, one day, as I sat despairingly looking into the future, I could as soon engineer a railroad as to make a fine shirt.

But, by some subtle connection of thought between my last despairing idea and a memory of the past, the recollection of my nurse came to me, the woman who had been like a mother to me till I was ten years old. I thought how kindly she would look up at me from her sewing, when I was good, and how she would occasionally tap me on the head with her silver-top thimble, when I was inclined to be noisy and rude. But, after all, how she loved me; and I remembered that she told me, when she went away, "if I ever wanted a friend, to not forget Priscilla Ann Cobb." Surely that time had come.

I knew, at the time she left here, that a small property had fallen to her from a distant relative, and she had gone to live on her own farm. She was a maiden lady, who entertained at that time a strange aversion to men. True, years might have brought changes; she might have married, and forgotten me. But at all events, it would do no harm to write to her, and maybe she would receive me, until I could think what to do. So I wrote, telling her of my lonely, forlorn state, and asking her if she could receive me for a short time, and if there was any employment near her that I could get, for I should be unhappy if I were dependent upon any one, even my kind old nurse.

In due time the answer came. The letter was long, and although the spelling was bad, the spirit was good; kindness breathed through every word. She answered me "that the house and heart of P. A. Cobb was open and waitin' for me. It would be the happiest day she had spent for years, when she see the little girl that had growed into her heart so tight, a comin' through her front gate. She couldn't pity my lonesome and forlorn state no more, if I was her own child. She had no reflections to cast upon nybody who wasn't in a condition to speak up and answer

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'em. But she did think that some persons might have looked out for some person a little better, and out of such a big property laid up a little for somebody they had always carried the idea they thought the world of. Howsumever, she hadn't any reflections to cast upon anybody here, or in any other world whatsumever. My guardian was a man who had his properties, and was agreabler than most men; and, thank her fortin', she wasn't tied to none of 'em whatsumever, and hadn't no man about her premises to say to her, 'Why do ye so?' No man to hender her from sayin' what she did say, and should say, that I was welcome, and more'n welcome to a home with her, as long as I would make her as happy as a queen on her throne by acceptin' of it. And as for work, if it would make me any happier, though I'd no need to wet my fingers in dish-water if I didn't want to, there was the deestrict school. The teacher had jest died off, and they was in a peck of troubles who to get to fill her place. The trustee, Mr. Capelin, had been to her time and agin, askin' her about it, and she had told him plain right out and out, that she didn't keep school-moms by her, and couldn't furnish them an order, thinkin' he had trailed there enough, and he a widewer, and it might make talk. Though, as for any encouragement she had gin him, folks knew too well her feelins on the subject to think that she would encourage him to come there only on business, and she a not wantin' to misuse him right out and out, on his wife's account, who was a Christian, if there ever was one, and he good to her in her last sickness, she would say it of him, though men was not to be depended on, and she despised the hull set on 'em.

"The school-mom got five dollars a week, and boarded round. But there would be no boardin' round for me, not if she knowed herself. The school-house was only a little ways from her house, and her house was my home as long as I would consent to stay with her, and it was nobody's business only jest hern. There was no man, thank heaven, a swoopin' round to say to her 'Why do ye do so?' The school was small, and I would have no trouble with none of 'em, unless it was Miss Richards'es boy, and a better-dispositioned boy, and a better-hearted boy, never lived than he was; that she would contend for, let anybody run him down that was a mind to. And he probably wouldn't go to the deestrict school much more, bein' promised to be sent through college by them that was able to do so."

And the letter ended as it begun, with warm and lengthy experiences of affectionate interest in my welfare, and welcome to her home.

One week from the day I received her letter, I was on my way to her home. I went a day earlier than I expected, because the lawyer told me the family whom I regarded as stony-hearted, was coming earlier than I supposed, and I wanted to get away before their arrival. So I left my trunks and boxes to be sent on after me, and took the first train for Cold Creek Station, where nurse had written me that I must leave the cars.

I arrived there about eleven in the morning, and the train whizzed away and left me on the platform alone.

How quiet everything looked! It seemed as if the world had stopped to rest. Far off, in the green fields, I could see men at work, and the road stretched away like a dusty white ribbon, and lost itself in the green woodland. The station-master stood by the gate, talking with a good-looking, middle-aged man, who had stopped his wagon by the gate.

I ventured to ask the official the way to Miss Cobb's, and the distance. He said it was "only two miles, right ahead." I thought I could walk that distance quite easily, and set out. All the while I was speaking to the station-master, the good-looking, gray-whiskered man in the wagon eyed me closely, with a pair of keen, good-humored eyes. But I had hardly got out into the road, and started on my walk, than he overtook me. He stopped the wagon.

"Are you the little gal Miss Cobb has been expectin' of?"

"Yes, sir."

"So I thought. Now, I am goin' a mile and over, right on your way, and I will take you along as fur as I go, an' welcome, if you say as much."

I accepted his invitation thankfully, and he reached down his strong brown hand, and helped me up to the seat beside him.

"Goin' to teach the deestrict school, so Miss Cobb told me," said my new companion, after I was comfortably seated.

"Yes, sir, if I am fortunate enough to please the trustee."

"He'd be a darnation fool, if he wasn't pleased with you. A consummit fool, I say, which he hain't in the aforesaid matter jest mentioned, for he likes your looks first-rate; liked you the minute he set his eyes on you. Pretty as a snow-drop, he thought you was. Which, perhaps I ought to say, I am the trustee, who has the present honor of settin' in the buggy with you, Jeremiah Copelin, at your service, mom."

Of course, I expressed my pleasure at meeting him, and thanked him for his kind opinion.

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"Your name is Hamilton, I heard from a female; in fact, from Miss Cobb herself."

"Yes. Eva Hamilton."

"Yes, jest so. Well, Miss Hamilton, I hope you'll make yourself to hum amongst us. Goin' to have a good place to stay to; and smart, likely, forehanded woman Miss Cobb is."

"Yes, and one of the kindest, truest hearts in the world," said I, warmly.

"Fact," said he. "True as the book of Paul. Has her ways, though."

I told him "most people had." For I could not endure even an insinuated blame against "Auntie," as I always used to call her.

"True agin'; true as John, or any other 'postle you'll bring up; if a board don't tip up one end, it will tother. Everybody has their ways; some different; no two like the other one. Wimmen are curious for 'em; curious set wimmen be, as I ever seen. Some hate the men like all posess, some like 'em too well, some will run at 'em, some away from 'em, some will run one way, some another, jest as their way is. She seems to be sot aginst 'em, kinder shyin' off all the time, dretful offish and balky with 'em; her way, curious. I persume men wouldn't hurt her for a dollar. I wouldn't, not for a silver dollar," he added, reflectively.

He stopped a minute, and leaned over the dash-board, and dislodged a fly from the horse's back with his whip, and adjured him at the same time to "get up, and not go to sleep."

I made some remark about the country through which we were passing. He responded pleasantly. But then, after a brief silence, he began again on the subject which seemed to him of most interest.

"No; not for a silver dollar, I wouldn't hurt her. My late wife sot a good deal by Miss Cobb. I lost my companion four years ago this comin' fall," said he, in a confidential tone. "Lost her with the tyfus. Information set in; no savin' of her. Miss Cobb watched over her like a sister, tried her best to pull her through; couldn't do it, though. Good woman, never blamed her a mite; t'want her doin's, 'twas the tyfus. Had to give her up; it came tough on me, but I couldn't help myself. That is four years ago, and I hain't never seen but one woman sense that, I would love to see set across the table from me, in Miss Capelin's chair. Not much chance of seein' of her there, as I can see at the present time. Get up, Jim! Are you goin' to sleep, or are you not?"

Jim, thus adjured, manifested his wakefulness by going a little faster, and pretty soon my companion, pointing to a very pretty white cottage before us, said,

"There is my place, Miss Hamilton."

I told him "I thought it was a very pretty, cozy place."

"Yes. House as good as new, and a good farm I have got here, as there is in the country; seventy-four acres, all paid for, and not a chick nor a child in the world. Curious, hain't it?—and the world chuck full of wimmen and children."

We had now got in front of the white cottage, and I expected Mr. Capelin would stop; but as I saw we were passing by, I said,

"I will get out here, sir, if this is where you stop."

"No; set still. The horse seems determined to go on. Let him go. I generally let him have his way; he is a well-meanin' horse."

I told him I had just as soon walk the rest of the way.

"No; set still. Jim seems determined to go on. Let him have his way."

He carried the idea that it was nothing to him at all, but only a piece of dogged obstinacy and self will on the part of the horse.

The country was lovely through which we were passing. On one side of the road were pleasant woods. So grand and stately looked all the trees, and in such extremely good order, that I could not help speaking admiringly of them.

"Yes," returned Mr. Capelin. "Creveland Park is as handsome a stretch of woods as you'll find in these parts. These woods, clean and handsome as a picter, runs clean up to Creveland Hall, two good milds from here, or a mild and a half, plumb. Can't see it from here," said he, stretching up his neck in a vain endeavor to peer over the lofty tree-tops. "Handsome old house, too, as there is in the country. Get up, Jim, or if you want to go to sleep, lay down to it."

Jim tried to assure his master that he did not want to go to sleep, by taking a little faster gait, as I asked him with interest,

"Is the family living at the Hall?"

"Wall, no, not exactly. The housekeeper, and one or two of the servants, stay there all the time. The present owner, Hugh Creveland, is a bachelder. A wildish sort of a chap; used to be awful for carryins' on, drinkin', and cuttin' up jinerally. Kinder coolin' down, they say. Time to, I should think; must be in the neighborhood of forty. Can't be more than five years younger than I be, and I am in the neighborhood of forty-five. I hain't said I was forty-five, but in the neighborhood of it."

But the exact age of the worthy Mr. Capelin

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did not interest me so much as the subject we had been discussing. I had read a great many novels, and the romantic heroes who had been most fascinating to me, always were very mature of age, with mysteries in their past lives. They lived in old baronial halls. They had all been very wild in their youth, and the love of some young woman, some friendless orphan, usually, had won them from their evil ways, and saved them. I was only seventeen, and had read a great many novels.

"Is this Mr. Creveland handsome?"

"Yes; handsome as a picter; or—that is, he used to be. I hain't seen him for years. How his big, black eyes used to flash and snap in his head. Curly black hair, head rignt up, afraid o' nobody, wimmen specially. Never was afraid of wimmen a mite. Curious he hain't never married. Some say he is goin' to adopt Mrs. Richards'es boy. She is the housekeeper. Does a sight for him, anyway. Sends him to school all the time; goin' to send him to college, I have heern. Curious to think he hain't never got married, hain't it? though there is time enough now. Probably the right one hain't come along yet. There is time enough for him to be married. Folks older than he is get married, if the right one comes along, and they can coax her up—— I'll be hanged if she hain't right there ahead of us! If there hain't Miss Cobb, as sure as Christopher Columbus!"

On the side of the road opposite the park there was a little grove, and amongst the scattered trees were tall berry-bushes, and Auntie had evidently been picking berries, for there was a bright little tin pail hanging on her arm. She had come out into the highway just in advance of us, and drawing her roomy gingham sun-bonnet over her face like a shelter-tent, she was walking demurely on in it's shade, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, when my driver called out,

"Hello, Miss Cobb, see what I have brought you."

She looked round rather impatiently, I thought, but the minute she caught sight of me, she darted to the wagon, threw both her arms round me, and kissed me loudly, the sun-bonnet falling back on her shoulders, and standing up like a tall picket of gingham.

"S'posen you pass that round, Miss Cobb. Mebby 'twould be agreable to the rest of the present company," said Mr. Capelin, good-humoredly.

Auntie deigned not to reply to him, but pulled her sun-bonnet once more about her face, and telling me that she would get to the house about as quick as I did, she walked rapidly on. But Mr. Capelin kept along by her side.

"Come, get in, Miss Cobb; don't be a walkin' along by the side of the wagon. It looks too much in the dog line. Get in. Make yourself to hum."

And to my great surprise Auntie did get in, making me sit between them, however, and keeping the whole box sides of her sun-bonnet straight toward the horse. And not one word did she say to Mr. Capelin, only to reply to his good-humored questions as shortly and tersely as possible. Three times during our drive he hunched me with his elbow, and requested me in a whisper to observe "how she was a shyin' off." And when, at Auntie's door, he got out to help her out, and she refused to touch his hand, and almost fell in consequence, he whispered to me again, as he lifted me out,

"Curious, hain't it, how balky she is?" But as he turned round to go home, he said, with extreme good-humor, "he hoped I would have a first-rate good time amongst 'em; couldn't fail of it, he know, with such a woman as Miss Cobb to live with; wished he never should have anything worse happen to him than that would be." Drove off, and then, after going a few steps, held up the "well-meaning" Jim, and turning round on his seat, he asked me "if I wasn't expectin' any band-boxes and things. Because, if I was, Jim had jest as leves bring 'em down as not." I told him I did expect some boxes and my piano, which I had been permitted to keep. He asked me "when they would be along." I told him, and assuring me again that "Jim wouldn't fail to see to it, and bring 'em down," he drove off. As he did so, I said, with some enthusiasm,

"Isn't he a very good man, Auntie?"

"Good enough for a man," she replied, tartly. "But there hain't no more dependence on 'em, as a race, than there is in my clock, and that struck sixty this mornin' at nine o'clock, for I counted it with my own ears. No," she repeated, with emphasis, as we walked up the little flower-bordered path from the front gate to the clean, yellow door-step. "No, I hain't no opinion of men as a race."

A woman, a few years younger than Auntie, stood in the open door-way, and at these last words of her mistress, she repeated like an echo,

"I hain't no 'pinion of 'em."

"That is my hired girl, Jane Tomkins," said Auntie, looking toward the door. And pointing the sun-bonnet suddenly toward my ear, she whispered, "And she hain't got two idees in her head above dish-water."

And in this way I was introduced to Auntie's

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cottage and its inmates. It was a pleasant, old-fashioned farm-house, large enough to hold comfort, but not display. In a short time Auntie and Jane had hurried round and cooked a dinner, which would have delighted the hearts of ten hungry men.

After dinner was over, and the dishes washed and put away, Auntie took a small pail of milk in her hand, and asked me "if I didn't want to put on my hat, and go out and see her corset?"

I told her "I would go," wondering somewhat at her evident idea that a corset was a strange sight to me, and also at her keeping it out of doors. I thought, however, she might have been washing it, and wished to show me her signal triumph over soiled cloth and whalebone. But she led the way, under cherry and plum trees, back to a low pair of bars, and leaning over them, she commenced calling gently, "Coday! coday! coday!" And in a few minutes a large white lamb came running along, trampling down the daisies and buttercups in his desire to get to his mistress. But as he stopped in front of us, I couldn't help laughing out heartily, for over the white, innocent face was a paper cap, tied with a broad ruffle of the paper, like an old woman's night-cap. The effect, as the lamb lifted his eyes expectingly to ours, was indescribably funny to me, but Auntie did not look upon it in that way, she was deeply indignant. And she tore it off, tearing it to pieces as she did so.

"Mistress Richards'es boy agin!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "If he meddles with my corset agin, I'll know the reason why. Dretful cunning he thinks it is. It takes a sight of sense to make night-caps for my corset. This makes three times within a month that my corset has come home with a night-cap on. He has got to stop it, or I'll put the papers onto him. Jest as sure as I live and breathe I'll put the papers on him if he don't stop his goin's on."

What "putting the papers on him" meant, I did not know at that time; something dreadful, I knew by her tone. Later, I learned that she meant sueing him, the "papers" being a summons. Her feelings, which were outraged by this indignity, did not subside again into perfect calmness, until we wandered back into the kitchen-garden. Here the prosperous looks of her plants and vegetables seemed to restore her tranquility, and she asked me, in a tone of proud assurance, "if I had seen another such a garding this year?"

I told her truly that I had not, for everything did look extremely nice and flourishing. And she went on to say, "that a good garding she would have, for it was half of a body's living." But while she was talking thus composedly to me, her feelings were doomed to another shock, for chancing to stroll near the pickets that separated her "garding" from the highway, I heard her exclaim, suddenly,

"I'll put the papers onto him, jest as sure as I live."

"Who, Auntie?" I asked.

"Mistress Richards'es boy!" she cried. "Look there," said she, pointing toward the fence. And there, surmounting some of the pickets, like the bust of a hero, was a baby pumpkin carved into a grotesque likeness of Miss Cobb, her Roman nose, her spectacles, her broad cap border. There was real genius in it. And with all my dignity, (I was very dignified and old at that time,) I could scarcely keep from laughing. But Auntie was deeply indignant.

"That is jest the way that boy torments the life out of me, and as good as I have been to him; warnin' him, every chance I get, to leave his wild ways, and flee from the wrath to come; and tellin' him, time and agin, that if he didn't turn and stop behavin', he would wreathe in future torment; exhorted him, told him jest what a lost worm of the dust he is. Was tellin him so yesterday. Always took jest such an interest in him. And now see the pay I get for it. I'll put the papers onto him, if it goes on so much longer."

Jane, the hired girl, had come out into the garden to pick some berries for supper, and she remarked, like an echo crystalized in flesh and blood,

"I would put the papers onto him, if I was in your place. He is a bad, good-for-nothing boy."

"He hain't no such thing. A better hearted boy never lived. You had better keep still, and tend to your berries."

I was much surprised at the sudden change in Auntie's words. I was not so wise then in the affection that claims the exclusive right of scolding its object.

"Does he live far from here, Auntie?" I asked, not that I cared to know on his account. I was not thinking of "Miss Richards'es boy," but upon the strange and mysterious hero, Hugh Creveland.

She turned, and pointed toward the south.

"Do you see that big stone house, with the Gabriels on the ruff?"

"The what, Auntie?"

"The house with the Gabriel ends."

I followed the direction of her long, slim forefinger, and saw the tall, pointed gables rising above the dark oak trees.

"It looks as if it were a splendid old house."

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"It is. The house with the gabriel ends can't be beat, nor anywhere come up to in this country."

"Could I go and look at it some day, Auntie? Would the housekeeper allow me? Is she a good woman?"

"She has her properties."

"Maybe Mr. Creveland wouldn't care to have people going over his house, in his absence. Is he a nice man, Auntie?"

"He has his properties."

I saw that Auntie was not desirous of prolonging the conversation, and so I outwardly restrained my curiosity, and followed her into the house. But my mind was no more engrossed by the ideal heroes of the romances I had read and wept over. It was filled with the image of Hugh Creveland.

Fully a dozen times, during the fortnight before I commenced my school, did Auntie come in from her "garding," or pasture, rampant to "pat the papers onto Miss Richards'es boy." But did the much-suffering Jane venture to echo her revilings ever so feebly, she would only turn the torrent of her indignation toward her; and once she told Jane, in an injured, rebuking tone, "that she should be glad if she had his properties."

In fact, I could not discern any evil in any of the deeds that vexed Auntie so. Only the very spirit of fun and mischief seemed inspiring him. Once, I know, the "corset" came home at night. His pasture led back through a shady lane to the entrance of the park, and he came home with his long locks parted on the top of his head, braided, and done up with a hair-pin, and wire spectacles fastened over his wise, innocent eyes. Never did I see Auntie so fully determined, as she was upon this occasion, "to put the papers onto him," for nothing touched her more nearly than any disrespect to "the corset."

Later, when I knew the utter dreariness of the life he led at home, his seclusion from the world, his mother's gloom and melancholy, and his total lack of all society and recreation, I could better understand how the naturally gay spirits and irrepressible life of "Miss Richards'es boy" found vent in such whimsical channels. But at that time I could not understand how any one as old as I was, and I was very old, could possibly be so childish and undignified. I was very dignified.

It is a dreamy habit of mine to form pictures in my own mind, of people of whom I have heard much, and have not seen; and I decided that Claude Richards was stout, a good deal shorter than I, although he was just six months older, Auntie said; thick-set, with very red cheeks and black eyes, and large, red hands, that he could find no fitting place for. In fact, I decided that Miss Richards'es boy was rather vulgar-looking.

But time rolled on, and brought the day that I was to commence my school. And as I wended my way toward the school-house, with my new silver bell in my hand, emblem of my sovereign dignity, although many days have passed by since then, I have never even distantly approached the venerable age I then enjoyed. I had not worn long dresses a very great while, but I put on my longest one that morning, a blue muslin, that trailed slightly, and I wound my abundant hair in a great, shining coil at the back of my head. It wanted to curl; in fact, it would assert itself, and have its own way in little waves and rings, whenever it could elude my close vigilance. But I did my best to restrain it in matronly shape.

Mr. Capelin, the trustee, came down to Auntie's in the morning, as she stood by the gate seeing me off, and he offered to go down to the school-house with me. In fact, that worthy man made many errands in my direction. But I told him "it wasn't necessary. I was not at all afraid of having any trouble."

"Let me see anybody making you any trouble," said he, in a defiant tone. "Why, I should jest as soon think of abusing a moss rose-bud as you; you are just as sweet and pretty as one, this minute." And he patted my head as I passed out of the gate. I knew I felt that his patting my head, and comparing me to a bud, instead of a full-blown flower, was compromising to my dignity. But I said nothing, and after I left them, I looked back and saw that he was talking to Auntie quite earnestly and pleasantly, and she, with her whalebone sun-bonnet, drawn defiantly over her eyes, was, to all outward appearance, paying him not the slightest attention, and I know I thought that Mr. Capelin was probably, in his own mind, bewailing her uncontrolable tendency to be "balky, and shy off."

There was quite a little knot of pupils collected around the school-house door; small, white-headed boys, and demure little girls, with preternaturally clean faces, and stiffly-starched pink calico aprons. I greeted them with benignancy and dignified affection. It was not quite school-time, and I was standing in the open door, looking across the road at the thick foliage of the oak trees, for Creveland Park ran along on the opposite side of the road, when a little gate opened in the high wall opposite me, and a young

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gentleman came through. I said young gentleman, although he was a lad of probably about seventeen, but he looked so aristocratic, so noble, that I said at once to myself, "It must be either a relative of the Crevelands, or some grand acquaintance of the family, visiting there." He had such an easy, graceful walk, there was such a proud, careless grace in the pose of the handsome head, that, as he seemed coming toward me, my dignity almost fled before it. As I said, his destination seemed to be the school-house, and I expected to hear him ask me the distance to the next village, or perhaps complain of some misdemeanor of my pupils in the park, or something like it, when the children behind me, having caught sight of him, commenced shouting, rapturously, 'Claude! Claude! Claude Richards!' And I, in my mute surprise, looking up into the handsomest face I had ever seen, met for the first time, the true, honest eyes of "Miss Richards'es boy;" the very handsomest face I had ever seen; that I decided in my own mind at the first glance. And my next wonder was, where did he get his elegant aristocratic looks and ways, his air of perfect repose and easy manners? His eyes were blue, clear, and steadfast; blue eyes, that met your own frankly and fearlessly; they were shaded with long lashes, that at times gave rather a dreamy look to them, and at times they would laugh, and speak, and run over with merriment. They were the most wonderfully changeful and expressive eyes that I ever saw; but whatever expression they might assume to others, they were never otherwise than kind to me.

I had no trouble with my school. My pupils were all good; and above all others, in goodness and kindness to me, was Miss Richardses' boy; although, for the first few weeks, he occasionally gave vent to his inexpressible spirits in mischievous pranks, which I would always correct and rebuke in a gentle but grave and dignified manner. For although "Miss Richards'es boy" was a half-year older than I, and although I suspected at the time, that his education was far superior to mine, still I felt, in my dignified position as a teacher, and the founder of my own fortunes, as if I might be his grandmother. And so, at considerable personal inconvenience at times, for I had an eye for fun myself, I had always maintained a lady-like composure, and calm demeanor.

But one day—it was the fourth week of my school, I think—I lost my composure and serene demeanor, and it was the fault of "Miss Richards's boy." All that day I had had a torturing headache. I had felt so ill in the morning, that Auntie said, "instead of going to school, I had better go and lay down, and let her pull the curtings down, and I was as white as her corset." And Mr. Capelin, who had sauntered down to see if he could borrow a plow, although he knew he could just as well have obtained a cannon or an iron-clad war-ship of Auntie as a plow, he also joined his entreaties that I would "stay at home, and let Miss Cobb doctor me up. He wished he could have the chance, he would give a silver dollar for it," he said, looking at Auntie, with good-nature beaming from his eyes.

Auntie, of course, paid no sort of attention to his words, but I thanked him for his kind advice, and I told him I thought I could teach well enough. I thought my headache would wear off. But it did not; it grew worse and worse, although my paleness vanished, I knew, for my cheeks burned like fire. I dare say I looked healthier than ever, and he had no idea of my feeling so ill. But it was about the middle of the afternoon, when every word I spoke seemed to rend my head, and every noise and move of the children was torture to me, that Claude came to me with an exercise he wished me to correct. And there, instead of the mathematical puzzle, was a picture of a school-ma'am, with an unnaturally long whip in her hand, driving her brood of scholars up the mount of knowledge. As I looked at it, I laughed merrily, and then laying my head down on the desk, I burst into tears. But as I laid there, sobbing like a baby that I was, I felt a hand upon my head, a gentle hand, and it was a gentle voice that said it.

"I have been a wretch, to annoy you so; but I'll never do it again. Try me, and see if I will."

But as I still sobbed on, he added, remorsefully,

"Or you may turn me out of school, if you had rather. Just say the word, and I'll go this minute. But I'll be good if you'll let me stay; see if I am not!"

Of course, I told him to stay, and that I was ill and nervous, or I should not have noticed such a trifle. And I know how true a compassion and remorse looked out of his blue eyes at my words. And I recollect, he went down to a spring a quarter of a mile away, to get some water of extra coldness, to bathe my head, and then he insisted on hearing all my classes for me. And I remember I went home that night, with the conviction that I had never seen any one manlier and kinder than "Miss Richards'es boy."

And as the days rolled by, that impression deepened and intensified. His wild pranks, his irrepressible outbursts of fun, grew less frequent

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He applied himself diligently to his books; and surely no teacher could have a kinder, gentler pupil than he. And in spite of my advanced age, and my mild, dignified airs of superiority, he seemed to have a sort of protecting instinct, and tried in every way to guard me from annoyance, and save me from anxiety. There was one white-headed little chap who caused me great trouble. I was very ambitious to teach my smaller pupils a great deal, and I daily drilled them in Bible and historical questions. And this little fellow, I know, never failed of affirming that he was made by "George Washington." I think, after awhile, he said it through obstinacy, for I drilled him so thoroughly, that he must have known that he had a diviner origin. But this child seemed to have a chronic and perennial desire to put an end to the life that he insisted had its origin in "George Washington." And he seemed determined to kill himself while at school. And as he was an only child, and his mother a pitiful-looking little widow, I felt as if a great responsibility had indeed fallen on me. At noon and recess, if I were not continually on the lookout, he would either fall in the creek, and be nearly drowned, or drop down from tree-tops, and be brought in bruised and bloody. He was my youngest pupil, and I loved him very much, and it seemed as if my hair must turn as white as his own, through watchfulness and anxiety. I told Claude one day how I felt about it; for being my oldest pupil, and so very, very good to me, I had fallen into the habit of going to him with all my small perplexities and cares; and Claude told me, to "not give myself any uneasiness on account of the young 'Father of his Country'"—for so they irreverently called him—"for he would take him under his wing." And he was as good as his word; he did. He either kept him with him, or he found means to amuse him in some safe manner; and so that great load was taken off my shoulders. And then there was another boy, not large in body, but with immense powers of making himself disagreeable, and against this boy's annoyances, Claude was my rock of defence. Indeed, he was so kind to me, so thoughtful, so solicitous for my welfare, so intelligent and delightful a companion, and in every way so straightforward, and manly, and honest, that I used often to wonder what I should do if it were not for "Miss Richards'es boy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A RESTING-PLACE.

BY MARY J. HAMILTON.

A SEA of shade, with hollow heights above,
Where floats the redwood's airy roof away,
Whose feathery lace the drowsy breezes move,
And softly through the azure windows play:
No nearer stir than yon white cloud astray,
No closer sound than sob of distant dove.

I only live as the deep forest's swoon
Dreams me amid its dream; for all things fade,
Nor pulse of mine disturbs the unconscious noon.
Even love and hope are still—albeit they made
My heart beat yesterday—in slumber laid,
Like yon dim ghost that last night was the moon.

Only the bending grass, grown gray and sere,
Nods now and then, where at my feet it swings,
Pleased that another like itself is here,
Unseen among the mighty forest things—
Another fruitless life, that fading clings
To earth and autumn days, in doubt and fear.

Dream on, oh, wood! Oh, wind, stay in thy west,
Nor wake the shadowy spirit of the fern,
Asleep along the fallen pine-tree's breast!
That, till the sun go down, and night-stars burn,
And the chill dawn-breath from the sea return,
Tired earth may taste heaven's honey-dew of rest.

STANZAS.

BY ALPH GLYNWOOD.

As some sweet lily-bell that weeps
Above her native stream,
Unweeting if her golden hair
Be of the streamlet or the air,
Or be a blessed dream,
Thou broodest o'er thy heart that sleeps,
Mirrored in girlhood's crystal deeps.

As some sea-idling bark that deems
She hath sweet company,
What time upon the halcyon sky
A phantom-ship she doth descry,
And knows not it is she,
Thou sailest on 'mid tropic gleams,
Piloted by thy own sweet dreams.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 228.

CHAPTER XIV.

When La Costa went back to her bed, after giving Cole the money, she had been sufficiently aroused to keep half wakeful, and turn dreaming into reality. She had been unusually nervous the night before, and, on retiring, strove to abate the restlessness by a sedative, taken incautiously from a small medicine casket, which always stood within reach from her pillow. The effect of all this we have seen in the listless bewilderment with which she had delivered a large sum of money into the hands of a man in whom her confidence was not supreme, and against whom she had been cautioned by the only person who had entire influence over her—delivered it up without receipt or security of any kind.

As a general thing, La Costa was recklessly good-natured, or violenty ill-tempered; perfectly self-satisfied, or hating herself with virulent bitterness; and in a corresponding degree the woman caressed, or rebuked her friends, as the humor changed. This morning she was supremely good-natured, and lay smiling and half asleep on her pillows, satisfied with the generous thing she had done. From the first, she had felt no great shock from the crime this young man had committed. The very audacity of it had a charm for her. The danger that lay in it gave romance to wickedness, and forbade her to realize his guilt as anything but the episode of a play, or the subject of a poem. She rather liked him for having trusted her so completely. This young man was no son of hers, but of a woman long since dead, to whom the prisoner at Philadelphia had given his name, and with it enough ill usage to break her heart, before La Costa ever saw him; but when she gave her hand, and a most erratic heart, to the father, her burning love also took in the son, whose beauty she admired as the perpetuation of youth in her husband, and whose sharp ability she gloried in. Taking the burden of the father's extravagance, and the son's education, entirely on herself, she had toiled heroically for both; lavished money on them with a liberality that few women, even among the nobility of a nation, ever bestow on those nearest and dearest, and, in her way, was kindness itself.

As the youth grew up, accomplished, graceful, and so wonderfully handsome, such ambition as La Costa had, outside of her own exhausting profession, centred on him. At the bottom of her erratic nature she had some generosity, and a few grains of good common sense. These had long since taught her that in the man she had chosen there was no material for prominent ambition; but in the boy, she saw not only great capabilities, but an instrument by which she might in the end carry out a desire of proud vengeance, which was the outgrowth of that portion of her character given up to bitterness and rageful outbursts of buried resentment. These feelings had never left her heart since that day, in her early youth, when a fancied wrong, and what she deemed a cruel indignity, had been imposed upon her, by the two beings in whom she had placed the utmost trust. Two great objects, independent of her profession, had brought her to America, after an absence of almost twenty years, during which she had resolutely cast off name and nationality, worked herself to the head of a lucrative, if not particularly dignified position on the stage, and so completely lost her own identity, that no fear of recognition haunted her, though many a person known to her in early life might appear among her audiences. These two objects were the liberation of her imprisoned husband, and the establishment of Harmer Cole in life. To this end she had directed him to such a clerkship in the banking-house of Cameron, Dana & Co., and to so work out his usefulness, that a junior partnership might result from it.

How the young man had accomplished this is already known to the reader.

La Costa triumphed in the ability which had attained this difficult position, even at the expense of a perilous crime, and, well pleased with her own liberal action in the matter, lay dreaming it over in indolent self-complacency.

All at once, a sharp apprehension stung her. She remembered the charge given her by the

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prisoner, not to trust his son, but in some way to chain him to her interest, and his will by a legal hold that he would not dare to break. An hour ago that hold had been in her possession, but how was it now? She had recklessly given up the money, and trusted to Cole's honor for a return of the note. Would he bring it? Did so much rectitude remain in him? What an idiot she had been to trust him so far! Perhaps the freedom of her husband depended upon this very power, which she had flung away in a fit of dreamy sleepiness.

Not only the safety of her husband, but other plans, held in abeyance by his misfortunes, as she deemed his crimes, might be baffled by the independence she had so madly given to that young man.

The woman sprang out of bed in her impatient helplessness, and ringing for Nanette, made a rapid toilet. Why she was in such haste, or what she was dressing for, never entered her mind. She had stung herself with self-contempt, and action could alone appease her impatience. More than once she snatched her hair from the deft fingers of Nanette, and, after tangling it with her own eager hands, flung it back again, thus retarding the toilet she sought to hasten. Reason for all this haste, as I have said, there was none. She only felt helpless and wretched in her bed-room, and left it to be equally restless in her parlor.

"He will never come back," she thought, bitterly. "I have noticed it. In his father's behalf he is lukewarm. I see no vigor of interest in him. That which might have aroused it—fear for himself—I have flung away. How pale he was! How frightened! And I, like an idiot, have changed places with him."

Half frantic with the thought, La Costa thrust everything aside that opposed her progress, and began to pace up and down the room with tragic vehemence.

With arms folded over her bosom, head erect, and eyes kindling with swift ideas, she paced the carpet as if it had been a stage, pausing now and then to gesticulate, as if some other person were in the room who must feel her eloquent upbraiding. After a time, she seemed to remember herself, for pausing before a tall mirror, she saw another woman, with bent brows and fiery gesture, confronting her. Then all the keen sense of ridicule, which was the brightest part of her genius, broke forth in a clear, mocking laugh, that fairly convulsed her and the image that still mocked her. Such revulsions of feeling were not uncommon with this woman, and her excitement died off in this fit of laughter.

"Bah! I am making a fool of myself," she said, wiping the merry tears from her eyes. "He will keep his word. Without the note I might trust him. Back of this twenty thousand dollars, he knows that in my eyes and throat there is a certainty of many another sum twice as large; still there is great force in the iron of an undiscovered sin, if one grasps the truth."

The woman sat awhile more tranquil and thoughtful than she had been. Her felon husband's advice was working against her own more generous nature.

"He may keep his word from gratitude," she thought; but the moment after, waved her head with a sad negative. La Costa had seen too much of the world not to know how rare a thing gratitude of any kind is; how impossible to a mean or selfish nature. She was not a good woman, though capable of generous actions, and placed but little faith in the quality of the soul that only belongs to great natures. So she shook her head, and sighed heavily.

Then the door opened softly, and the modulated voice of Gaston called out,

"Monsieur Cole."

CHAPTER XV.

Harmer Cole entered La Costa's parlor, pale with excitement. Advancing close to the actress, he grasped the back of her chair with unconscious violence, that shook her from head to foot.

"You have failed! You were too late!" she said, shocked by his agitation.

"No, no! But I have lost the note. In my loathing of it, I flung it down like the madman I was."

The face of La Costa hardened like ice. She turned half round, and fixed her blazing eyes upon him in fierce wrath and mocking scorn.

"In your madness you threw the note away. The note you promised to place in my hands, and for which I have paid twenty thousand dollars. Young man, you are mad!"

"Upon my life, on my soul, I did not meditate it. I was bringing the accursed thing here."

La Costa laughed bitterly.

"Ah! I understand. Dead men tell no tales."

"You are unjust—cruel. I did mean to keep my word. Why not? You never would have harmed me."

Cole's voice shook, and for the first time in her life, La Costa detected a thrill of deep feeling in it; gratitude to herself, she thought. There was a shade of relenting in her face.

"I hardly knew when I flung it down, but got my senses back, and searched the street for it."

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"Then it still exists? It may be picked up."

A chill crept over the young man.

Had he, in fact, torn the paper up, or madly flung it away in the moment of insanity that had seized upon him in the street? It might be taken back to Dana, and recognized, after all.

La Costa saw the trouble in his eyes, and began to pity him.

"It would have been better, Harmer, if you had trusted me," she said, with less bitterness in her reproach.

"I know it—I know it! But when I said that the thing was done in madness, I told the solemn truth. Think one moment how much safer it would have been had I brought it here, and destroyed it before your face."

A swift flash of cunning shot through La Costa's glance.

"Yes," she said, "it would have been safer with me."

Just then the door opened, and Gaston looked in.

"Madame——"

Before he caught the sentence, Joe Hooker crept through the space under his arm, and spoke for himself.

"It's all true that he's a telling you, marm. I would come in; follered that gentleman right along the minute I seen him drop the paper. Here it is; fished it out of the gutter with my own two hands. Then I took full split after him."

Cole, who had walked toward the window, impatient of intrusion, turned as he heard this, and came eagerly toward the boy, with his hand outstretched, but La Costa had secured the note, and holding the torn parts together, was reading it.

"This is all right, and you are the prince of boys," she said, patting the dusty curls, from which Joe had removed his cap in honor of her presence.

"I'd like to be something that you'd like, any way," answered the lad, lifting his eyes, full of delighted admiration, to the handsome face of the actress; "but it was for him I did it, 'cause of his setting little Celestina's arm for her."

"No matter who you did it for, my brave little fellow, here is something for your trouble."

La Costa thrust a hand into her pocket, in search of her purse, but drew it out empty, and began to move about the rich ornaments on the table for some piece of money that might have been tossed among them. She found a sovereign, thrust it into his hand, and pushed him toward the door.

"It's only a yaller button, or I wouldn't touch it," said Joe, thrusting the gold into his pocket, quite ignorant of its value.

Harmer Cole watched the boy in savage wrath as he left the room. He had known, by La Costa's softened manner, that she was about to forgive him for destroying the proof of guilt, which she now held firmly in her hand, regarding it with a smile that made him turn cold where he stood, there was so much scornful triumph in it.

At all times the young man was ready to cajole or fight his way through difficulties. He did not hesitate now, but approached the actress with his hand extended, as if they were in thorough accord.

"Read it, my dear friend; make sure that it is the right paper, then give me a match, with some brimstone, that I may burn the accursed thing to ashes."

That unpleasant smile deepened ominously about La Costa's mouth as she watched Cole open a match-safe of malachite and gold, the companion of her inkstand, which he dashed into a blaze, and held up in one hand.

"Make haste if you have not read it sufficiently," she said, reaching out the other hand. "I shall feel like handling a snake till it is burned."

Again La Costa scrutinized the paper, particularly her banker's signature.

"It is well done," she said, waving the match aside. "I may add, exquisitely done, but, Harmer, did it never strike you that this is a dangerous talent?"

"Dangerous? Don't I know that? Do you think I shall ever be fool enough to experiment on my soul again after that fashion? I declare to you, there have been times when I loathed myself for learning to write."

"There is a power of evil in every good thing we possess, I sometimes think," answered the actress, dreamily folding up the torn notes.

"But there shall be no more power of evil in that bit of paper," cried Cole, taking another match from the pretty safe. "Give it to me."

Instantly a flash of blue flame shot across Cole's eager face, and a faint smell of sulphur once more tainted the air, while he held out his hand impatiently.

"Not yet," said the lady. "It is safe with me. Some other time we will make our little bonfire."

The match dropped, still burning, from the young man's fingers; a deeper whiteness crept over his face.

"You do not know me," he faltered.

"I do not mean anything that will harm you," said the actress, smiling upon him; "but you and I can trust each other. It only takes a disagreeable little match to settle this at any time;

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but it may as well rest here, till we both think it safest out of the way."

The young man stood gazing upon the actress in bitter disappointment. For one instant, his eyes shone with an evil purpose, but it died out, and he said, a little hoarsely,

"You have something for me to do first. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. Oh, yes! But do not look so anxious. It is nothing very terrible—difficult, but not terrible."

"If it is only difficult, I will do it at once," he answered, with animation, "no matter how hard it is."

"There are things that cannot be done at once; though, if any one could make swift work of this, I honestly think it would be you, Harmer, for you are a wonderfully handsome young fellow."

Cole blushed. He usually had but little color in his face, and was not given to such keen emotions as bring the blood with a rush from the heart. In this his features were almost statuesque.

"You have always thought too well of me," was his reply; "but we must not expect as much from the world."

"Oh, I did not mean to flatter you, but was rather taking account of stock. You see I am getting the tricks of the trade. But we have better things than beauty to count on, though that goes for something, even in a man."

"I think not; but that is neither here nor there. Mine lies so much in your imagination, that we need not count upon it in the mysterious estimate you are making."

"Perhaps. Have you ever been at Oliver Cameron's house? I mean that man who is the head of your firm."

"No; he is seldom to be found, even in the counting-house. Clifford Dana is, in fact, the business head of the firm.'

"But you see Cameron? You know him?"

"Oh, of course; as a very humble junior on probation knows the Great Mogul of an establishment!"

"And you have some degree of intimacy with this other man—Dana?"

"Yes. He is a grand, noble-hearted fellow, who fights shy of no one beneath or above him."

"He is very rich, I suppose?"

"Yes, almost as wealthy as old Cameron himself."

"He could bring you into intimacy with Cameron's family. You must manage that."

"I should like nothing better. But they tell me Dana is sweet on the young lady up yonder, and the old man shy of invitations."

"The young lady? Which?" questioned La Costa, quickly.

"Is there more than one? At any rate, I think it must be his daughter."

"I am glad of that. This Dana is very rich; has money enough to make old Cameron's wealth of no importance, I am told."

"But what interest can you feel in a girl you have never seen?" questioned Cole.

"No matter. I shall see her. She is sure to come to the opera. But tell me, is she handsome?"

"Handsome? I do not know, of course; but they tell me her beauty is something wonderful."

"I was sure of it," broke in La Costa, clasping her hands, and breathing rapidly. "A creature for any one to worship. But *you* are not to think of her. She is for this rich man, Dana. Tell me of him. A grand, noble-hearted fellow. I think that was what you said."

"More than that. There is nothing this man does not know. Literature, law, science, business. The people down yonder fairly worship him."

"So! I like the description. This man, Dana, pleases me. You must make him your friend."

"I think he is my friend already."

"That is well. Let him introduce you. They are at the country house; a fine place, with walks, drives. Such opportunities! But understand me. It is not the young lady, Cameron's daughter, that you must seek—she is for Dana—but the other, an adopted child, whom he has solemnly promised to provide for. She will be rich enough for you—all the more if the other marries a man of such vast property. It is this girl I wish you to marry."

"Marry? Me?"

"Yes. It is the destiny I have marked out for you. That accomplished, we will have our little bonfire."

"But the young lady? What of her?"

"What of her? Why, after Hester Cameron, who is beyond comparison, no better match than Elsie Church can be found in or out of the city. She was educated at the same schools with Miss Cameron, travelled abroad with the family, goes into the same society, but always with a difference. You understand, Miss Cameron is proud, arrogant as Lucifer, and cruel as the grave; a cat, who plays with this girl one day, and tears at her the next."

"But the young lady? Does she share in this pleasant pastime?"

"The young lady? Oh, she is a different creature; proud when Miss Cameron is arrogant,

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warm-hearted, affectionate—a princess, body and soul; but she does not brook equality with any one, and has a right to expect homage from this waif, handsome as she is."

"Are you speaking of the adopted daughter now?"

"Yes, of her; for some people insist on thinking her handsomer than the great heiress. Of course, it is ridiculous, but they do. In fact, she might be considered beautiful, if the other queenly girl were not in the way. Remember, I am not speaking for myself, but giving the general opinion as I have got it from time to time."

"And it is this girl you wish me to marry?"

"Yes, Harmer. You could not aspire to the other."

"No, I should think not."

"And this one is well within your reach."

"It may be. One can tell better after a while. But is this all you require of me?"

"Yes, all; except that you must bind yourself to share the moneyed benefit that comes from it, liberally with your father. The penalty of a great fault does not often come in the form of a beautiful and rich wife."

"But if I should not win the fair adopted?"

"That would be a great misfortune for you, at least," answered the actress, gravely.

The young man ceased to expostulate. He knew well that the indomitable will of his father spoke through La Costa's lips, and just now had neither the wish nor the power to dispute it.

"But how am I to accomplish an introduction?" he asked, at length. "I have told you that Mr. Cameron keeps quite aloof from every one in the office, except Dana."

"And I have told you that Dana must introduce you. Get intimate with him, and the rest is sure to follow, if you keep a sharp look-out for the occasion, and act with your usual cool——"

"Impudence," said the young man, laughing, when the lady hesitated.

"Well, yes. I have known it carry you through harder social passes than this."

"But why depend on Dana? If you know the family so well, what should prevent you from introducing me to the fair adopted?"

"I do not know them well—far from it. The Camerons are not people to know, even tolerate, an actress They are far too high and mighty for that. What I learn of them is from others. They are not so low in the world, that travellers do not like to talk of them. Besides, have I not said that I selected this young lady for you from the first? The adopted daughter, I mean. Of course, I kept myself informed about her. But so far from introducing you to Heath House, Cameron's country place, when once intimate in the family, my name must never escape your lips."

"I will remember, and obey you. Should fate help me to carry out your programme, I promise to open the campaign with energy. Ah! now that I remember, Dana has prepared the way himself. I have promised to go up the river in his yacht; not exactly to Heath House, but it will be strange if I cannot make it end in that. Will this please you?"

"Nothing could be better," answered the lady, smiling. "I was aware that you would find a way."

"And always will, when it is to give you pleasure, for you have been more than a mother to me."

With this gracious and really grateful speech, young Cole lifted the lady's still fair hand to his lips, and took his leave.

La Costa ran to the door and called him back.

"There is another thing I want you to do, Harmer," she said.

"Tell me what it is, and I need not say that the thing is done."

"Somewhere in New York lives a woman whom I wish to find. She was once a stock actress, but since then has married and settled down as a dresser, or something of that sort. By this time, I suppose, she has lost all hold on the theatres, and it may be difficult to find her. Tenement houses here, they tell me, swarm with families too poor for an address, and Sarah Weed may be in one of these."

"Sarah Weed? Weed? I have heard the name within a week," was Cole's quick reply. "A large, blonde woman, with fine hair, that she never curls, and eyes heavy with trouble."

"She may be that now. Certainly she was a blonde, and had the loveliest hair. But where did you see her?"

Cole related his adventure in the back street, where the splendid turn-out of little Celestina Weed was upturned.

La Costa listened with interest.

"I dare say it is the same person. Poor Sarah! You say that she had some traces of the theatre about her?"

"Yes. She was darning a soiled white satin slipper, which could have had nothing in common with her home."

"Of course not. And this was all you saw?"

Cole hesitated, in some way unaccountable to himself, and then spoke of the young lady he had met in Mrs. Weed's shabby rooms.

La Costa seized upon the subject eagerly.

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"What kind of a young lady? Was she well dressed? Did she appear really like a lady?"

"She was elegantly dressed, and one of the most well-bred young persons I have ever met; singularly sweet, both in her manners and the expression of her face."

"And that face?" questioned La Costa. "Was it fair or dark?"

"She was not a blonde."

"Ah! You are sure that she was not fair as a lily, with hair like sunshine?"

"No, La Costa. I am positive the hair was dark-brown."

"And the eyes?"

"Brown, too, but darker."

"And her figure?"

"Tall, and her movements wonderfully graceful."

"Ah! I do not recognize her," said La Costa, with a sigh, "and guessing is of no use. Now, tell me, how am I to find this alley, and the house back of it?"

Cole took a card from the receiver, and on the back of it wrote the most concise direction he could give.

"That will do," said La Costa, with a sigh. "Now, tell me, when do you go on this yachting excursion?"

"That depends on the wind. To-morrow, perhaps."

"The earlier the better. I would like to know that some progress has been made up yonder before my first appearance. Now, remember, I have set my heart upon it."

"I shall not forget."

Again Cole kissed the hand which La Costa gave him frankly, and took his leave.

When he was gone the woman began one of her rapid walks about the room, knitting her fingers, and tearing them apart, as she thought over the scene that had so lately passed, with a degree of passionate excitement, that it would have been impossible for her to have simulated on the the stage.

"And I was so near losing all hold on him. I could see triumph in his eyes, even for the few moments that he felt himself free. But how cool he was! One flash of savage wrath in his eyes, and the handsome face was serene as ever. Well, well, the young lady cannot complain that the lover I send her is not accomplished and wonderfully handsome, villain as he is."

CHAPTER XVI.

She stood at the head of those broad steps, leaning with listless grace against a pillow of the spacious verandah, which formed a promenade in front of one of the oldest and grandest mansions on the Hudson. She was gazing down the river, vaguely, almost drearily, tired of herself, careless of the beautiful panorama of woods, mountains, and flowing waters outspread before her, and so dissatisfied with the splendid loneliness of her position, that the veriest change in her father's household could not have exhibited more sullen contempt.

Even thus, she was a fair creature to look upon; a large, finely-formed girl, full of active life, and possessed of that youth and perfect health that gives vigor to beauty, and is in itself beautiful. Indeed, a more voluptuous picture could not be imagined than Hester Cameron made as she stood in front of her grand old home, shadowed by the flickering leaves of a huge and twisted honeysuckle vine, tangled in with prairie roses that draped the verandah.

"Oh, dear! how tired one gets of this slow life. No wonder I hate the country. The same thing over and over again.

> 'Eat, and drink, and sleep. What then?
> Why, eat, and drink, and sleep again.'

I have half a mind to play croquet against myself. It would be a satisfaction to knock the balls out of reach. I shall be driven at last into playing with Edith Church, I do believe."

Thus the girl lifted her white arms, lazily yawned, and was moving away, when some object on the river arrested her. Running to a small marble table that stood near, she took up a field-glass and levelled it eagerly.

"It is. Upon my word, I think it is the Hebe! Oh, this is splendid! Dana, with a party on board, I dare say. Edith! Edith Church, I say! Bring my sun-hat, my parasol, and—and—— Out of the way, as usual. One never wants the creature, that she is not sure to be out of hearing. Edith Church, I say!"

The young lady turned to one of the private windows, swept the delicate lace draperies back with her hands, and fairly stamped upon the threshold, in her impatience, as she went through.

"Not here? Always in the wrong place!" she exclaimed, looking around the sumptuous drawing-room, into which the declining sun poured a shower of golden light, revealing rose-pictures on the walls, a fresco of flowers on the ceiling, and the snow-white marble statues gleaming through rich draperies. Across the silken cushions of an easy-chair, she saw a lace shawl trailing half its delicate richness on the carpet, as she had flung it down with her own careless hand. She snatched it up, threw it over her head, and passed into the verandah again.

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On the step she paused, not quite certain that the yacht she had seen was not a myth, for from her stand-point nothing of the kind was in sight. Puzzled and disappointed, she looked down the green undulations of the lawn, and away through groves and clumps of forest-trees, taking in a broad sweep of the river through the picturesque vistas. All at once, she uttered a glad exclamation, and with the swift poise of a bird, darted down the steps, and out upon the lawn, her loose golden hair gleaming in the sunshine, where it broke through the shadow of her veil, and the rose-colored ribbons fluttering brightly out from the cloudy whiteness of her dress.

She reached a little clump of pine and spruce trees, which formed a shady covert, and took shelter there, half-ashamed of the eager haste with which she had come to meet the yacht.

What if it should not be the Hebe, after all? Or if it proved to be that pretty yacht? What might Dana think of the wild haste with which she had greeted his coming?

Drawing back among the trees, she shaded her eyes with one hand, for over the gray rocks of the opposite shore, the afternoon sunshine was falling with more than silvery brightness, and dazzled her.

Yes; there it was. A tall-masted, graceful yacht, moving slowly shoreward from out of the dense shadows, which lay like a drapery down that side of the river—a beautiful, fairy-like craft, that seemed to sway to her wishes, like a living creature, as she stood there with parted lips and eager eyes, hoping that she would steer in that direction, yet afraid that the happiness she panted for might be torn from her. She was surely coming! How gracefully her jet-black prow lifted itself from the water; a glint of the hot golden sunset struck the white top-sail. Then a crimson glow spread down to the mainsail, and out she came, cutting her graceful way toward the eastern shore, shaking off the shadows, and bathed all over in flame.

"It is Dana! It is himself! I see him at the wheel! He leans forward! He looks this way! He lifts his hat! I can almost see him smile! Shall I go down? No; the men will wonder. Here among the trees I will wait. Oh, I hope it is a party!"

The yacht came up slowly, rounded to, let go her anchor, and folded her sails as a great bird prepares itself for rest.

The girl heard it all; the swift run of the anchor, the noise of a boat moving toward the shore, the dip of oars plashing gold deep down into the water.

Then a tall man leaped ashore, and dismissed the boat with a wave of his hand.

A grander person, or a finer face, than grew upon her vision, few persons have ever gazed upon; well proportioned and nobly formed in every way, he moved with rapid strides toward the clump of trees, beneath which Miss Cameron stood, watching him eagerly, but with little of the gentle timidity that besets a sensitive woman when she meets her lover, after a long separation. Dana had caught a glimpse of her white dress as it fluttered among the green of the hemlocks, and his face lighted up with pleasant surprise when she left her covert, and came smilingly forward to meet him half-way.

"I thought, I was sure, it must be the Hebe, when her colors shone through the trees; so I waited to welcome you," she said, concealing the fact that she had come forth in hot haste to make certainty of her hopes. "When did you leave the city?"

"Only a few hours ago. I have a friend on board, who has a little business which he thinks important to transact with your father."

"Business!"

There was a tone of disappointment in the exclamation, which Dana did not observe, but added, carelessly, "Besides, the day was so fine, and held out such high temptations, that they fairly ran away with me."

"And brought you here! We did not think, this morning, how much we should have to thank the day, and the sweet south wind, for."

The young man looked at the bright face, uplifted to his, and smiled. It was very pleasant to be so cordially welcomed.

"You are more than kind," he said, moving forward; "but I shall not intrude on your father's hospitality long, having a guest on board the yacht."

"A guest? Some friend? Can you doubt that he, too, will be welcome?"

"I can doubt nothing kind or generous where you are concerned," answered the young man, smiling down upon her. "But tell me, is your father at home?"

"No; but we are expecting his return every hour."

"Then I may, perhaps, tax your hospitality, unless you can tell me where a telegram would reach him?"

A sudden flush came into the girl's face, and she hesitated a moment before answering. When she did speak, it was eagerly, as one escapes an unpleasant task.

"Oh, it is impossible to say, he moves about so

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capriciously! But the safest place to find him is here."

"Perhaps," answered the young man, "we might take a run up the river, and meet him in the morning."

He did not see that the girl's face was instantly clouded, or dream that she might have sent his telegram to her father at any moment, had she so pleased.

"If it is very important that you see papa, that might make a meeting uncertain. He comes and goes so suddenly, one never finds him without some engagement."

"It is important to my friend that we should communicate with him; so, as you advise it, and are kindly ready to be intruded on, we will let the Hebe lie at her anchor awhile."

"And your friend—that is, mamma will be so pleased. We happen to have no guests just now."

The two walked on, leaving the grove, and sauntering along the banks of the river. The Hebe lay so close in shore, that the young man had scarcely to lift his voice, when he hailed the friend he had spoken of.

Scarcely had his voice died away, when a young man leaped into a boat which still lay by the yacht, followed by one of the fancy seamen who manage such dainty craft, and was pulled on shore.

Miss Cameron watched the man, as he drew near, with strange and not altogether pleasant interest. When he stepped on shore, she drew a deep breath, which was almost an exclamation, astonished by the singular grace and splendid beauty of the stranger.

"Who is he?" she questioned, with eager curiosity.

Before Dana could answer, Cole was close to them. The girl watched his advance with a sort of fascination, which for a moment absorbed her whole being. What it was that possessed her, she could no more have told than a bird can define what particular power there is in the serpent that charms it. She saw that the stranger was above the medium height, perfect in his figure, lithe of limb, and that he moved with the grace of a leopard. She was also struck by the wonderful beauty of his face—wonderful, but not altogether pleasing; for to a close observer there was something strange about it, which forbade confidence to follow admiration. The eyes, large and bluish gray, were at variance with the raven blackness of his hair, both on the head and in the large, sweeping moustache, that curved like a bow from the upper lip, and swept down each curve of the perfect mouth to his chest, leaving the chin, delicately rounded, but firm as iron, entirely uncovered. He came up quietly, for such were all his movements, and smiled when he saw the young lady, who possessed him with keen interest the moment his eyes fell upon her. Hester held her breath under this slow, sweet smile, which was more of the eyes than the lips, and was neither frank or sinister, but a habit of the countenance, and one of its chief attractions.

"Mr. Cole, our new partner, Miss Cameron," said Dana, in his cordial, careless way.

Hester strove to throw off the fascination that possessed her, but received the introduction almost awkwardly, and her large blue eyes drooped under his smiling glances, for some strange, sweet feeling still held her in thrall.

"I regret that papa is not here to welcome you," she said. "Heath House scarcely seems like itself when he is not here to do the honors."

"It is a fine old place, under any circumstances," said Cole, casting an admiring glance at the stately building, sheltered by two or three magnificent elms.

"Yes," answered Hester Cameron, with a flash of pride in her blue eyes. "It was built by our great-grandfather, and has never been out of the family for one hour. Papa's father made some important additions, and since then the broad verandah has been run across the main front, bay windows have been introduced, and an oriel or two thrown out from the ancient wings, which does it no injury, I think."

"Injury!" exclaimed Dana. "They give the grand old building a picturesque grace that our modern villas and miniature castles aim at in vain."

"It bespeaks another rare thing in a republican country, an old family home," said Cole, in his slow, mellow voice. "A home that should have traditions worth remembering."

Hester Cameron flushed proudly. If there was anything that the family gloried in, beyond that old mansion, it was the blue blood of the Camerons, an old Highland clan, that had been driven, in that branch at least, from Scotland, when young Charles Edward was forced back into eternal exile.

"It was a manor at first," she said, all aglow with the subject, "covering miles and miles around; but it became too valuable for one man to hold for pleasure, so it has been cut into farms and sold, down to a few hundred acres, which, with the old mansion, has never been bought or sold since the first English grant. There is a tradition that the first Cameron lady who crossed the seas buried her jewels in the walls."

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"Literally?" questioned Cole.

"I hardly think that, though some of the family persist in believing so; but she probably melted her jewels into money, and thus sunk it in the old walls—the only use she could make of them, I fancy, in a new and wild country."

When Miss Cameron thus challenged admiration of her home, the young men had paused on the rich slope of the lawn, and took in all the noble proportions of the old building. Its massive walls, its superb shade-trees, its profuse drapery of vines, did indeed remind them of some old hereditary mansion of old England. The greenness and lustre of the ivy would have made the similitude complete; but lacking that, its place was supplied by grand old honeysuckles, twisted at the great roots like cables, which spread their rich foliage over pillars, walls and balconies, waving themselves in prodigious masses among climbing roses and Virgina creepers, which threw a luxurious grace over the grim old walls.

When the roses and honeysuckles were in blossom, the glory of their bright flowering might be seen from the river; but it was September now, and the glow of these summer blossoms was replaced by the gorgeous red and clinging green of Virgina creepers, which an early frost had touched with unusual brilliancy. In addition to this, all around the verandah ran a broad belt of green-house plants, radiant with blossoms, fairly enwreathing in the foundations of the house, and crowding the balconies with their sweetness. Even half-way to the river the perfume of this crowded array of blossoms swept richly, filling the bright air with the impalpable subtlety of their breath.

Cole looked on this picture of great wealth with a strange sensation of personal wrong. The greed and ambition of his nature was aroused by it. The florid cultivation of a taste, naturally gorgeous, found itself more than satisfied. Surveying the broad grounds, the stately trees, and the building, with a slow glance, he drew a long, deep breath. His eyes turned from the mansion to the lady who would one day inherit it. To his sensuous nature, the girl, and the perfume that swept down upon her, were in luxurious harmony. There was indeed something in her presence that carried a challenge to his ambition. Why should he content himself with the dependent—the protegé. Some waif of the street, no doubt, that had been cast by chance on the charity of that family. If such ladies as this were to be won, carrying wealth and power with them, why was he ordered to step aside that another might take her? What right had that tall, princely man, walking so indifferently ahead, which he might not aspire to?

The fact that this blooming young creature, with all her stately surroundings, was held in waiting for Clifford Dana, aroused his resentment and stung his vanity. Because that man was rich, must he have more wealth heaped upon him? Because his presence was noble, his voice deeply sensitive, was no man to have a chance in life but himself?

These thoughts swept in burning flashes through the young man's brain, between the pauses of conversation. Dana had walked on ahead, evidently lost in thought. Both the people observed this, and their thoughts ran in the same channel.

"Is he so certain of her?" thought Cole, and a slow smile stirred his handsome mouth. "So sure, that he does not care to keep guard, or does he deem me too insignificant for apprehension?"

"Is there no way to make that man jealous?" thought Hester, with flashing eyes and heightening color. "Surely this man is handsome enough for that."

Hester had come out in haste, without hat or parasol. They were now ascending the lawn, on which the sun poured down its hot brightness. Cole took the broad-brimmed hat from his head, and shaded her flushed face with it, leaving his own raven black hair uncovered. She flashed a grateful look upon him, contrasting this devotion in her mind with Dana's indifference.

Cole read these thoughts in her mind, and the smile on his lips deepened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR HOME ABOVE.

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

For all who sigh with pain oppress,
Whose hearts are wounded sore,
There is a home of joy and rest,
There is an open door.

Oh! happy in a happy place,
They lay their burdens down;
The cross they bore a little space,
Exchanging for the crown.

Oh, faces pale and worn with grief;
Oh, eyes that weep below!
Oh, blessed hope of that relief
Which God will soon bestow!

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SYBIL DELAPLAINE'S LOCKET.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"Mr. Ames and Mrs. Charteris," said the pompous butler, throwing open the door of Mrs. Rodmere's luxurious drawing-room.

A drawing-room, in one sense, however, no longer. For the rage, that winter, in Washington, happened to be for private theatricals, and a brilliant party had met at Mrs. Rodmere's to rehearse, the proceeds of the performance, when it took place, to be bestowed in charity. The play was a sparkling, little French affair, the chief interest centering in a quartette of lovers. Jean Dulaney, Hugh Standish, Mrs. Ames, and Sybil Delaplaine, were the principal performers.

"I am sorry to say," said Mr. Ames, advancing, the rehearsal of course stopping at his appearance, "that my wife is too ill to come, and I have taken the liberty, therefore, of bringing Mrs. Charteris, her cousin, who has just arrived from Europe, and who has kindly offered to take her part, having often played in the piece before, in France."

Of course, Mrs. Rodmere professed herself only too glad to have Madame Charteris to help them; and courteously proposed that the rehearsal should begin from the beginning again.

Now, in the play, Hugh was the present lover of Virginia, a part taken by Sybil, but the plot turned on his having once loved the Baronne de Lesparre, the part to be filled by Madame Charteris. The opening scene with him was an attempt, by the Baronne, to get back a letter, that she had written to him before her marriage, and which she was now fearful would fall into her husband's hands. But Hugh, usually so animated, was all at once distrait; he no longer acted as he had acted with Sybil, before Mrs. Charteris appeared. He stumbled in his sentences; he forgot his cues. Jean Dulaney, usually a keen observer, wondered at it, and could not help attributing it to Madame's sudden presence, a conjecture in which she was not far wrong, as she would have discovered, had she overheard a conversation between Hugh and Madame Charteris.

They were standing in the bay-window, shortly after the rehearsal. For a minute, neither said a word. At last Mrs. Charteris spoke.

"Why need we be enemies?" she said, and her voice was musical enough to have beguiled any man, who had not hardened himself against her. "I see it is disagreeable for you to act with me. I will withdraw, if you wish it. I hope you do not think I knew that I was to act with you. I thought you were still in Europe."

Hugh replied by a courtly speech.

The lady sighed softly, "Do not take that tone with me. But, after all, I cannot blame you. Only, don't be too severe, Hugh."

He flushed up, half with anger, half with another emotion.

"Confound the woman!" he said to himself. "Why should she try to revive the fire which had burned away to ashes."

"I was never hard or unjust to you," he said, coldly. "But there can be no profit to either of us in recrimination. And, perhaps, it is only right to mention to you (quite in confidence, as there are several reasons why she does not wish it known,) that Miss Delaplaine did me the honor to accept me two days ago."

Much as he loved Sibyl, and Hugh was loyally in earnest, he could not help feeling a faint thrill of pity as he saw every particle of color die out of the face beside him. Men always judge women leniently, whom they suspect of a lingering *tendresse* toward themselves; therefore, Hugh's very kindness of heart was his snare, as Mrs. Charteris faltered out,

"Is it so? Ah! thank you so much for telling me! Do not be afraid of me any more. May we not be friends?"

In her heart she was registering a vow that boded ill to the fair, golden head over yonder at Jean's elbow; but her voice and manner were perfection, and the hand she laid on Hugh's arm was cold and trembling.

"Friends, of course," he said, and took credit to himself, that his tone was kindly, and nothing more. And just then, fortunately for him, Mrs. Rodmere spoke to him, and he left Mrs. Charteris in the bay-window to discuss entrances and exits—the *bete-noir* of amateur stage-managers.

"Who is Mrs. Charteris?" said Mrs. Rodmere, when most of the guests had gone. "You know her, Chauncey, don't you?" addressing her brother-in-law, who was talking to Jean Dulaney. They were all partaking of "high tea" together, after the fatigue of the rehearsal.

"Certainly, I know her. Don't you remember? She is one of the Van Alstynes."

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"Good heavens! How stupid of me to have forgotten! And so that is Barbara Van Alstyne. Do you hear, Jean?"

"Yes, I know," Jean said, quietly. "She married a very rich Englishman, did she not? I have heard of her," significantly.

"To be sure; and threw over poor Frank Stuyvesant, who shot himself——"

"Spare us the details, Helen," said her brother. "You are making Miss Dulaney quite pale by renewing that horror. For my part, I always thought Frank more than half mad by nature, and —— Well, I rather like Mrs. Charteris."

"All the Van Alstynes are false to the core, every one of the race," said Mrs. Rodmere, warmly. "It runs in the blood, hand in hand with their beauty."

"Well, we won't quarrel about her," said Chauncey; and putting down his cup, he said, "Jean, come and take a stroll with me on the Avenue before dinner, or else Helen and I will get to blows about Mrs. Charteris." And he laughed the pleasant laugh, which made everybody like him.

To Chauncey Rodmere, Jean had long been "the one woman in the world;" but he had guarded his secret well. He had never yet found the moment when Jean gave him more than the frank friendliness which had always characterized their acquaintance. He gave her his very best, and he was conscious that he never talked as well as when Jean's bright eyes were looking into his; and her sweet, low laugh, was reward enough for his cleverest repartee.

The rehearsals, which had begun so well, went on with the usual fluctuations. But Jean Dulaney's eyes, by-and-bye, began to see a change in Sybil Delaplaine. Sybil, whose temper was usually of the sweetest, was now often ruffled, and Jean was pained to notice the coolness which was growing up between her and Hugh. Hugh never hovered around Sybil's chair now. He was not as ready to excuse her mistakes, but criticised her acting, and often severely. Jean wondered at Sybil's forbearance.

Mrs. Charteris was the serpent in this Eden. She had played her cards cleverly. She was thoroughly unscrupulous, very vain and pleasure-loving, and the god of her idolatry was—herself. Probably, as much heart as she possessed was involved in winning back Hugh Standish; but that did not for an instant prevent her little side-flirtations. And how she did flirt! There was not a man of them all, from Chauncey Rodmere down to Lawrie Cameron, that she did not strive to bewitch and befool. And they raved over her. Oh, bless you, yes! Being blind, after the manner of men, they raved about her—all but Chauncey.

There was but one more rehearsal before the play, and the party had assembled at an early hour, and were at work in good earnest. Sybil Delaplaine especially was acting extremely well, and both Jean and Mrs. Rodmere took occasion to compliment the girl, in a gracious fashion, that brought the blushes to her pale cheeks.

Were the truth known, it required all Sybil's self-control to act. Her dislike of Mrs. Charteris had grown into absolute aversion. Nor is it to be wondered at. She was not quite able to keep this from appearing in her manner. Hugh had several times taken exception to Sybil's behavior toward the widow. It irritated him that she should not appear at her very best. Without intending any disloyalty to her, he had endeavored to atone for her coolness this evening by throwing more warmth into his own manner to Mrs. Charteris than he was aware of; warmth enough to cause Mrs. Charteris' heart to exult, and Sybil's to beat angrily.

The party had broken up into little groups, eating ices, and chatting gaily, during a pause between the third and fourth acts, and chance had thrown Mrs. Charteris, Hugh, Sybil, and Chauncey Rodmere together. They were talking of a new opera bouffe which was to be played at a matinee next day, and Mrs. Charteris expressed a strong desire to attend the performance.

"Why cannot we get up a party?" she said. "Miss Delaplaine, can I count on you and Mr. Rodmere? I know Mr. Standish will go, whether with us or not, and it's much more *en reglé* that he should join my party."

On the impulse of the moment, Hugh answered, "I will be very glad to go." Then, suddenly, he said, "To-morrow! Oh, I forgot! Miss Sybil," turning to her, "we can just as well postpone our ride to Edgewood until next week, to oblige Mrs. Charteris."

Edgewood was the country residence of Sybil's maiden aunts, awful personages, to whom Hugh was now to be presented in his new *rôle* of *fiancé*, and the old ladies were chosen as the first to be informed of the fact.

"Pray, do not let that interfere, Mr. Standish," was Sybil's cold reply. "Your engagement to ride to Edgewood with me can be cancelled."

Hugh drew himself up, too blind with anger, to remember how much apparent cause Sybil had for speaking as she did.

"As you please," he said. "Mrs. Charteris," offering his arm to her, "the room is very warm. "Cannot we take a turn in the hall before the play begins again?"

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Sybil tried to smile, to say some light, trifling words to Chauncey; but looking up, she met his grave, kind eyes, fixed on hers, and grew paler.

"I think you are fatigued, Miss Sybil," he said. "Shall I procure you ten minutes' grace from my sister, which you can employ by resting here, or up stairs?"

"I do not feel very well," Sybil managed to falter out. "Thank you. I will go up stairs for a moment."

Meantime, Jean had gone into the hall, having found the drawing-room very warm, and wishing to glance over a soliloquy in her part, unseen. Hugh and Mrs. Charteris came down the hall at that moment, but they did not see Jean, who was standing in the rather heavily-curtained window, and she remained quiet, thinking they would go back again, after a moment.

Mrs. Charteris was speaking rather eagerly, as they passed her. "She does not understand you," she said. "She is precisely like all young girls. They love to show their power."

"Power!" echoed Hugh, with a fierce sparkle in his eyes. "Sybil knows that I detest strong-minded women, and that—— I beg your pardon. Is it torn?"

The delicate lace about Mrs. Charteris' sleeve had become entangled in his *châtelaine*. They stopped just in front of Jean.

"Don't touch it," said Mrs. Charteris, gayly imperious, as she bent down. "I have it. No! What a provoking bit of lace! Tear it, Hugh; it's of no consequence."

But Hugh, with a mixture of courtesy and recklessness, preferred to break the ring which held his locket, instead; and as he did so, the locket slipped out of his fingers on the floor.

"Oh, what a pity!" cried Mrs. Charteris, and before he could stoop for it, she had it in her hand. "What a pretty locket! No; you cannot have it. I insist upon having it mended for you. You broke it in my service."

Hugh hesitated. The locket was a gift from Sybil, and contained her picture; but the opening was artfully contrived, and the chances were ten to one against Mrs. Charteris' finding it. Beside, he was very angry with Sybil. It would do no harm for her to see that he did not wear the locket for a day or two. All this passed quickly through his mind as he answered,

"You are very kind. It is hardly worth the pains. But pray, return it to me on Saturday, as I shall feel quite lost without it." And then the pair walked away, not having seen Jean.

Poor Sybil! She spent most of the night in tears. Her quarrel with Hugh had almost broken her heart. It was nearly dawn before she fell asleep, and then it was a broken slumber; wild dreams tortured her brain; and when she awoke, it was unrefreshed.

She had more cause to be angry with Mrs. Charteris than anybody knew. That lady had studiously insulted her, on every possible occasion; insulted her, that is to say, short of open rudeness. But the sly sneer, the half-whispered inuendo, the insolent look, are more galling than direct effrontery. Weak as she was, all Sybil's pride was aroused. When her mother, seeing how badly she looked, suggested that she should give up appearing that night, she shook her head in the negative, saying to herself, "I will die first. That woman shall not triumph over me." Ah! what agony to be jealous.

All the fashionable world was in a flutter of excitement, meantime. The "Amateur Theatricals for the benefit of the Mothers' Aid Society," had been talked about so much, that the twelve hundred seats of the little theatre, which had been secured for the performance, were all sold the day before. Jean Dulaney had been hard at work all day, arranging plants, draperies, etc. But about two hours before the time at which the performers were to assemble at the theatre, Chauncey received a message that Miss Dulaney was in the drawing-room, and would like to see Mr. Rodmere immediately.

He came in quietly, and stood for a moment looking at the figure under the chandelier. Dressed in a rose-colored brocade, ornamented with old lace, her brown hair puffed and powdered, her soft eyes larger and brighter with excitement, Jean looked as if she might have stepped from a picture-frame of eighty years ago. She was absolutely lovely, and Chauncey told her so as he took her hand.

"I sent for you," she said, "to tell you that I have a note from Mrs. Delaplaine, saying that Sybil has not been well since last night. She has fainted twice while trying to dress, and she is fearful that she cannot act to-night."

He gave an exclamation of dismay.

"I must go there myself," Jean said. "Your sister is dressing, and I do not wish to disturb her at the eleventh hour. Will you drive with me to the Delaplaines?"

Chauncey rang the bell, and ordered the carriage, and in five minutes they were off. Upon reaching the house, he was ushered into the drawing-room, but Jean received a message from Sybil, and went directly to her. There had been no exaggeration about Sybil's illness. There she lay, deathly white, in a huge chair, while one maid was dressing her hair, another lacing her slippers, and a third sewing lace on her dress.

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Mrs. Delaplaine was fluttering around the group in a pitiable state of fright and bewilderment. Jean's mind misgave her as she looked at the girl.

"It was too bad that mamma sent for you," said Sybil, raising her head. "I shall be better when I am dressed. Don't imagine that I will fail you." And she whispered, "Do you think I will let Mrs. Charteris triumph, by not appearing?"

"Indeed, you are hardly fit to stand," began Jean, and Mrs. Delaplaine burst in with lamentations at once. But Sybil never wavered; she was determined to act, if it killed her.

They got her dressed at last. Arrived at the theatre, Jean found everybody behind the scenes in a state of suffused excitement. She led Sybil safely inside the green-room, and then turned her attention to the other girls, who crowded around her.

"And oh, Miss Dulaney! we're all so frightened!" rose the chorus. "Amy peeped through a hole in the curtain, and she says the Dares and the Grays are in the front seats, and they are so critical!"

"Nonsense!" said Jean, keeping watch on the door, lest Sybil should be startled by Hugh's appearance. "Be pleased to pay attention to your parts, and not to the audience. Mrs. Rodmere would never forgive us for a failure."

"How lovely you all look!" said a musical voice, and there stood Mrs. Charteris. She wore a long, flowing white dress, tied with tiny pink bows—distracting bows, such as French fingers alone can tie. On her head, a picturesque shade hat, trimmed with apple-blossoms, and in her hand an exquisite bunch of pale pink and yellow tea-roses. Sybil shivered as she closed her eyes, to shut out the beautiful vision. How could she ever hope to rival that charming, *seduisant* creature?"

"Everybody pays me a compliment, except Miss Dulaney," said Mrs. Charteris, with a wilful, childish pout, "and she is the only person whose criticism I fear."

"Mrs. Charteris knows that her costume is faultless," said Jean, wondering what the creature meant. "Those roses are precisely what completes it."

"Are they not? Mr. Rodmere told me that he had to ransack the green-houses for this shade of pink. So kind, was he not?" And she looked significantly at Jean.

"Very kind," answered Jean, coolly. "Mrs. Rodmere and I waited fully ten minutes for him, yesterday, at Stedman's. Poor Stedman was in such a maze! He brought at least four shades of pink rose-buds out to the carriage, before Mrs. Rodmere could decide."

It was the first time Mrs. Charteris had ever tried to meddle with Miss Dulaney, and lo! she had scorched her pretty fingers. Jean had known all about the flowers from the first, and was not to be made jealous.

In the meantime, Hugh Standish was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. In the first heat of his anger, he had resolved to stay away from Sybil for twenty-four hours; but, truth to say, he had hard work to keep his resolution. There was but one thing which prevented his going to Sybil, and that, was, that he shrank from speaking of a past chapter in his life, with which Mrs. Charteris was associated. She was Barbara Van Alstyne then, and Hugh had been passionately in love with her, with all the ardor of a boy's first passion. It was the old story. She had jilted him for a wealthier suitor, and Hugh felt something of the old stinging mortification when they met again. Mrs. Charteris had soothed him skillfully enough; but she could not resist a spiteful desire to make Sybil uncomfortable; and she ardently hoped that the result would be a rupture between Hugh and his new love.

Hugh wandered about behind the scenes, hoping to catch a glimpse of Sybil, but not knowing of her illness, nor that she was already in the theatre. And presently the overture began. Tinkle went the bell, and the curtain rolled up on an outwardly composed, but in reality a dreadfully frightened trio.

The audience were well-bred in the matter of applause; but the real interest of the play began with Mrs. Charteris, and centred in Jean—Jean, who, for the first time in her life, felt genuinely excited while acting; Jean, who, with a curious throb, acknowledged to herself that she was putting forth all her powers for one man's criticism. Ah! Jean Delaney, what did the blush mean, which mounted hotly to your forehead, when a superb bouquet of lilies of the valley, tied with blue ribbon, landed just at your feet, and your quick eyes saw that Chauncey had thrown them from the parquette?

But Jean had no time for more than one glance. It was Sybil's cue, and there stood the girl, on the left entrance. In a second, Jean saw that she was trembling nervously. There was about three minutes in which Mrs. Charteris must finish her aside with Hugh. Jean crossed the stage, near enough to speak to Sybil unseen.

"Keep cool, Sybil! Go down to the front, as you enter. I have a chair for you there."

The blood rushed back into Sybil's cheeks, as

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the calm, reassuring tones reached her. She dropped Mrs. Rodmere's arm, and in another second a burst of applause greeted her as she walked on the stage.

For a moment, Jean held her breath. It was almost an even chance whether Sybil would go on, or break down utterly, as Hugh addressed her, in the words of the play,

"Ma'amselle Virginie, you have arrived just in time to settle a dispute between your cousin and myself." Then, softly in her ear, "Good heavens! my darling, are you ill?"

The old, happy light came back into Sybil's eyes. She forgot her anger then and there. What, fail with Hugh's eyes looking down into hers, as lovingly as they did before that detested woman came between them? No, never! Hugh should have no cause to be ashamed of her, and Sybil's terror vanished.

Jean went into the green-room at the end of the play. It had been an exceptionably good performance, and she had her hand in Sybil's, saying the sweet, kind words of congratulation which she knew so well how to say, when Mrs. Charteris swept into the room, and, behind her, Chauncey,

"Ah, there is one 'star!'" she said, to Jean. "Miss Dulaney has received compliments enough to turn any woman's head, except hers. And you, *petite!*" with airy grace, turning to Sybil. "You have amazed us all. By your next appearance, you will be quite perfect."

It was more than Sybil could bear, to be thus patronised.

"Thank you," she said, her lip curling scornfully; "but I do not expect to excel, not having Mrs. Charteris' capacity for acting."

"Allow me," said Mrs. Charteris, unruffled, as she stooped to pick up Sybil's fan. But Sybil's eye fell on the round, white arm of her tormentor. She turned pale.

"Where did you get that?" she said, hoarsely, pointing to Hugh's locket, which hung dangling from a bracelet.

Mrs. Charteris' low laugh tinkled sweetly out,

"The locket? Pretty, is it not? Mr. Standish gave it to me as a philopena."

Sybil staggered, as if she would fall. Only her high, proud spirit kept her from fainting. "After all," she said to herself, "Hugh is false: he has given away my gift to him; and the brazen woman dares to flaunt it before my very eyes. He was deceiving me, when he spoke so kindly, awhile ago." And Sybil wished she could die.

Jean looked up, astonished at the audacity of Mrs. Charteris.

"I beg your pardon. Are you quite sure that it was a philopena?" Jean interposed, her voice ominously calm.

"Really," drawled Mrs. Charteris, with a sudden appeal to Chauncey, "my little locket seems to create quite a sensation. I repeat, Miss Delaplaine, it is a philopena from Mr. Standish to me."

Jean's eyes dilated and grew dark, as she looked at Mrs. Charteris. "Do these lapses of memory often seize you?" she said. "I think you have forgotten—— Geneva!"

Mrs. Charteris, at this word, dropped into the nearest chair, trembling violently, and gazed at Jean, as at a basilisk.

"So it was you!" she gasped. Then she rallied. "Miss Dulaney," she said, in a voice suddenly changing to entreaty, "surely you can have no motive for repeating that. Do not, do not, I implore you." And then she seemed to remember the presence of the others, and said, with an attempt at ease, which was even more painful than her terror, "I suppose you think I am doing melo-drama in private; but Miss Dulaney has recalled very pain——very old reminiscenses."

"You will give me the locket, please," said Jean; "and I am sure that you will permit me to correct Miss Delaplaine's impression. I was standing in the corridor, you know, when Mr. Standish let you take the locket to have it mended. I heard the conversation. Thank you," as Mrs. Charteris snatched the locket off her arm. "Sybil, dear, there is Mr. Standish at the door."

A new world opened to Sybil at these words. "Oh! how I have misjudged him!" she said to herself. "What a wicked, wicked woman! I will go to Hugh at once. I will ask his forgiveness, with my eyes, at least, till we are alone, since I cannot do it now."

Sybil went forward, and Mrs. Charteris set her teeth hard, as she saw Hugh draw Sybil's hand tenderly laid inside his own, to take her away. She half rose from her chair.

"Stay a moment." Jean's hand detained her. "I wish to say one word more. I remembered you from the first, (although I never saw you but that one night,) but I should never have used my knowledge if you had not been determined to wreck Sybil's happiness. If you will refrain from further attempts to make mischief for her, I shall be silent upon that other little matter—at Geneva, you know."

Mrs. Charteris drew her laces around her to go. She would not have been true to her nature if she had abstained from flinging a Parthian dart. As Chauncey opened the door for her, she said, languidly, "Good evening, Miss Dulaney,

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and thank you, so much. If I ever have an opportunity to repay the debt I owe you, depend upon the fidelity of my memory. It almost equals your fidelity to Mr. Rodmere; and report says that you have been constant to him for years."

It was a cruel stab. Chauncey started forward; but before he could speak, Jean met it squarely.

"And report is, for once, right," she said. "Mr. Rodmere does not need my assurance, certainly not yours, that my friendship is of the steadfast type."

And just here, as a faithful historian, I am compelled to relate that the grave, dignified Chauncey Rodmere did a bit of drama on his own account. He literally banged the door venomously in Mrs. Charteris' face, and got possession of Jean's two slender hands, before she could remonstrate.

"Jean, Jean," whispered he, "I want your—not friendship, but love. Is it yes, Jean?"

Raps at the door. Enter half a dozen people, rapturously and congratulatory; but Jean gave him half her bouquets to hold, and Chauncey took her down to the carriage, with a face of such absolute proprietorship, that every woman in the group knew his secret.

They were all going to a supper at the Dudleys; but before they reached the house, Chauncey had time to ask Jean the secret of her scene with *la belle* Charteris.

"I could not help it," she said, laughing a little. "I fall naturally into dramatic effects to-night. I suppose I may tell you—now. When I was in Geneva, five years ago, a runaway couple were stopped at our hotel. The man was a Swede, who had a wife living in Stockholm, and the girl was Barbara Van Alstyne. I was there with my father, and I knew her brother. He got my father to assist in hushing it up. She never saw me but once, and had forgotten me. I am almost afraid that you thought me hard, or unwomanly. But remember, poor Sybil's happiness was the stake I was playing for."

He took her into his arms, for answer, and kissed her, saying,

"I think that you are the wisest and sweetest woman that ever lived, Jean."

Chauncey and Jean, Hugh and Sybil, were married on the same day, and at the same church. All Washington turned out to see the two weddings, nor has society ceased to talk of them yet. And in their own private circle they often recur to Mrs. Charteris, and SYBIL DELAPLAINE'S LOCKET.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

BY KATIE HIGGINS.

WHERE the milk-white lilies grow,
Each pure chalice gleaming whitely,
When the moon is shining brightly,
Comes my darling, treading lightly,
Where the milk-white lilies grow.
Yet, not long, the maiden lingers,
Where the milk-white lilies grow.

Where the royal roses bloom,
In their robes of crimson splendor,
And their balmy sweetness squander,
There my love delights to wander,
Where the royal roses bloom.
Yet, not long, the dear one tarries,
Where the royal roses bloom.

Where the humble violet bends,
In the midst of snow-white clover,
'Neath the oak-trees' leafy cover,
There my darling meets her lover,
Where the humble violet bends.
There I meet my heart's dear treasure,
Where the humble violet bends.

THE ORPHANS' PRAYER.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

OUR Father! since the strong right arm,
That should have shielded us from ill,
Fails us, do Thou from sin and harm,
Along life's course protect us still.

No mother's love defends our youth,
Alone we stand, two babes; and yet
Those who but love the Lord in truth,
His watchful care will ne'er forgot.

So when the toilsome journey's o'er,
And all the weary voyage done,
Upon the happy, heavenly shore,
Once more the parted shall be one.

The circle broken here below
Shall broaden in the perfect day,
And never more disruption know,
When former things are passed away.

Orphans? Ah, no! The nightly prayer
That hopeless word can never leaven;
On earth no parents' love they share,
But have a Father still in heaven.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a pretty costume for a young lady, of gray diagonal cloth, trimmed with

black velvet. Silk, or even cashmere, would look well if economy be desirable. The skirt is bordered with a deep plaiting, stitched down twice, in the middle, and at one inch from the top, forming a heading. The Lareuse tunic is turned up in the same style as a fishwife's tunic, and trimmed with black velvet. It is buttoned at the back, where the tunic is gathered; there is a small pocket on the turned-up border. The basque to the bodice is open on the hips, and is square and long at the back; velvet revers finish the neck, and a small cuff turns back over the close coat-sleeve. Twelve to fifteen yards of single-width material; eight or ten of double-width cloth. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

Next, is one of those fine diagonal woolen plaids, in black and white, suitable for either

street or home wear. It is simple, and very easily made. The under-skirt has the front breadth gored, and a narrow gore on either side; then the upper part of the back breadth is cut a half-yard from the bottom, and three widths gathered into this, sloping it into a demi-train

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at the bottom. The edge of the skirt, so made, is trimmed with a knife-plaiting, of plain cashmere, five inches deep, headed by a wide mohair braid. The Polonaise is cut quite long, and simply loosed at the back; the braid edges this, and is put upon the bodice, simulating a basque, as may be seen; coat-sleeves, finished at the hand by two rows of plaiting of the plain cashmere; high collar. A word about collars. The standing bias collar, sloped off in front, is the popular one for dresses. It must be a trifle over an inch wide when finished, and is sewed on without cording at the bottom. It has an interlining of thin crinoline, to keep it erect and shapely. To make it fit neatly in front, and meet without lapping, the end on the left side, where the buttons are, should stop an inch from the edge of the dress-front, while the end on the right side goes to the edge of the garment. It should be lined with silk if the dress is of woolen. The cravat is placed between the linen collar and the dress collar, and tied in a bow at the front. Three dozen buttons are required for this Polonaise, and fifteen yards single-width plaid; two to three yards cashmere for the plaiting.

The coming season suggests a light cloth paletot for a girl of eight years. It is of cream-colored fancy cloth or flannel, trimmed with narrow, cream-colored cashmere lace, or finish the square ends of the garment with a button-holed edge, above which sew a flat braid, or narrow velvet ribbon. The back is cut in, to partially fit the figure; the point is loose, and the collar forms two points at the back; same in front. Cuffs and pockets trimmed to match. A yard and a quarter of cloth will cut the paletot. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents

A Princess frock, for a little girl of eight years, is entirely new. It is made of checked claret and blue woolen goods. The front is buttoned from the throat down; the back is of claret silk; the lower part a deep gathered flounce; the upper part a long loop, which is fastened to the waist by a little band called a "patte." This back part of the dress may be of merino or cashmere, unless a partly-worn silk dress of mamma's can be utilized. The pocket and cuffs are of the plain material, whatever it may be, finished with bows of ribbon to match. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

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A pretty linen blouse apron for little girl, is scolloped and embroidered, in either white or

colored ingrain cotton. It may be easily cut from the design. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

The front and back of a baby's robe. one year old, is of Nainsook and Hamburg embroidery;

or, what is much more elegant, make the front and all the edgings of guipure embroidery, a design for which we give in the work-table, this month. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

A sailor suit, for a boy of four years, is made of striped flannel, or plain navy-blue. Blouse,

with under-vest, collar and cuffs, of plain cambric, to match the suit in color; black or white braid, or a row of each, may be used for the ornamentation. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

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The Watteau de Chambre, in our December number, has been so popular, that we venture to give another cashmere costume, déshabillé, the diagram of which will be found on another page. It is made of pale-blue cashmere, trimmed with cashmere lace, and plaitings of the same, if a very dressy robe-de-chambre be desired; or it may be made of flannel, and will be charming for the warm weather, if made of Nainsook and Hamburg embroidery. In our diagram, we give only the long, loose Redingote, and it may be worn over a skirt of the same material, or over a black silk. If of Nainsook, of course the skirt of the same will be the prettiest. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

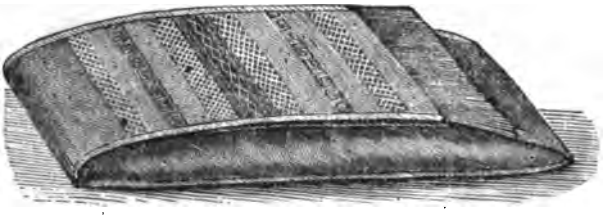
PATTERNS of our every-day dresses, or for costumes on colored fashion-plate, children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations In sending for patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaise, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents each.

UMBRELLA-CASE.

WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERIES.

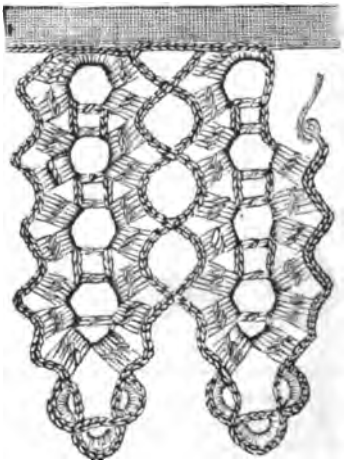
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Case of brown oil-cloth, bound with braid, and worked with a feather stitching of purse silk. It is then fitted with straps and buttons, arranged as shown in our illustration.



TRIMMING: CROCHET.

Make a chain of thirty-two, * turn, pass over five, one treble in the sixth, * four chain, pass over three, one treble in the next, two chain, pass over one, one treble in the next. Repeat from * twice more; four chain, one double in the first of thirty-two chain; work under this ring three double, three treble, five chain, three treble, * pass over the next two trebles, work under the four chain, three trebles, five chain, three trebles. Repeat from last * twice more; three chain, three trebles under the end chain, six chain, join to the first; under this ring work five double, seven chain, join to first. Under this work six double, six chain, join to first; under this ring five double, three treble under end chain as before, three chain, three trebles under next four chain, five chain, three trebles



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in the same, pass over the two next trebles, three trebles, five chain, three trebles under next four chain; repeat twice more; work three double under the last chain to meet the first three doubles.

For the following patterns, forty chain-stitches are needed, in order to leave eight stitches between the patterns at the top. Work precisely as directed for the first pattern, with this exception: in working the five chains between the treble groups, join by drawing through the third stitch of the opposite five chain. (See design.)

REDINGOTE FOR DESHABILLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, this month, a very stylish costume for deshabille, a Redingote, and the very newest pattern. On the next page we give a diagram, from which to cut it out. A full description is given in our "Every-Day" department."

The dotted lines on No. 2 show where the plaits are laid—on No. 1, where the trimming is placed across the front. (Plaited ruffles like the skirt.) As we have already said, this is the very newest thing in this way.

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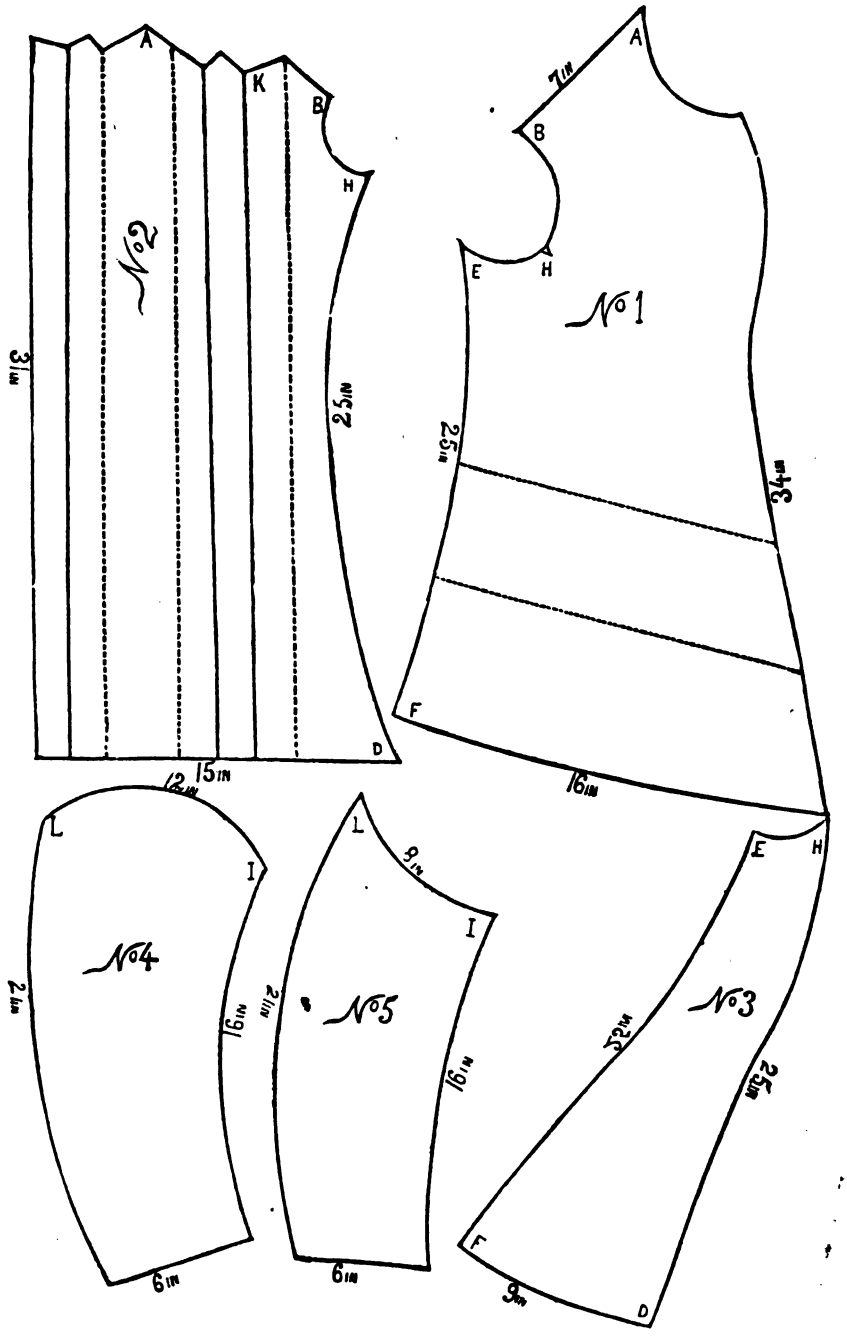

No. 1. Half of Front.
No 2. Half Back.
No. 3. Half of Side of Back.
No. 4. Upper Half of Sleeve.
No. 5. Under Half of Sleeve.
Price of pattern, fifty cents.

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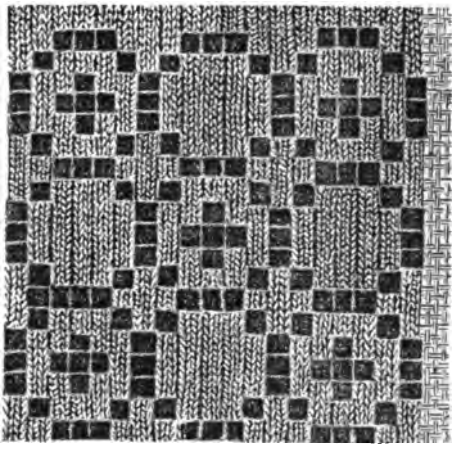
SACHET.

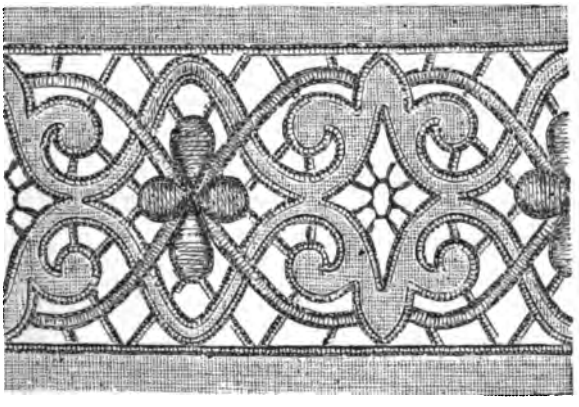
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The finished sachet is shown in No. I. Detail of the pattern in the full size, No. II. The foundation is of canvas. Upon this, braid of the width shown in the design is laid. The braid may be of gold, silver, silk, or worsted, according to taste. Our design is of gold braid, fastened down with fine black chenille. The bag is worked in one straight length, with the upper corners rounded off for the flap. The lining is of white satin.

GUIPURE INSERTION, FOR UNDER-LINEN

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Trace the design on muslin, and work the Venetian bars in the usual way. The star-shaped figures are filled up with point-de-reprise, and the various lace stitches are put in with lace thread. Cut away the ground as required.

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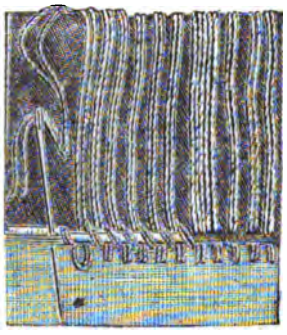
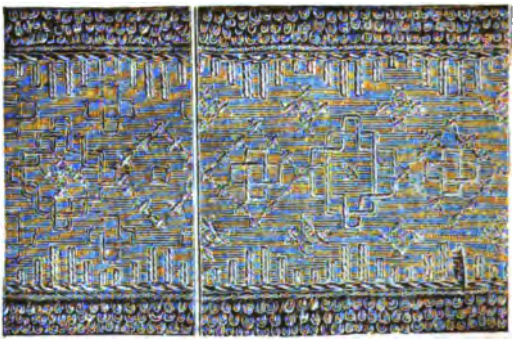
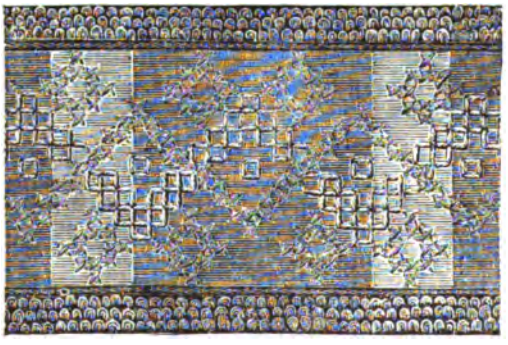
BORDERS FOR TOWELS.

WITH MODE OF FASTENING ON FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

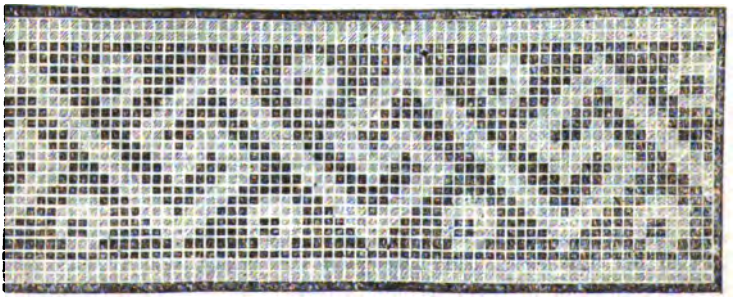






We give two borders in the full size, worked in wool, scarlet and black, in ingrain colors. Various stitches may be used for the embroidery. The borders are worked on the plain part of the towel. Fringe in thread and wool, mixed, is worked on the ends. It is worked over a cardboard, and may be made any width. The monogram may be added, in large size, above the border. Plain towels, so ornamented, are quite as elegant as the expensive ones imported.

BORDER IN DARNED NETTING.



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WRAPPER FOR SHAWLS, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Wrapper made of twill, with vandyked strips of brown cloth, bound with worsted braid, of which we give a pattern in detail. The strips are fastened on with chain-stitches of fawn-colored purse silk and point-russe. The silk must be in two shades, and worked in chain stitch, according to illustration. The wrapper is fastened with buttons and button-holes, and is finished with brown cord and tassels.

CURTAIN IN DARNED NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A subscriber has asked us for a design, in darned netting, for a curtain, or tidy, etc., etc. Accordingly, we give one, in the front of the number, printed in colors.

On the opposite page we give a border in darned netting. This work is very easily done, and requires no description. Only follow the pattern.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MIGNONETTE, HELIOTROPE, ETC., ETC.—There are three flowers especially desirable, particularly for their delicious odor: they are mignonette, musk-plant, and heliotrope; and they are the greater favorites, because they can be enjoyed in perfection for several months of the year, and do not bloom and fade all at once.

First of these we would rank the Mignonette, (*reseda odorata*,) a hardy annual, one foot high; flowers, a greenish red or orange, throughout the summer; brought first from North Africa, in 1752. It is only lately that the real capabilities of this beautiful annual have been fully developed. What with improved seed and more skilful culture, it has become transformed from a comparatively insignificant border-plant, valued only for its scent, into a pot-plant of noble proportions and stately appearance, as ornamental as fragrant. It is one of the most adaptable of plants, thriving and flowering alike in the smoky regions of towns, in windows or borders, or the villa and cottage garden. It is so great a favorite, wherever it is sown, we can scarcely have too much of it. The first point of importance is to obtain a first-rate quality of seed. The second is to grow it in really choice rich compost, whether for pot culture, or in the garden-beds and borders. The seed may be sown in pans, in a frame, or in the open ground. They must be picked out and potted on, if for that mode of culture. Three are enough in a six-inch pot. The early blooms are to be removed as soon as they show during the first month, receiving a weekly application of liquid manure. When strong and bushy, they may be allowed to flower, and will continue to do so for several months. Successional sowings of mignonette ought always to be made; by this means, where a warmish house is at command, it may be had in pots during the winter. Very choice qualities may be perpetuated by cuttings; this is scarcely necessary, however, as it comes fairly true from seed. The so-called tree mignonette is produced from a particular quality of seed—New Tall Pyramidal—treated as above. In gardens it is frequently successional from self-sowings.

Next is the Musk, (*mimulus moschatus*,) a variety of the monkey flower; flowers yellow, in June; brought first from Columbia, in 1826. The musk may be made a noble object under pot-culture. It also is a pretty basket-plant. We will despatch it under this form first. The basket in which the pot is placed ought to be large enough to allow of being packed with moss, and a deep pan is better for the plant than a pot. A saucer may be placed at the bottom of the basket to contain the pot, the musk delighting in plenty of moisture, if not stagnant. To prevent this, the saucer must be frequently emptied. A little liquid manure will not be amiss in this case. The soil must be rich, but free and open. Good loam, not too binding, a little leaf-mould, rotted cocoa-fibre dust, and cow-manure, will form a suitable compost. In moist, sheltered, cool positions, somewhat shady in summer, the musk will grow well out of doors, where it harmonizes with rock-work, and spreads over a large space. It is desirable to throw some slight protection over the patches in winter. In pots, the plants are frequently trained to a trellis. The bush form is preferable. In the window, it should be turned daily to the light, to prevent its becoming lop-sided.

A special and charming flower is the Heliotrope; (*Heliotropum Peruvianum*;) flowers lilac or purple, in July; introduced from Peru, in 1757. This race has been much improved, and the range of color in the flowers much extended, all, however, being shades of purple violet. The size of the trusses has also been increased. The heliotrope belongs to that section which goes under the generic term of "bedders," in which scheme it has considerable utility as neutral purple-gray in shades, supplying a quality generally wanting in the class, fragrant perfume. Light, but rich soil, is proper for its cultivation. It is usually propagated by cuttings, the process being similar to that pursued in striking verbenas, and the generality of bedding stuff. It may also be raised from seed, superior qualities of which, from first-rate establishments only, should be used. The plant is very tender, and the stools saved in pots, either to furnish cuttings, or train on for use during the following season; must be wintered in a house or room where the temperature is never permitted to fall below thirty-five or forty degrees. They must never be allowed to get very dry. A shower from a fine rose will suit them best; water tepid. Light, sandy soil should be used for striking, and a mild bottom heat employed. When rooted, transfer the young plants separately to small pots, and nip out the tops to produce laterals. When they are to be turned out, one or two shifts will be sufficient; but if used for pot culture, the customary routine of "potting on," till blooming size is attained, must be pursued. Occasionally assisted with weak manure water, fine specimens may be produced. The heliotrope, from its pendant habit, forms a pretty basket-plant, or may be used for vases. It is the first almost to feel the frost, and must be watched accordingly.

"BORROW NO MORE."—A lady sends us two dollars, and writes: "I have read your magazine for several years, but have concluded *to borrow no more*, but have a copy of my own. I have found the receipts very useful; and the fashion-plates and descriptions are so plain, that persons of moderate means can adapt them to the simplest styles of dress." Yes! it is economy to take "Peterson," for its fashion department, if judiciously studied, enables a lady to save, in dress, ten or twenty times the cost of the magazine every year. Nor is there any excuse for *borrowing*. The price of "Peterson" is so low, that everybody can afford it. Even two-dollar subscribers get more for their money than they could by taking any other; while club subscribers obtain it for less than half what inferior, but higher-priced, periodicals come to.

MAKING SCRAP-BOOKS.—A very nice scrap-book may be made out of brown-holland, or calico. Calico should be cut to the size of the page, only doubled, so as to make two pages with each piece of calico, and each should be about twenty inches in length, by twelve in width. Twelve pages are sufficient for a scrap-book. Bind each page with worsted braid, red for one, and blue for the next, and so on alternately throughout the book. Make the cover of imitation-morocco cloth, and bind it round with red braid also, of about an inch and a half in width; place a colored picture in the centre of the cover, and sew red ribbon strings on to the edge, to tie the whole book up, and the scrap-book is completed. We have seen green baize used for a cover; but it does not last as long as the other.

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It is Never Too Late to get up clubs for this magazine. Back numbers from January, inclusive, can always be supplied. The Plover (Wisconsin) Times says, apropos of this: "Perhaps many, who thought they could not afford to subscribe for a magazine, earlier in the season, can afford it now, when times are unmistakably better." It says, also: "We do not see how any lady can do without 'Peterson,' for it combines more attractions, and for a less price, than any other magazine of the kind." Specimens, remember, are sent gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. Mention this to your friends. If every patron of "Peterson" would interest herself to send us another subscriber, we could double our already large list, and make the magazine even better than before. Remember that "Peterson" is without a peer for merit and cheapness.

An Extra Colored Pattern.—We have received a request for a design of a Stag's Head, to be done in applique, to ornament the side of a traveling-bag. Accordingly, we give an extra colored pattern, this month, in order to oblige our fair subscriber, as she seems in a hurry for it. "Peterson" is not to be rivaled in enterprise or lavish expenditure, when the wishes of its patrons are to be gratified. This design may also be used for a foot-stool, sofa-cushion, or even for a tidy. Working in applique is becoming very fashionable. Table-covers are now made of cashmere, etc., ornamented with figures in applique, in different colors: sometimes Japanese designs, sometimes Stags' Heads, Butterflies, etc., etc. The effect is very pretty. The materials for this pattern are brown cloth and coarse sewing-silk: the white lines are made by stitching the latter in.

Additions to Clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-bye, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club.

"None That Ranks It."—The Iowa Liberal, noticing our last number, says: "Of all the ladies' magazines published, there is none that ranks with Peterson's. Every number is so complete, so reliable, so perfect, so just what the ladies want, that those of the gentler sex who once get into the habit of reading it, are never wholly satisfied unless their names are on Peterson's list."

Tidy in Java Canvas.—The colored pattern, in our last number, which was given as a "Tidy in Crochet," can also be worked, and with less trouble, as a "Tidy on Java Canvas." But our fair subscribers, we suppose, saw this for themselves, especially as the colors were in black and yellow, as in Java canvas work.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Storm-Driven. By Mary Healy. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is the second volume of the "Star Series," lately started by these enterprising publishers. The size of the volume is especially convenient for holding in the hand when reading; the type is neat and legible; the binding tasteful. It is the intention to select popular works, chiefly fiction, and for this purpose, "Courtship in 1770 and 1860," was selected for the first volume; and now "Storm-Driven" is chosen for the second. The latter story opens in America, in a western city, but the scene is afterwards transferred to Paris, where the principal events occur. The characters are generally drawn with force.

A Plea for Art in The House. With Especial Reference to The Economy of Collecting Works of Art, and The Importance of Taste in Education and Morals. By W. J. Loftie 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.*—One of the objects of this little book is to show that it costs no more to furnish a house in good taste than in bad. And within certain limits this is undoubtedly true. If honesty of workmanship, beauty of form, utility, and absence of meretricious ornament, is good taste, then the remark is perfectly correct. But the best-made furniture, even if without unnecessary ornament, is not, and cannot be cheap; and few housekeepers in America, in consequence, can afford to buy the best. It is not so much the want of taste, but the want of money, that makes nine people out of ten buy the furniture they do. Still, there is room for improvement; and hence this book will do good. If you have a little margin, even a little, over your income, that you think you can spend in gratifying your taste, then the hints of Mr. Loftie will be found invaluable. Another point. The author tells some marvellous stories of collectors making great hits by buying cheap, and selling dear. But where one collector makes money, ten lose. We would advise nobody, therefore, to turn collector, in hopes of achieving a fortune. If you have money to spare, the having a hobby, be it for china, pictures, or anything else, is a pleasant recreation; but unless the money is there, beware. The volume is handsomely printed, and has several very neat illustrations.

Love In Idleness. By Ellen W. Olney. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A story of American life, well told, and natural in its incidents. The characters of the two brothers, who, in one sense, are the heroes of the tale, are skilfully discriminated. Miss Clairmont, the heroine, is one of the loveliest creations of recent fiction. Altogether, the novel is unusually good. The volume is handsomely printed, as indeed are all the publications of this firm.

Charles O'Malley. By Charles Lever. 1 *vol*, 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new edition of a novel that took the literary world by storm quite a generation ago. But there must be thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of this generation, who have never read it. To such we say, get it at once, and read it, for there is nothing of its kind, half so good, being published now. It is full of fun and high spirits.

Basil; or, The Crossed Path. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.* 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—In the art of constructing a story, this author stands without a rival. Generally, the reader sees through a plot from the beginning; but it is not so with Wilkie Collins' novels. "Basil" is one of his best works, and the present edition is quite handsome.

Lady Ernestine By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a third edition of a new novel, by the author of "The Household of Bouverie," one of the most popular of our American writers. The story is one of her best. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Sylvester Sound. By the author of "Valentine Vox." 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of a work of rare humor. Few novels are as mirth-moving as "Valentine Vox;" and the present one, by the same author, is nearly as admirable. To read it would be a sure antidote for a fit of the "blues."

A Widow of Windsor. A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Loring.*—A story of English Life. The book is printed in comparatively large type, so as to make easy reading: it is good, therefore, for a railway traveler. The story, without being wonderful, is very well told, moreover.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—The long-established reputation of "Peterson," as being the *best and cheapest* of the ladies' books, is more than sustained in 1877, if the newspaper press is to be believed. Hundreds of complimentary notices are on our table. "The best publication of its kind in the United States," says the Littleton (N. H.) Argus. "Its fashion-plates are worth many times its cost, to say nothing of its other valuable features." Says the Shelbyville (Ill.) Union: "It has the best original stories, the best colored fashion-plates, and the best steel-engravings, etc., of any of the ladies' books published. Every family ought to take it. It gives more for the money than any in the world." Says the Maryland Republican: "A gem of perfection, with its beautiful steel engravings, and its numerous illuminated pattern-plates, together with its exquisite designs, crochet patterns, and its great variety of literary reading of the most chaste character. It is indeed a household treasure, and no lady should be without it. The engravings in this magazine are far above the common style." The New Holland (Pa.) Clarion says: "'Peterson' is getting better every month." The Millersburg (Pa.) Herald says: "Each successive number adds to the laurels of this progressive magazine." The Chambersburg (Pa.) Valley Spirit says: "The wonder is how 'Peterson' can furnish such a magazine, at such a price." The Woodburn Register says: "One of the liveliest and best monthlies for ladies." The Ballston (N. Y.) Journal says: "Everywhere we find subscribers speaking in its favor." Says the Randolph (Ala.) News: "By all odds the *best, the cheapest, the handsomest, and the most interesting*' ladies' book in America."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

"NO STYLE AT ALL."—A dress-maker writes: "I have stopped taking other so-called fashion magazines, for their illustrations and patterns have no style; and have come back to 'Peterson,' which is the only reliable guide for people of taste."

OUR WORK-TABLE.—A subscriber writes: "The fancy-work in 'Peterson' is alone worth the price of the magazine. I had no difficulty in getting up this club of five."

AFTER using Laird's "Bloom of Youth" a short time, the skin will have a fresh, clear, and brilliant appearance, entirely free from blemish. Sold at all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV.—GENERAL QUALIFICATIONS OF NURSES—CONTINUED.

The importance of a wise discrimination being possessed by a nurse, may further be illustrated in cases of constipation. A patient may be found, by the attendant physician at a visit, very much constipated, and he directs some aperient mixture, or pills, to be repeated every hour or two until three or four doses are given, which is usually required in such cases. But, from some unlooked-for cause, the patient has a free evacuation within the first hour or two, and soon another. Now, if he should continue to give the aperient draught, or a pill, a diarrhœa would undoubtedly ensue, attended with prostration of strength, and result to her great injury.

Similar errors are likely to be committed in giving anodynes, Dover's powders, and the like. For instance, the desired effect may have been produced by the first or second dose, and yet they may be continued by a stupid nurse, as ordered, to the positive injury of the patient.

The doctor may be at fault, however, in some of these cases, by making his orders peremptory, thinking himself *wise* enough to know just how many doses, pills or powders, will be required, in this particular case, to produce the necessary result.

Thus, it will be perceived, that a *judicious interference* on the part of a nurse, duly qualified for her responsible position, may often be a valuable aid in bringing about the restoration of a patient's health.

Again, the nurse is often called upon to exercise her judgment in reference to certain articles of diet, which, though ordered by the physician, upon trial is found to be offensive or injurious to the patient. Here her judgment must dictate the proper course to pursue, which surely would not be to persist in forcing such food upon the stomach it rejects; nor yet is she to allow the patient to go without any nourishment till she consults the physician, at his next visit, but wisely and judiciously select such other articles of food as most resemble in quality that directed by him. And again: some simple laxative, as oil, for example, is ordered merely to obviate continued costiveness, and it may be rejected; then the nurse should rather select some other mild cathartic, or administer an enema, than allow her patient to suffer for want of it.

Lastly, it frequently occurs that some external applications, such as cabbage, burdoch, or horseradish, or bathing the feet with mustard-water in case of pain in the head; or sponging the face, neck and arms with simple cold water, vinegar and water, or spirits, in case of great heat or high fever; or the application of mustard poultices over the seat of acute pain, should it occur in any part of the body. Any or all such appliances may be required and resorted to, by a judicious nurse, with much advantage during the absence of the medical attendant, without waiting for such self-evident adjuvants being ordered by him. Obedience to orders is a merit in nursing, as well as in more grave responsibilities of life; but it is a profession wherein a skilled nurse, with nice discrimination, may swerve from, go beyond and add to recommendations which may be of great value in many of these little emergencies which have been specified: whilst, on the other hand, an experienced one is helpless to afford relief, because destitute of resources, and the patient suffers severely, and the case is often protracted for the want of prompt action on her part. The nurse should never sit idly by the bedside of a suffering one, by the hour, without readjusting the pillows, clothing, etc., and resorting to some external measures, with words of encouragement, and thus give an assurance that she is interested in her charge.

FLOWER-TALKS FOR APRIL.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

SELECTING SEEDS.—Those who contemplate having a flower-garden, will now be selecting seeds, and very many will find this task a delightfully puzzling one. The catalogues contain a large list of desirable kinds, that one hardly is able to draw the line between what she can attend to satisfactorily, and those she would like to have. I have found that a dozen good kinds, well cared for, afford much better satisfaction than twice that number half taken care of. There are several old stand-bys, which the novelties annually introduce cannot eclipse, and I would advise every amateur cultivator of flowers, who has only a small patch of ground, and not a great deal of time to devote to her

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garden, to confine her selections to this list. They are nearly all hardy, and are all profuse and constant bloomers and will give the very best satisfaction with half the care required by the tender kinds. This list includes asters, phlox, verbenas, stock, petunias, pansies, balsams, zinnias, sweet-peas, calliopsis, and mignonette. All of these are easily grown from seed by an inexperienced person, if general directions are followed. These flowers do not belong to the class which needs "coaxing" and "petting," in order to get them to do well, and are essentially the people's flowers.

Starting Seeds in the House.—In order to advance the season of blooming, most flowers can be sowed in boxes, pans, or pots of earth, in the house; and by the time the ground is warm enough for them in the garden, they will be quite good-sized plants, and will come into bloom two weeks sooner than if sowed in the open ground. Fill the box or pan with good, well-pulverized soil, not too rich, and cover your seeds by sifting soil over them lightly; after which, gently press it down with the hand. Then sprinkle it with warm water, and set in some warm place. When the plants appear, remove to the window. A south one is best. The general rules to be followed are these: Give plenty of sunlight, plenty of fresh air, and plenty of water. But do not keep the earth soaked. If you do, the plants will spindle up, and be weak and sickly. You must not keep them too warm, and if you give the requisite amount of fresh air, there will be little danger to anticipate in that direction. Turn them around every day, to prevent their drawing toward the light.

Cutting Back House-Plants.—At this season, plants which have been kept in the house are generally done blossoming, and should be cut back severely, and allowed to rest, if they have not been suffered to do so before. Geraniums should have all straggling branches cut out, and others shortened in, to make the plant, when it starts again, of a compact, rounded shape. Fuchsias should be cut down, and new shoots will start in great profusion, and most healthy ones can be left for blooming. Oleanders, not in bloom, can be trimmed into shape, and new branches made to start, from which plenty of buds will break for summer bloom. Heliotropes will do very much better for a severe pruning; in fact, most plants will, for new growth is induced by cutting back, and more and better flowers may be expected from new growth than from old. But camelias, azelias, and oranges—which, however, are seldom found in collections of house-plants—should not be cut back, as this would destroy the flower-buds, which are formed for months before they bloom. Callas should have less water given them, and ivies should be stimulated to increased growth by water which has had a little guano dissolved in it. Ivies seldom require pruning. Chrysanthemums should be started into growth by giving manured water. They send up shoots from the roots, and these can be cut apart and patted singly in small pots. These plants need a great deal of water, and the richer the better.

Making Garden-Beds.—If the weather gets warm enough during this month, for working in the garden, the beds may be spaded, and the ground pulverized thoroughly. This must be done before the plants are set out, and the deeper the soil is worked, the better it will be for the plants, as they like to spread their roots deep and wide. The spade is an invaluable tool in gardening.

Sweet-Peas can be sowed in the garden early in the season, as they are hardy. Pansies must be placed in a shady location, as they like plenty of cool, moist air. Care must be taken to plant zinnias, asters, and such tall-growing plants, in a position where they will not interfere with the lower-growing kinds. Phlox, petunias, and calliopsis should be kept in beds by themselves, as they make a much better appearance in that way than mixed in with others. Indeed, all plants do, I think. The catalogues are so full of instructions, regarding the making of garden-beds and arrangements of flowers in them, that there is no need of my saying anything about it here.

HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT.

Washing Blankets, Merinos, etc., etc.—In our last number we gave some hints as to washing woolen things, such as flannels, etc. We now pursue the subject, treating, this month, of Shetland goods, blankets, etc.

Shetland goods must be washed in a lather of pure curd soap, which should be well worked up before they are placed in it. They must on no account be rubbed, but be passed up and down in the water, and drawn through the hand. When, by this gentle pressure, the dirt has been extracted, they are to be rinsed in soapy water, and as much of it as possible being pressed out of them, they should be well shaken to and fro. Shawls, and large pieces, must be pinned out straight and square on a sheet. This must be carefully done, and each strand of the fringe should be passed through the hand, straightened, and pulled out carefully. If they are required slightly stiffened, dip them in one pint and a half of warm water, in which one tablespoonful of gum-arabic has been dissolved, but they should not be made too stiff. Scarves, and other small articles in Shetland wool, may be dried by holding before the fire, pulling and shaking them out all the time. Stockings should be hung up by the toes to dry, and a wooden frame on which to stretch them will be found very useful.

Blankets should not be washed oftener than can be helped; they will remain clean much longer if, from time to time, they are hung up on lines in the open air, and the dust is well beaten out of them. In hand-washing, it is difficult to prevent their becoming sodden with water before the whole is washed, and this is apt to make them hard and lumpy; whereas, with a machine, the water, being always in action, effectually filters through them. When no machine is used, a stick will be found useful to shake them, and to press them well down in the water.

To wash white merino, alpaca, etc., if soap is used, the ordinary plan above described for ordinary woolen goods is pursued. The quicker the operation is carried out, the less danger will there be of the stuff becoming yellow. Bran is often used for this class of goods, instead of soap, a lather being made of one pound of bran, tied up in muslin, boiled in two gallons of water, blue being added to the rinsing water. Another plan is to grate three large potatoes in one pint of water, and let it stand some hours; then pour off the clear liquid, and sponge the material well with it, subsequently dipping it in fresh water. When these white materials are ironed, and not mangled, it must always be with muslin between, and they should be rolled in a cloth.

With regard to colored woolen things, the chief difference in the mode of washing is, that no blue is employed, and it is more than ever imperative that no soap be rubbed on them. They must be carefully dried in the shade; very delicate colors in the dark. The chief cause of colors running is, that the things are allowed to lie about damp, and are not dried quickly enough. The usual method of fixing the colors is to put a handful of salt in the tub of rinsing water, or a tablespoonful of ox-gall stirred in the lather, and a tablespoonful of vinegar in the rinsing water, will have the same effect. A tablespoonful of ammonia, or spirits of wine, mixed with the rinsing water, will answer the same purpose. White and colored flannels must on no account be washed together; woolen dresses, and also curtains, must be taken from the gathers before washing.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

BEEF BOUILLE.—There is no dish more savory, and yet economical, than one of boiled beef, or *Beef Bouille*, as the French call it. But it must be properly prepared. To do this, buy several pounds of solid, lean beef, having it cut, if possible, from that side of the round where the flesh is thickest. Do not have it in steaks, but thick and square. Lard it very fully with strips of fat salt pork, tie it with a small cord, to keep it in shape, and put it in a perfectly tight, covered tin-pail. Put it in without water, and add one carrot, choppod, a half slice of onion, chopped, a little celery-seed, half a teaspoonful of sage, and the same of sweet marjoram and thyme. Cover the pail in such a way as to entirely exclude the air, put it into an iron pot of water, and let it boil steadily. If the water in the outside vessel boils away, replenish it with hot water from the tea-kettle, which can be kept at hand for the purpose. After three hours, open the pail, and turn the beef the other side up. Add salt and pepper, and fill the pail nearly to the top with raw potatoes, cut in thick slices. Cover again, and boil three hours longer. Then take the cord off the meat, and put it in the centre of a large, flat dish, and surround it with boiled rice. Put the potatoes upon the rice, and pour over all the seasoned extract or gravy which will be found in the pail. If it is inconvenient to have the range occupied so long by the kettle, set the pail in the oven, and the result will be almost equal. In that case it will only require five hours cooking, instead of six. It seems like a long process, but it requires very little care or watching. If once successfully tried, it is sure to become an oft-repeated family institution. If properly prepared, no one flavor predominates.

Dry Hash.—Mince some cold beef, a little fat with the lean; put to it as much cold boiled potatoes, chopped, as you like, (the quantity as of meat, or twice as much;) season with pepper and salt; add as much gravy or hot water as will make it moist. Put it in a stew-pan, over a gentle fire; dredge in a small quantity of wheat flour, stir it about with a spoon, cover the stew-pan, and let it simmer for half an hour. Take care that it does not burn. Dish it with or without a slice of toast under it, for breakfast. This hash may be made of corned beef—it is the best of all. If water is used instead of gravy, a bit of butter may be added, more or less, according to the proportion of fat with the lean. Gravy, however, is always the best with ordinary beef.

Beef Collops.—Two pounds of rump-steak, a quarter of a pound of butter, one pint of gravy, (water may be substituted for this,) salt and pepper to taste, one shalot, finely minced, one pickled walnut, and one teaspoonful of capers. Have the steak cut thin, and divide it in pieces about three inches long; beat these with the blade of a knife, and dredge with flour. Put them in a frying-pan with the butter, and let them fry for about three minutes; then lay them in a small stew-pan, and pour over them the gravy. Add a piece of butter, kneaded with a little flour, put in the seasoning, and all the other ingredients, and let it simmer, but not boil, for ten minutes. Serve in a hot, covered dish.

Veal Cutlets With Stewed Cabbage.—Put in a sauce-pan one ounce of beef-dripping, one-half ounce of butter, four or five cloves of garlic, finely chopped, and a little salt. When brown, add very finely, cup up, the heart of a savoy, or any white cabbage, washed and dried; stir repeatedly, and leave to stew two and a half hours. Cut some thin cutlets of veal, cover them with a spoonful of chopped parsley, the same of onion and *conserve de tomates*, a little cayenne pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, mixed together. Fry in oil or butter, lay on the cabbage, and serve.

VEGETABLES.

Carrots, Stewed.—Parboil the carrots, then cut them in slices; put them into a stew-pan, with a dessertspoonful of butter, rolled in flour, one cup of milk, pepper, salt, and one teaspoonful of powdered sugar; a little nutmeg. This is for six large carrots. Stew for half an hour, and serve.

Salad Dressing.—Pound smooth the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix with one teaspoonful of unmade mustard, one salt-spoon of salt; mix gradually with these, either one cup of cream, or the same quantity of olive oil; two tablespoonsful of vinegar. Add a little cayenne popper.

Potato Cake.—Wash the potatoes, and while warm, knead some flour into them to make a smooth paste; add nothing except salt. Then cut it into cakes rather more than half an inch thick. Bake over the fire, on a "griddle." Butter them, and eat hot.

Hot-Slaw.—Prepare the cabbage as in cold-slaw, and put it on the fire, covered tightly. Let it come to boiling heat, and then take it off, and serve while it is hot.

White Onion Sauce.—Boil the onions, and mash them perfectly soft, and add to them drawn-butter enough to make a sauce. Season with butter and salt.

DESSERTS.

Cup Pudding.—The weight of two eggs, in flour, butter, and powdered sugar, mixed in the following manner, will make a very nice, simple cup-pudding: Melt the butter without oiling, then shake in very gradually the flour and sugar, lastly the eggs, well beaten; beat all together for twenty minutes, pour into buttered cups, but do not fill them, as the puddings will rise. Bake in a moderate oven.

Ginger Pudding.—One cup not quite full of suet, two cups of bread-crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger; mix with warm treacle. Butter a mould or basin, put in the pudding, and bake for two or three hours; or, if preferred, steam it in place of baking.

Lemon Pudding.—Boil one pint of new milk with two ounces of butter, and pour on three well-beaten eggs. When quite cool, add the juice of a lemon, and the peel finely chopped. Put this in a dish lined with puff-paste, and a few ratafias on the top. Bake in a cool oven.

SANITARY.

To Cure Soft Corns.—Quarter of an ounce of powdered camphor, and half an ounce of soft soap; mix them well together, and when used, spread a small quantity on a little rag.

Cure for a Gathering on the Toe.—Boil half a poppy-head, and pour its juice over oat-meal, of which make a poultice. Scrape the top of the nail, and cover the toe with the poultice.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF WOOD-COLORED, STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The front of the dress is of silk, of the color of the camel's-hair, trimmed with two deep puffs and a ruffle; full silk bows down the front; the sides of camel's-hair skirt are trimmed with narrow plaitings of the silk, and the skirt, which is made with a slight train, is caught up a little in the back; deep jacket of the camel's-hair buttoned down the front, with collar and cuffs of the silk. Bonnet of coarse straw, trimmed with green flowers and cardinal-red ribbon and roses.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK.—The front is trimmed with a ruffle having a puffing, and a plaiting above it, and with two wide-plaited sleeves of silk, edged with Spanish blonde, and fastened at the side with large bows; the train at the back is quite plain, and put on some distance below the waist, with several fine gatherings and

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standing braiding; the basque is deep and plain. Bonnet of blue crepe, with a long, cream-colored ostrich-feather.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, MADE IN POLONAISE STYLE.—The front is laid in plaits, and the back is carelessly puffed on a light lining. Light-gray chip hat, with a long, black ostrich-plume.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The under-skirt is of the dark-green, with knife-plaited ruffles; the over-dress buttons diagonally from left to right, and is trimmed around the bottom with a worsted ball-fringe; cardinal-red buttons and ribbon trimmings. Bonnet of black straw, trimmed with black satin ribbon, and a spray of cardinal-red flowers.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BROWN CASHMERE, OVER A BLACK SILK SKIRT.—It is made polonaise, buttoning from the left to the right; has a worsted fringe around the bottom, and trimmed with bands of dull, gold-colored embroidery on black. Black crepe fichu, loosely tied around the shoulders.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is of myrtle-green silk, trimmed with several knife-plaited ruffles; the pocket, cuffs, and plaitings down the front and around the bottom of the dress, are of myrtle-green silk. Small mantelet of the cashmere, tied in front, trimmed also with the silk. Black straw bonnet, trimmed with blush-roses.

FIG. VIII.—VISITING TOILET.—Bronze silk and striped bege. The silk skirt is covered in front with folds of the woolen material, and the side-breadths are cut out in square scollops, and trimmed with a plaiting, while the back breadths are covered with a succession of fine kilt-plaitings. Coat-shaped bodice, with revers; pocket on the basque, and sleeves buttoned at the sides.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF SOFT, GRAY CASHMERE, made without trimming, and slightly gathered up by the pocket on the left side. The coat-basque has a high, close collar, opens slightly over a chemisette in front, and has a double row of buttons down the front; the skirt is of dark-blue and gray-striped camel's hair. Gray turban hat, and cock's plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—This month we give an unusual number of charming styles in hats, fichus, etc. The first hat is of straw, lined under the brim with black velvet, and trimmed with a broad, cardinal-red ribbon, and stiff linings. The other hat is a small straw turban, trimmed with dark-blue velvet; it has a blue wing, and a creamy tulle veil passes around the top and around the shoulders. We also give a black lace fichu, trimmed with knots of cardinal-red ribbon; the long end extends, and is fastened, down on the right side of the dress. The other fichu is of the most sheer muslin, is edged with malines lace, and fastened on the bosom with a pink rose. The third one is of the finest *crepe-lisse*, laid in small plaits, and edged with Valenciennes lace; a *crepe-lisse* ruffle stands up around the neck; bows of blue ribbon. The sleeve is quite new, and the pocket especially designed for woolen dresses or wraps.

There are but very few new materials for Spring wear; bege, soft, thin, and open camel's-hair, and all the usual summer and spring woolen goods, are found now in the shops. Many old friends appear, with new names, and in new colors. Many of the prettiest beges are of soft shades of gray and fawn colors, some plain, and some striped. These are most suitable for out-of-door wear, but the delicate, light blues, usually striped, are beautiful for the house. The beges are quite cheap this year. An excellent quality can be bought for twenty-eight cents per yard, and later in the season they will doubtless be cheaper. Armeur and basket figures are very popular in these cool, woolen goods. Mohair is a trifle less used than formerly, as it is too stiff to fall as softly as bege. Shepherds' plaid, in black and white, navy-blue and white, and brown and white, make most lady-like and useful dresses. They are also eminently useful for children. Bunting, such as is used in flags, is also worn; dark-blue, piped with red, is most popular; but for children, or young girls, white, piped with red, is also in favor.

All the new colors are seen in the woolen goods described above. The browns, grays, ecrus, and fawns, vary but little from those of last year. Steel-blue, smoke-blue, bronze-green, and lizard-green, are the newest colors.

The summer silks appear again in small plaids and fine stripes. The heavier silks are also seen in all the new colors. Indigo-blue is a favorite, and all the shades of green, from the darkest bronze and myrtle-green, to the yellowish linden-green, which first appeared this winter.

Grenadines, and plain, thin silk tissues, are of all the new shades described above. The tissues, with arabesque figures, are more dressy-looking than the plainer ones.

"TOILE D' ALSACE is still popular for cotton dresses. It is lighter and cooler than a good percale, and comes in all the newest styles; the percales, ginghams, chintzes, and ordinary calicoes, are unusually attractive this year.

The long Princess-dress is adroitly gaining ground, for most persons are heartily tired of the elaborate trimmings so much worn; but when it comes to out-of-doors wear, many prefer some looping or drapery to the dress, as one is apt to feel conspicuous in the long, straight, tight-clinging Princess-dress. Buttons of all kinds are very much used to fasten dresses, and for very slender persons, the waist buttoned diagonally is very becoming. The long waist is still popular, and when basques are worn, they are very long and plain. Waists open, heart shaped, or square on the neck, are, of course, not worn on the street, except with a wrap over it, but are cool and pretty for the house.

The ribbons used for tunics of white dresses and fichus, are knotted together, and form streaming, careless bunches called "flots." The shades which are most in favor are wall-flower, lavender, and pistachio, all three placed one on the top of the other in layers, with a view to simulate the gorgeous lining of clouds at sunset.

The other colors, always grouped together by three, are pale-blue, caroubier, and deep orange. We have also sulphur, rose, and dark Nile; bronze, garnet, and dragon. The last-named is very much the color of a toad.

SPRING WRAPS are of many styles, the two principal ones being the scarf mantle, like those in FIGS. I. AND V. in our February number, or the long and straight jackets, as in FIG. IV. in the same number, which we gave two months in advance of our cotemporaries. Of course, there are many modifications of these wraps.

BONNETS will be worn very close to the face, and the capote, with a soft, rather high crown, and small cape, will probably be the most popular, as it is rather the newest, though there is an innumerable number of styles to select from, and all faces and ages can be suited yet in the fashions.

BLACK SILK DRESSES are no longer trimmed with lace, but with plaitings of the silk, or fringe. If the silk is heavy, the fringe should be heavy.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIGS. I. AND II.—BACK AND FRONT OF A PRINCESS-DRESS FOR GIRL, OF BROWN INDIAN CASHMERE.—It is trimmed with cream guipure. The fronts are Princesse in form, and the back has an elongated waist, with the plaits falling below, and ornamented with a brown faille bow. Pockets and cuffs trimmed with guipure.

CADOGAN NET of brown silk braid, trimmed with brown ribbon.

HAT OF WHITE STRAW, with black straw, fancy brim, trimmed with a ribbon of the Roman colors.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, - - - -	(24 " " 16)
"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," - -	(24 " " 16)
WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, - - -	(24 " " 16)
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. CHILD'S HAT.

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BRETON JACKET. NEW STYLE STRAW HAT.

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BRETON JACKET. NEW STYLE STRAW HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT. WHITE LACE FICHU.

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HOUSE-DRESS: BACK. BLACK LACE FICHU.

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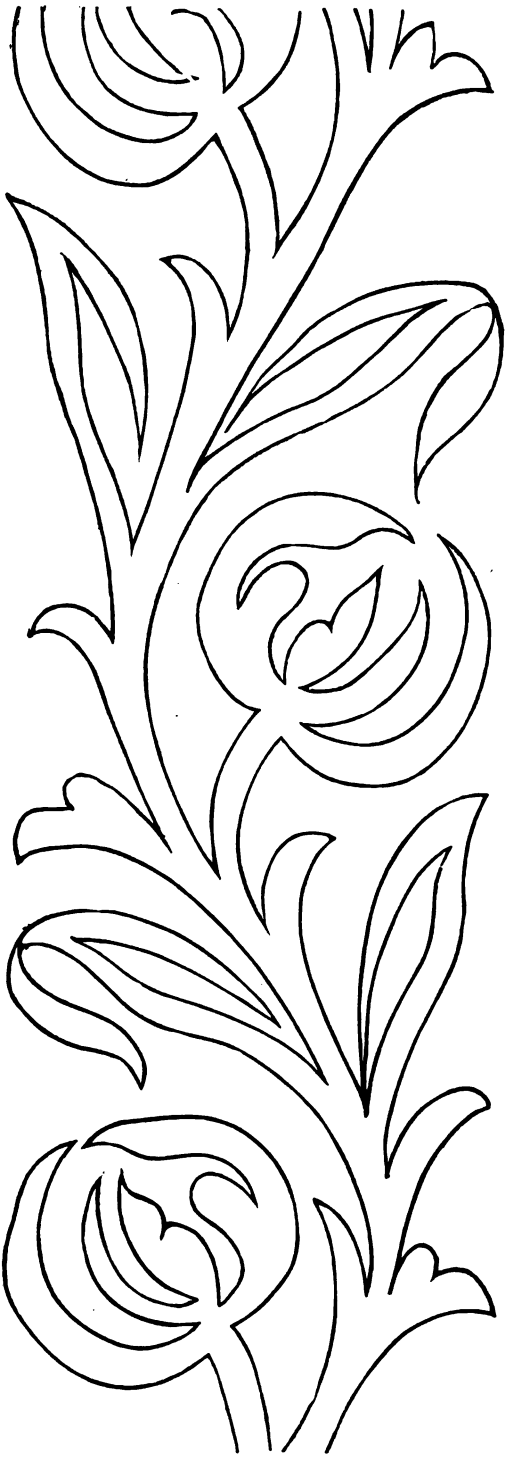
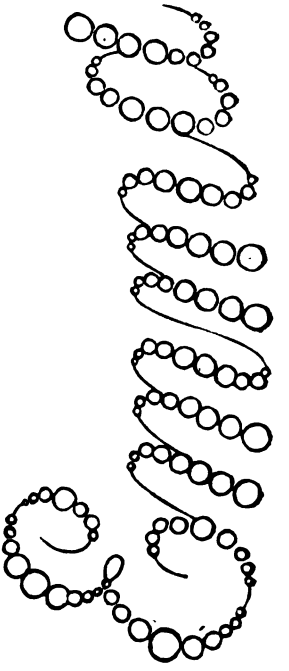


Bertha



Isabel

Adèle

BRAIDING FOR BABY'S CLOAK. NAMES FOR MARKING

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EMBROIDERY IN SILK. ENGLISH EMBROIDERIES.

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HOME SO BLEST!

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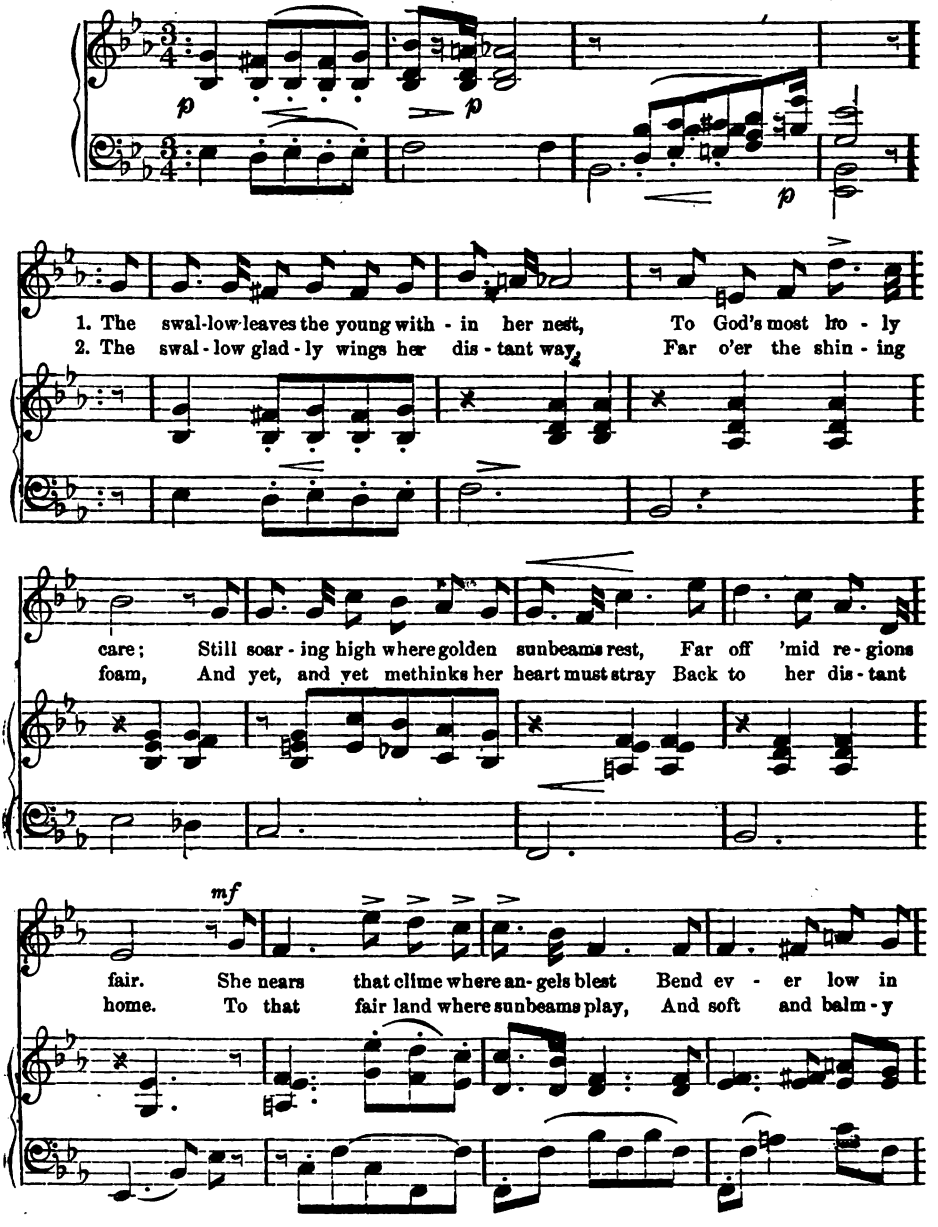
Words by B. S. MONTGOMERY. **Music by FRANZ ABT.**



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f *p*

praise and prayer: O home so blest! O shelter'd nest! O land so
zeph-yrs roam. O home so blest! O shelter'd nest! Far o'er the

p

f *p*

fair! When I must die, when I must die, Let me the
foam! When I must die, etc.

rit. *f* *p*

swallow be; Soaring so high, beyond the sky, My soul shall then be free, My soul shall

dim.

then be free.

mf *dim.* *p*

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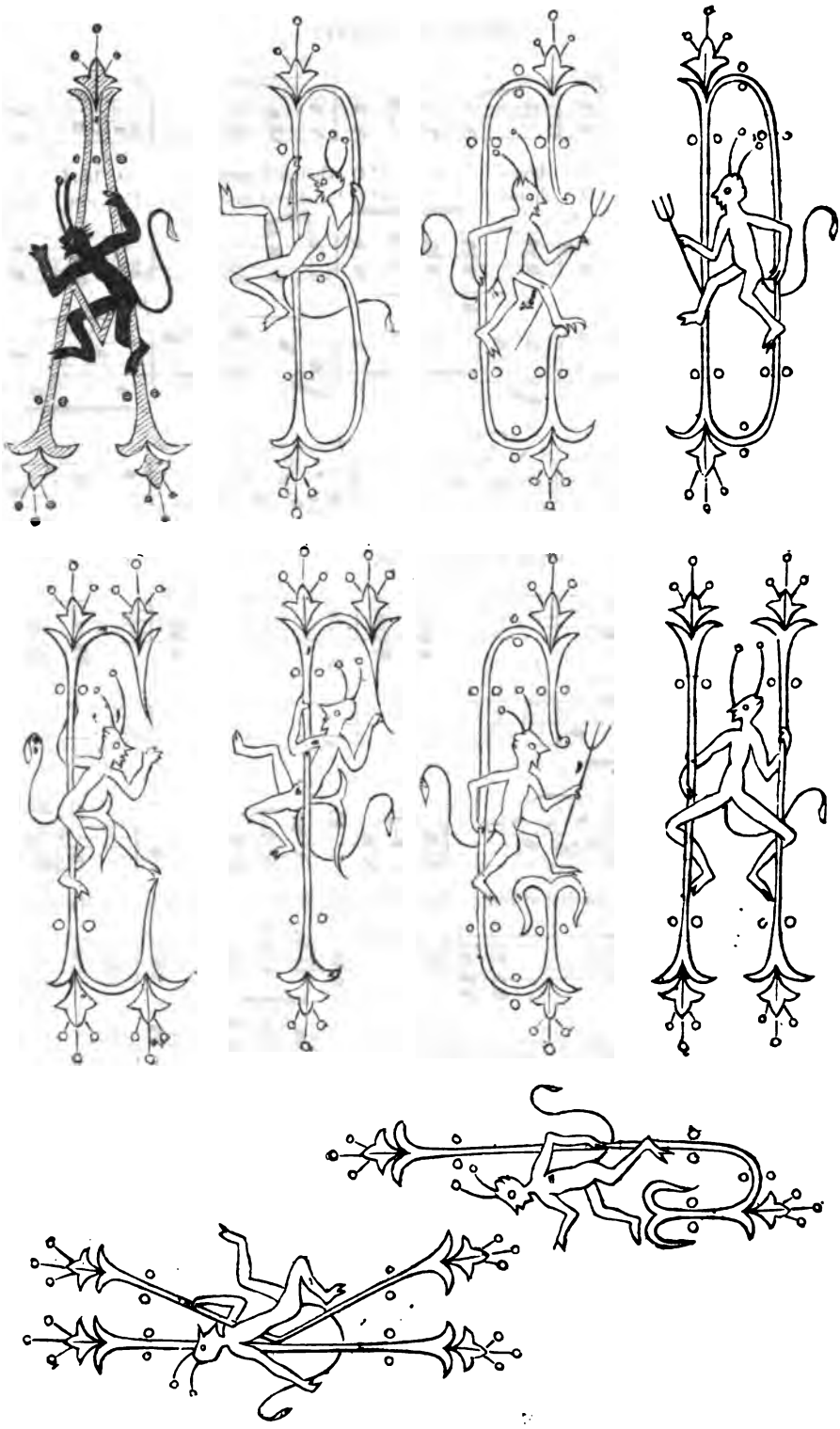

ALPHABET FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS.

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1877. No. 5.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"A BALL, Dell! A real, fashionable ball! Oh, it is glorious! Why, we were never at a ball in all our lives."

"I know it," responds Dell, rising on her elbow, and pushing back her abundant, red-gold tresses. "Who says it is to be a ball?"

"Who says so, stupid? Why, Aunt Vavasour says so! Didn't you hear her letter? Listen to what she says."

"MY DEAR GIRLS:

"I want you at Oaklands before the fifteenth. The sooner you come the better, and come prepared for a week's visit. Come well-dressed, too, my dears. My step-son, Arthur, is coming home, and I purpose giving a grand ball."

"Arthur?" cries Dell, her cheek flushing. "Ah, what an elegant creature his five years abroad must have made him! I say, Jo, what a pity it is we can't go."

Jo stares at her sister, with two blazing, black eyes.

"Can't go? Are you an idiot, Dell? Why, I wouldn't miss it for the round world! Of course, we shall go."

"Shall we?" laughs Dell. "You forget. 'Come well-dressed,' says Aunt Vavasour. That settles the question. We can't go well-dressed; hence we stay at home."

Jo's blazing eyes darken; her pretty, even teeth glitter betwixt her cherry lips; she clenches her brown, slender hand.

"I am going, Dell. I'll have the right sort of outfit, somehow. I should break my heart and die, if I missed it. Think how we've moped in this horrid old house all winter. Oh! I'm sick as death of the endless days!—the scrimping, and pinching, and economizing!—the hateful work that must be done! The prospect of a change is bliss. Once at Oaklands, Aunt Vavasour may have the grace to invite us to prolong our stay indefinitely. Better still, one may win the heir of Oaklands for one's husband. It will go hard with me if I don't."

Dell yawns lazily, but a little flash lights her blue-gray eyes.

"What a simpleton you are, to be sure, Jo. Is it quite likely that Arthur Vavasour, having had his choice of European beauties, will come home to fall in love with your gypsy face?"

"Stranger things happen, Dell. Maybe you fancy that your milk-and-water charms may hold him?"

"I've no fancies about it. Aunt Vavasour's ball is the subject in hand, not her step-son's matrimonial prospects. I can't see how we can go to Oaklands. There isn't a day to lose, and we haven't a dollar to spend. We shall have to give it up. Aunt Vavasour might have sent us some money, as well as an invitation. She has thousands lying idle; but the rich are always penurious. There's no help for it, as it is, but to give it up."

"No, never!" cries Jo, excitedly. "We must manage it somehow. Let's see! We've nice cashmeres for ordinary wear, and there's that pretty, dark-blue silk of poor mamma's. I'll make that over."

"You? Now, what would you look like in blue? An out-and-out half-breed. *I* shall make it over, and trim it up with the old lace, and wear the old pearls for ornaments. I shall look like Mother Eve, but it can't be helped."

Jo regards her fair, elder sister, with indignant, tear-filled eyes.

"And what shall I do? It is like you, Dell. You always claim for yourself whatever is best, whether to wear or to eat. You are utterly selfish."

"You would do the same thing, if I'd let you," laughs Dell. "It will be better for one of us to go, at least."

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"Oh, you cruel, heartless, selfish creature!" And poor Jo actually begins to cry. "Would you leave me at home, and go off tricked out in what little finery there is? But I won't stand it; I'll go, too. Minnie will help me. I say, Min, Min, run here!"

A door opens, and from the culinary regions emerges a small, trim figure, clad in russet brown; fair, round arms, bared to the elbow; tender, brown eyes, lighting a dimpled, childish face.

"Min," cries Jo, "there's a letter from Aunt Vavasour, and Arthur is coming home; and there's to be a grand ball at Oaklands, and we're to go for a week's visit."

"How nice! But I couldn't leave papa, you know, girls."

Dell laughs.

"Bless your little soul, Min! no one had a thought that *you'd* go. If Jo and I get up decent garments, it will be a marvel. Min, little woman, can't you help us?"

"Oh, Min!" puts in Jo, "it will break my heart if I can't go. Do let us have a little money, that's a dear child."

Min sits down, crosses her dimpled hands, and falls into sober meditation. She has only her invalid father's half-pay, he being a retired army officer, and all the heavy household expenses to defray.

"Indeed, girls," she makes answer at last, "I've barely enough to carry us through this month. I'm sorry——"

"You're always sorry, but that does no good. I can't understand what becomes of all papa's money," sneers Dell.

"Nor I," puts in Jo. "We live poor enough, goodness knows."

Minnie's lips quiver.

"I do the best I can, girls," she answers, gently. "Papa's wine and medicines are costly. I can give you five dollars a piece, if that will help, but no more."

"Bah! that won't buy our shoes and gloves. We must give it up, Jo."

Jo breaks forth into stormy weeping, and wishes herself dead.

"Oh, hush, sister, please!" entreats Minnie, infinitely distressed. "I'm sure we can fix up your old dresses. There's your poplin, almost new——"

"The horrid, washed-out stuff! I wouldn't wear it for anything. Dell is to have the blue silk, and there's nothing else. One had better be in one's grave, than deprived of every little pleasure in life. Oh, go away, Min, if you've no money for me. Don't kiss me. I hate kisses."

Min turns, and her tender eyes light suddenly. She darts from the room. Almost instantly she is back again, a little package in her hand.

"Dear girls, I had quite forgotten it. Aunt Vavasour gave it to me, when she came last summer, to buy me a nice dress, and I've kept it ever since. I intended to get a nice, seal-brown cashmere, for church wear, but I'll make the old one do. Take it, sisters, and welcome."

"How much is there?" gasps Jo, diving for the package, but Dell gets it.

"Thirty dollars, and you must divide it between you—Dell fifteen, and Jo fifteen. I must run. I'm afraid my pies are burned up."

The little housekeeper hurries back to the kitchen; and bickering and grumbling as they go, her two sisters make themselves ready, and start for the village, to lay out their money.

The short, wintry days go by, and at last the fussing, and cutting, and trimming, is well over. Dell and Jo pack their outfit in the old-fashioned leathern trunk, and Squire Headly's carriage comes to take them across the country to Oaklands.

It is high noon, of a bright December day.

"You have said good-bye to papa, girls?" asks Minnie, following them as they run down the portico steps.

"Dear me, no! I forgot. You can do it for me, Min. I can't turn back now. Good-bye; and send me a little money as soon as you draw the quarterly allowance."

"Yes, Dell. Good-bye."

Dell hurries on, and into the waiting carriage. Jo follows. Minnie stands in the sunshine, looking after them, her wistful eyes a trifle sad.

"Good-bye, dear girls! and here's good luck." And she takes a small, half-worn slipper from her foot, and sends it flying after the carriage as it rolls away.

"Minnie, Minnie!" calls a voice from within.

Her father's voice, and the girl flies, not even waiting to replace her slipper. It lies on the edge of the country road, that runs by the old-fashioned house, and a traveler, jogging slowly along on a jaded horse, having witnessed the parting scene, draws rein, and leaning over his saddle-bow, lifts the little shoe on the tip of his whip-handle.

"It must be Cinderella's slipper," he says, a smile lighting his handsome eyes. "I think I'll keep it."

He puts it in his breast-pocket, and jogs on again; and when Min returns for her slipper, it cannot be found.

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Aunt Vavasour's ball is over, and, to their extreme delight, Dell and Jo have been invited to spend the winter at Oaklands.

"You are shockingly shabby, girls," says their aunt, when they have accepted her invitation with profuse thanks. "I suppose I must brighten you up a little. If to-morrow's a fine day, we'll drive into town, and purchase all you need. You are pretty girls, both of you, in your way, and I intend you shall have a chance. Now, if you manage your cards well, you may secure a home and a husband apiece, before the season ends."

The girls go to bed in a transport, and actually embrace each other in the first outburst of their joy; but they end by quarreling fiercely over the young heir. Jo is sure he has eyes for no one but herself, and declares herself hopelessly in love with him, and Dell laughs her to scorn, in a way that would have angered a saint.

Meanwhile, one sunny morning, Arthur Vavasour orders his best horse, and canters off across the frosty country.

"I think the little shoe has bewitched me," he says. "I must see it's owner."

On he goes, until the wintry sun hangs low in the west. At last he draws rein before the old, decayed mansion-house: the last remnant of the once vast Leighton property.

Minnie is in the yard, a scarlet scarf wound about her brown head, feeding her poultry.

"Yes, Colonel Leighton lives here. Will you dismount, sir?"

Arthur leaps from his saddle, and approaches her, with extended hand, and smiling eyes.

"You've forgotten me, I see. Yet we were friends and playmates once. I am Arthur Vavasour."

Minnie utters a little cry of surprised delight.

"Oh, papa will be so glad! He speaks of you so often."

"And you, Minnie? Are you glad to see me?"

"Of course I am."

They go in, and up to the invalid officer's sitting-room, kept bright and tasteful by Minnie's deft hands. And the three have tea together, and the master of Oaklands, hungry from his long ride, eats the crisp cakes, and brown chicken, of Minnie's cooking, and watches her, as she flutters about, like a graceful, busy, little bird; and forthwith falls in love with her.

"She's worth a hundred of those two dressy, ill-tempered sisters, at Oaklands; and if she'll agree, I'll make her my wife."

He thinks this on the second, and last night of his visit, sitting by the parlor hearth, after the Colonel has gone to bed; and putting his hand in his bosom, he draws forth the little slipper.

"Minnie," he says, "I've got Cinderella's slipper here. Look at it."

Minnie looks up from her needle-work, and cries out,

"Why, dear me! My poor, little slipper, lost so long! How did you come by it, Arthur? Did I throw it in the carriage, that day the girls went to Oaklands? It was kind of them to send it back to me."

"The girls didn't send it. I saw you when you threw it, Minnie, and I picked it up."

"You?"

"Yes. I was riding along the road. I have kept it ever since. Let me have it back, Minnie. I can't part with it."

Minnie lets him take it; gives him one swift, startled glance; and then lets her eyes drop, and blushes rosy red.

Arthur takes the slipper, and the little brown hand with it.

"Minnie," he says, his voice tender and tremulous, "you remember the dear, old fairy-tale? Well, this is my Cinderella's slipper! Only the woman who can wear it shall be my wife. Minnie, I love you. Can you learn to care for me? One day, will you come and make my home bright?"

Minnie looks up at him, wonder in her wide, brown eyes.

"Oh! Arthur, can you mean it? I was sure you would ask Dell or Jo."

The young man laughs, as he draws her close to his side.

"Nay, little one. Neither Dell or Jo can wear the charmed slipper. I want only you."

Minnie answers not a word; but she hides her face upon his shoulder, and sobs.

Winter goes, and the snows melt, and the hills grow green. The great oaks begin to bud in the fitful March sunshine. Dell and Jo have had a gay visit at Oaklands. They have dressed, and danced, and flirted; but neither one of them has secured a husband. Aunt Vavasour. secretly disgusted, sends them both home.

"Back to the old life," sighs Jo, standing at the window, the next day after their return. "I declare, I'd as soon go to my grave. I wish we had never gone to Oaklands! I say, Dell, what *shall* we do?"

Dell, lying on the lounge, with a novel before her eyes, does not answer.

"It was cruel of Aunt Vavasour to send us

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home. I'm sure Arthur would have spoken, if only we could have stayed a little longer. He was fond of me, I know. Surely he'll come—— Oh, my goodness, Dell! here he is now!"

Dell is up, and at the window in a trice.

Arthur Vavasour is fastening his horse to the post, in the yard below.

"Help me with my hair, Jo, for pity's sake! It is all in a frizzle; and one of us must go down at once. You know what a stupid Min is."

But Jo is arranging her own jetty braids.

"Yes, one of us must go down at once, and that one will be me. You don't supplant me in that way, Dell."

Fairly white with anger, Dell makes her toilet, lets down all her crinkling, red-gold curls, and puts on her most becoming dress. Jo arrays herself quite as speedily, and the two descend together.

The sitting-room door stands open, the yellow March sunshine flickering in golden waves over the faded carpet, and falling like a benediction on Minnie's brown head, as she stands by her lover's side.

Dell and Jo pause at the foot of the stairs, in utter amazement.

"Min!" they both gasp out.

Min blushes like a rose. Arthur Vavasour advances, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"How d'ye do, girls! Surprised to see me, no doubt! Well, we've kept our secret well, haven't we, Minnie? Ladies, allow me to present my betrothed bride, the future mistress of Oaklands."

The two sisters stand dumb. Minnie breaks away from Arthur, and catches a hand of each.

"Oh! dear girls, don't be angry!" she implores. "I am not to blame. I couldn't help it, indeed! It all came of my poor little SLIPPER!"

A DREAM OF SPRING.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

Across the meadows, and o'er the hills,
A balmy and fragrant breath of Spring
Steals over my senses, soft and deep,
And lulls my sorrowful soul to sleep;
While out from the heather the violets creep,
And their breath on the breezes fling.

And I sit and dream of another Spring,
That came in life's morning hours,
When my heart was young, and hope was fair,
And a blue-eyed vision, with golden hair,
Walked by my side, through the perfumed air,
And gathered the sweet, May flowers.

Sweet Summer came, with its leafy bowers,
And I claimed her for my own;
I seemed to float on a sea of bliss,
And the pressure of love's delicious kiss,
Made me thank my God for a world like this,
For care from my life had flown.

But the Summer leaves faded all too soon,
And the Autumn was sear and bare,
When on my life fell a cruel blight,
My love was buried from out my sight;
And now there's nothing for me that's bright,
In a world that was once so fair.

And I feel, when I breathe the breath of Spring,
That the light of my life has fled;
And I walk alone all the weary hours,
Through the silent depths of the leafy bowers,
And gather the fairest of fair May flowers,
To scatter above her head.

BEREAVED.

BY KATIE HIGGINS.

Down in the meadows the daisies are springing,
High overhead, clear, the lark's notes are ringing,
Sweetly the robin his love-song is singing,
All things rejoice at the coming of Spring.
Low by the brooklet the violet is growing,
Through the blue heavens the bright sun is glowing,
Softly the balmy May-breezes are blowing,
Yet to my sad heart no comfort they bring.

Music I hear not, in birds or in breezes,
Flowers, nor sunlight, my sad vision pleases;
Not till Death's angel my spirit releases,
Shall I be freed from this burden of woe.

Still, to my fancy, the Winter-wind sighsth,
Still on my cold heart the Winter's snow lieth,
Still to Spring's whispers, my sad soul replieth,
"No more for me will Hope's flow'rets blow."

Ah! I remember how oft I went roaming,
With my beloved, in the dusk of the gloaming:
Eagerly wished we, oh, Spring, for thy coming,
When Love's white garlands my darling should wear.
Spring has returned, but those bright hopes have perished;
Vanished for aye, are the visions I nourished;
Low in the tomb lies the maid whom I cherished,
While I am plunged in the depths of despair.

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"MISTRESS RICHARDS' BOY."

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 285.

My society seemed to give him also great contentment. He came to me with all his joys, and with all his troubles. One day he said to me, what he said he had never spoken of before to any one, how gloomy his home was. I had been lecturing him about some of his pranks, and he laughed heartily when I told him of Auntie's consternation about her "corset." I did not tell him, however, how narrowly he had escaped having "the papers put onto him." He laughed, his hearty, ringing laugh, as I said, and then there was a wistful, wearing look crept into his blue eyes, as he said,

"I oughtn't to say it even to you, but I just wish you knew what life was at our house. My mother loves me, and is good; but she never speaks, if she can help it. She will not have any society herself, or allow me to have. She is so still, so melancholy! Do you know, I never heard her laugh in my whole life. Home is like a grave, only the corpse is a living one."

I pitied him, and I told him so; and I knew my sympathy seemed to cheer him up wonderfully, though it was not his way to be sad long. And I thought, in the future, when I should have wedded my noble and mysterious hero, and was living in grandeur unexcelled, that then it would be one of my greatest delights to make a happy home, in which to welcome my boy.

In all this time, although I had dreamed of it by night and by day. I had never seen Creveland Hall, the home of the hero of my imagination, Hugh Creveland. Auntie had told me "she would go with me some day, and let me see the pictures, bein' as I was such a case for 'em." But she had put it off from day to day. Probably Mr. Capelin would have called her "balky."

But at last, it was just after my summer school had closed, she told me, one morning, that "if it was agreeable to me, we would walk over to the house with the gabriel ends," as Auntie never failed, with inexorable determination, to call it. She said she had business with the gardener. We set out accordingly. It was about a mile, and by a beautiful road, winding through to the park.

Grand as I had imagined Creveland Hall to be, it transcended all my expectations. I had never seen anything of the kind before; its imposing size quite overpowered me.

Had not Auntie answered me, so many times, that "Miss Richards had her properties," I should have been afraid of her, such a white, still ghost of a woman! There was not a look of her son in her face. But up in the long picture-gallery was a portrait, that, although dark and haughty in its beauty, had an indescribable likeness, in the proud poise of the head, the droop of the long eyelashes, to "Miss Richards'es boy." I mentioned this to Mrs. Richards, who accompanied me, and chanced to glance up at her, as I spoke. I was astonished to see the change in her face. She did not look confused at all. But in her eyes, as she gazed steadfastly on the handsome, haughty face, I read, in wounded love, hatred, contempt, and, above all, a powerlessness such as I have sometimes seen in hunted animals. Instinctively I turned away, and looked at another picture, a tall lady, clad in a velvet habit, with a falcon on her wrist. But the gentle, low voice of Mrs. Richards recalled my attention.

"That gentleman? That," she said, calmly, "is the present owner of the estate, Hugh Creveland, and that tall lady was his grandmother. She was the daughter of an English lord."

Not a trace of emotion could I see in her face now. It was utterly impassive. I decided that my former impression must have been fancy. But, to tell the truth, I did not give Mrs. Richards much thought, for my mind was too much engrossed with the dark, handsome face I had seen at last, the mysterious hero of all my romantic dreams, the prince of all my castles in the west, Hugh Creveland.

And from this time, more than ever, he was my imaginary hero. I thought of all the mysteries in his past life. I thought of him, a wanderer for so many years, with no gentle voice to welcome him home, after his long and perilous sojourning; no tender eyes to weep over his absence, and grow bright at his return. No wonder he was a rover, an exile. But some gentle hand would save him. Some love would shield him from all temptation. And then, to be mistress of Creveland Hall. Why that, in itself, was enough to make any woman's bliss.

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The days, the months, passed on. Two years elapsed. But so gently did they go, that it seemed as if Time had wreathed his hour-glass with poppies and mandragora, and fallen asleep.

The "corset" and the "garding" were prosperous. Mr. Capelin still haunted the house on every possible occasion, and on the strangest errands. To his discouragement, Auntie still "shyed off, and was balky."

It was a secluded life that I led, but I was not at all lonely. I was content and happy; and that I was so, I think was greatly owing to "Miss Richards'es boy." Thrown together constantly as we were, realizing, on closer acquaintance, how good and noble he was, he came to seem in a way to belong to me. With true maternal interest, I would give him long lectures upon life and its duties. I wished him to be so noble, and successful. I beseeched him to make his future as grand as my hopes were for him. I told him, as his teacher, I should feel that he honored me, by every exalted deed of his.

Claude took my lectures in good part. In fact, he seemed to like to be with me, whatever I might say to him. He did not come to my school longer than for the first term; but I saw him every day. He studied at home, and recited to the clergyman at Coldbrook, and was making good progress, I understood. Mr. Creveland had written about his going to college, but his mother disliked having him leave home as long as he could learn of the good rector.

I was nearly nineteen, and Claude six months older, when it began to dawn on me that "my boy" loved his teacher, not as the dignified instructor I had tried to be, not in the filial way I had always encouraged him to regard me, but as a woman to be won and wed. And I remember just how the knowledge impressed me, when I first became aware of it. I remember just the answer prepared for him, when he should come to use plain words of love. It was to be a refusal, of course; but it was to be benignant, thoughtful, kind, yet firm, firm as fate.

It was to commence, "My dear boy," in a motherly, affectionate tone; and it was to contain a good deal of moral instruction and exhortation. It was to be long, and was to have the effect of melting him to tears. And I was to retain a gentle composure and calmness, and a demeanor combining the maternal with the dignified instructor.

But how different it was, to be sure, from what I had dreamed. It was the evening after he received a letter from Mr. Creveland, saying that the arrangements were all made, and Claude was to go to college, and his outfit was to be obtained in the college town, my own old home; and he was to be there on such a day of the month. A friend of Mr. Creveland, a lawyer, with whom he had become acquainted while abroad, (and, strange to say, it was the very relative of my guardian, whom I had considered stony-hearted,) was to meet him, and would attend to all necessary business. Claude was to start within a week.

It was a lovely afternoon, and I had wandered down to a favorite resort of ours, on the bank of the lake, at the southern extremity of the park. And Claude followed me there, and in the sweet sunset told me he was going away.

"Going?" said I, with a great pang at my heart. Who would be left to take my boy's place? Who was ever so kind, so good to me? And so the tears were in my eyes, instead of his, when he told me "how dear I was to him, how I seemed so near and precious, like a part of his own life."

I know his words gave me great content and rest; and as we stood there, side by side, it seemed as if the great world withdrew from us, with all its inhabitants, even my mysterious hero; and Claude and I were as much alone, and yet as blessed, as Adam and Eve in Eden.

But I made a great effort to recover my dignity. I tried to remember some of the lectures I had prepared for the occasion. It was quite a failure as a lecture, I think; but it served a purpose. For the first time in my life, I saw my boy angry. He accused me of heartlessness, and said, "I did not care for him; was cold, indifferent."

His vehement passion, for a moment, restored my self-assurance. I said,

"I do not care for you, my dear boy? No one can ever have a warmer interest in your welfare, not even your mother."

"If you want to drive me distracted, talk to me a little more about motherly interest, and such rubbish. I am older than you, and you know it."

"Time cannot be rightly reckoned by years alone. There is an experience that makes people old, while they are yet young. Age does not always depend on days and months. I am much, very much older than you, my dear boy. And it is my duty to tell you that you will forget all this in the future, and will bestow your love more earnestly and happily upon some young girl, perhaps some blue-eyed fairy. (My eyes were brown.) You will get over this boyish fancy."

Perhaps I expected that he would interrupt me with tearful pleadings and entreaties; but, if so, I was mistaken. He was silent for a moment.

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When I glanced up at him, (he was a great deal taller than I,) I saw upon his face a look I had never seen there before. It was not that of a boy; not that of a poor widow's son. It was as if whole generations of proud ancestors looked out of his steadfast eyes.

"Time will prove whether this is a boyish fancy or not," he said.

And before I could say a word, he was gone. And I, overcome with a sudden sense of loss and loneliness, buried my face in my hands—strange inconsistency—and wept.

The next day, and every day while he remained at home, Claude came to see me, as usual, but not in the *role* I had marked out for him: pale, anguish-stricken, with despairing eyes, vexing me with entreaties. No, nothing of the kind. Not by a word, or a glance, did he show that I was any more to him than the friend that he valued and respected. And by some mystic process, beyond my reasoning or will, he grew older, and I younger every day. Younger, and weaker, and far, far less wise, although certainly no word or look of his ever helped to give me the impression.

On his return from college, during his first vacations, the same subtle mystery remained, and increased. My boy was getting to be very, very much older and stronger than I.

No brother could be tenderer and kinder to an only sister, but he never spoke again of love. Still, in spite of his silence, I felt in my heart, I read it sometimes in his blue, honest eyes, that time was, indeed, proving the strength of what I had called my boyish fancy.

I had now reached my twentieth birthday. It was a still, lovely June twilight. I stood by the low, brown gate, in front of Auntie's, looking at the beauty of the western sky, when I heard the slow, steady tramp of a horse, coming down the road. The rider was a stranger to me, I thought, at the first glance; but as he came nearer, I knew him at once. He saw me, and raised his hat with easy grace. But at that very moment, the "corset" sprang out across the road, the gray horse shied and reared, and Hugh Creveland, flung headlong, lay insensible at my feet.

A couple of men, one of them the gray-headed old gardener at the Hall, chanced to be coming down the road, and as they saw the fall, they ran up, and carried him into the house, and laid him on the lounge, in the sitting-room. He was injured considerably, and an arm was broken, besides a severe bruise on the temple. But the doctor who cared for him was skillful, and Auntie was a good nurse, and he "got along famously," so he said.

It seems like a dream to me, his stay in our cottage, or a page from the romances I used to delight in; and like a dream within a dream, is one shadowy memory.

It was the night after his accident, when the news, of course, had gone out, magnified, as in all small places, that he was fatally injured. The doctor had given an opiate to ease his pain, and gone home. Auntie had lain down upon the lounge, in the next room. I was left to watch, and sat, half-asleep, and half-awake, in the large arm-chair, drawn up beside the window. The lamp was turned down to a faint spark upon the table. The moon hung low in the west, like a large silver globe. The night-winds stirred the tendrils and clusters of the creeping rose at the window, and the moonlight threw their shadowy reflections on the carpet. How they waved, and flickered, and chased each other. And was it a dream, or did a still figure glide across these shadows—a woman's form—and pause by the couch of the sick man, wringing its hands? And did I hear a voice, or did I imagine it?

"Is it, then, a last farewell? Is your bad life to be ended here and now? Or will you live to break other women's hearts, as you have mine?"

The voice, or the wind, whatever it was, ceased; the still, white figure, or the shadow of the moonlight, glided away, and was lost; and the shadows mingled and intertwined strangely and grotesquely. The next thing I remember, the morning sun was shining in the room, and Auntie stood by the table, mixing a draught for her patient.

"Where is the woman, Auntie?" were my first words.

"What woman?"

"The woman who came here last night. She looked like Mrs. Richards."

"There has been no one here. You have been dreaming, child."

"I saw her, I am sure of it."

"It is impossible, for I was awake every minute of the night."

Now, as Auntie was one of the kind who consider it a personal affront to be accused of going to sleep, except in their lawful beds, I dared say no more. But the dream remained with me.

And like a dream was my life for the next few weeks. Mr. Creveland got better, and after a few days was able to sit in a great easy-chair. The doctor, indeed, hinted of some internal injury, that demanded perfect rest, and care, lest it might terminate dangerously. But Mr. Creveland was so imperious, so used to having his own way, that he paid little heed to these admoni-

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tions. Meantime he was gentleness itself to me, and fascinating, beyond words, when he chose. He staid with us six weeks. A new world he brought to me, new thoughts, new subjects of interest. Not a happier world, for it was too restless, too disturbed, too uncertain and strange, for simple content and happiness.

I had never thought much of my looks, or my hitherto calm life. My little mirror, in my room, told me that I had a fair face, a face with big, wondering, brown eyes, and a wistful, appealing look. But I had never given these things much thought, or regarded them as a means of power. Now, however, as I met the bold, handsome, admiring eyes of Hugh Creveland, there was something in them that brought back my guardian's words to me, "Your face, my little Eva, will make your fortune."

I was very artless, very innocent, I believe; but I had not been in Hugh Creveland's presence a week, before I knew he loved me. He did not say so, in direct words; but I read it in every glance of his eyes, every tone of his voice; and above all, by that strange intuition that lets women read hearts so well.

And as the days passed by, I saw that he was fighting against that love, with all his might. I thought it was his pride, that stood in the way of his fancy. He acted so strangely at times! His manner would change so suddenly, from cheerfulness to gloom and despondency. He liked to hear me play and sing, and he would read aloud for hours, sending to the Hall for piles of books from the great library. He would read sounding old ballads, recounting noble deeds, and exquisite love poems, making them seem real, by their rapt, soulful expression; and then sometimes he would throw the book down, and make satirical remarks upon the folly of believing in anything in this world, especially in love and truth.

And yet, at times, he so fully, unmistakably showed his love for me, in every tone and glance, that I knew it was only his pride that kept him silent, and made him struggle against his fancy for an unknown, penniless girl.

Claude came home, on a short vacation, while Mr. Creveland was at Auntie's. The first time Claude called, I did not see him, for I was busy reading to Mr. Creveland, and Auntie did not send for me. But he came again, the next day; and oh, how glad I was to see him! I thought my boy looked pale, and his honest blue eyes seemed unnaturally large. I told him I knew he was studying too hard.

"Yes, he was studying hard," he said. "Besides his usual studies at college, he was studying law, at spare hours, with Mr. Lansing, the lawyer, and friend of Mr. Creveland's. It would help him, he said, when he left college. He would not have to spend so much time in his law studies then, and he was in haste to get along as fast as possible; for he wished to repay Mr. Creveland for the help he had given in his education. He should insist on paying back every penny of it," he said, proudly.

I had a vague heartache after he had gone. I was worried, I said, to see him looking so pale. And I repeated to myself, with a great deal of emphasis, "If he were my own boy, I could not love him any better."

Mr. Creveland was very kind to Claude, and after he went away that night, spoke of him in the kindest manner, but with an odd agitation, I fancied.

I remember thinking, in a dreamy fashion, that night, after I laid my head upon my pillow, that if Mr. Creveland's love did, indeed, prove stronger than his pride, and if I should, in the future, become mistress of all his riches, why, how much I might do for my boy. How I could smooth his path in life! I know I thought a great deal more about my happiness, in helping him to a grand future, than I did of my own happiness, in enjoying such grandeur.

The six weeks rolled away at last, and the day came, when Mr. Creveland was to leave us. He had a fancy to walk over to the Hall, through the little foot-path in the park; and though Auntie proposed to have the carriage sent for, he wouldn't hear to it. So Auntie had to content herself with making preparations for a dinner of uncommon magnificence, for he said he wouldn't go until afternoon.

It was Saturday; there was no school, and I was at home for the entire day. I could hear Auntie and Jane bustling about from kitchen to pantry, and from cellar to kitchen, as I sat with my sewing, in my favorite seat, by the western window of the sitting-room. It was a pleasant little nook, for on the broad, old-fashioned window-sill, I had a window-box filled with delicate ferns, and geraniums of different colors, and two or three climbing-plants, that reached up, trying to enfold the cage where my two canaries sang.

All the morning, Mr. Creveland had acted colder, more restless, more mysterious than ever. He now came in, and advancing to the window, leaned against the opposite side, and stood looking down upon me. I felt that his eyes were upon me, though I did not look up, but stitched away, as if my life depended upon it.

How the birds sang! As if they desired to

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give an extra melodious serenade, to speed our departing guest.

"Foolish little birds!" said Mr. Creveland, softly. "Don't you think so, Miss Hamilton?"

"Foolish? Why, Mr. Creveland?"

"To sing so merrily, when they are captives. I should think their hearts would be breaking."

"Perhaps they are unselfish. Maybe they are singing for others, to make others happier, and so forget their own condition."

I spoke lightly, and smiled. But as I glanced up into my companion's face, the smile died upon my lips; for if love and sorrow ever looked out of mortal eyes, they were looking then, from the dark, beautiful eyes of Hugh Creveland.

"Eva—Miss Hamilton—I want to ask you a question," he said. He paused a moment, and then went on, rapidly. "Suppose you were a captive, shut up in a gloomy cell, chained down with heavy chains, which you could not break; no matter who forged the chains, whether it was yourself or another. If you were in that gloomy dungeon, no sunshine, no bloom, no beauty to bless your life; if, in your gloom and despair, a little bird should come and sit in the narrow slit in the wall above you, and sing sweet songs to you—a little innocent bird, with heaven's own sunshine on its wings—would you reach up there, to where it sat above you, and draw it down into the gloom and danger, gather it to your heart, and try to make your own love take the place to it of the freedom it had lost, of the sweet air of heaven it must resign for your sake? Would you? Would it be too selfish?"

I looked up at him, wonderingly. He was gazing down upon me, with such a strange expression, so mournful, so wistful, so inexpressibly sad. He laid his hand, lightly, almost reverently, it seemed to me, upon my head.

"Such an innocent little bird! It would be too bad, wouldn't it? You don't answer, and you look half-frightened; and I'll tell you what I think," said he, with his tone suddenly changing. "I think he would be a wretch, a selfish villain. And now, mavourneen, I want you to sing to me. Sing to me about the brave knight of Normandy, who left his sweetheart and his native land, for the battle-field, and died, shouting victory."

He went and stood in the open hall-door, and I sat down to the piano, and commenced singing. I had often sang to him this old English ballad. But now, before I had sang even the first verse through, I saw him, from the open window, walking with long strides through the gate, into the park, and so he disappeared.

When Auntie discovered he was gone, she was more indignant than I had seen her since "Miss Richards'es boy" had irreverently treated her "corset."

"Here it is one o'clock," said she, "and dinner most ready, and everything doing so splendid. It is a shame and a disgrace."

I did not tell her of his strange talk to me; but I joined with her in saying, that his conduct was "extremely strange."

"Strange? I should say strange! Who ever saw a man that wasn't strange?" No description can do justice to her scornful emphasis on the word man, and her face showed all the depth of contempt she felt, as she added, "There hain't no more dependence on any of the race, than there is in my old clock."

And while she was speaking, as if to add force to her illustration, the clock struck nearly a hundred.

Mr. Creveland had offered Auntie abundant payment for the trouble he had made; but she would take nothing. But when, a few days after, a bulky package came, containing an elegant black silk dress, and a new cashmere shawl for her, and a case of exquisitely bound books for me, of course we could not refuse them.

And yet it was strange, that his sudden, singular way of leaving, his absence, did not cause me disgust. I was not at all unhappy. In fact, it seemed as if some weight had been lifted from my heart, as if I could breathe more easily.

It was in the third week after Mr. Creveland's departure, that Auntie took a severe cold; and one day was obliged to keep her bed the most of the day. She wouldn't let me stay at home; she said it was nothing but a cold, and she should get better soon. But when I returned from my school, in the afternoon, I found her apparently worse. There was a certain herb, however, that grew on the banks of the lake in Creveland Park, that she professed to have some faith in; and so I offered, at once, to go and get some of it. It grew near the edge of the lake; and after I had gathered my little basketful of it, I ought to have returned directly; but the blue, placid water, shining so serenely through the green leaves and boughs, persuaded me to stay, and I went down to the border of the lake, to gather some of the lovely ferns that grew in such rich profusion.

There was a great, gnarled stump hanging over the water. On the very outmost edge of it was a cluster of the most delicate and exquisite ferns, like dainty emerald feathers. That bunch, I thought, I must have. I stepped out confidently, and was stooping down to pick it, when suddenly, without any warning, the root fell with me, and I sank into the deep waters below me.

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But as I fell, I gave a wild cry, that rang through the silent woods.

"Claude! Claude!" was my exclamation.

Why did I not call upon my hero, my mysterious friend? But no! At that moment, when I was facing death, it seemed to me as if all my hope on earth was in Claude.

Suddenly I felt myself lifted up in a strong arm, and heard a voice speaking courage to me. But I heard only the first tones, for at the sudden transition from death to life, I fainted.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on the green shore, and Hugh Creveland was kneeling beside me, chafing my cold fingers. As I looked up at him, and tried to speak, he took me in his arms, as if I was a baby, and strode on toward Auntie's with long steps. I looked up in his face rather timidly.

"I have saved your life, little one," he said. "Don't you think I ought to have some claim upon it now? Don't you, in a way, belong to me, in the future?"

I was terribly agitated and confused, I know, and I could think of nothing better to say than to ask him to put me down, and let me walk.

"You couldn't lift your hand to your head a minute ago," he said. "Keep still. What do you suppose Miss Cobb will say? She will admit hereafter that I have 'my properties,' will she not?"

But I insisted upon trying to walk. And seeing that it really troubled me, he let me have my way. At first, I was obliged to lean upon his arm, for my head felt very weak and giddy. We walked a short distance in silence, and then Mr. Creveland said,

"I haven't been to your house for some time, have I? Not since that day I called for the song about the brave knight, who gave his life, and died shouting for victory. When I left you, I meant to stay away from you, like a good villain. But to-day, as I was taking leave of the Hall for awhile, as fate, or luck, or chance would have it, I thought, while the carriage went round the road as far as Miss Cobb's, I would take this short route through the park, and stop there and bid you good-bye. I suppose it was the fiend that prompted me, as usual, he having the guardianship of my affairs generally. But I must have been mistaken; it must have been an angel. I believe in omens; and this must be a good one, is it not? For I have saved your precious life. Do you know it, little one? And when I think these sweet, brown eyes would never have opened again in the world, had it not been for me, surely they must look kindly upon me in the future, will they not?"

I assured him "they would; that I should always regard him kindly." Not without tears, for I felt weak and nervous. But he would not listen to any thanks for what he had done. And just then we came out by Auntie's, and saw Mr. Creveland's carriage standing by the gate. He went with me to the door, and looking down upon the water-soaked garments, said "he thought he would drive back home for a few moments, to make himself a little more presentable." And bidding me good-bye, and telling me to make haste to put myself in Miss Cobb's kind hands at once, and leaving his good wishes for her, he sprang into his carriage, and was driven back to the Hall.

Auntie, forgetting her own indisposition, seemed to think I was in imminent danger. So I was put to bed, in close companionship with hot bricks and flat-irons, while my throat was smarting under the effects of hot ginger and pepper tea.

I remember thinking, as I dropped off into sleep, how much it was like one of my romances; that my mysterious hero had actually rescued me from death, and that I owed my life to him.

But still, I recollect that I thought a great deal more; in fact, it was my last thought before I went to sleep, "of what Claude would say, when I told him how nearly I had met my death, and how terrible it would have been if I should have died there, without seeing him once more."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Oh! why so sad and dull, sweet love?
The storm is blowing over;
The skies are blue, the sun's above;
How sweet the new-blown clover!
The meteor red-bird flashes past,
The woodpeckers are drumming.
Spring wakes! The Winter's o'er at last,
And brighter days are coming.

The winds of March are bleak; but soon
Come on the April showers;
And May, with songs beneath the moon,
And June, with bloom and flowers;
And daisied meadows all alive
With happy bees a-humming.
Dear heart! let rain and tempest drive,
For brighter days are coming.

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A POINT OF HONOR.

BY IDA ROLAND.

The little red school-house stood on the brow of a long hill, just at the edge of the village. A lonely place at this time, five o'clock in the afternoon; for the last barefooted urchin had disappeared down the long hill an hour ago. It would seem that there was nothing to detain the pretty school-mistress so late; but she still sat behind her little table, leaning her head upon her hand, and pondering, not over reports, or educational works, as one might think from her looks, but a love-letter.

There it lay, on the table before her, and in her mind, swinging in the balance, was the yes and no. Which should it be? Some girls find it an easy thing to engage themselves, and then break the chain when it becomes too irksome. But this Saidie Kempal was a conscientious little body, just unfashionable enough to consider an engagement a serious thing, not to be entered into lightly; and when once formed, to be sacred and binding. So, she was trying to probe her heart, and discover her feelings toward the writer of this letter, who said that he loved her so tenderly, and could never be happy unless she was his wife. The study had lasted an hour, and she was no nearer the conclusion than at first.

Perhaps, if she had seen a little more of the world, she could have decided sooner; but her days had been so bounded and hedged in by home ties, and the quiet village life, that she had not yet learned the all-important lesson, a knowledge of her own heart. Her thoughts ran something like this:

"I like him—this Harry Barrows. I don't believe I shall ever see any one else I can like as well. He has a good character, is wealthy, and loves me. If I say yes, everybody will be pleased, and I shall doubtless be very happy. No more pinching about money matters at home, or drudging in the school-room. I wonder why I hesitate. I wish I was a child again, to be told what to do. If I go to mother, she will say, 'Do just what your heart tells you, my daughter,' when my heart won't tell me anything about it. She would be delighted, though, if I would say yes; and I could lighten her cares so much. It is such a worry to mothers to have so many daughters unsettled. Then there is Lina Grey. How surprised she would be! I believe she rather liked Harry herself. I believe—I believe I will—say—yes."

The conference was over, and springing lightly to her feet, she quickly closed the shutters for the night, and taking her wide hat, locked the door, and started down the hill.

She was glad to find that she felt happier, now that the question was decided. There is such a relief in giving one's happiness into another's keeping, and knowing that they will guard it well.

Saidie hurried on, for she knew it was getting late, and she had made an appointment to meet her friend, Lina Grey, under the great, weeping willow, by the edge of the lake, and the hour for the meeting had more than passed. "Meet me at our old trysting-place, under the willow, by the lake," she had written.

Lina saw her coming, and rushed forward tumultuously. "Oh! I thought you would never be here!" she cried. "I began to fear you hadn't got my note in time. I only returned late last night, and had not time to see you before you went to school; so I wrote, asking you to meet me here, for then I knew we could have a half-hour's chat, all to ourselves, and that afterwards we could go home together."

"And I am so glad to see you again," said Saidie, kissing her. "I've hardly known what to do without you."

They talked on and on, as young girls will, sitting on the fragrant sward, telling each of what the other had been doing, till suddenly Saidie's attention was arrested by footsteps approaching, and looking up, she saw a strange gentleman advancing.

Lina, too, looked around, and rose to her feet. "It is only Mr. Earle, mamma's nephew," she cried. "He is to spend the summer with us, and half promised to meet me here; for I want you particularly to know him. Mr. Earle, this is my friend, Saidie Kempal, of whom I have so often spoken. Saidie, Mr. Ralph Earle."

The newcomer took off his hat, with marked emphasis, and then shook Saidie cordially by the hand, looking at her admiringly, though not offensively, with a pair of rather handsome eyes.

"Not half so handsome as Harry's," thought Saidie, though she blushed under the gaze.

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It was Lina who did most of the talking, as they walked home; and she was so bright and merry, that it was a pleasure to listen to her. Such a gay summer as she planned! Saidie's school was to break up on the morrow, for a two months' vacation, and she would be at liberty to enjoy it with the rest. "And oh! won't we have a nice time?" cried Lina.

Near the gate Harry was waiting. He was introduced, in due form, to Mr. Earle, and then fell back with Saidie, and walked with her to the door.

"You got my letter?" he whispered, as soon as the others were out of hearing. "Is it to be yes, or no?"

There was a moment's silence, and the girl's heart beat loudly. Finally she raised her eyes to his face, and there was not a shadow of doubt in their clear depths, as she answered,

"I think it is to be yes, Harry."

The glad tidings soon spread through the Kempal family, for there were no secrets in that house; and it pleased Saidie to feel that she had made them all happier. If she had liked Harry less than she did, she could not have helped but feel happier herself, to see the brightness she had brought into the house.

It was quite early on the first day of Saidie's vacation, when Lina's pony-phaeton stood at the Kempal gate; and under the white canopy, with its gay fringe, sat it's owner, beckoning to her friend. To slip on a hat, and step in beside Lina, was the work of a moment, and the two girls were soon busily talking, as the lazy pony jogged along.

There was a little reserve on Saidie's part, for she could not yet make up her mind to confide to Lina her engagement; but her friend was so busy telling of her own affairs, that she did not notice it. After a while, she spoke of Ralph Earle.

"What do you think of him, anyway?" said Lina.

"I don't know. I hardly noticed him yesterday."

"There! I wish I could tell *that* to his royal highness. I shan't tell you now, what he said about you. Do you know why mamma has invited him here this summer?"

"For his health, I suppose. He looks badly."

"So *he* supposes. But that clever little woman has quite another idea in her head. She means that I shall marry him."

"Why, Lina!"

"It's a fact."

"Do you like him?"

"Do I *like* him? Of course I do. Ralph Earle is elegant. But it don't follow that I am going to marry him. He isn't my style at all; is altogether too deep for shallow me. I always liked him; but I shall hate him pretty soon, if my step-mamma don't stop throwing me at his head in such an absurd manner."

"What can be her object? I never thought her overly fond of you."

"Oh, I'm only thrown in as an encumbrance. She adores Ralph, and he is poor. Well, I've got money. Do you understand?"

"Poor child!"

"You need not poor me. I am going to make myself just as disagreeable as possible. And I have a little plan in my head, and you must say yes. I want you to pack up, and be ready, when I come for you to-morrow, to come and stay several weeks with me. Say yes, that's a dear."

"Not if you are going to put me in Mr. Earle's way," said Saidie, looking a little suspiciously at Lina's mischievous face.

"Nonsense, child! You need not look at him, if you feel that way. Only come; we will have grand times."

There was no opposition to this project, and the next day found Saidie settled in the great stone house, over the river. She loved luxury, and it was like a beautiful dream to live amid such elegance. She fancied that Mrs. Grey was not quite as pleased as she might have been with this arrangement; but Ralph was so pleasant, and Lina so delighted, that she did not mind it. Lina was right in pronouncing Ralph Earle elegant. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word; and although not remarkably handsome, his face was one that could be trusted forever. Mrs. Grey was a widow, and although wealthy, this beautiful home belonged to Lina. So, it was no wonder she was exerting her utmost to make a match between her favorite nephew and the heiress.

So the summer days passed on. Pleasant morning rambles in the old woods; lazy afternoons by the willow, at the trysting-place beside the lake; and gay evenings over the piano, or on the croquet-ground, out on the lawn, where Harry always joined them. Indeed, he was with them most of the time, and Saidie had grown quite used to being engaged. There was not much chance for love-making, as the rest did not know of it; and Lina, in trying to avoid Ralph, made it so that Saidie was his companion most of the time, while she appropriated Harry.

Saidie could not blame her, although she wondered how she could help loving the one her

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mother had selected for her. He was so brilliant and interesting; so different from any one she had ever met before. He seemed to understand her wants so well, and sympathize in all her tastes. So it happened, while Lina and Harry played games, or ran races on the lawn in their wild fashion, the other two sat on one of the rustic seats that the old elms shaded, and read or talked. Ralph had that charm that is so irresistible in any one, a melodious voice. It seemed to Saidie, when he read, that all the world was drifting away, and leaving them in an enchanted realm. What happy days those were, and how swiftly they flew by! No one thought of the fall that was coming, to part them all. They lived in the happy present, and were satisfied. One day Saidie had promised Ralph to meet him at the rustic seat, and found, on going, that Mrs. Grey was before her. She seemed unusually gracious, and inclined to conversation, and, after a few commonplaces, said, abruptly,

"I suppose you are aware of my wishes concerning Lina?"

Saidie bowed her head.

"Lina persistently refuses to believe that I am disinterested in this matter, and, I see, has made you feel the same. I am convinced that Mr. Earle is just the one for her, and she is throwing away her best chance of happiness, in flirting as she does with Harry. As for Ralph, I know that if he were left *alone*, he would love her."

The last words were emphasized in such a manner, that her listener could not help but understand.

"If you think I am interfering, you are mistaken."

"I will be frank with you," said the elder lady. "I feared you were becoming interested in my nephew, and I thought I would warn you."

The bright color faded from the girl's face, and a strange look came into her eyes. For a moment she was unable to speak. Like a flash of lightning came the terrible revelation, the meaning of all the happiness this summer had brought. She knew now what love was. To her there was but one hope of happiness in the world, and that she must put from her. It was a hard, strained voice that answered Mrs. Grey,

"You need not be alarmed, madam. I am engaged to Harry Barrows."

The lady looked at her in astonishment; then she actually kissed her.

"You sly little puss, to keep that all to yourself. How glad I am that you are going to do so well. There comes Ralph now. I am going to surprise him with the news." And before Saidie could stop her, she called him to them, and in a few words told the whole story. Then, seeing guests at the house, she left them, with a nod and a laugh, thinking, as she did so, "She loves him, poor girl; but I can trust her. Saidie is the very soul of honor. As for Ralph, he will soon overcome his admiration for her pretty face."

There was nothing said for some time after she left. An observer might not have noticed anything strange in the figures of the two. Saidie, sitting quite motionless, with her face turned away; Ralph at her feet, in the same careless attitude he had first assumed. But who can tell of the anguish in both their hearts?

"Will he never move or speak?" she thought.

At last he rose, and taking the vacant seat at her side, turned her face gently toward him. At the sight of it, pale and tear-stained, his calmness was gone.

"My darling, my darling! you *do* love me! What is this hateful engagement to us?"

For a moment she yielded to his passionate caresses; then she remembered, and cried, brokenly,

"Ralph, you must not tempt me so. I have promised to be Harry's wife, and I will never break a promise that is so sacred."

"But where there is no love, you surely are not bound. It is a mistaken sense of honor that permits such a sacrifice."

She shook her head mournfully.

"I should have thought of that before. It is too late."

Still he plead with her, and she, loving him as she did, could only refuse, although she felt it would be like parting from life itself. At last, seeing Harry and Lina coming toward them, he said,

"I will not take your answer now; send me one in the morning. And remember, dear, whatever comes, I shall love you, only you."

Harry overtook her as she tried to escape to the house, and gave her a few tender words, that only made her trouble harder to bear.

She locked herself in her room, and did not go down again that night. She wanted to face her trouble by herself, and decide what was her duty to do.

It was a long, hard struggle. The cold, gray dawn peeped in at her window, as she wrote,

"No, Ralph. I was right. I cannot break my promise. Forgive me, and forget that you ever loved SAIDIE."

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She sent him this early in the morning; and an hour later, before Mrs. Grey and Lina made their appearance in the breakfast-room, he left a note for his aunt, and ordered the coachman to drive him to the station. One last, long look at the closed blinds, behind which slumbered the only being he truly loved, and he was gone.

When Harry came, that evening, he found Mrs. Grey in tears, Lina pouting, and Saidie invisible.

"What's up, Lina? Where is Ralph?"

"Goodness knows! I don't. Saidie is locked in her room, Ralph gone, and everybody else as cross as bears."

Harry looked bewildered, and Mrs. Grey said,

"Harry Barrows, are you engaged to Saidie?"

His face flushed crimson, and then turned white.

"We are, Mrs. Grey; but——"

"But what? You are engaged, and that's enough," said that lady, sharply.

"No, not enough," he said, with a pleading look at Lina, who had dropped into a chair, and breathlessly awaited his reply.

"I *did* think I loved Saidie, until Lina came back; but now I know it is Lina alone who can make me happy. I saw that Ralph loved Saidie, and hoped that she would ask to be released."

"And a pretty mess you have made of it. Her sense of honor was more strict than yours. She has refused Ralph, and he has gone, nobody knows where. I wash my hands of the whole affair." And she swept from the room with an injured look, as if she had nothing further to say on the subject.

After peace was made between the lovers, Lina said, "Poor Saidie! We must find Ralph, and bring him back. How could the child be so good? I don't believe he will go any farther than Chester to-night, and James could easily drive you over after him."

It was as Lina supposed; and while Harry started off in hot haste, Lina ran up to persuade Saidie to come down into the parlor, and be there at the time they would return, intending to prepare her for it; but she could not get her courage up, until she heard the carriage-wheels, and had only blundered out a few words, when Ralph sprang out of the carriage, and hurried into the room.

Lina left them then, only hearing Saidie's broken cry, of "Ralph! Dear Ralph!" as he gathered her close, close to his heart.

After the first rapture of the meeting was over, and they could talk a little more rationally, Mrs. Grey's clear, cold tones were heard, saying to some one on the piazza,

"Yes, the bright days are almost gone."

And Saidie, clinging to her lover's neck, whispered,

"Do you hear, Ralph? They are almost gone."

"Nay, love," he answered, "they have only begun."

And they *have* only begun. A happier couple than Ralph and Saidie is to be met nowhere, the wide world over.

Of one spot both are especially fond, and they often go there. It is where they first met: the TRYSTING-PLACE BY THE WILLOW.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

BY H. MARVELL.

The sun was sinking in the west,
  A mist rose softly on the lea;
And through the evening's purple shades
  We floated o'er the quiet sea.
The oars lay idly in their rest;
  We leaned across the lew boat's side,
And watched the waters dancing there,
  As we went drifting with the tide.

She touched the ripples with her hand,
  And when the rising moon shone bright,
She seemed an angel sitting there,
  So pure, beneath the silver light.
We floated onward in the dusk,
  She sang as sweet as mermaid sings;
Across, through all the waste of years,
  The echo of that song still rings.

Hearts, though, are false—so often so;
  Her face was fair, her heart untrue;
I thought she loved me, on the night
  We drifted in the shadows blue,
Across the waters still and bright,
  Beneath the tender Summer moon;
Oh! such a dream! Oh! such delight!
  And it is faded—past—so soon!

Oh! woman's face is sweet and fair,
  But woman's heart we cannot know;
I thought she loved me—she whom I
  Had worshipped in the long ago.
Her path is there, and mine is here;
  We each have gone our separate ways,
And buried with the vanished past,
  The hours of those sweet olden days.

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AT THE END OF A MONTH.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a tiny village in Wales. I shall not attempt to give its name, because I could not spell it to save my soul; and if I were able, I could not pronounce it to save yours; for it was at least seventeen syllables in length, without a perceptible vowel among them.

But such a lovely place! Away up among the hills, the blue, hazy mountains forming the background; in front, a break in the gorge, which gave a view for miles and miles of peaceful valleys and shady woods, and within easy walk, even for lazy people; water-falls innumerable, each of them so unique and beautiful, that one was never able to decide upon their respective claims.

Holm Brentford had stopped at the comfortable, old-fashioned inn, with the intention of remaining two or three days, because the neighborhood was so charming, that it seemed a sin to go on without exploring this haunt, which, in the days when such beings existed, must have been the home of dryads and wood-nymphs, and I hope, for their sakes, (else they would have bored themselves dreadfully,) of fawns, and other laughter-loving creatures of the opposite sex.

Weeks had passed, and Holm still lingered, for he had found his sylvan goddess. Each does, in turn, though we call the age prosaic; but I dare say each generation, in turn, has said that of its special era, ever since the days when Cain's last descendants were handsomer and wickeder than they ought to have been.

Holm's nymph, when he caught sight of her, was not climbing a tree, nor falling from the top of one, but she was in great danger of being thrown out of a nondescript kind of equipage, (very comfortable to ride in, when you could keep your seat,) drawn by a pair of obstinate little monsters of half-broken mountain ponies.

There were two ladies in the carriage, and a swollen boy, or a dwarfish man—he might have been one or the other, and a very bad specimen in either case—was driving The ponies took fright, and ran away, and the coachman took fright, and shrieked and bawled until he succeeded in rendering the small beasts utterly unmanageable. One of the ladies gave vent to a single cry, covered her face with her hands, and sat motionless. Then the other lady stepped over the back of the low seat, with a courage inspired by the exigencies of the moment, and seized the reins which the boy had dropped, by way of making matters worse.

The ponies still plunged madly on, though the lady might have succeeded in conquering them, if the road had held no dangers; but beyond a curve which Brentford had just passed, there was a sharp descent, with a cliff on one side, and a precipice on the other. Holm took in the whole peril, and rushed forward, exclaiming,

"Turn them to the right! To the right!"

The lady obeyed; carried the animals through a gap in the hedge, and landed them in a ploughed field, her companion still sitting passive, with her face hidden, and the idiotic boy howling like a maniac, as if he were disappointed that there should have been no accident, notwithstanding his pains.

The different parties were soon restored to composure; for after the danger was over, Holm himself lost his head during the space of a few seconds, looked at the ladies, and they looked at him; and the lady who had until now kept her face covered exclaimed,

"Mr. Brentford!" And the gentleman exclaimed, quite as astonished,

"Mrs. Wynne!"

"Yes, Mrs. Wynne," was the reply, "Are we killed?" And she laughed, hysterically, though she tried hard to control her shaken nerves.

"We are quite safe, Edith," said her companion.

"And how nice of you to appear like a god out of a machine," added the other. "I shall cry in a minute. For goodness sake, Alice, don't be so provokingly calm! I want a glass of water. Great Heavens, Mr. Brentford! stop where you are, unless you are determined we shall be massacred! Send that wretch of a boy. He will kill us yet, if you go away."

But the boy could do nothing, save dance up and down, and excite the ponies, until reduced to silence by a threat from Brentford, that if he stirred again, the whip should be laid vigorously over his back.

There was a little house not far off. Holm ordered him to go thither for water. He flew round and round in eccentric circles, instead.

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Fortunately an old woman came out of the cottage, and brought some water; and presently Mrs. Wynne got the better of her nerves, and waxed slightly cross, as even Christians will, when, at the close of an adventure, they find that they have been frightened for nothing. She vowed that she would spend the night in the fields, rather than trust again to the uncertain mercies of their Jehu. So Brentford offered to act as charioteer, since Miss Wynne could not manage the reins, as she had slightly sprained her wrist in her recent encounter with the ponies.

Holm's proposal was gratefully accepted. The boy had to walk, in consequence, whereat he was highly displeased. He swore dreadfully over his ill treatment; but as his oaths were uttered in his native language, neither of the three persons whom he cursed with such energy, would have been any the wiser, had his mutterings chanced to be overheard. Like all nervous people, Mrs. Wynne had a faculty of passing suddenly from one state of feeling to another. After her fright, she had turned fractious. Before the ponies had carried them out of sight of the scene of their mishap, she rushed into the highest spirits, and talked enough for all three, which was fortunate, as her sister showed little inclination to do her duty in that way, and Holm was still too much disturbed by this unexpected meeting to perform his part very creditably.

"Hereafter, when we encounter an adventure, Mr. Brentford, I shall know that it is the signal for your appearance," said Mrs. Wynne.

"Then please go in search of them very often," replied Holm, taking that opportunity to look back for a glimpse of Alice's face, and thinking of the adventure of the day, as apropos of the remarks; but he failed in his design, because she had dropped her veil over it.

As there is no mystery connected with his former acquaintance with Miss Wynne, we may as well explain at once what Mrs. Wynne meant. Two years before, Holm had met her in Naples; and one day, when wandering in the neighborhood of Virgil's tomb, he saw the two ladies for the first time. They were trying to escape the importunities of a sturdy beggar, who seemed inclined to develope into a brigand. It happened that the sisters were stopping in the same hotel as Holm. A mutual friend arrived, and by his aid the three made acquaintance in that rapid and heedless fashion, which pilgrims in foreign lands are apt to do.

At the end of ten pleasant days, Holm was called suddenly away to Florence by the illness of a relative, and detained there for some time, as the relative took that opportunity to die. When he was at liberty again, Holm persuaded conscience that he had not half seen Naples, and hastened back to the beautful city; but the two sisters had gone, and left no trace, and Holm found Naples so changed and stupid, that he left in disgust,

A twelvemonth passed, and Holm told himself that he must regard those bright Neapolitan days as an episode which could have no connection with his real existence. It was June, and Brentford—he had been spending the spring in Pau—drifted up into the Pyrenees, and halted at picturesque St. Sauveur. There is no place with lovelier mountain rambles about, and none where it is easier to lose oneself, tempted as one is, by the apparent straightforwardness of the paths, to dispense with the troublesome services of a guide. So, only two days after his arrival, Holm, wandering through a deep gorge, came upon two ladies, who had lost their way, and discovered them to be his charming acquaintances.

On this occasion he had the pleasure of their society during a couple of weeks. Then, one morning, just as he was preparing for an expedition they were to undertake together, a messenger brought a note from Mrs. Wynne, written on the previous evening. The sisters had received letters which forced them to depart at once. There were civil expressions of regret, pleasant messages from Miss Wynne, but not a word about their journey's destination, or a hope of future meeting.

Holm bore and lived over his disappointment as best he might; roved the summer through, passed the winter in Paris, the spring in London.

And now, on the last of these June days, he found himself among the Welsh hills, driving Mrs. Wynne and her sister toward their temporary abode, said abode being a picturesque old farmhouse, about a mile out of the village, owned by the mother of the young charioteer. But, luckily for the ladies' comfort, they had a couple of attached servants with them, who could be anything, from cooks to chambermaids—though one of the pair was a man—when occasion required.

So, this was the way in which Brentford renewed his acquaintance with the sisters, on the very day of his arrival in the Welsh hamlet; and the result of this encounter had been, that, instead of contenting himself with the brief sojourn which he had contemplated, nearly a month had gone, and he still lingered, giving no more thought to his departure than if he had come thither with the fixed intention of spending the entire summer.

In a quiet retreat like that, people glide into familiar intercourse as imperceptibly and

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quickly as they do on ship-board. With excuse or without, Holm fell into the habit of spending a great deal of time at the house of the two sisters. He helped Alice with her drawing and painting, for which he had talent enough to have become an artist, had destiny rendered a profession necessary. He aided Mrs. Wynne in her study of Swedish, she happening to have a passing fancy for the odd language. He found some tolerable horses, and they made long excursions among the hills, to see wonderful views or cascades; and when twilight brought them home, Brentford would share the nondescript repast, which took the place of a formal dinner, and spend the evening after. He hired a yacht, and they sailed and sailed, for days and days never to be forgotten by Brentford.

Pleasant, pleasant days, and Holm floated passively on. Very soon he knew that he loved Alice Wynne; he had strongly suspected the fact during those doleful months in which he could find no trace of her; and the tumult aroused in his soul by this last unexpected meeting, convinced him, beyond the possibility of doubt—not that he wished to have any on the subject.

Miss Wynne was at this time apparently about one-and-twenty, and her sister some three years older. The latter was also beautiful, though her beauty was marred by certain traces of suffering, and her talk by a tone of cynicism which made it evident that life had not always been kind to her, proving, also, that she had not gained as many valuable lessons from trouble as wise people assure us that one ought to do.

It was easy to see that a strong affection existed between the pair, though Holm soon discovered that Miss Wynne was required to exercise a good deal of patience, for the older sister's moods were exceedingly unequal, and she sometimes gave way to little exhibitions of bitterness and spleen, which were speedily followed by repentance as demonstrative, and therefore as unpleasant as the original fault; but Alice bore all with unfailing sweet serenity.

Holm received the impression that Mrs. Wynne had married very young, and had been a widow for several years; had probably married a relative, since she bore the same name as her sister. After her marriage, she had resided in the West Indies. He gathered, and he comprehended, also, that the union had brought her much misery. But he often found himself wondering, as time went on, if remorse had not something to do with the lady's morbid views of life and mankind, and he decided that if she had tormented her husband as much as she did her sister, it was small wonder that the slight fund of patience possessed by men in general had given way, and Holm was inclined to think, that whatever the dead man's faults or vices might have been, it was very possible that she had a good deal for which to blame herself. Still she was a singularly charming woman, in spite of her caprices—or, perhaps, on account of them—and Brentford liked her hugely. She liked him, too, and was much more ready than Alice to drop into terms of friendship. But as the weeks passed, and he gained ground with the younger, he could see that Mrs. Wynne was not always thoroughly satisfied thereat; from no feminine pique, because his attentions were not concentrated upon herself, Holm had the manliness to believe; probably because her sad experience made her dread for Alice any approach to feelings which might bring into that quiet existence dangers and sorrows such as her own past had held.

There was no appearance of mystery about the pair, unless it might be in their singular reticence in regard to their own matters; and yet sometimes Holm woke up enough from his dream to entertain a vague dread that their lives contained such. They were Americans, he by chance discovered, and he thought Miss Wynne seemed annoyed when she inadvertently betrayed the fact. One day, as he was sitting with them in their garden, a package of letters and journals arrived. While Holm read the newspapers, the ladies inspected their epistles. A sudden gust of wind blew an opened envelope to Holm's feet. Miss Wynne started quickly forward and seized it, but not so promptly but what he (stooping to pick it up) caught, without any intention of trying so to do, the address. The wrapper was directed to Mrs. Gainsborough.

However, as he told himself afterward, his sudden suspicion was silly. The letter might have borne the name of some friend, and been sent to them to read. Still, with the obstinacy of thought, Holm could not forget the incident, or Alice Wynne's startled face. Yet, admit a mystery, the fact of their having something to conceal did not imply aught derogatory to them, and Holm would not have called back his heart if he could. But during the first days he had determined to be guilty of no folly; it would be a sorry return for their friendliness, so soon to show the feelings which filled his breast. He had no reason to think that Alice was attracted toward him in other than a friendly way, and he must not run the risk of injuring his cause by any premature betrayal of his affection. Strong in his determination, if he made any difference in his attentions, it was in favor of the older sister.

So the pleasant weeks glided swiftly on, till an

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entire month passed; but during the later days, a shadow had fallen upon Holm's content. It seemed to him that he perceived an alteration in Alice; he tried to think it fancy, but she appeared to regard less cordially his numerous visits, and his frequent proposals for rides, and walks, and sailing parties. Indeed, sometimes he feared that she endeavored to avoid him, and he was haunted by the dread that she had read his secret, and was only annoyed and repelled by the knowledge thereof.

But, disconnected from any matter in which he could be concerned, there was a change in both sisters, try as they might to hide it, and that change dated back to the day when they received the letter, bearing a name to him unknown. Miss Wynne was sad; Mrs. Wynne strangely moody and variable. Twice he came upon them, when he felt confident that there had been a painful discussion of some kind; and a couple of mornings after, he met Alice on her way back from the post-office, and she was crying bitterly. She told him that she was very anxious. Her sister had been ill the whole night with an attack of nervous spasms, and she began to fear the trouble was deeper seated than they had supposed.

Holm had been so overwhelmed by her distress, that he could scarcely restrain the wild words which surged to his lips. She looked up, and saw how pale he had grown. Her own face became suddenly as white as his, and an expression of keen pain, with which a positive fear mingled, filled her eyes. For an instant she seemed ready to utter some further communication, checked herself, bade him adieu rather abruptly, and in a manner which rendered an offer to accompany her out of the question.

He called at the house in the afternoon, but only saw one of the servants, who informed him that Mrs. Wynne was confined to her chamber, and Miss Alice particularly engaged.

It was not until the close of the succeeding day that he saw Miss Wynne. He was walking in the wood which stretched between their habitation and the village, when he came upon her. He had a terrible fear that her first impulse had been to turn the other way, and that she was only prevented by the consciousness that he had seen her. He hurried up, trying to speak common words of greeting, but so disturbed by that suspicion, he hardly knew what he said; and she, on her side, was equally ill at ease. He began to tell her how grieved he was to hear of her sister's illness; talking quickly, afraid that the mad yearning in his heart would utter its confession, in spite of his resolve; growing each instant paler and more troubled, and she looking at him with a countenance as troubled as his own, her manner becoming more and more constrained.

"I have sent several times to inquire," he said. "I did not like to call, lest I should seem intrusive."

"You are very kind," she replied, and her words struck a chill to poor Holm's soul. It seemed to him that she meant her answer to apply to the last clause of his halting sentence.

"If there should be the least thing I could do, I trust you will give me the pleasure," he continued, still internally shivering under that dismal doubt. "I am sure you know I should only be too glad to be of service."

"Thanks. You are very good," Miss Wynne said, and certainly her voice grew still colder. "But my sister is better. I think that by tomorrow she will be able to leave her room."

"And—and I need not consider my sentence of banishment final?" cried he, eagerly. "I may come and see——" He hesitated, afraid to say, "come and see you." So, after a second's hesitation, he added, "And I hope to find you both down stairs."

"I cannot give a promise," Miss Wynne replied, gravely, and her face was even graver than her tone.

"You have not found advice necessary?" he asked, hastily continuing his inquiries, from a fancy that she was about to add something more chilling than her previous words.

"No. I have remedies always at hand. The attack is not severe; it is only, as I told you yesterday, that I begin to fear the cause deeper seated than I had believed. She requires to live in the utmost quiet. Anything which in the least agitates her, even exercise or amusement, is sure to react unfavorably upon her nerves."

She spoke as if offering a warning, and it puzzled him exceedingly—unless—could she mean to make him understand that her sister had become so misanthropic from her troubles, that she was alarmed when she saw any man interested in Alice? Afraid lest the girl should live to endure the ills which had blighted her own youth?

"I think you know," he began, and stopped short, then began again. "If I could make you understand——"

Once more he paused; his heart was on his lips, and he feared to let it speak. She had turned her head partially away; involuntarily she put up her hand with a pleading gesture, as if to beg him to say no more; but, in his agitation, he did not notice the sign.

"I have no right," he said, and his voice was

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firmer now—"no right even to ask to share your anxiety——"

"It is very kind of you," she interrupted, hastily.

"But I should be so glad if I could be of any use," he continued. "I hope you know that."

"And I thank you."

"I—I know that even to betray my feelings is almost an impertinence after so short a time; but I am not good at feigning. I know that, in spite of all my efforts, I have betrayed my secret. I meant to have kept it till length of acquaintance should have made it seem more pardonable to speak. Even now I only ask pardon for myself; nothing beyond that."

He had not the slightest intention, when he began, of making such an avowal. The words escaped his lips in spite of himself, and he spoke so rapidly, that she could not interrupt him.

Now, she turned her white face full upon him; her hand was still raised in that imploring gesture. There was neither anger nor command in features or attitude; only a keen pain, and an earnestness of pleading, which roused every generous impulse of his nature, even in the agony of realizing that she was about to crush his heart beneath the ruin of its own beautiful hope and dream.

He shrunk together like a man who had received a sudden physical blow, so terrible that he could barely stand upright thereunder; but he did not speak. He tried. He wanted to utter some plea for pardon of the distress he had caused her, but he could not. He was dumb.

"I might affect to misunderstand you," she said, in a dull, smothered voice, no less shaken than he; "but I will not; it would be cruel, wicked. But—but—— Oh, Mr. Brentford, I beseech you not to say another word—not one!"

He drew a deep breath, that was like a sob.

"I see," he said. "I see. You mean that I have been quite mad; that not even time could bring me hope."

"Nothing can," she answered. "Nothing!"

He could perceive how it hurt her to pronounce this sentence—how she felt for his pain; that nothing gave her courage save the determination to do right; to spare him, so far as might be possible, from future misery, even at the expense of wounding him cruelly now, by proving how baseless and wild his dream had been.

"I see—nothing!" he muttered, unconscious that he spoke.

"Nothing?" she echoed. "Oh! Mr. Brentford, I cannot explain! I have no right. I am bound by a solemn promise."

"I do not ask it," he said, when she broke down. "Believe me, I should not dream of doing that. I can understand. There is some one who stands in the way. I—I am too late."

She only bowed her head in response, while again that expression of fright whitened her features.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, able to think of her suffering, even in the death-like anguish he endured. "Only forgive me!"

The tears rose in her eyes, but did not fall. She stretched out her hand with an impulsiveness common enough with her sister, but which she rarely showed.

"You are a good, generous man," she said. "God bless you!"

He kept fast hold of her icy hand for an instant, looked lovingly at it, mad once to press his lips thereon; but he controlled himself, let it drop, and turned away. Before he had taken a dozen steps, her voice stopped him.

"Mr. Brentford!" she called.

"Yes," he said, turning toward her again.

"I know I need not ask you never to reveal——"

The smile of exquisite agony which was his answer, caused her to recollect that he was not likely to show his wound, but she considered herself obliged to go on.

"I meant even to my sister. Oh! most of all, to her!"

"You think she does not suspect?" he asked, a little bitterly.

"No, no!" cried Alice, with startling vehemence. "The bare idea would nearly kill her! And to know that I had given a hint of this other secret would drive her mad. Promise—promise!"

"Be at rest," he answered. "She shall never know."

He was puzzled by her speech, but he could not think now, nor could he risk disturbing her by further question.

"Thank you. Oh, thank you!" she faltered.

"Indeed, most probably I shall not see her," he continued. "I shall go away."

"Oh, that will be so much the best and wisest thing to do," she cried, in a tone of intense relief.

"Yes, I will go! Do not be troubled. I will not intrude upon you again. This shall be farewell."

"Farewell," she repeated, very pale and still.

"God bless and make you happy!" he said.

Her lips moved, but emitted no sound. With one last glance, as if to stamp her image more indelibly upon his soul, Holm turned and hurried away through the wood.

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When quite certain that he was out of sight and hearing, Alice sank slowly upon her knees. She could control her anguish no longer; it must have its course. After a time, tears came, and then she could pray.

"Oh! my God, give me strength—give me strength!" was all the white lips said.

Holm walked back to the inn. If half a life had passed since he had trodden that path, everything could not have looked more changed. He would go away on the morrow; not to-day. He was too worn and tired; stupid, as if from physical weakness. He could not start at once, but on the morrow he would go.

In the afternoon, as he sat idly at the window of his room, he saw a carriage drive up the narrow street, and stop at the hotel. There was only one occupant, a man of thirty or so, with a military air, and a face which would have been almost as perfect as that of a Greek statue, but for certain lines traced by trouble or dissipation. Holm noticed and watched, in that half-unconscious way one does notice things when suffering keenly, and is surprised to find that one has done so. The stranger descended, and went indoors. The coachman drove his horses toward the stables. Then Holm forgot the new-comer; forgot the whole world, save the words Alice Wynne had spoken, and the death-throes of his beautiful hope.

He remained in his chamber till the twilight began to gather. A sudden impatience seized him. He could not remain an instant longer. He must get into the air, have the relief of rapid motion, or he should go mad. The old Welsh-woman, who kept the inn, put her head, with its marvellous tower of a cap, out of the dining-room, as she heard his step, to say that his dinner was nearly ready, whenever he wished it served. He passed hastily on, muttering something which she did not understand, but concluded he intended to inform her that he was going, as he had so often done, to dine with the ladies at Tuft Farm; and as she meant to make him pay for the meal she had prepared, it was natural she should be glad of an opportunity to eat it herself, since she would be gratifying her appetite at his expense.

Holm wandered down the road, and mechanically turned into the path which led through the wood. He had no reason for going thither; no intention of approaching the house where he had spent so many happy hours. Alas! already he seemed to regard that season across a limitless sweep of time and distance. Every step along the familiar way was an added pain, yet he went on, perhaps more from that perversity of human nature, which so often, in moments of unreasoning anguish, makes us seek to increase the poignancy of our misery, than from any other motive. About the middle of the grove, he struck off into a route which left the farm far to the right, leading up an ascent that dominated the whole sweep of woodland. When he reached the top, he paused and gazed about. The sound of voices was borne toward him by the evening breeze. No words were audible, but his very heart ceased to beat, for he recognized the tones of one of the speakers. He looked down the opposite side of the steep from that which he had ascended. Below, swept a green dell, with a softly-murmuring brook, trickling away into the deeper shadows. He saw Alice Wynne standing there, and beside her was the stranger, whose arrival at the hotel he had noticed only a few hours before. Alice had her hand on the gentleman's arm, and was evidently pleading earnestly. Her face was wet with tears. Only an instant did Brentford remain watching the tableau, then he plunged quickly down the hill, and hastened off to the left. On that side the wood became a forest, and stretched for acres up among the hills.

He comprehended now the words she had spoken to him during their last interview. This was the man she loved, and she was keeping his presence a secret from her sister.

The twilight deepened into darkness. Still, Holm lay upon the mossy bank where he had thrown himself, tired by the suffering of the past day, as if he had traveled since dawn over morass and mountain.

Suddenly, the full moon rose in her splendor, pierced the forest shadows, and flung a broad river of light across the opening where Holm crouched, staring dismally up at the summer sky. He remembered that he was behaving like a madman. Not that it much mattered; nothing mattered now. Still he need not so conduct himself, in these first hours of wretchedness, that, always after, he would have the shame of recollecting that he had been weaker than a child. He would go back to the inn, get to bed like a sane human being, and early in the morning set out upon his journey. Whither? He could not answer the question. The whole world looked a blank desert. There could be no difference to him in places. The gates of Paradise had shut, and left him down in the dark, utterly alone.

He walked rapidly on. He kept telling himself he would go direct to the village, though he knew very well he had taken a roundabout path, which must lead him in sight of Tuft Farm. All the same, he was bound for the inn—nowhere

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else; repeating the resolution aloud many times, as if for the conviction of some listener.

On one side of the farm, the woodland stretched almost up to the dwelling, with neither fence nor hedge intervening. Holm found himself near the furthest belt of trees. He could look across the little sweep of green-sward, straight toward the windows of the house. From one of the upper casements streamed a light. He knew that it burned in Alice's room.

Some dead branch, against which his foot struck, snapped with a sharp report. At the sound, a man, who had been hidden in the shadow, started forward and confronted Holm, who, at a glance, recognized the stranger he had seen a few hours before with Alice Wynne.

"What are you doing here?" cried the unknown, angrily. "What business have you lurking about that house?"

"Whatever reason I may have, it is certainly no affair of yours," retorted Brentford.

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, suddenly. "I know who you are. You are Mr. Holm Brentford. I have heard enough of you to-day."

The insulting speech would have roused Holm, only, before more words could be spoken, both heard the sound of footsteps on the turf, turned at the same instant, and saw Alice Wynne close beside them.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" she cried. "Mr. Brentford, this is not generous. You promised——"

"I did not mean to break my word," he said.

"Oh, Robert, go away!" she pleaded. "You told me you would go."

"I will not!" he broke in. "I have borne enough. I'll not go!"

"Give me time," groaned Alice. "Only wait till to-morrow——"

"He may come," again interrupted the stranger. "He may see my wife, but I—I——"

His wife! Holm understood everything now. This man was Alice's husband. He said, slowly, for the other had paused, unable to articulate,

"You are in error, sir. I had no intention of seeing this lady again. My way led me by this path. I did not know. How could I? If I had——"

He had no time to finish his sentence. They were all three struck dumb and motionless by a sudden cry, a low wail, that might have been the moan of a despairing ghost.

Mrs. Wynne had followed Alice out of the house, had approached near enough to see their faces. She uttered that one shriek, and fell upon the ground like a dead woman.

Both men sprang toward her. The stranger pushed Holm back with a smothered curse; but before he could reach the prostrate form, Alice was beside her sister.

"Go away!" she pleaded. "Robert, she will die if she sees you. Mr. Brentford, take him away! For God's sake—if you are human—go, both of you! Robert, if you stop, you will kill her. Remember that—kill her!"

Holm seized his arm. The other made no resistance. He seemed stunned, and allowed himself to be drawn passively into the wood. They walked for some moments in silence; then the stranger stopped, freed himself from Holm's grasp, crying,

"I wonder I don't kill you! But I know it is not your fault. Alice told me. I think I am mad, or I shall be! To see her like that—killed, maybe, by the mere sight of me! Oh, my God! My wife! My Edith!"

He flung up his arms with a groan, then covered his face with his hands. His wife? Edith? The revelation was so sudden, that for an instant Holm could not speak; then he pulled at the other's arm, saying,

"I understand now. You mean Mrs. Wynne?"

"She is Edith Gainsborough, my wife. Maybe you will tell me to my face that you love her! I have borne everything. I may have to bear that!"

"Be still!" said Holm, softly, so dizzy with emotion, that the trees swam in slow procession before his eyes. "You are mistaken. I love Alice. I thought it was for her you were here. I thought you meant *she* was your wife. Don't you understand now?"

Sleepless days and nights, a long, rapid journey; above all, the agony which had been his constant companion, left Gainsborough weak and faint, now that Holm's words had cleared the cloud from his eyes, and shown him how misplaced his rage was.

He tottered, and would have fallen, had not Holm made him sit down. They sat there in silence for a few moments. Presently Gainsborough begged his companion to approach the house, and try to find out what was going on. Holm went; met the old man-servant hurrying for the village doctor. A despatch was to be sent, also, to a neighboring town for another physician. Mrs. Wynne had been got into bed, She had recovered from her fainting fit, but was delirious.

Holm returned with his tidings. The two waited in the wood till the doctor came; waited there till daylight, the physician coming now and then to give them news. When dawn broke,

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he appeared, and told them that Mrs. Wynne had fallen asleep. He was going home. Before noon the other doctor would arrive.

So Holm persuaded Gainsborough to go back to the inn, to lie down for a little. During the watches of that night, the two men, thus strangely thrown together, had talked as freely as a pair of old friends might have done. Holm had heard the whole history of Gainsborough's married life. Several years before, his regiment had been ordered to the West Indies. While in Jamaica, he met Edith Wynne and Alice. They were spending the winter with an aunt. After a few months acquaintance, Gainsborough and Edith were married, and enjoyed nearly a whole year of happiness. A woman, who had known Gainsborough in Scotland, of tolerable family, but damaged reputation, had fallen wildly in love with him; failed to win any return, and followed him out to Jamaica. She found him married, and, in her mad rage, she determined to have revenge. Gainsborough was absent. She went to Edith; showed proofs that she was herself Robert's wife according to the Scotch law. The poor girl was driven desperate; and when the husband returned, he found her gone.

Edith and Alice fled to Europe. Many months elapsed before Gainsborough could even obtain leave of absence. As soon as he was able, he followed upon their track; but for a long while they hid themselves so carefully, that he could find no clue to their whereabouts. At last he succeeded in proving the fraud practised by Isabel Tracy. A cousin of his, bearing the same name as himself, had once, in jest, called the woman his wife, in presence of two of her servants. The young man died soon afterward, and Mrs. Tracy hired those witnesses to swear that it was the Robert of my story.

Even after establishing the fact of his innocence, his troubles were not over. He was taken ill; and during those long, weary weeks lost all trace of the sisters, who had again changed their place of residence. He finally discovered their refuge in Wales; and from Londen he wrote to his wife, under cover to Alice, saying only that he was determined to see her; that if, after hearing his story, she was not convinced, he would leave her untroubled. It was the reception of this letter which caused Edith's illness; the sight of the name on the envelope which made the beginning of Holm's miseries.

Two days passed. Edith was still confined to her bed; but Robert saw Alice several times, and cleared his honor, though his wife was in no state to bear agitating news. At length, during one of her nervous attacks, she believed herself dying, and consented to see him again. He told her the whole story, and she could no longer doubt his truth. That consummation reached, she proceeded, of course, to get well as quick as possible.

Alice went down stairs, and left the pair together. She had not seen Brentford since the night of Robert's arrival. He had written to her, but she had not found courage to open the epistle, believing that it could only contain the information that he had gone away overwhelmed with despair; for during the brief interviews she and Robert had held, the insane fellow entirely forgot to set right her mistake, of thinking that it was Edith whom Brentford loved.

So she went out of the house, and into the wood, and there she saw Holm, who had been waiting and watching, in the hope that when she read his letter, she would send him a line or message; for, since learning the error into which she had fallen, his courage had revived.

"Alice!" he called. "Alice!"

Somehow, when she heard his voice, and met his eyes, a perception of the truth struck her. Indeed, by the time they reached an explanation, it was quite superfluous. Brentford's first act had been to dash forward and snatch her in his arms. When she could hear and think, he was holding her close to his heart, and uttering such sweet words, that the wilderness seemed suddenly to have blossomed as the rose, and the glory of the sunset was like a reflection from the golden gates of Paradise.

NO MORE.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Nay, then, what can be done,
When love is flown,
When love has passed away?
Sit in the twilight gray,
Thinking how near he was,
Thinking how dear he was,
That was no more, to-day!

How can the day be fair,
Love may not share?
How day go by?
Hearing no fond words said,
With no dear kisses shed—
Oh, how can love be dead,
And yet not I?

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. JACK PYM.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THE usual number of energetic citizens dozed upon their customary tilted chairs, on the porch of the "Pink Store," as the roar of the noon-train died away in the distance, after its five minutes stoppage at Friends'-Town depot. But one lay stretched on the top of a couple of goods-boxes, sound asleep, his hat having fallen to the floor.

"Jack Pym's very sleepy, or very tipsy," said one of the group; "but dogged if I know which."

"Boys," suddenly said one of the loungers, "I'll trouble you to set up and look a bit lively. There's somethin' comin' that's worth lookin' at."

"Worth lookin' at?"

Five public-spirited citizens instantly straightened themselves, with an eager readiness, almost threatening dislocation of the vertebræ; the sixth still slumbered peacefully on his improvised couch. Five suddenly-enlivened individuals strove to assume an air of pleasant ease and calmness of manner; but the sixth simply stretched his long, shapely limbs to a greater length as the "somethin' worth lookin' at" approached.

She was an attractive young lady, of twenty or so, with delicately aquiline features, and bright, expressive eyes. She was attired as for a journey, in a cool wrap of gray linen. She had a trim little traveling-satchel of Russian leather in her hand, and she stopped before the porch, and spoke to the proprietor.

"Will you be so kind as to direct me to the house of Dr. Staples?" she said.

The gentleman addressed advanced, in his most graceful manner, thereby exciting the envy and detestation of all beholders.

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure. Dr. Staples's, Miss? Dr. Staples's," unwittingly prolonging the name in his natural confusion, "is the next house but one; the house standin' back on the lot, painted yaller. The dog didn't bite, 'n there was Mrs. Staples 'n Mamie a'comin' out this minnit."

"Thank you," said the young lady. "Thank you very much."

It may have been that he had not finished his nap, or it may have been that some clear and ringing property in the voice uttering the words aroused him; but, suffice it to say, that just at this moment the sleeper upon the goods-boxes, the previously immovable sixth, Mr. Jack Pym, suddenly awakened, started up on his elbow, and met the attractive stranger's gaze fully, as she passed him.

The attractive stranger said nothing. She flashed one glance at his flushed face and disordered garments; one bright glance, full of almost withering scorn, and then turned away. But Mr. Jack Pym seemed actually thunderstruck; indeed, the word "thunderstruck" but poorly expresses the extent of his confusion and bewilderment. He uttered one nondescript word, between an exclamation and a groan.

"Deb, by the prophets!" he said, and dropped his handsome, disreputable face down again upon his arm.

And, singular though it may appear, not a lounger asked him a question. A sensation passed through the company, it is true, and there was much sidelong glancing and several whispers. "He knows her." "Who is she?" "Queer business!" went round; but nobody spoke aloud, and nobody ventured to express his opinions freely; and one or two of the less daring whistled with furtive uneasiness, and with great delicacy turned their attention to the dust of the road, and the vagabond pigs who were investigating it.

In fact, Friends'-Town had somehow or other never felt itself at liberty to question Mr. Jack Pym, although he was, to all appearance, of a careless and rollicking temperament, and prone to fluent sarcasm and banter. Indeed, Mr. Jack Pym was a mystery. Youthful Friends'-Town—particularly the feminine portion of it—admired him to the verge of awe; middle-aged Friends'-Town tried to distrust him, and failed; elderly Friends'-Town shook its head, and bewailed him openly. He was not of their world, it was evident. The dullest of them had seen that from the first—the rainy morning when he had landed alone on the depot platform; pale, Byronic, mysterious, melancholy, his wonderfully-fitting overcoat buttoned up to his throat, his astonishing silver-mounted valise in his hand. Friends'-Town had never seen such a coat, or such a valise, or such a pair of slender, shining boots, as met its curious gaze upon this eventful morning. On every-day occasions, blue, or yellow-brown, or gray jeans, prevailed, and the "meeting" splendor of the Sunday suit was fearful and wonderful to behold. It wrinkled in the back, and

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bulged at the neck; it crept upward furtively at the waist, and was aggressive and obstinate at the elbows and knees. So, when Jack Pym made his appearance at the village church, on the following Sunday, an electric shock made itself felt throughout the whole congregation. Matrons turned in their seats. Maidens blushed, and became staidly conscious, or innocently coquettish in their demeanor, as their different temperaments suggested. Everybody was curious, but each was doomed to disappointment.

"He boards to my house," reported old Squire Howe, in his dryest manner, a few days later. "Name's John Pym. Seems to be mightily out of sorts 'bout somethin'. Don't know nothin' more to tell."

That was all anybody learned, in fact; only, in the course of a month, the rumor crept out that certain brilliant articles, and entrancing poems, which began to appear in the Hughsville Gazette, (Friends'-Town regarded Hughsville in the light of a metropolis,) emanated from the facile pen of the recent arrival himself; and being respectfully taxed with the same, Mr. Jack Pym laughed, and did not deny that such was the case. Consequently the Gazette became extremely popular. Young ladies lingered over it's columns with tender interest, and good-natured critics read the poems aloud to select audiences, at the different stores, rendering them in a manner at once unique, and calculated to arouse mingled emotions in the breast of the inspired being who had written them. Miss Mamie Staples, the pretty daughter of the old doctor, and a belle of established reputation, kept the Gazette on file in her bed-room, and confidentially informed her friend, Miss Delia Howe, that the whole pilgrimage of Childe Harold contained nothing so exquisite as those lovely and mysterious lines, entitled, "Lost to Me," in which the poet apostrophized a nameless young person, upon whom his affections appeared to be fixed, and who, for some reason rather vaguely designated, was evidently estranged from him.

But Mr. Jack Pym wore his laurels somewhat carelessly. Fame did not seem to intoxicate him. Brilliant article, and poetic plaint, appeared, week after week, and the not too liberal returns from his literary labors certainly did no more than pay his board, and buy his cigars and gloves, without which articles he singularly enough found it impossible to exist, but which he found it necessary to import from Hughsville, as Friends'-Town did not regard them as staple commodities. Upon the whole, his temperament was a peculiar one. Popular as he might have made himself, among the fair sex, he abstained from presuming upon his advantages. He engaged in no little flirtations; and not even the most coquettish beauty (and there were beauties in Friends'-Town, of a roseate, large-eyed, and languishing type,) could ensnare him into more than a graceful interchange of badinage, and sparkling trifles of complimentary speech.

"And you can see," said Miss Mamie, with a sigh, "that his heart is not always in his mirth. There is a kind of hollowness in his laugh at times; and when he thinks no one is looking, his eyes are so melancholy. Those kind of dark eyes are dreadfully sad, when they are sad at all."

"And he takes such long, lonely walks," added her friend. "Father says he is always strolling about the woods, over the ridges, when he is not writing."

In fact, the young man did spend much of his time in commune with Nature, as she turned her kindly face to him on wood, and on the hill-sides. Often, after straying a few miles from all habitations, he spent hours lying on a carpet of moss and pine needles, looking up at the glimpses of blue sky between the branches, or listening, with closed eyes, to the chattering of squirrels and birds. He found vague comfort for his melancholy in the loneliness and quiet.

Such were the habits and peculiarities of Mr. Jack Pym, the slumbering sixth, upon whom the appearance of Miss Deborah Dymocke, the newly-elected head of the little "Academy," had produced such an unexpected effect.

Having flashed that one indignant glance upon him, Miss Deborah proceeded on her way, with a rather hurried and excited step. Her delicate nostril dilated itself, and she held her head erect. "Mrs. Dr. Staples" and Miss Mamie, coming out upon the porch to greet her, were rather awed by the look in her bright eyes, though, recollecting herself the next moment, she softened charmingly, and held out her hand with graceful frankness and gratitude.

"Mrs. Dr. Staples," that excellent woman, belonged plainly to a more primitive generation than her daughter. Miss Mamie had left her progenitors far behind in the race of progress. She was a pretty little person, with a coiffure and attire wonderfully suggestive of Fashion, in spite of their simplicity, and the fact that the wearer's life had been spent in Friends'-Town. Masculine Friends'-Town might be slow, and incorrect of taste; but Friends'-Town feminine made up for the deficiency.

"She is sort of nice lookin', an' kind of stylish," said Mrs. Dr. Staples, when she retired to inspect the biscuit. "She's one of them city-

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fied kind of girls; but I didn't see as she looked much better than Mamie. Mamie is kind of stylish lookin', 'n there's no use denyin' it."

The truth was, that Mrs. Dr. Staples admired her daughter, with some justice; and having long since abjured fleshly vanities on her own account, (having married at fifteen, and "raised" a large and adventurous family,) found her chief present happiness in concentrating her spare time and energy upon the personal adornment of Miss Mamie, who, being quick and deft of fingers, certainly did no discredit to the maternal solicitude.

In the meantime, Miss Mamie piloted her visitor up stairs, to a small, fresh chamber, adjoining her own.

"I fixed this room for you, because I thought you'd like the shade of the maples," she said, with a pretty air of hospitality. "They shade my window, too, and I like to hear the birds twittering in them when I wake."

"You were very kind to think of it," answered Deborah, gratefully. "There are not many people who remember such things. I am sure I shall find it lovely."

"I want you to like us," said Miss Mamie, blushing, and admiring her in secret.

Her guest turned to regard her, with feminine enthusiasm.

"You are more than kind to say that," she said. "Thank you. And I am sure I shall." And forthwith kissed her on the spot.

It was quite natural, that, having progressed thus rapidly, they should turn their attention to the resources of the apartment, and, among other things, to the books upon the swinging shelves; and last, but by no means least, to the pile of Hughsville Gazettes which Miss Mamie had been generous enough to transfer from her own bedroom to her neighbor's; perhaps, upon the whole, with a touch of secret vanity and pleasure, on her acquaintance with the most distinguished contributor.

"You'll find some lovely things in those Gazettes," she said. "Poems, and stories, and other articles. The gentleman who wrote them lives here; and—— I know him very well, in a way; as much as anybody knows him. Nobody knows him very well, perhaps. There is a sort of mystery about him."

"A sort of mystery?" repeated Miss Dymocke, wondering how a mystery could have wandered to Friends'-Town.

"Yes," answered Mamie, quite ready to enter into particulars. "He came here, some months ago, and we don't know where from. And he is such a genius! And he has such beautiful, dark, melancholy eyes; and such gentlemanly manners; and—and nobody can help liking him. I am sure, if he was in some larger place, the world would hear of him. By-the-bye," collecting her thoughts suddenly, and turning her eyes upon Miss Dymocke's somewhat disturbed face, "I wonder if he was not on the porch of the 'Pink Store,' when you passed it?"

"There were several gentlemen there," was the answer, with fine irony; "and one of them was tall, and dark, and better dressed than the rest; and it is not unlikely that he was the individual in question—Mr. Jack Pym."

"I didn't know I had mentioned his name," interposed Mamie.

"But you must have done it, or I shouldn't have known it," was the hurried response. "But suppose we talk about something more pleasant."

In such manner was the unfortunate young man disposed of, rather to Miss Mamie's bewilderment, it must be confessed.

She might have comprehended the matter somewhat more clearly, if she had chanced to enter her guest's room, after the latter had shut herself up in it that night.

Her first act was to carry her candle to the little table, which held the productions of the obnoxious genius, her aspect a most severe one, and yet singularly suggestive of inward tremor and weakness.

"I have a great mind not to read them at all," she said, in a queer, shaking voice. "I don't believe in him. I ought to despise him. I should despise myself, if I didn't. And reading them will only make me think of things."

But she laid her hand on the top Gazette, nevertheless, and, with fine, feminine inconsistency, drew it toward her.

"It will all be sentimental nonsense, of course," she said; and even as she said it, her eye fell upon the Poet's Corner, containing that pathetic appeal, which had so stirred the souls of all young lady readers in Hughsville and Friends'-Town, under the title of "Lost to Me."

Is it to be wondered at that she sat down, and read it from the first line to the last? I must admit that she did so. In fact, she read it with far more eagerness than was in accordance with her previously expressed opinions. After the first verse, she read with an odd expression upon her face, and an odd throb in her throat; and by the time she reached the last, there were tears running down her cheeks, and she dropped her face upon the paper, with a sound most alarmingly like a little, checked sob.

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered, hysterically, "who

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could hate you? Who could believe you as bad and false as you really are?"

And yet an impartial critic would, in all probability, have decided that the verses themselves were no sufficient reason for such emotion, and certainly no reason for implicit confidence being placed in the writer's intellectual power and moral worth. Scores of young men write such verses at various crises of existence, without alarming their friends, or stirring the foundations of the earth. They were pretty verses enough, with plenty of sentiment in them, and a good deal of nonsense, and yet, to this rigid young woman, they held a warmth, and reality, which was pathetic enough to make her cry.

"It—it reminds me so of the time when we were happy," she sobbed.

She did not recover herself until she was fairly in bed and asleep. But before she put out her candle, she had read all the poems, and nearly all the brilliant articles before mentioned, and she had become so excited, that she looked quite a different person from the cool young Puritan, who had finished Mr. Jack Pym in such a summary manner a few hours before.

Her duties at the "Academy" began the following day. One of her pupils, 'Poleon P. Staples, aged eight, was inveigled into the "Pink Store," in the evening; and being proffered many toothsome inducements, spoke his opinion of her.

"She's nice, I tell you," he announced between munches of peppermint candy. "She knows the jog'phy through, 'n she don't whip none. Ses them as don't mind 'll have to quit. I'm goin' to mind."

"She boards at your house, doesn't she, young one?" languidly inquired Mr. Jack Pym, who chanced to be among the loungers.

"Yes; 'n Mamie says she's been rich some time, 'cos she's got no end 'er jew'lery, and things. She's got a di'mond ring, but she don't wear it. She wears a ring round her neck."

"Round her neck!" said Mr. Jack Pym, with a suddenly curious air.

"Yes, but 'tain't outside. It's on a chain, 'n it fell out 'a her dress, when she picked up her pencil. I saw it. It sparkled."

On taking his departure, 'Poleon B. was much bewildered, and slightly alarmed at finding himself followed to the door by Mr. Jack Pym; this incomprehensible young man laying a hand on his shoulder, and gently pushing him forward upon the porch. Once outside—it was late enough to be almost dark—both stopped, and Mr. Pym's hand went into his pocket, and drew forth a quarter of a dollar, which he extended abruptly toward his young acquaintance.

"See here," he said. "Want that?"

"Reckon I do," with an eager nod.

"Well," laconically, "you can have it, if you can remember what that ring was like."

"I was close to it," with appropriate manifestations of delight and expectancy; "so I guess I can. It was white, 'n sparkly, 'n it had blue in it, in the middle."

Mr. Jack Pym handed him the quarter, and then produced another, with a composure which did him credit.

"Now," he said, "do you want that, too?"

No reply was needed. The juvenile informer's face spoke for itself.

"It's to pay you," said Mr. Pym, "for holding your tongue. If you do hold it, I will give you another; but if you don't—just keep out of my way, my young friend. Take it," an ironic touch of grim humor showing itself, "and may it make you happier than it has made me."

A few days after this occurrence, Miss Deborah, bending over the slate of one of her pupils, became conscious of a temporary obscuring of the sunlight, which generally streamed in through the school-room door. She glanced up, just in time to meet a pair of eyes, and as these eyes belonged to no less a person than the recreant Mr. Jack Pym himself, she immediately assumed an aspect of the most frigid possible unconsciousness. It seemed scarcely necessary, however, upon the whole, since the next instant the culprit moved off, in a manner which suggested that at least the offence had been an involuntary one, and the result of sudden temptation. He strolled up the hill-side behind the school-house, and disappeared from sight among the chestnuts and pines, turning round once or twice, however, to look back. This much Miss Deborah saw, in the glance she vouchsafed him in secret, and as it were under protest. It was a piece of unpardonable boldness, she told herself, and it was just like him.

She was uncomfortable all the rest of the morning, and she persuaded herself that she was angry; but by the time she had dismissed her scholars, and was ready to go home to dinner, she discovered that her indignation had softened into something more like extreme low spirits than anything else. She waited until the last rampant juvenile had taken his departure; and then, in her depression, lingered to rest a few minutes, and indulge in the luxury of utter silence and isolation the little place afforded.

She was sitting upon the step, resting her head against the door, and looking rather pale and dejected, when the sound of feet, upon the path, caused her to rise hurriedly, in some annoyance at being disturbed.

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"I thought I might have been left," she began, in an impatient, *sotto voce*, and there stopped, and confronted the new-comers, haughtily.

He had paused, about a yard from her, this intruder, and stood, hat in hand, before her; and it was Mr. Jack Pym again; Mr. Jack Pym, pale, dark-eyed, and dangerously prepossessing as usual, and additionally dangerous at this particular moment, by reason of a certain sadness and remorseful expression, which rested upon his handsome face.

But Miss Deborah ignored this altogether. She straightened her slender figure, and regarded him sternly, though it must be confessed that her tone trembled slightly, as she addressed him.

"Don't speak to me, sir," she said. "There is no need to utter a word."

"I wasn't going to speak to you, Deb," said Mr. Pym, quite humbly and gently. "I should never have thought of attempting such a thing, if——"

"Then why did you come this way at all?" retorted the young lady.

"Because there is no other way back to the village, Deb," still deprecatingly. "And I thought you had had time to go home to dinner. I'll own I came up here, this morning, with the hope of catching a glimpse of you; but when I did catch a glimpse of you, and you looked so deucedly savage, it cut me up altogether, and I did not mean to try it again."

"You had no right to try it at all," said Deborah. "You have no right to—to—to——"

But her excitement checked her, and she stopped.

"I did not mean to make an idiot of myself, by staring in at the door, as I did," answered Mr. Jack Pym. "I was betrayed into that unconsciously, Deb."

Miss Dymoke turned upon him sharply.

"Why do you call me 'Deb'?" she exclaimed. "You have no right to do that either."

"No," he replied, regretfully. "I know that; and yet I can't help it. I used to do it, you know." And he fixed his eyes upon her face, in a manner which caused her heart to beat traitorously.

But she would not return his glance, and persisted in looking away from him, so that he was obliged to resort to the poor expedient of knocking the pebbles about, with the chestnut switch he held in his hand. He was not going just yet, it was evident, meek as his mood was.

So Miss Deborah felt herself forced at last to break the silence.

"What are you doing here," she said, "in such an absurd place as this?"

"I am making a fool of myself, Deb," he replied. "And it is not the first time I have done it."

"You are degrading yourself, and wasting your time," she said, managing to force both voice and face back into coldness again. "It seems to me that the least you could do, would be to endeavor to retrieve something of the disgraceful past."

"Deb," he cried, in amazed and faltering protest, "this is a cruel sort of business. I did not think you would have been so hard."

But a certain remembrance had filled her with anger and scorn.

"Do you think I did not see your condition, the other evening," she said. "I am not blind, if I did care for you once. When I think of that I—I hate you——"

"Hate me, Deb?" he echoed.

"I might have said 'despise,' also," she answered, with a slight stamp of her foot. "That would have been better. I despise you."

If she had allowed herself to look at him long enough, she might have been moved to suspicion at the outset by his evident bewilderment. He seemed to have received a shock he was not exactly prepared to meet. Now, however, he could not misunderstand her. He knew what she meant, well enough, and blushed with frank shame and humiliation.

"I don't intend to defend myself," he said, "but I have not been as bad as you think. I pledge you my word——"

Under the circumstances, this appeared a little too much to his hearer. It made her feel cruel again.

"*Your* word!" she said, with biting scorn.

She might have struck him a blow. He turned really white, and his lips quivered. For an instant, he did not speak; and then he replaced his hat, after a faint, courteous gesture, and turned away.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have been making a mistake. You do not understand me. Good morning."

He wheeled about so suddenly, that there was no time for repentance, even if Miss Dymocke had felt penitently inclined. She watched his receding figure, with some slight inward misgiving, it is true; but she retained her self-control admirably, though with considerable effort.

"I ought to have said more or less, that is all," she said, vehemently. "I wonder how he dare speak to me. I wonder why I am so weak

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as to give way to a feeling I ought to be ashamed of. After such dishonor as his has been, and such cowardice!"

And yet she was weak enough to go home; and shutting herself up in her room, produced a sheet of paper, with a few lines of dashing scrawl upon it, and having read and re-read these few lines, positively shed bitter tears over the brief effusion.

"Good-bye, Deb. (She had known every word by heart since the hour she had received them.) Good-bye, my dear. I have not pluck enough to face the world, still less yourself. To-morrow you will understand. Heaven help us both."

"I suppose he was right," she said, with a heavy sigh. "He hadn't pluck enough. I cannot think he thought of the dishonor of it. But somehow I never fancied he was so miserably weak before. Ah! Jack, you have been a terrible disappointment to me!"

The "Poet's Corner" of the Hughsville Gazette became a soul-harrowing thing to read after this. Its Byronic melancholy and cynicism assumed a deeper and even more significant tinge. What had previously been pathetic plaints, became scathing satire and withering reproaches to the heartless being who seemed at once to inspire and blight. The poet had been deserted by the hollow world, and had turned to the shallow, false one in vain, when pursued by misfortune. Plainly his whole moral nature was in a fearful condition, in consequence of this disaster. The hollowness of the world he could have scorned, with the scorn it deserved; in fact, he intimated that from the "glittering throng" he had expected nothing better than he had received; but the defection of said false one knocked him over, and apparently left him not a leg to stand upon. Not that the "Poet's Corner" employed such cold and unornamental figures of speech as these. I would only imply that these were the poet's sentiments, briefly and inelegantly expressed. Even the leading articles assumed a bitter tone, and the most innocent of every-day announcements seemed written with a pen dipped in gall.

"I am sure he is unhappy," said pretty Miss Mamie to Deborah. "He could not write such terribly hopeless things if he was not unhappy."

"People who do as he does have good reason to be unhappy," replied Miss Dymocke, a trifle venomously.

And as soon as she found herself alone, she read the poetic outburst for the twentieth time, and cried over it; not because its literary merit was so great as to stir the fountain of her tears, but just because, under all the Byronic nonsense, there was a suggestion of real misery, and honest, youthful yearning for sympathy in pain. And then again, it was Jack who had written it all, and once she had loved Jack so dearly.

From the first, the mystery of the young man's presence in Friends'-Town had been even a greater puzzle to her than to other people. She had refrained from asking questions, not feeling sufficiently sure of herself. Since their meeting at the deserted school-house, Mr. Jack Pym had held himself steadily aloof from her, only indulging himself in longer lounges upon the "Pink Store" porch, at such times as she was likely to be visible from that standpoint, and attending "meeting" with great regularity, doubtless for the same purpose.

There came a time, however, when her secret interest and curiosity became too strong for her. She was astonished to observe a gradual change coming over the young man's personal appearance. The immaculate attire, which had so long been the admiration of all beholders, was not quite so considerate as it had been. Its fit was still as marvellous, and it was well brushed and well kept; but the freshness, which had defied criticism, was gone. In the end, there was even a hint of coming shabbiness in the whole; and still the garments were not thrown aside to give place to new ones.

"A freak I most certainly do not comprehend," said Deborah, in the privacy of her chamber, the first time she became fully convinced that her eyes had not deceived her. "He used to be an awful dandy, poor Jack, in the old times: too much of a dandy: perhaps, in an innocent way."

That evening she startled Miss Mamie with a sudden question.

"I wonder what he does with his money, and why he stays here," she said, "he" rather contemptuously signified by a slight gesture.

"Do you mean Mr. Pym?" asked Mamie, amazed.

"Yes."

"Don't you know," in some excitement, "don't you know that he has no money, that he lost it all somehow, though we don't know how, and that he stays here just because he can live cheaply on the little money he makes by his work? Did I never tell you, Miss Deborah?"

"Tell me?" repeated Miss Deborah, slowly, "No."

The expression upon her face was such a singular one, that her young companion failed to understand it. She seemed quite stunned by bewilderment.

"Oh!" Mamie hurried on, "That is why we

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are all so much interested in him. He says so little about himself, and there is evidently so much behind. We can only find out that he he must have been rich once, and that now he is poor—quite poor."

"Are you sure—sure?" said Deborah, as slowly and strangely as before.

"Quite sure. Oh! there is no doubt of it," was the answer: and forthwith she poured forth an eloquent host of proofs, that such was the case, and that Mr. Jack Pym was a hero to be admired, as much for his patience under misfortunes, as for his personal charms, and many graces of mind and temper. "He has never done anything wrong," delicately, "since the day you came here; and the people who see most of him are sure he has turned over a new leaf. He only drank once or twice. You know he is very young, and has had so much to bear; was almost desperate, that it is scarcely to be wondered at."

But Deborah scarcely heard her. Her mind was in a tumult of new fears and emotions. She could not realize the truth of what she had been told. She could scarcely believe it. But if it was true, *if* it was true, what fearful injustice she had been betrayed into. Jack, poor after all; Jack, penniless and friendless; Jack, working for his daily bread, and wearing shabby coats; Jack, living in this dull, wearisome place, because it was cheap, and he need not quite starve in it; her gay, handsome, extravagant Jack!

As soon as the opportunity presented itself, she brought out the farewell note again, and applid herself to the task of finding a new translation for it. And she did it, in fear and trembling. Even if certain little episodes, which had gone before, had had no existence, she would have suffered intensely at this crisis, being, as she was, a young woman with a keen sense of right and justice.

"Good-bye, Deb. Good-bye, my dear. I have not pluck enough to face the world, still less yourself. To-morrow you will understand. Heaven help us both."

After the first reading, she turned white, and got up, walked about the room, wringing her hands.

"I must have been mad," she cried. "Why, there isn't a word that really condemns him—not a word, and yet I have read it for two years without seeing! Jack, Jack!" in a sharp agony of remorse and doubt, "if I were to go down on my knees now, and tell you I loved you, how could I expect you to believe me? Everybody was against you, and I was as bad as the rest. My poor, helpless Jack, to think that I should have failed you, too."

She was ready, in a truly feminine manner, to run into the other extreme, and accept every possibility, without a doubt. She would have believed any story he had told her, now that the tide was turned, perhaps because it had cost her such frantic struggles to be merely virtuous from the first. Nothing but that rigorous sense of right and wrong, which I just mentioned, had supported her on many occasions. There had been times enough, when she had been wild to stand at bay, when she had heard him sneered at and spoken contemptuously of. But there had been the letter always, and his absence, and all the other circumstances—things not to be explained away, or even defended.

"I won't be a weak coward, at this late day," she said, in breathless excitement. "I have no right to let pride hold me back from doing justice, if I am a woman, and he the man I love. I will write him a note, and ask him to let me see him. I will tell him all about it, and I will ask him to forgive me—that is, if he comes. Perhaps he won't come; but I think he will."

Having arrived at this decision, she sat down by the window once more, her eyes shining, her cheeks still pale, her hands trembling with nervousness. She wanted to think of what she meant to say, when the interview took place; but the porch of the "Pink Store" opposite, and the momentary expectation of seeing a long-limbed young man, in a questionable coat, lounge up to to it, disturbed her meditations.

She was sitting thus, when Mamie knocked at her door again. Mamie had been "down town," since their conversation; and as she pushed the door open, the importance and mysteriousness in her pretty, rosy face, showed conclusively that she had returned freighted with some remarkable press of news.

"May I come in, Miss Dymocke?" she asked, in a voice quite tremulous with delight. "I—I've just heard something."

"Come in, by all means," answered Deborah.

The moment the door was opened, the news burst forth, as it were, upon its own account

"I have been down town," said Miss Mamie, "and I just stepped into the Howe's; and oh, Miss Deborah, I heard the strangest thing! The whole story has come out—all about Mr. Jack Pym, you know; and it's just as I always knew it would turn out. But there is something added to it. He has had ever so much money left to him. There is no knowing how much. It is such a large fortune. A lawyer came from the North, on the noon-train, and——"

"A fortune?" cried Deborah, turning sick. "Money? Jack?"

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"Yes!" The girl went on, looking puzzled. "Mr. Pym. And now everybody knows everything. His father was a banker, and he was a bad man, and dishonest; and in the end—— I dare say you know how such things happen; I don't exactly. But he spent people's money—'defrauded' them, I think they call it—and then he ran away to Europe, taking a great deal of money with him, and ruining everybody who had trusted him. He is living abroad now, with his family, who seem to have been very little better than he was——"

"But this one," cried Deborah, "this Mr. Jack? He did not——"

"No," answered Miss Mamie, blushing, and sparkling, "he did not go. He despised them all, and the shame nearly killed him. He gave up everything he owned. The lawyers laughed when he told Mrs. Howe how he gave up his rings, and watches, and studs, and even his clothing, though I don't see what there was to laugh at. I think it was beautiful in him, and he went away, too, and people actually thought he had gone to Europe with the stolen money, like the rest. And all the while he was here, trying to make a living, poor fellow! He did not know how to work, you see. But he had always been fond of writing poetry——"

There were numberless anecdotes, illustrative of the hero's merits, to be related; and they must needs be listened to, with a decent show of calmness. Miss Dymocke scarcely knew how the next half-hour passed. When the supper-bell rang, she rose, with inconsistent alacrity. She felt that she would be infinitely safer down stairs than here; in fact, her eagerness to descend was so evident, that Miss Mamie felt somewhat disappointed at her lack of interest in the romantic history.

In the excitement which prevailed, everybody but the hero naturally fell into the background, and in the background Miss Dymocke found herself, to her great relief. As she had never manifested any interest in the mystery just unravelled, no one thought of asking her any questions, or expecting any enthusiasm from her.

She retired to her room early, and having spent an hour or so in writing brief notes, and tearing them into shreds, laid aside her pen in despair.

"If I had only done it two days ago," she said—"if I had only done it two days ago, what a difference it would have made!"

She appeared at the school-house the next morning, looking pale, and large-eyed, and severe. She did not mean to be severe, but she had been lying awake all night, and naturally her mood lacked cheerfulness. Her pupils were slightly awed, in fact, by the change in her usually amiable aspect. All contraband articles were shoved away in secret places. Apples found themselves in remote corners. Peanuts lay unshelled in the pockets of their owners. A respectful gloom predominated throughout the assemblage.

"She's mad," confidentially announced 'Polcon B., to a friend; "or if she ain't mad, 'twouldn't take much to make her."

But she was lenient, if unsmiling. She would have overlooked, without comment, even more serious transgressions than the furtive consumption of apples and peanuts. If the whole establishment had mutinied, she could have done but poor battle in defense of her dignity.

Having dismissed her scholars, she could not quite make up her mind to leave the empty room; and so lingered, as she had done on the memorable occasion of her interview with Jack.

But this time she did not go to the door. She did not even leave her chair, but remained seated, bending her face upon the desk before her. And as she had been disturbed the first time, so she was disturbed again. But to-day, instead of pausing outside, Mr. Jack Pym crossed the threshold boldly, and entered the room.

She had recognized his tread before his entrance; but she could only lift her head, and look at him in helpless silence. It was even less easy to confront him than she had fancied it would be. Notwithstanding his good fortune, he was not looking his best, either. There was less color and brightness in his appearance than might have been expected. He did not exactly wear the air of a victor over pursuant calumny and bad faith. He might have looked much more triumphant than he did.

"Have you a few minutes to spare to me, Deb?" he asked, quite meekly.

She did not ask him then, why he called her "Deb," though it must be admitted that she wondered why he should, after all that had passed.

"Yes," was her crest-fallen reply.

He sat down on the bench nearest her, and drawing some papers out of his pocket, began to look over them.

"I want to make matters straight with you," he said, "and I shall have to ask you some questions about the money."

"The money?" she cried, flushing to the roots of her hair. "What money?"

"Your money," he answered. "The money you were robbed of, you know. It was pretty rough on me to know *how* you were robbed, and who robbed you; but I can make it up now,

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thank heaven! There will be no need for you to stay here any longer, Deb."

She pushed her chair back, and got up, trembling.

"Do you mean to say that you think I will take that money from *you?*" she demanded.

He stopped his inspection of the papers, and looked up at her.

"Do you mean to say that you *won't* take it from me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, shaken by great inward tumult. "I do mean to say so, most emphatically."

"Then," he returned, with a gravity she could not quite understand, "I must say that it is rather hard upon me again, after having reproached me as you did."

"Reproached you?" she cried. "*I* reproach you?"

His eyes met hers, in silence, for one instant, and then she remembered all; and the full significance of the words she had uttered on their first meeting, flashed upon her, and destroyed her every hope that she might be able to control herself.

"It is all the result of a shameful blunder," she said. "It was not the money I cared for. I hate the money; and I will never touch it—never! How dare you offer it to me!"

She sank into her chair again, and sobbed quite hysterically. Jack was obliged to bite his lip, in his effort to keep cool enough, to do himself justice. He was not going to be led away by his feelings, if he could help it. He had suffered too much, and brooded over his wrongs too long, to see clearly all at once.

"What was it you cared for, Deb, if it was not for the money?" he asked. "It was a good deal of money, and it was a bad business for you. Most women would have felt rather hard about it, though, I must say, I could hardly see why you should blame me. I had had something to bear on my own account."

"If you had not written that foolish note," she said; "if you had cared enough for me to have wanted to see me only for ten minutes. If you had even said a few words more than you did——"

She was checked by his rising deliberately, and coming toward her, with a white face and his eyes on fire.

"Will you answer me one question?" he asked.

"You can ask any question you choose," she answered, excitedly. "Nothing can help the matter now."

"Perhaps not. But I want to know. Do you mean to tell me that you thought I had gone with the rest; that I was a dishonored scoundrel, too?"

His voice and look were so impassioned and dreadful, that she could scarcely face him; but she was compelled to speak the truth.

"You were gone, and the letter told nothing," she answered, "only that you had not the courage to stay. What else could we think?"

"Thank you," he said, with simple bitterness.

It was easy to comprehend everything then, Deborah's emotion, and all; and some of the things he began to understand were rather bitter pills to swallow.

"It was rather a weak piece of business, to run away like that," he remarked. "I have repented it often enough since; and I always meant to go back, when I had learned how to work for my living. But I never thought of it in this light before."

He returned to his papers, and began to fumble among them again; but his hand shook, and his thoughts were scarcely as collected as they ought to have been.

"I have Lawson here, ready to attend to the legal part of the business, if you will answer me the questions," he said. "They are only trifling ones, but he says they are necessary."

"I will not answer them," said Deborah. "I won't have the money. Take it, and build a—a church with it."

It was so inconsistent and emotional a reply, that it got the better of him. He knew the uselessness of argument, and since, just at the moment, there seemed nothing to say, he could only look down into Miss Dymocke's fair, flushed face, and submit to the force of circumstances.

"Oh! Deb," he said, "why did you not have more faith in me?"

It was a somewhat sudden changing of the subject; but somehow his companion addressed seemed equal to it.

"Why did *you* not have more faith in *me?*" she returned.

Was it not natural that this should be the climax? In the scene which followed, the papers were forgotten. No one condescended to go to their rescue, even when a light zephyr, entering through the open window, scattered them on the floor. At that time, Mr. Jack Pym was kneeling on one knee, upon the dusty floor, holding his companion's hand.

"I cannot live without you, Deb," he was saying, "and I don't intend to try it again. These last two years have nearly been the ruin of me. If you won't take the money, perhaps

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you'll take me, and help me to make an honest use of it. I should like to make things straight with the world yet, though I know it will take time and good luck. Say that the old promise holds good yet, won't you, Deb?"

"I will say that it shall hold good as long as we both live," answered Deb, succumbing all at once. "As long as we live, and after, if you will forgive me, Jack."

She gave her watch-chain an impulsive little pull, which produced a ring previously hidden in some secret place; a diamond ring, with a big blue sapphire in its centre.

"I have always worn it," she whispered, "though I dare not let people see it. There, Jack," holding out her hand, "put it on again, and it shall stay there, even when the grass grows over me."

So it was restored to its old position, with certain tender ceremonies; and from that position Mrs. Jack Pym has never removed it, from that day to this.

THE UNSEEN SINGER.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

Though I have never seen her face or form,
Know not the color of her eyes or hair,
Yet still I feel to know that she is good,
And think that she is fair;
A year ago I heard her singing first,
Some light words, wedded to a merry tune;
A day so sweet, that to our attic room
There came a breath of June.

I had just learned, that in this poor wheel-chair,
Only was I to move through all my life;
And all my heart, and soul, and brain, were full
Of bitterness and strife.
I questioned why her heart should be so light,
Her feet should pass so quickly to and fro,
While I lay crushed, in manhood's early prime,
Beneath this heavy blow.

I almost hated the glad voice that day,
But when the Summer's heat grew fierce and strong,
And my first bitterness had passed, I came
To listen for her song;
And, long before the days grew cool and short,
I came to love each mellow, flute-like tone;
And then I often heard a manly voice
Joined with her own.

When Winter shut her voice out, though beside
The open window, sick and shivering,
I often waited vainly, in the hope
That I might hear her sing.
We live alone, my brother Ned and I;
We worked together, happy and content,
Until the cruel fall, that day, which left
Me crippled, weak, and bent.

And now Ned goes, while helpless here I watch,
In lonely pain, the slow hours creep along;
So I have come to listen for, and prize
This unseen singer's song.
Summer has come once more, and so again
Has come the same sweet voice I heard last year;
But every evening, now, the man's deep tones
Mingled with hers, I hear.

And often, in the late warm afternoons,
The sound of rockers, and a child's low cry,
And then her voice, more tender, soft, and sweet,
Singing a lullaby.
So, though I have not seen, and, it may be,
Shall never see her face, there seems small need,
For in her songs her face I seem to see,
Her little story read.

THE FOUNTAIN AT TREVI.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

In what dim, rocky cavern—who can tell?—
Did the lone wizard breathe his magic spell
Upon the water, bubbling slowly up,
And overflowing the enameled cup,
Until, through avenues of light and shade,
To this famed spot the secret is conveyed?
Thus runs the legend, (bearing soft and clear
Its liquid numbers to the listening ear,
And dropping beads of nectar in the draught:)
If any pilgrim from this fount has quaffed,
And gone his way, unfettered though he be,
Or bound by loving ties across the sea,
Resistless longing in his breast will burn
For Trevi's fount, compelling his return.

There is a legend of an earlier age,
Whose record shines upon a sacred page,
Of one deep fount, whose living waters flow,
A remedy for every earthly woe;
Not held in sculptured basin, but as free
To all the world as is the sky, or sea.
If we but drink, so potent is the spell,
It bids us say to dearest ties, "farewell;"
Changes our natures, and our faces, too;
Gives us of heavenly things a nearer view;
Makes saints of sinners; and, oh, blessed bond!
Assures us of a glorious life beyond.
Christ, at thy holy fount our hearts detain,
That, tasting thee, we may return again!

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DOCTORED TO DEATH.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

JOHN BORIE sighed.

No need had one to ask why. A glance at the untidy room revealed the cause. He looked like a man of pluck, John did, and he was. His shop had grown into goodly dimensions, for he did most of the plumbing for a large and rapidly-growing village, so that he had taken the whole of the little house in which he commenced life as a married man, for his business, and moved his family into a little cottage, not quite a mile away. The people of Laketown talked of John as a rising man, but they shook their heads at sight or mention of Alice Borie, his wife. Alice had been a little beauty at eighteen, and that was ten years ago. Now, she was only twenty-eight, but looking more than ten years older.

"How do you feel this morning, dear?" he asked, as the door opened from an adjoining room, and Alice came in, her hair uncombed, her soiled morning-dress dragging behind her, her cheeks white and flabby, her eyes glittering unwholesomely.

"I don't know. I wish I did," drawled Alice, in the plaintive voice of one ill used by circumstances.

"Any pain?"

"Why, no, I haven't pain. I almost wish I had. There's such a dreadful sinking. Aunt Milly used to have such turns; a sort of goneness and faintness. You know she died of heart-disease."

"At the age of seventy. Yes, I remember," replied John, as he shook up the pillow in a large rocking-chair, and drew a carpet-cricket under her feet. "Shall I send Jenny in with some breakfast?"

Alice nodded her head.

"No. I'll take the wine-bitters, if you'll pour them out; and please get the iron stuff that Dr. Ford left yesterday, and a spoon, and draw the little table up. Oh, such a languid feeling!"

John did as he was desired.

"There! now you are comfortable," he said. "I'll tell Jenny to look in. You may need a cup of tea, and you had better eat something to keep up your strength. I dressed Benny and Minny the best I could, and they took breakfast with me; after which I sent them off to school. I tried to tidy the room against you came out, but hadn't time. Jenny will do that, though she is washing, and very cross. Now for business. I'll come home to dinner as soon as I can. Do try to get a little color, dear. I can't bear to see you so sick," he added, as he stooped down and kissed her.

"Color? She?" sniffed Jenny, who was a very distant cousin, and availed herself of the privileges of relationship, though she was "the girl." She had opened the door as John spoke, and now retreated with an angry red in her face. "I wish he could see her eat sometimes. If 'twasn't for him, poor soul, I wouldn't stay and do the work I do for the wages, not I." Then, as she heard the door shut, she retraced her steps, and entered the living-room.

"I wish you could clear up a little," said Alice, fretfully. "It makes my head ache to see so much dirt."

"Then I'm afraid it 'll have to ache till the washing is done, Miss Borie," retorted Jenny, her manner entirely wanting in respect. "I come in to see if you're going to take any breakfast. There's some slapjacks, and a cold sausage; and if you must have it, I s'pose I could toast you some bread."

"Don't! Don't!" ejaculated Alice, faintly. "I don't feel as if I could touch a thing, unless it was some gruel with raisins in it. Dr. Ford said raisins would agree with me."

"As for gruel—in this hurry—there's no mentioning it. The fire's all took up, but I'll fix you a bit of toast and a cup of coffee. I guess that won't hurt you;" and without pausing to hear yea or nay, she flounced out of the room.

"Oh, that miserable girl! And my nerves in such a state!" moaned Alice, leaning back upon her pillow, and closing her eyes. "If I could only get well, and see to things!"

Nevertheless, she made a comfortable breakfast on toast and coffee, a dozen little cakes that John had brought home the night before, and a bunch of delicious white grapes. Then she solaced herself with some nerve-bitters, two pills, and a novel, which bore on its flashy back and sides the marks of many thumbs.

Rattle and dash! the sound of a horn, a flourish on the wide sweep in front of the house. What was it?

Jenny came in, bare arms uplifted, and apron white with suds.

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"The land protect us, Miss Borie! Company's come!" she said, aghast. "There isn't a mite of cake in the house, nor bread nuther. No, nor so much as a taste of yeast, and the butter's all out. The children drunk the last spec of milk, and I scraped the flour-bag yesterday."

Ring went the bell, sounding through every corner of the house.

"That's a Yank!" exclaimed Jenny, trying to tuck up her wisp of back-hair. "Well, come she must, bad as it looks. So here goes!" and she plunged into the entry, and made for the door.

As for Alice, the excitement, and the shame, and the wonder, all together, had brought sufficient color to her face to give the lie to all her pretension. Hair, dress, surroundings, were all snatched at, and that was all. Nothing could be bettered—dirt, untidiness, sickness, all remained the same, as an awful shadow fell upon her.

"Your girl says you're sick. Gracious! I should think so! Well, I'm proper sorry. But you ain't looking so dretful down in the mouth, either. Perhaps you've heern speak of me. I'm Emery Jane Borie, his oldest sister; fact, I'm his only one now. You see I've been traveling a long time, for once in sixty years, and I hain't set eyes on John for fifteen next Christmas; an' so I had to come. Well, you don't tell me to take off my things, but I s'pose I'm welcome in my own brother's house."

"Certainly, of course. Jenny, take Miss Emily's things——"

"Emery, child. Emery Jane. Been in the family for ginerations an' ginerations—that is the name has. Now, don't let me put you out a bit. If you're sick, it's all the same. I'm used to doin' for myself; and, in fact, it kinder comes second nature. Here, young woman, be careful of that bonnet. I've on'y had it five years, and it's kep' wonderful."

"You must be hungry," said Alice, whose face had grown pale again from excessive agitation.

"Not a bit of it. I knowed you might be onprepared, so I took a bite and a sup at the depot, and I don't want you to fuzzle yourself a bit about me. Bless me, can't I do something for you?"

"You must excuse the looks of the room," said Alice, almost crying; "but Jenny is so busy washing-days, and I'm so sick!"

"Now, don't say a word. Not a word. Won't take me a minute to put things a leetle straight. You set still and take comfort. Why, what's the matter of you? Seems to me you are sort o' peekid."

"I haven't been well for years," moaned Alice.

"Hip complaint, spasms, or anything o' that sort?" queried Emery Jane, who, as if a charm worked at the tips of her fingers, straightened and brightened everything she touched; then, placing a pair of spectacles over her prim little nose, proceeded to work at a stocking which she had picked from some corner of her dress. "Rheumatics is dreadful prevalent in the parts I come from. Mebby you've had a fever, though. No matter what it is, I'll nuss you till you're well agin. Now, you jest set comfortable, and let me talk to you. John's well, I hope. That boy never had a sick day in his life. I alwus told him he'd git a sickly wife. Got two children, haven't you? Both to school, eh? Oh! you're takin' your medicine. What is it? Wine-bitters? Don't believe it comes up to my summer-cordial. Why, I could make a fortune out of it ef I was so minded. John's father was a doctor, you know; one of the good, old-fashioned sort. I've got all his books, and all his receipts. They call me the doctor, down to home, and I do lots o' cures."

Alice longed to scream—to fly—to do all sorts of impossible things, to get out of the way of this ever-flowing babble, but there was nothing to do but to bear it. Her nerves were on edge; and when John came home, astonished beyond measure at this raid on his household, she came near going into hysterics.

Aunt Emery Jane's visit was beneficial in one way. Alice could enjoy the luxury of solitude in her own room, and stolen bits of her borrowed novels, sure that all the household would go right. Emery Jane was a prodigious worker. John had never known what real comfort was, since he left his prim New England home, to make his fortune in the West. The little ones were kept rosy and shining, for Emery Jane adored children, and had the secret of attraction for them, so that they no longer went about in soiled pinafores; but the neighbors ascribed it all to that odd, quaint little Miss Emery Jane.

Emery was keen in her way. She soon fathomed the trouble in her brother's household. Saying little to his wife for the time, never making light of her ailments, she watched her chances, and determined to give the self-styled invalid the benefit of her wisdom.

"Doctors will be the death of you, Miss Borie," she said, one day. "That's the seventh time you've taken medicine this mornin'. How long hev you been living on medicine as a straight, along diet."

"I'm sure, Miss Emery, I'd do without it if I could. But if you knew what awful feelings I have! Sometimes I think I'm going to die."

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"Yes. I've got a neighbor to home, who's bin at the pint of death twenty-five times in ten years," said Miss Emery, solemnly. "It's nothing but nerves. I took her in hand, and I cured her. I've got an elixir my poor father left. Costs a proper sight o' money to put up an ounce, but it never fails."

"Oh! Emery, what is it? I'd give a thousand dollars to be cured."

"Well, I'd cure you for nothin'. It's wonderful stuff. Why, people have been riz right out o' their beds, that were given over."

"I must have it," said Alice. "I'll take it, and be glad to."

"I've got some with me."

"Oh! Let me see it," said Alice.

Emery Jane went up to her room, and soon returned, holding a two-inch long bottle, half full of a pure amber-colored liquid, that looked like a flame.

"How much must I take?" queried Alice.

"Three drops is a dose. It's precious," was Emery Jane's reply.

The medicine was measured, and eagerly taken.

"There, now, you must lay down, and keep as still as possible for ten hours; and if by that time a sweat breaks out, you're all right. If it don't——" She shook her head.

"And what if it don't?" questioned Alice.

"Well," said Emery Jane, with a solemn countenance, "that medicine is either kill, or cure. There's no humbug about that."

"What?" screamed Alice, in sudden terror. "You said it would cure me."

"And so it will—if it don't do the other thing."

"Oh, you've poisoned me!" moaned Alice. "I'm sure I shall die. Oh! John, John! Run for John! I feel as if I were dying already."

"Well, my dear, then you'll be nicely out of your trouble," said Emery Jane, soothingly; "which I'm sure life must be a burden to you, and to John, too, poor soul. Then he'll marry some strong, healthy girl, who knows enough to keep out of the doctor's hands, and have some comfort of his life. I've often thought how he might enjoy his home, if he had such a woman as that pretty, hearty creature who called to see you yesterday. Such rosy cheeks and bright eyes! I noticed how John looked at her, and I don't wonder."

"Miss Emery, you're a wicked woman!" cried Alice, with new energy.

"Well, my dear, I ain't a sick one, thank goodness," said her sister-in-law, with imperturbable good nature.

"And you're in league with John, to do away with me," sobbed the angry wife.

"I'd do away with myself, if I hadn't any more life than you. And you ought to be thankful that somebody has took you in hand," responded the little old maid.

"I'll not die! You shan't kill me!" And Alice flounced out of the bed like a mad creature. "I never felt stronger in my life, and I'm going to dress me, and go right down to John's store, and tell him how you've talked to me. *He* marry that turnip-faced Morrill girl! *She* lord it over my children—or anybody else! We'll see!" And she actually did get on her hat and shawl, and go out of the house, with hurried step and heightened color.

"I thought it would cure her," said Miss Emery, with an odd little laugh.

We pass over the immediate consequences, which were partly ludicrous; for John and Miss Emery had been in league together some time, and hasten to say that never was cure more complete.

Alice regained her beauty, almost her youth; but she always retained two distinct and separate grudges; one against Emery Jane, the other toward poor, unconscious Mary Morrill, who never could tell why her old friend had dropped her so suddenly.

John was the gainer, however. His home became to him what home should always be—earth's Paradise.

BROWN EYES AND BLUE.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

Under the shade of the sheltering vines,
  They met, at the close of day;
She fresh from the dairy, clean and sweet,
  And he from the field of hay.
She had brown eyes, and a gentle smile,
  Brown eyes that were tender and true;
And he, a manly and graceful form,
  And eyes that were bold and blue.

They spoke of the dairy, fresh and sweet,
  They talked of the field of hay;
But the maiden's heart beat quick and fast,
  For she knew what he'd come to say.

The moon shone out, with a clear, soft light,
  Blue eyes looked into the brown,
And the youth could read a world of bliss
  In the maiden's eyes, cast down.

Under the shade of the sheltering vines,
  His arm stole around her waist;
But the words that he spoke in her listening ear,
  Have never with pen been traced;
For the moon went under a fleecy cloud,
  And veiled from her eyes the sight;
And only the stars, and the maiden's heart,
  Could tell what he said that night.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XVII.

HESTER CAMERON and her guests had mounted to the verandah, a broad promenade, running along the entire front of the house, and sweeping around one end, where the ancient building formed a picturesque wing, its massive door overshadowed by the spacious front stoop of other days, heavily overrun with hoary old vines and creeping white roses, out of flower now.

This portion of the building was usually left in solitude, and seemed to fall back of the modern front, with the silent dignity of age, handed back by the splendid assumptions of new ideas. But back of the marble pillars of the grand verandah, rustic easy-chairs were grouped about on the tesselated pavement, and several small tables gave to the place an aspect of luxurious out-door life, which Cole regarded with the satisfaction of a man to whom such surroundings were a birthright.

"Shall we sit here awhile?" said the young lady, flinging off the filmy shawl, and unfurling the large fan, suspended from her waist by a blue ribbon. "I did not think the day was so warm."

Cole glanced at Dana, who stood upon the steps, looking around as if in search of some one, then took a chair near the young lady, and sat watching her with a sort of defiant admiration, as she leaned back in her rustic seat, and moved the fan with a graceful turn of the wrist, worthy of the most highly-bred Spanish lady.

Hester detected the homage of this look, and felt it all the more keenly, because the man from whom such attentions seemed her right, was so tardy in paying them.

As if quite satisfied with the position of things, Dana sauntered off quietly toward the more remote wing of the building, as if some object of especial interest had drawn him that way.

There was a flash of anger in Hester's blue eyes, as she turned them upon Cole.

"Like myself, you feel the hot oppression," she said. "Pray, touch that bell, and the servant will bring us some iced drink. Besides, here is fruit, if you care for it."

Here she pointed to a small marble table, on which a shallow alabaster vase was standing, full of red-cheeked peaches and purple grapes, glowing through the delicate green of fern leaves. Cole rang the bell, and drew the table close to the young lady, selecting some of the finest fruit for her. She took a cluster of the grapes, crushed one or two in luscious idleness between her red lips, and tossed the other back upon the table.

"One gets so tired of it all," she said, resorting to her fan again. "I wish the gardener would invent something new."

Cole laughed, took up the rejected grapes, and began to eat them with a slow, delicious relish, which she recognized with a gleam of satisfaction from under her drooping eye.

Cole was well experienced in more than one grade of social life, and this adroit coquetry amused, while it emboldened him. The paltry arts by which women strive to fascinate or ensnare, are alike in all grades of life; a shade of refinement in one class, a little more coarseness in the next beneath it, scarcely distinguish one from the other. Artifice is the same low thing, meet it where you will. When that young man ate the grapes, that had brushed Hester's lips, it was like flinging her a kiss, and she knew it. All the reproof he got for the impertinence, was a deeper blush, that one gleam of the eyes, and a half-suppressed smile.

Dana, who was walking up and down the verandah, saw both the action and the smile, without appearing to heed it, but a slow, swarthy red crept up to his temples, and with it came a momentary expression of scorn, that changed the whole character of his face.

A servant came out from the broad hall, bearing a tray, on which wine and glasses were handed around; a little pail of cut crystal, hooped with silver, and heaped up with broken ice.

"Ah! there comes the wine!" said Hester, dropping the fan to her side; and eagerly pushing back the vase of fruit, she made room for the salver, and laughingly held up her glass of wine, looking at Dana, as if she expected him to pour it out for her.

He came forward gravely, took up the slender crystal pitcher, ruby-tinted with Bordeaux wine, and filled her glass, in which she had herself

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dropped the ice. In doing this, her eyes met his with a laughing, defiant light in them, which he neither accepted or rebuked, simply turning away after he had filled her glass.

Hester drank off the wine with more relish than she had given to the grapes, and started up, leaving Cole with a glass in his hand.

"What makes you so restless, Mr. Dana? I declare, you have hardly spoken to me," she said, passing her hand through Dana's arm.

Dana looked down upon her with a smile, that troubled her worse than a frown could have done.

"Are you angry?" she said.

"Angry? No; but a little suprised, that is all."

Hester clasped both her white hands over his arm.

"Surprised, or jealous, ha? Which is it?"

"You scarcely expect me to answer a question like that," he said, gently removing her hand from his arm.

A flash of triumph swept the girl's face. At last she had made the man jealous—jealous of that splendidly handsome young fellow, who was draining his wine-glass with a grace that was enough to drive any one distracted.

"There, there!" she said. "I will send for Edith Church to entertain your friend. He should not be left alone, you know, being a stranger."

"A stranger here, certainly; but not altogether with your father," was the quiet answer. "He has been a clerk in the house some time."

"Indeed? And I knew nothing about it? Sit down here, and tell me. Who is he? What is he?"

"I have already told you almost as much as I know," answered Dana.

"Why, you have told me nothing."

"So much, at any rate. He is a young man who has served the bank for a year, with just capital enough to secure a place in the firm, which your father has given him."

"Then he is not rich?"

"I should think not."

"But he must have had money? So gentlemanly, so elegant, so wonderfully handsome!"

Hester looked half-roguishly into her companion's face as she said this, hoping to see him color, but he only smiled.

"He has been well educated, no doubt."

"But how did he get that foreign air?"

"Possibly in Europe. I think he was born somewhere abroad. At any rate, he is both well educated and accomplished."

"And this is all you know of him?"

"All that I am certain of. Your father may be better informed."

"I wonder he could have been induced to take a new partner," said Hester. "Your friend is not an American. I am sure of that. Indeed——"

The girl hesitated, blushed, and broke off with a laugh.

"Indeed? Well?" questioned Dana.

"You will only laugh at me. But he really does look like a foreign nobleman."

"Foreign noblemen do not, as a general thing, take up business in New York, especially as clerks," replied Dana, with good-natured sarcasm. "So, do not let his handsome face lead you into that dream, or I shall reproach myself for bringing him here."

"Oh, Mr. Dana, I am sure papa would make him welcome!"

"I did not really intend to invade your stall," he went on to say. "Had your father been at home, we should not have left the yacht, I dare say."

"But that would have been a disappointment," said Hester. "But I am sure papa would have made him welcome, and mamma will be delighted. Only she will want to know something about his family."

"Of that she must seek information of your father. I only know that he was educated in France, and has no relatives in this country."

Hester fastened a long, questioning glance on the young man, who, leaning back in his rustic chair, was regarding them from under his half-closed lashes, while apparently dreaming over the landscape.

"He *is* some one in disguise," she thought. "Dana knows, but jealousy keeps him silent. At any rate, I have brought his pride down to that."

"You seem deeply interested," said Dana, reading the changes of her bright face, with some surprise.

"Why not?" she replied, laughing. "In the country, every strange face creates an impression. Papa does not encourage gentlemen visitors, you know, and there is a naughty sort of pleasure in harboring them in his absence, especially as you bear all the responsibility."

The girl said this with a mischievous look, and gleeful laugh, which made the birds up there in the vines twitter, and flit in and out, as if they were searching for the music that they could neither imitate or understand.

Dana, too, laughed, for this roguish cheerfulness was contagious; and turning to resume his walk, came back again.

"Your father is coming across the lawn; so I must prepare to defend myself," he said, point-

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ing in the direction of a near railroad station, from which a gentleman was walking, with a small valise in his hand.

"Yes, it is papa, coming up through the shrubberies. He sees us. He moves his hand," cried Hester, kissing her own white hand, as she went down the marble steps, and walked forward with Dana to meet her father on the lawn.

Cole had left his seat, and began to pace the verandah uneasily; for he had come to that house without an invitation from its master, and the sense of intrusion annoyed him, though the whole thing had been arranged in his mind long ago. He heard the voice of Mr. Cameron, as he shook hands with Dana, and shrank a little from the words of welcome, as the old gentleman said,

"I saw the Hebe lying down yonder, and expected to find you here, so took a short cut across the lawn. You are always welcome to any house that shelters me, Clifford, though Hester complains that I do not care for much company in our summer rustication."

"I have always been sure of a cordial welcome from your daughter," said Dana, "and to-day she has been good enough to extend it to our friend Cole."

There was annoyance, as well as surprise, in Mr. Cameron's face, as he came forward to receive the junior partner, who met him with the easy grace of a guest sure of a cordial reception.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The ancient portion of Heath House was nothing more than a wing of the more palatial residence, and seemed almost to retreat behind it; but its antiquity had been well preserved. It had been resolutely withheld from improvements, and but for the vines that clambered up the walls, and the elms that drooped their massive plumage downward over the roof, these apartments would have been bleak and lonely enough. But it is man's fault if nature does not embellish everything that is old with beauty more exquisite than human hands can give. The delicate lichen and soft moss, so impalpable that it lay like a green shadow on the stone-work; the great vines, coiling, like huge serpents, up from the ground; lilac bushes, that had shaken their white or purple plumes for years and years against the little window-panes; and homely clumps of lilies, of that rich chrome-yellow that harmonizes so pleasantly with other colors, which still kept root in the old-fashioned garden, now given up to these common flowers and vegetables, made a charming picture of the old times, which no architect or gardener had been permitted to disturb. This old building, in itself, formed at the time of our story, but a small part of the Cameron mansion; and though left intact by a spirit of family pride, it had long ago been given up to the servants, and devoted to common household uses.

In a room of this building sat a young girl; neither a servant, nor absolutely a member of the family, though its master fully believed that she was the companion and mate of his only daughter, who was now entertaining his guests on the verandah below. As such, she had been brought into the house when a mere child, and was still so considered; but no servant in that establishment had more duties to perform, or held her place with such bitter humiliation.

The girl was quite alone when that yacht furled its sails in the river; alone with the interminable work which had been so gradually and quietly imposed on her, that she became a drudge, scarcely knowing how her state of bondage had been brought about.

After all, the girl made a lovely picture, sitting there in the deep embrazure of a window, with wave on wave of crimson silk falling from her lap, and lying on the faded carpet at her feet, through which her needle darted like lightning, and her scissors cut with a slow gleam now and then; for, in most cases, they were the instruments of her servitude.

You could not call the girl a brunette; for, though her eyes were nut-brown, and her hair of a kindred shade, gleams of gold stuck out from its rich abundance whenever the sun fell upon it; and though the eyes were sometimes black with emotion, a glow of laughter always brought all the velvety brown softness back again. Still less was Edith Church a blonde, though her complexion was exquisitely fair; and the heart of a sea-shell has no more delicate color than that which lay in her cheek as she bent over her work.

Edith had been too busy with her needle, for any knowledge of the eager call which Hester Cameron had made for her hat, before she went down to the shore. That dress of crimson silk was to be turned, altered, and disguised with new trimming, before it would be presentable again, and she was toiling over it with all her invention alert; ripping the breadths apart, smoothing out folds, devising ways for concealing spots that would not come out here, concealing a crease there, and throwing all her faculties of body and mind into an effort to work out artistic effects from inadequate materials.

All at once the girl dropped her scissors; the

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silk rustled down to her feet, and clasping her hands, she bent forward to listen. She had heard the voice of Hester Cameron, talking, laughing, and at times dropping a few notes of music, as if the exuberance of her spirits required something more than simple expression; but she took no heed of that. Such outbursts of animal life were no unusual things with the young lady; but with her joyousness, now, was blended another voice, that made the blood leap in Edith's veins, and checked the breath upon her lips. Up from her seat the young lady sprang, and wading through the billows of silk that rustled on the floor, leaned out of the window. She caught one glimpse of Hester Cameron; of a tall form, walking a little distance from her, and of another person, of whom she took no heed; her soul being absorbed in that one human being, whose voice had reached her, when all other sounds fell dead upon her ear.

It was but one glimpse. The room Edith occupied was too far back for a view of the verandah, but she heard the voices still, and, parting the vines with her hands, saw the spars of the Hebe rising up, slender and graceful, from behind the trees down by the river.

"He is here only for an hour, perhaps, and I shall not see him," she thought, turning from the window, and walking up and down the room awhile, in a tremor of excitement. "If it were another, I might go down; but before him, a sneer or a harsh word would kill me. Oh! how hard, how hard it is to be patient!"

Edith sat down to her work again, so agitated that she could hardly guide the scissors, that were cutting into the wrong breadth with ruinous heedlessness. Then she heard another voice, and sprang to her feet. A flash of joy kindled her face; her hands shook with eager impatience, as they pushed back the vines.

Yes; it was Mr. Cameron. He would remark her absence, and no one would dare to tell him why she was isolated in that old room, with so much work to do. Yes, yes! He was sure to ask for her!

The girl had borne her disappointment well; but when hope came, tears sprang to her eyes, and covering them with both hands, she sat down on the low working-chair, and began to cry. Then she stood up again, wiped the tears away, and, with her face flushed like a rose heavy with rain, went to the old-fashioned bureau, and looked at herself in the antique glass which surmounted it.

"Nobody shall think that I have been crying," she thought, smiling at the lovely face, which looked all the brighter from the tears she had swept from it. "Nobody shall think I care enough to dress myself. Still I think—— Yes, I will."

With this thought, a closet door flew open, and a dress of white muslin, rose-tinted here and there, floated into the room, in which the girl enveloped herself. She wanted nothing more; for there was lace at the sleeves and throat, soft as the cobwebs we see upon a bramble in the morning; and the confusion into which those reckless hands had thrown her hair, was what an artist would have chosen.

Edith was about to smooth back the rich abundance, which would have been a great pity, when a servant came in, with a message from Mr. Cameron. Guests were down stairs, and she was to go at once, and help Miss Hester entertain them.

"Go at once?" Of course she would. The thought of it took away her breath, and her cheeks were aflame. She was sure of that, but she was ready. So, with one more glance at the old mirror, set in its scroll-work of dark-hued mahogany, the girl sped like a bird to the upper hall, decked herself, and came down the broad staircase with a certain grace of modesty that one seldom meets, save in a bright child before she learns to be unnatural.

Miss Cameron lifted her eyes from the peach she was carelessly mellowing with her white fingers, more that Mr. Cole might admire her hand, than from any wish for the fruit, and she said, indolently,

"Ah! I might have known what would happen the moment papa came here. He always brings intruders. Here comes Edith Church."

Cole started, and a guilty light came into his eyes. He was about to meet the girl to whom, unknown, he had pledged himself. While that fair young lady was smiling upon him with such cordial encouragement, he must turn to the creature of her father's bounty, selected as a fit wife for him, being also dependent, while Clifford Dana stood ready to accept the heiress with such superb indifference. The old story: millions matched with millions; poverty chained to poverty.

Why had his benefactress made this choice? Why not leave him free to win his own way with heiress or protegé, as his heart dictated? Was he to live a slave, because of one crime, that had harmed no one, and take up with a street waif, while that glorious girl, with all her riches, was even now tempting him to rebellion?

With these thoughts in his mind, Cole looked up, and saw Edith Church, who stood in the doorway, hesitating and bewildered. In that grace-

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ful young creature he recognized the person who had so vividly aroused his interest in the untidy rooms of Mrs. Weed's tenement-house.

Edith had evidently identified him at the first glance, for a flood of hot crimson rushed over her face, and she half-turned to go back, as if his presence there had struck her with consternation.

Cole was a man of quick intuitions. He saw her distress, and quietly turned his eyes away. And when she at last came up, looking anxious and undecided, he took no notice, until Miss Cameron said, with off-handed carelessness,

"This is Edith Church, Mr. Cole. I think Mr. Dana has met her before."

Then Cole arose, and giving no sign of peculiar interest, accepted this rude introduction, offering the young lady his chair. She quietly declined it, with a look of gratitude, which he knew had no reference to this one act of politeness.

If Clifford Dana had seen Edith before, he certainly was not debarred from an eager desire to meet her again; for his face lighted up, and he came forward cordially, holding out his hand.

Edith placed her hand in his, hesitating, shy, but with a certain womanly graciousness, that made the act something more than a welcome.

"I hardly expected to see you," he said, bending toward her, and speaking more with his eyes than his lips. "Why is it that you keep aloof whenever I come?"

Edith did not answer, but her face flushed, and one swift glance through her uplifted lashes rendered words unnecessary.

"It was not your fault, then?" questioned Dana, in a low voice.

"No. I am not always my own mistress," she answered, casting a troubled glance toward Miss Cameron, who was indolently leaning back in her chair, but watching the interview with feline vigilance. Dana saw this, and understood it.

"Shall we join them?" questioned Edith, casting anxious glances toward Hester.

Before Dana could answer, Miss Cameron called out,

"Edith! Edith Church! Step into the other parlor, and bring out my embroidery." Then turning to Cole, she added, "I can talk so much better when my hands are occupied."

Edith turned her face, all flushed with angry crimson, away from Dana, and started to obey; but he drew her gently back.

"While there are gentlemen who feel it a privilege to obey Miss Cameron, you must not rob us of the pleasure," he said. "I know where the little summer-parlor is, and have an eye for worsteds. Wait till I bring them."

While he was speaking, the young man flung aside the lace that floated over one of the nearest French windows, and directly came out again, bearing a fancy work-basket, a quantity of loose worsteds, and a strip of embroidery, which he laid in a gorgeous heap at Hester's feet.

"Now, as you have been seized with such a violent fit of industry," he said, with a laugh, "it would be cruel to disturb you in it. So, Miss Church and I will take ourselves away. Cole will be invaluable if you find the skeins tangled."

Hester Cameron understood the rebuke, and her heart burned to resent it. But it required keen wit to match that man, either in courtesy or sarcasm, and the girl was too angry for speech. With a clouded face, she watched Dana as he walked with Edith toward some rustic seats, under the shadows of a huge elm, whose branches half-concealed the ancient wing of the building. Then, with a forced laugh, she turned to Cole.

"You see what a task he has left you," she said, pointing to the heap of worsted and embroidery."

Cole dropped upon one knee, took up a skein of the worsted, and held it for her to disentangle. In this position, Mrs. Cameron found him, when she, too, came out on the verandah, sweeping the demi-train of her purple silk dress across the marble, as she approached her daughter.

A haughty, pretentious woman, was Mrs. Cameron; one of those persons who carry native selfishness with them through life, in spite of all the refining influences that wealth or association can afford. She was of the middle height, stout, neither dark nor fair, but evidently possessed of a self-satisfying idea of her own good looks, which had vanished years before, if she ever possessed them.

As it was, this short, rather stout and commonplace looking woman came forward, with affected dignity in her movements, and evidently with a sublime idea of her own personal importance.

"Mr. Dana," she said, approaching Harmer Cole, who was kneeling with his back toward her, busy with the worsteds, "welcome to Heath House. Pray, excuse me for not coming before, but I was in the midst of my toilet, which is a duty that I can never disturb. Oh!"

Harmer Cole, hearing the strange female voice, sprang to his feet, and gave the speaker a view of his face, at which the lady drew back, with this sharp exclamation coming like a hiss from her lips.

"It is Mr. Cole, mamma," said Hester, leaning back in her chair, and fanning herself slowly. The day was pleasant, but not oppressively warm.

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Hester made a graceful movement of the fan, and liking the effect, swayed it languidly, while introducing the young man to her mother. "A friend of Mr. Dana's."

Mrs. Cameron bowed stiffly, and rustled her garments, in an attempt to draw her figure to a queenly height.

"Mr. Dana's friends are always welcome," she said, magnificently. "But I do not recollect the name."

Soon Hester blushed, and a slow color mounted to Cole's lips; but at the same time there came into his eyes a gleam of amusement, that just fell short of a smile.

"My name is doubtless too humble for Mrs. Cameron ever to have heard it," he said, bowing low. "Besides, so much of my life has been spent abroad, that even persons of less lofty station may well be ignorant of it. But I am not quite unknown to Mr. Cameron."

"Abroad?" said the lady, smiling blandly, and letting down an inch or two of extra dignity. "Ah! I might have known that, though, I must say, your accent is perfect. I am sure we are greatly obliged to Mr. Dana. It makes one feel almost like being in Europe again, to meet one of its magnates. Of what country, may I ask?"

Cole hesitated an instant.

"France, Madame."

"I congratulate you, sir, to have been born in France, constituting a claim to the best society in this country. You are welcome to Heath House. Your arm, if you please. We can promenade while we converse. Hester, my dear, excuse me, if I take the hospitalities into my own hands. As head of the house, it is expected of me."

Hester gave her hand a toss, closed the fan with a rushing sound, and pushed the worsted impatiently from her lap.

"There it is again," she thought, watching her mother, as she went down the verandah, leaning heavily on Cole's arm with one hand, and daintily lifting the skirt of her dress with the other. "Always cutting in with her airs. I wish to goodness she could see what an old goose she makes of herself. A pretty opinion he will get of our common sense. Head of the house, indeed! As if a daughter counted for nothing!"

Mrs. Cameron, quite regardless of the discontent she had aroused, kept up her promenade along the verandah, halting in her walk now and then, but covering her mishap with a girlish trip, and double clasp on the young man's arm, whenever a stumble of the feet occurred.

"So you were educated abroad, of course. What an advantage! How my daughter will appreciate that. It is so seldom her languages come in play. Indeed, I fear they would grow rusty if she had not her mother to converse with."

"That would be a great pity," answered the young man, in French.

Mrs. Cameron responded at once in the same language. It is true her pronunciation had been obtained late in life, and principally from her cook or maid; but to convince Mrs. Cameron that there was a language extant, to which she did not give the full expression, would have been an impossibility.

Cole was really a well-bred man, so far as manners went, and bore an immovable countenance, while his hostess kept up a lively dialogue, now and then manufacturing a word with great adroitness.

"And your father? Excuse me—but I have such interest in old families, as all people of superior descent naturally have. Burke's 'Peerage' is always lying on my dressing-table. I read it while the maid does my hair. Then, that other book of old families. One is like my Bible, the other my New Testament. In which should I be apt to find your father's name, Mr. Cole?"

"I am afraid you would hardly find it in English heraldry, Madame. My father belongs to France."

"France? Of course—of course. And Burke does not extend so far; but the ancient nobility of that great nation was so broken up by Napoleon, that one scarcely knows where to look for authority. Your family, no doubt, belonged to the ancient regime?"

The young man's face flushed, and his eyes kindled. Even that woman's vapid questions had kindled the feudal blood in his veins. Why should he not speak the truth? The blue blood that had coursed for centuries through the best nobility of France, was all the claim he had to social distinction. There might be danger in it, but he would run the chance.

"Yes," he said. "My father is a nobleman——"

"I thought so. I knew it!" exclaimed the banker's wife, in an ecstacy of delight. "Trust us for finding each other out. I should have known it at a glance, only your name is so very English."

"As you have penetrated my secret, dear Madame, I will confess that Cole is the name of some far-away ancestress of mine, who married into our family from England. I only assumed it when I entered your husband's banking-house."

"My husband's banking-house?"

"Yes, lady, I have the great misfortune of being the heir to an old title, but to no estate

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that will suffice to keep up its dignity. In my own country, I could do nothing. The shackles of rank were too heavy upon me; but in New York, where money is made so easily, I have some hopes of retrieving our fortunes."

"Does Mr. Cameron know of this?" questioned the lady, eagerly.

"I brought letters of recommendation to him, which speak of my family, no doubt, but not with the details I am now confiding to your house," was the response.

"But why did you select Mr Cameron for the honor of a partnership? Had you heard—did you know——"

Here Mrs. Cameron cast a radiant glance on her daughter, but did not complete the sentence.

"Perhaps I know more than I am willing to confess," said the young man, with gentle impressment, for he had detected the glance, and knew at once what thought had led to it. "Some feelings are not to be concealed, as I have buried my moneyless rank."

Mrs. Cameron paused, and patted the arm she leaned on with her fan.

"Confess now. You can trust me. Blue blood is faithful to itself everywhere. How came you to think of us? We have been in Paris, and Hester had hosts of admirers there, but I cannot recollect——"

"Probably you did not know half the unfortunates who worshipped her from a distance."

"Ah! I thought so!" whispered the lady, nodding her head, and again tapping his arm with her fan. "Have no anxiety; your secret is safe with me. I understand it all. What does that mean?"

In their conversation, the two had reached the extreme angle of the verandah, and the elm-tree, under which Dana and Ethel Church sat, became clearly visible. Forgetting the old French family, and everything else, in her angry consternation, the lady stood still, and glared upon them. After awhile she recovered herself enough to speak.

"Look yonder, Mr. Cole. There is a picture, that in all your life you have never seen in the old country, and never will anywhere outside of a republic, from which I have learned to shrink. Yonder sits your friend, Dana, whose ancestor, a thousand years back, was the natural son of an English duke."

"Of a duke?" repeated Cole. "I thought that title had come into history within the last four or five hundred years."

"Of course it did, but that does not affect the case. I meant to say his was a family from which dukes have been chosen. But there he sits, talking with that girl, as if she had a right in society."

"Indeed? Who is the young lady?"

"A dependent, sir. Nothing more or less than a dependent upon our bounty. A person whom Mr. Cameron, who has some absurd republican ideas, insists upon treating as a lady. I suppose it is through some interference of his that she has managed to intercept the young gentleman."

"She seems a very modest young lady."

"Young person. Let me correct you. No one in this house, except Mr. Cameron, thinks of considering her as a young lady. I beg you will not imagine myself or my daughter capable of anything so absurd in a social point of view. We cannot help Mr. Cameron's persistent attempt to force an equality on us; but we resist it quietly—very quietly, observe—or, in pure opposition, he might make a settlement on her, name her in his will, or something of that sort. This is why we tolerate her in his presence. Beyond that, as you will observe, we never go. The blue blood of all the Camerons burns in my veins when I speak of this."

"The Camerons? Were you and your husband of the same family, then?" questioned Cole, who began to feel a deep interest in Ethel's history, and was rather astonished that the Cameron blood should burn so hotly in the dumpy woman's veins.

"No—no! Not absolutely relatives, but sympathy. My dear Mr. Cole, the exquisite sympathy of some natures is stronger than blood. In that way, I am every inch a Cameron."

"Ah! But the young lady. What claim has she?"

"None whatever. Not the shadow of a claim. Mr. Cameron found her, when an infant, in some poverty-stricken place. She was the child of a woman who was engaged to nurse Hester while I was away in Europe. I never had much patience with infants, and thought it a good time to see the old world while the child was likely to be most troublesome. She was only two months old when I went; just a bundle of lace and flannel, hardly worth the trouble of looking at. But when we came back, two years after, the little thing was a doll, a perfect doll. You could see the blue blood of her race circling through the veins on her temples. But this other child, which had been nursed with her, was left motherless, and Mr. Cameron would take her in spite of my protest. You see her there, talking with Dana, as if she were his equal. That is her history. I would have sent her to the alms-house at once, but Mr. Cameron rose up against it with a temper I never saw in him before. 'The nurse had been faithful to his child,' he said, 'even

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when her own mother forsook her.' Did you ever hear anything so unreasonable? The child she had left to his mercy should never want a home so long as he had one to shelter him. I protested; I entreated. I did all that a true woman should, to save her house from the contagion this base-blooded child might bring upon it, but it was of no avail. The democratic principles of this government had struck too deep into Cameron's nature. He would keep the child; would educate her with Miss Cameron; and now insists on forcing her into the social life of his heiress. There, sir, you have a history of the 'skeleton in my house.' There it sits, occupying my daughter's place by the side of your friend. Do you blame me when I say the blue blood in my veins boils at the sight?"

The woman was wholly natural now. All the venom that lay under her affections rose to the surface, and gleamed in her cold eyes. Her foot beat upon the marble as she talked. In her excitement, she had broken away from the French, and threw all her spite into English, made bitter by the voice of a shrew.

"What do you think of it?" she demanded. "I ask you, a gentleman of the old world, for an unbiassed opinion. Is not this forced association, under the same roof, a defiance to me, and an insult to my daughter?"

"It must, at least, be very unpleasant," said Cole, revolted by the woman's indelicate confidence. "But I fancy you have the ability to protect both yourself and the young lady."

Mrs. Cameron laughed with inward exultation.

"Here Hester and I are in perfect sympathy," she said. "If that young person sleeps on a bed of roses under our roof, it is not our fault."

"She seems very near it now," answered Cole, gazing with something like envy on the couple, whose propinquity had occasioned all this outburst of malice. "There is something very lover-like in my friend Dana's attitude, and—and—— Well, it is not fair to criticise a young lady, but, upon my word, I should not say that she was filled with very desperate hatred of Clifford Dana, if one may judge by the bend of the head, and a certain——"

"Impudent air! I agree with you, Mr. Cole. It is positively disgusting. I only wish Mr. Cameron could see her now."

"I fancy your wish is close at hand," said Cole, turning to pace down the verandah again; "for here comes your husband. If you wish to give him a clear view of the situation, I will resign the honor of my place at your side. A cruel sacrifice, but it is a subject that he may not care to discuss before a stranger."

"Don't call yourself a stranger, Mr. Cole. I consider you rather as a confidential friend. The last half-hour has really placed you in that position. Your sympathy is very precious to me. It is such as your high-born mother may look down upon with satisfaction, knowing that it is given to kindred rank, though centuries of republicanism may have obscured its brightness. But here is Mr. Cameron. After he has been led to the post of observation, and benefited by it, I will have pleasure in continuing the interview. Mr. Cameron, my dear, give me your arm."

Mr. Cameron came forward, like a dutiful husband, and offered his support to the lady, who always seemed ready to drop into a heap if she had not some masculine arm to lean on.

"Thank heaven for that mercy, at least!" thought Cole, as he stood for an instant watching the pair. "Why, the woman could not wait to be deceived. It is like catching gudgeons with a net. Now for the daughter."

"This way, my dear," said Mrs. Cameron, with a degree of eagerness which warned her husband that something disagreeable was to follow. "I have something to show you—something that may open your eyes. You can walk a little faster. I am not at all fatigued."

Mr. Cameron increased his pace a little, at which the lady complained, declaring that she had not asked him to run at a rate that took the breath from her body.

Then Mr. Cameron walked more deliberately; and without evoking further complaint, reached the angle of the verandah, around which the Virginia creepers were waving their crimson banners.

"Do you see that, my dear?" exclaimed the lady, pausing, with a little stamp of the foot, as if to beat her words into the marble. "Do you see that? A pretty sight, isn't it?"

Mr. Cameron's eyes were uplifted to the crimsoned vine.

"Yes," he said. "The frost has made sharp work of it. I wonder it did not kill the flowers. They must be taken to the green-house."

"The green-house? One would think you had just come from there," answered the wife, with a faint giggle at her own far-fetched wit. "I was not speaking or thinking of the frost. Look over yender, beneath the elm."

Mr. Cameron did turn his eyes in the direction thus significantly pointed out, and saw the young people sitting together under the tent-like branches of his finest tree. After gazing at them thoughtfully for a moment, he turned his eyes on his wife.

"Well?"

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"Well!" cried the lady, repeating this simple word with scorn. "Is that all?"

"What do you wish me to say, Mrs. Cameron? I can originate nothing."

"Mr. Cameron," said the wife, gasping for breath, and pattering both feet on the marble, "are you blind?"

"Not that I am aware of, Mrs. Cameron."

"Yes, you are blind as a bat, dumb as a post, and deaf as an adder, not to see what is going on out there."

"I see Dana talking very quietly with my adopted daughter. That is all."

"All? And is not that enough? Oliver Cameron, I tell you that this adopted daughter will cut out your own child. That is what it means."

"Perhaps," was the composed answer.

"Perhaps? And you can say that!"

"Why not? Dana is a fine fellow; and as for Edith, a better girl does not exist."

There was a glow of tenderness in this speech, that kindled up the cold, gray eyes of his wife with a flash like steel.

"And your own child sitting by, neglected! Are you a Christian, Mr. C.? Does a father's sentiments ever warm your bosom, that you can praise that low-born girl, while she is actually defrauding your daughter of her lover before your face?"

"I am not sure that Dana is Hester's lover. You tell me so often enough, but he never once hinted it; and, as you say, this certainly does not look like it. The other picture now may be more to your fancy, though it seems to me a tableau full of impertinence."

Mrs. Cameron followed her husband's frowning glance, and saw young Cole on one knee before Hester, holding a skein of purple worsted in his hands, which she was winding for use. As she did this, her blonde hair, not absolutely golden, but with an ashen tinge running through it, almost touched his raven locks; and from that distance the lady could see that her cheeks were flushed with a hot red, like carnation-leaves in the sunshine.

Was this anger against Dana? Or had Hester Cameron a tropical nature, which turned warmly toward devotion in any form? Certainly she had seemed to prefer Mr. Dana only as late as three hours before; but now her eyes were turned with a sort of fascination on this handsome stranger, and more than sure she had felt his breath on her cheek without shrinking.

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Cameron, with a magnificent lift of the head, "I think Hester is quite excusable. At any rate, she has not selected a plebeian, a foundling, a street waif, for her object of retaliation. The son of a nobleman has a right to take liberties."

"The son of a fiddlestick!" retorted the banker, irreverently. "Why, the young man was my clerk less than a month ago."

"Your clerk?" cried the wife, horror-stricken. "But—but what is he now?"

"A junior partner, so it is arranged, because he had a little money, and was so useful in the house that we could not well fill his place in any other way. That is the young fellow's history, so far as I know it."

"Then I know more than you do, Mr. Cameron. His father was of a good old family. I haven't searched the genealogy out yet, but you can read it in his face. No common blood stirs in his veins, to dull that which he inherits from his noble ancestors, and that high-born mother, who died in her lord's ancestral station; one of the few great ladies of France that escaped the Reign of Terror with her life. This is the young man, Mr. Cameron, who has confessed to me, in strict confidence, a very interesting reason for his condescension, in entering your paltry banking-house."

"Indeed, his mother must have been a remarkable woman, to have lived so far back as the Reign of Terror," said Mr. Cameron, dryly.

"I declare, Mr. Cameron, you are the most provoking man alive, I do think. Of course, it was his grandmother who was spared, and his mother who died in the ancestral chateau. There is nothing extraordinary that he should have condescended to become a partner in your house, though you seem quite blind to the honor. Such things are quite common now. I can count up at least a dozen countesses and baronesses, carried off from our best families, to hide their nationality abroad. A disguised nobleman is no marvel in our social life, though, as a general thing, our young ladies do not wait for them to come over, but, like that pretty widow in the Bible, go out to glean for themselves. My Hester is far too proud for that; but when a person of undoubted nobility throws himself at her feet, so gracefully, too, would you have her spurn him for a man who devotes himself, in her very presence, to that creature? I tell you, Mr. Cameron, I quite approve of the picture that you are scowling over; and in such cases the mother's judgment must determine."

The banker endured this harangue without listening to it. This was made evident by the muttered words that followed, when the lady paused to take breath.

"I wonder what induced Dana to bring the fellow here."

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"The fellow? Mr. Cameron, I protest against such language, applied to an elegant young nobleman in that coarse way. And how is it possible that you can judge? You, who never visited an office of heraldry in your life, and have an American idea of the noble distinction of classes, as it is understood by the *elite* abroad. You are a clever man, Mr. Cameron—and I am of course very fond of you—but stolid, very stolid, when the subject rises above the level of your banking books. As for our daughter, it is true Mr. Dana has a splendid ancestry."

"A splendid humbug!"

"Well, yes, compared with the exalted and present rank of this young gentleman. I can hardly blame you for saying that of a man who exhibits such groveling tastes. Besides, though his ancestors date so far back, there is some break in the descent. At any rate, his claims, I really think, are not quite clear; nothing like those I have discovered in your junior partner. And of the two——"

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Cameron, patting his wife's hand with creditable forbearance, "don't make such an exquisite goose of yourself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY A YEAR AGO.

BY ALICE WYANOKE.

And this is the end of it all! It rounds the year's completeness!
Only a walk to the stile, through fields afoam with sweetness;
Only the sunset's light, purple and red on the river,
And a lingering, low "Good night," that means "Good-bye" for ever.

So be it, and God be with you! It had been perhaps more kind,
Had you sooner (pardon the word) been sure of knowing your mind.
We can bear so much in youth; who cares for a swift, sharp pain?
And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep, but it leaves no stain.

I shall just go back to my work—to my little household cares,
That never make any show. By turns, perhaps, in my prayers,
I may think of you. For the rest of this way, we've trodden together,
My foot shall fall as lightly as if my heart were a feather.

And only a woman's heart, strong to have and to keep;
Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to sleep,
Hiding it's secrets close, glad when another's hand
Finds for itself a gem, where her's found only sand.

Good-bye! The year has been bright, as oft as the blossoms come;
The peach with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the plum.
I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you pass,
I could almost kiss the print of your foot upon the dewy grass.

I am not ashamed of my love, yet I would not have yours now,
Though you laid it down at my feet, I could not stoop so low.
A love is but half a love, that contents itself with less
Than love's utmost faith and truth, and unwavering tenderness.

Only this walk to the stile, this parting down by the river,
That flows so quiet and cold, going and flowing forever!
Good-bye! Let me wait to hear the last, last sound of your feet.
Ah, me! but I think in this life of ours, the bitter outweighs the sweet.

TO A FRIEND.

BY LOUISE LOCKHART.

Perchance these lines may call again
Remembrance of the happy days,
When free from care, from aching pain,
We sang together joyous lays.
Songs pure, and of our youth a part,
True echoes of a happy heart.

Down through the forest, dim and old,
Along the path we used to stray,
Or sit beside the rippling stream,
And while the pleasant hours away,
Hours bright and joyous, void of cares,
Stole swiftly by us, unawares.

Fast fleeing years their trophies brought,
Rich stores of joy and love sublime;
Till pain and sorrow came unsought,
And strengthened with the growth of time.
But still oft came in cheerful lays
Remembrance of those early days.

But far adown the slope of years,
We've wandered on in patience meek;
Through joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Till now we sit alone and weak
Among the shadows cold and gray,
Until our lives shall pass away.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a mourning costume for a young lady, in black woolen armure, cash-

mere, delaine, or alpaca. The skirt is made with a demi-train, supplied with strings and loops, to shorten it for walking. Around the skirt are, first, a narrow-pleated ruffle, and over that a deep flounce, cut straightwise of the cloth, and put on in large, double box-pleats. Tunic is bound with silk, and draped at the back, under a wide silk scarf. Cuirass waist, open at the back, in two tabs, also bound with silk. At the wrist is a pleating of the material, with band and bow of silk above it, forming the cuff. The cuirass waist has five seams in the back. Sixteen to eighteen yards of double-width goods; three yards of silk for the scarf and binding. Price of pattern of tunic and waist, fifty cents.

Next is a simple Polonaise for home wear The skirt is of gray debege, trimmed with a nar

row kilt-pleating of the same; above this are four bands of a darker shade of the same material, graduated in width. The Polonaise is of the

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darker shade, cut very long, and fastening down the entire front, with a double row of buttons. As may be seen, the second row buttons over on the left side; drape low at the back, and high at the sides. A belt of silk, fastening with a bow and ends of ribbon, confines the Polonaise at the waist; a similar bow and ends ornaments the double cuff, which is made of the upper half of the light shade, and under half of the darker one. The same is worn at the throat as a cravat. Three dozen and a half of buttons, sixteen yards of the dark shade, and six yards of the light, will be required. Price of the pattern, fifty cents.

Next is a home-dress for a young miss of ten to fourteen years. It is of myrtle-green serge,

and is trimmed with wide mohair braid and ribbon bows. One skirt, plain in front, and box-pleated in the back; long basque, open on the back seam. Price of pattern of basque, twenty-five cents.

For a boy from two to four years, we have a light-gray or navy-blue flannel, trimmed with wide and narrow mohair braid, or velvet ribbon. The front is cut in one, and back of the sklrt has three double box-pleats, finished at the top with tiny bows, as are the pockets. Cuffs and collar. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Next, we give the back of a Princess dress for little girl, made of a plaid material, and edged

with a narrow pleating of self-colored silk or cashmere, to match. This model is without sleeves, intended to be worn over an under-dress of the self-colored material, supplying the sleeves.

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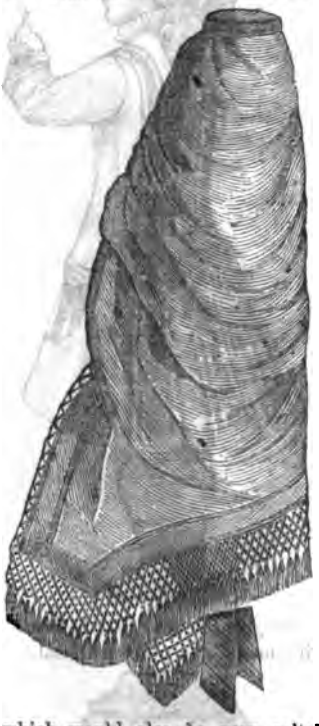
However, this is unnecessary. A very pretty and suitable design for pique, trimmed with Hamburg edging, in place of the pleatings. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Next is a front and back view of a cashmere



tunic, which would also be very suitable for grenadine or camel's-hair barege. The illustrations show the different arrangements at the sides, each being dissimilar. It is trimmed with a band of silk and deep-knotted fringe, or lace. The fringe may be of silk or woolen; the latter is much less expensive, and can be bought at fifty to seventy-five cents per yard. Cost of pattern, fifty cents.

A beautiful walking-dress for a little girl from four to six years. We give the front and back view of. It is made of fine blue or gray cash-

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mere, and trimmed with rows of stitching and buttons. The sash and bows are of silk, to correspond. Twelve dozen of buttons will be required. The flat mohair or silk are the kind used. Cost, six to eight cents per dozen. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

PATTERNS of our every-day dresses, or for costumes on colored fashion-plate, children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to.

All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaise, paletots, mantles, ver-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents.

A GIRL'S SPRING PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a pattern for a girl's spring paletot; and on the next page a diagram by which to cut it out.

This pattern is cut for a girl of six years. The material is of very light-gray cloth; trimmings, worsted braid, one or two shades darker. Small silk or mohair buttons. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

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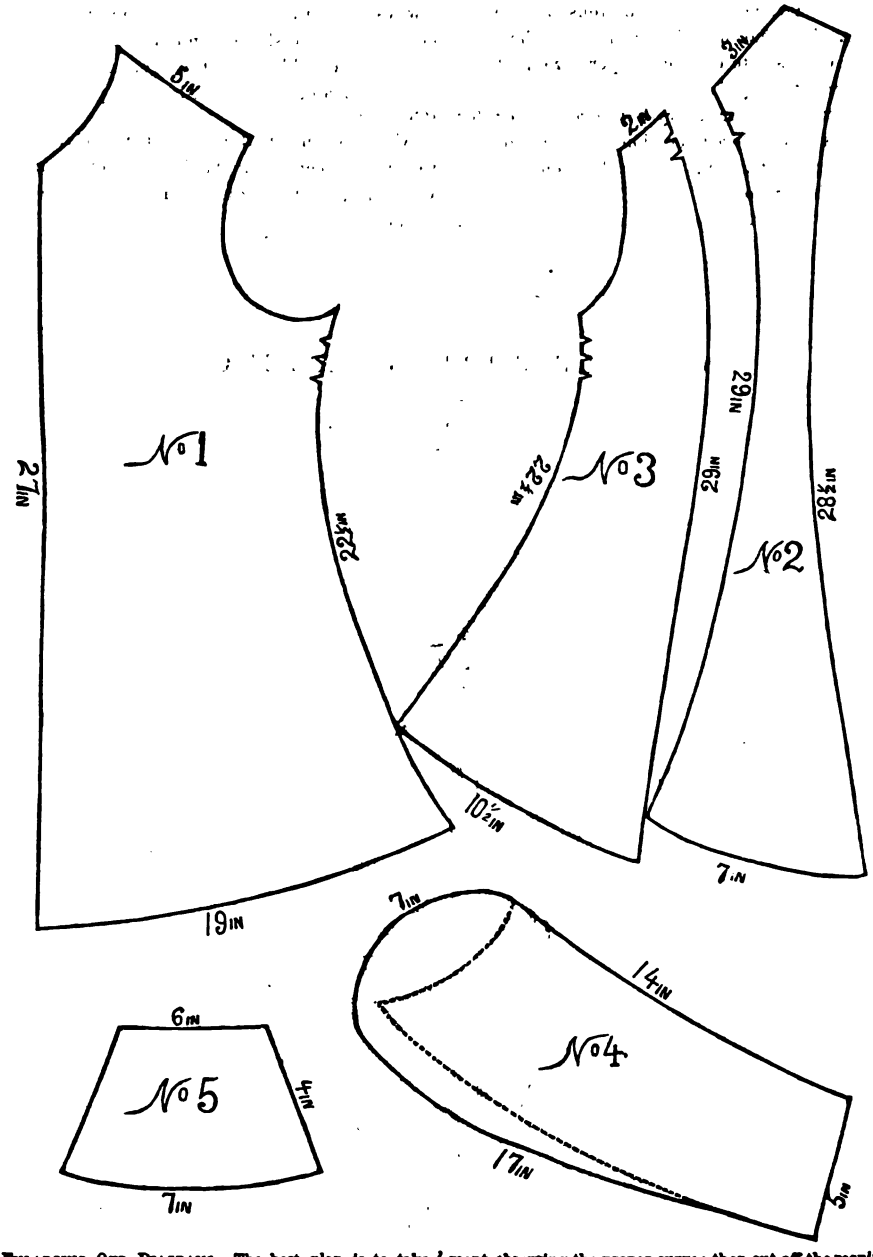
No. 1. Half of Front. No. 2. Half of Back. No. 3. Half of Side Back.
No. 4. Sleeve. No. 5. Pocket.



Enlarging Our Diagrams.—The best plan is to take some old muslin, and then, with the help of the tape-measure, begin to lay out the garment the size needed. First cut the front, measure the number of inches the diagram indicates down the front. Cut the required length straightwise of the cloth; next, make the slope for the neck; next, shape the shoulder, according to the number of inches given; then shape the arm-hole, (here, it would be well to take the measure of some garment in use, of a good fit, and fit its measure across the bust, adopt this to the pattern you are cutting;) next, make the slope from the arm-hole to the end of the side-seam, according to the measurement, observing the proper curve; then cut off the required length, observing carefully the width indicated. On this mark off the darts (if any,) with a lead-pencil, and the front is complete. Proceed in this manner with each of the several pieces given. This forms one-half of the entire pattern. Duplicate all the pieces, baste carefully together, and then, of course, the garment must be accurately fitted to the person before cutting into the new material. A few trials, I am sure, will enable any one, with even little experience, to cut readily from any diagram, observing always to be particular about the measurements given for all the parts are cut to fit accurately, inch for inch.

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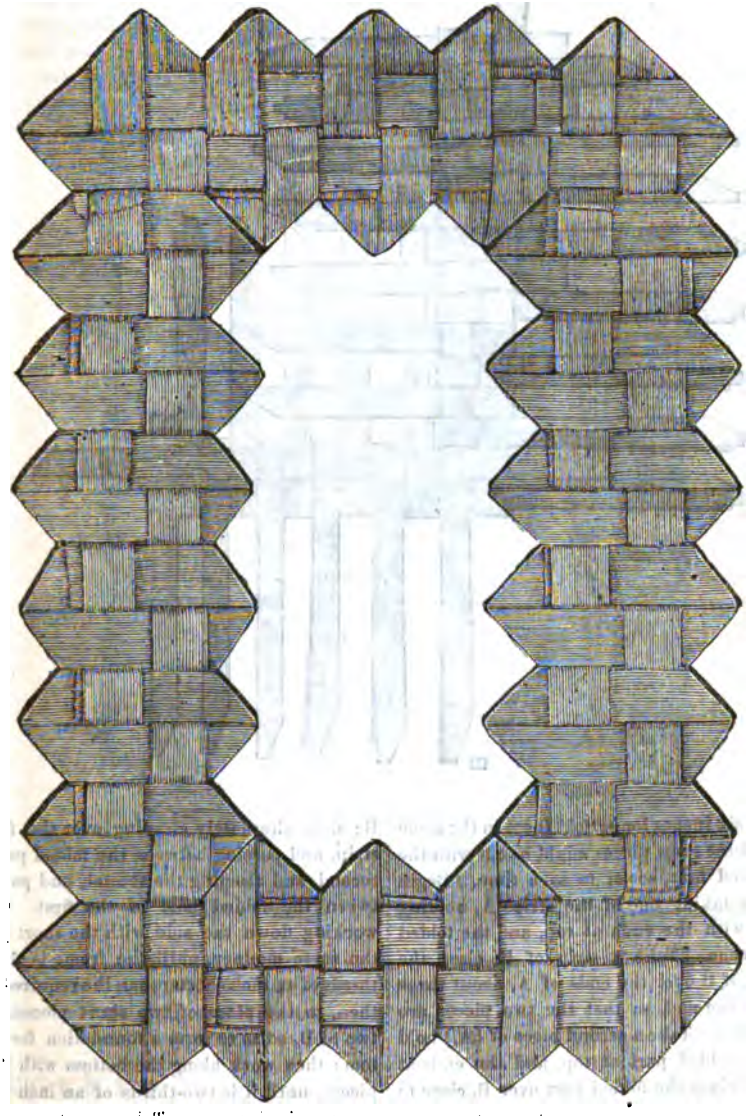
PLAITED PAPER-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This paper plaiting can be applied with a pretty effect to many unpretending ornamental purposes, as frames, crosses, mats, baskets, etc., in one or in various colors, in ribbons and braids, as well as in strong glazed paper. The specimen we illustrate is carried out in brown paper. It is a frame for nursery pictures, texts, etc. Cut eight strips of paper about one-third of an inch in width, of which four (A) should be about five inches longer than double the length of the picture intended to be framed, and the rest (B) five inches longer than double the width of the picture; fold each in the middle, so as to halve the length. Then cut a number of pieces the same

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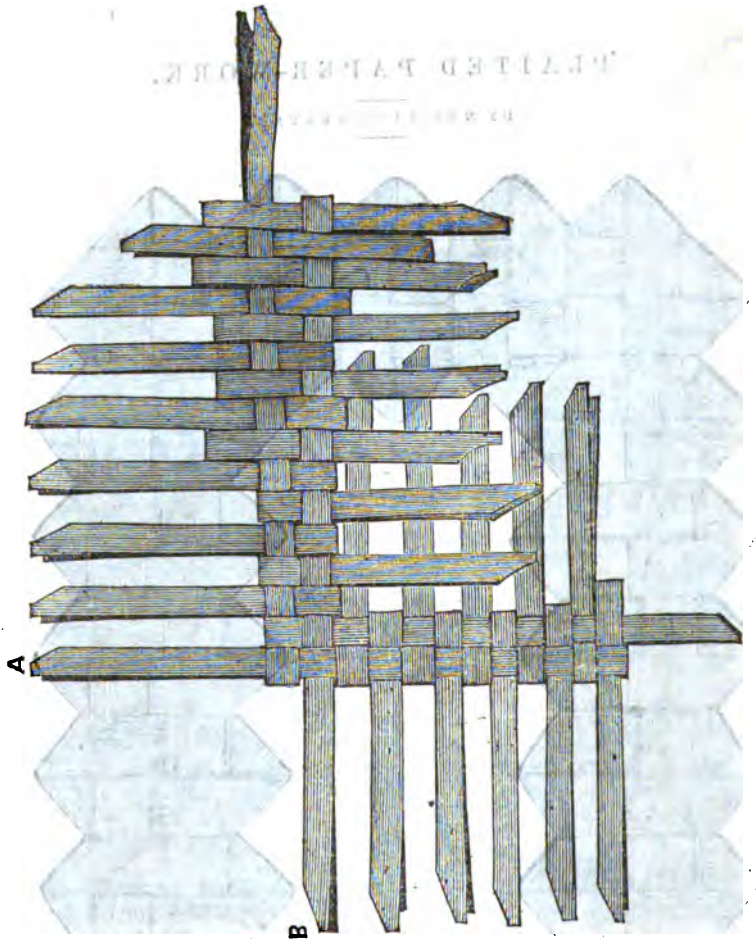

width, and six inches long; fold them in the same manner. These short pieces might be cut with the paper doubled first, so as to save time. Begin the work by taking one of the strips A, holding it upright with the ends at top, and the folded part at bottom. Take a strip of B, clasp the folded part of B over the ends of A, about three inches from the end, so that the two pieces are at right angles. Take a second piece of (A,) hold it with the folded part at top, and the ends at bottom, and clasp the folded part over B, close to the first piece of A, so that the two longer pieces are parallel. Then take a second piece of B, and clasp over the second of A, (working from the top downwards,) and pass the ends between the folded part of the first A. These four long pieces will form the foundation of one side and of one end of the frame, into which the short pieces are to be worked in the same manner as the strips B; *i. e.*, alternately clasping over the first long strip, and passing between the folded part of the second, and clasping the second, and passing between the folded part of the first. Continue working down the side with the short pieces in the same manner, until the frame is about two-thirds of an inch shorter than the required length; then, in the place of two short pieces, work in two of B, so as to form a foundation for the bottom; then work along the bottom with the short pieces, until it is two-thirds of an inch less than the required width. Take the two remaining longest pieces, and work them in the place of two short ones, so as to form a foundation for the second side, and work upwards into these long pieces with the same number of short pieces as the first side. Leave that, and work from the beginning into the first and second pieces of B along the top, putting in the same number of

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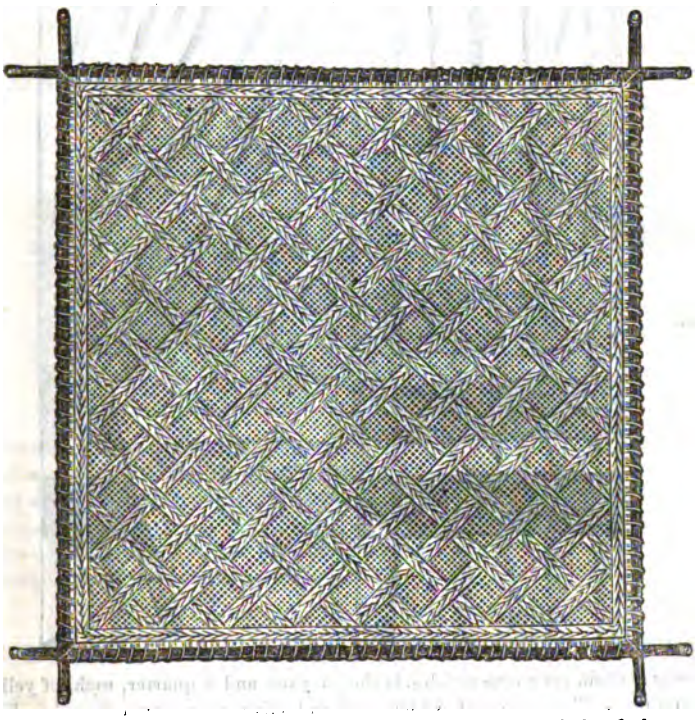
short pieces as along the bottom; join the last corner by putting the ends of each long piece through the folded part of the piece at right angles with it, then draw all the ends to make the work firm.

The Points.—Until now, both sides of the work are alike, but the side held toward the worker, while making the points, will then be the wrong side. To form them, begin at any part, and fold back a double end in a slanting direction from the work; then fold forward, slanting the reverse way, and leaving a point at top, so as to form a triangle; pass the ends downwards over the nearest square of the finished part of the work, and through the next square; cut off the ends close to the work. Fix the frame to the picture with paste or gum, and press under a heavy weight for a day or two; this will greatly improve the appearance of the work, as well as giving firmness to the whole. Any paper may be used, but it must be very firm. Two suitable colors have a pretty effect, or white with any full color. The ends of the paper should be cut slanting, not quite to a point.

WINDOW-SCREEN.

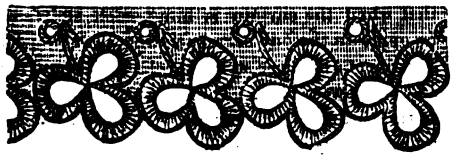
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

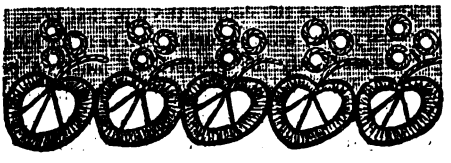


Ground of fine netting, with pattern of narrow braid, sewn on with stitches of black wool, and worked in feather-stitch of the same material. The work is stretched in a frame of polished cane.

WORKED EDGINGS: BUTTON-HOLE STITCHED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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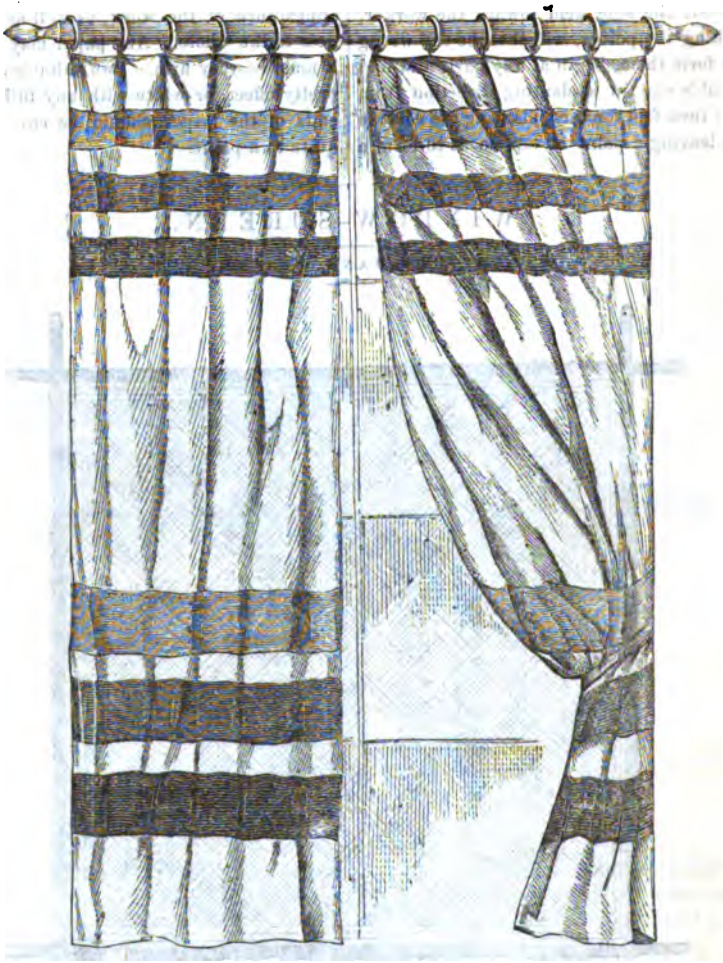
ORIENTAL CURTAINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Among recent stylish, yet cheap articles, is the Oriental Curtain, an illustration of which we give above. No upholsterer is required to fabricate this curtain. Any lady can make it for herself. And when made, it will be infinitely more stylish, and more effective in color, than nine-tenths of the costly rep, or silk curtains furnished by upholsterers.

This curtain is for a window that measures nine feet from the floor to the top, that being an ordinary size; but the curtain can be made longer or shorter, only the proportions must be preserved. Get six yards of good, stout, unbleached muslin, one and a quarter yards wide. Allow three yards for each half of the window. Get a yard and a quarter, each, of yellow, dark-red and olive-green opera-flannels. These flannels come twenty-seven inches wide, and cost fifty cents per yard. Tear each color of the flannels, LENGTHWISE, into four strips, allowing two to be seven and a half inches wide, and two six inches wide. Put the widest ones on the bottom of the curtain. Lay the muslin on a large table-top, and baste each piece carefully on, taking care that when the curtain is hung, each strip shall be opposite the one corresponding to it in color. The top one of these strips is yellow, the next red, and the lowest blue. The same order is followed at the bottom of the curtain. Sew each band on by machinery, if possible. Get thirty yards of

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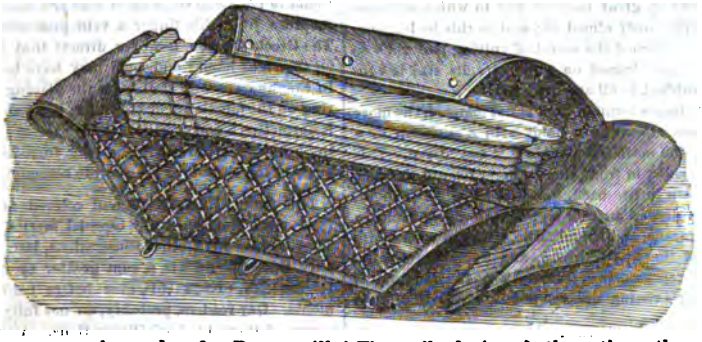
black mohair braid, three-quarters of an inch wide, which can be purchased for sixty-five cents per piece, of thirty or more yards. After the bands of flannel are sewed on, fasten the black braid by basting on to the muslin, to conceal the stitching. Get two ounces of single yellow worsted, and cat-stitch the braid on. Turn the curtains down an inch at the top, pleat, and sew a large hook on each pleat. Hem at the bottom, and on each side.

Such a pair of curtains will cost $3.40. The rod, of which an illustration is given, can either be made of stained pine or walnut, but must have an ornament of some kind, in wood, at either end. Any turner can turn such an ornament. The curtain is hung from broad rings, to which a small ring is fastened in, to admit of the curtain being hooked to. The rings slip easily over the rod, allowing the curtains to be moved back and forth at will. Of course, between such a rod (stretched across the top of the window) and the ceiling, a small space must always intervene. As for the curtains themselves, when not in use, they hang straight down on either side, of a sufficient length to touch, but not to sweep the ground. The large rings should be of wood. Any turner can make them. They must match the rod in color.

Table-covers, and mantel-lambrequins, can be made very effectively, by following the directions given for the curtains.

Some of the most fashionable houses in Philadelphia have these curtains. Even people of wealth are beginning to learn that taste can do more than money to make a home beautiful.

GLOVE-CASE, MADE OF A ROMAN SCARF.



This glove-case can be made of a Roman silk scarf, or of a plain piece of silk or cashmere, embroidered with variously colored silks, and an optional striped pattern. The scarf on stripe is folded in three parts, and the middle piece lined with wadding, covered with silk, and quilted. The quilted piece is three times the width of the scarf, and the folding sides cut in the shape of an envelope flap. All the edges are bound with ribbons, and the quilted flaps furnished with buttons and loops.

TOWELING EMBROIDERY, FOR TOWELS, ETC.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in the appropriate colors, two designs in the new and fashionable toweling embroidery. The foundation of these articles is white or stone linen canvas, and is very suitable for toilet-mats, bags, tidies, etc. The first design is for a tidy. The material should be cut to the size required, and, to make the fringe, threads are drawn equally all round. To form the border, a spacing is left plain, and then a spacing of threads drawn; after which, equal spacings are made, plain and open, to form diamonds. Small stars are worked on the plain part. In order to secure the edges, a row of cross-stitches is worked in wool, close to where the threads are drawn. After making the border to the desired width, the centre is worked in long stitches, with stars. This same design is very suitable for toilet-bags, the back of the bag being left plain. The other design is on the same material, and worked in a very similar manner, the difference being that wide spaces are left plain, and narrow spaces of threads are drawn, the one way of the material, and down the centre a thread is drawn over and under, to form open work, which gives it a light effect. The edges should be secured with cross-stitches in the same manner as in the other. Stars should be worked in the border and centre.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A CHAT ABOUT SPRING FASHIONS.—In our fashion department proper, at the end of this number, and in our "Every-Day Department," we describe the latest fashions for Spring; but we may add, here, a few more hints.

Breton jackets, of which we give illustrations this month, are much worn with foulard chemisettes. The foulard is plaited lengthwise, and a jabot of valenciennes, or old lace, is added. A cuff is worn on the Breton jacket, composed of foulard like the chemisette, and also of lace; and when the foulard is bright and light, great variety can be given to the toilet through its means. The same may be said of bodices that are made with waistcoats. A black silk dress, with an ivory-white waistcoat ornamented with lace, or a waistcoat embroidered with delicate flowers, renders a toilet very dressy, with but slight trouble. Even when there is not sufficient embroidery for a large waistcoat, it looks effective when utilized for pockets and cuffs only.

Worth has been paying great attention lately to the cut of dresses, with a view to imitating, as closely as possible, the drapery adopted in the time of the renaissance in the portraits painted by great masters, and in which slimness of form is conspicuously aimed at; and in this he has succeeded. He has learned the secret of cutting materials so that when they are draped on the figure, its size is considerably diminished to all appearance.

When the Princess form of dress is not adopted, the more the bodice dress resembles a habit with a postillon or a jockey basque, the more fashionable is it considered. This habit bodice is short in front, slopes longer toward the side, and extends down in the back, to a broad square. Pingat, of Paris, makes dresses in this style. One was of Holbein green velvet brocade, and tilleul faille, trimmed with white Smyrna lace of the finest thread, and applique chenille passementerie, representing leaves. The introduction of Smyrna lace for evening dresses is one of Worth's latest caprices.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS.—We constantly give notice that we have no agents for whose contracts we are responsible, and we had supposed that this was sufficiently well known to prevent people being cheated. But it seems that, last December, a man went through Ohio, getting subscriptions for "Peterson," and giving receipts, and swindling a large number of persons. What ought to have put the public on its guard, was that he offered a "chromo" to every subscriber, a thing we have never done, and which was, on its face, suspicious. We put all we can afford into the magazine, and hence make it better, for the price, than anything else. Offering "chromos," in addition, is, in our opinion, as much as saying that a magazine is not worth what is asked for it, and that, therefore, people have to be bribed into subscribing. We hope this will be the last time that anybody is taken in by impostors professing to be agents for "Peterson." *We have no agents, we repeat, for whom we are responsible.* Either subscribe directly to us, by mail, or through your local news-agent, or some other agent, whom you know. If you do this, you run no risk. If we once get your money, you are sure to get your magazine.

YES! FOR SIX DOLLARS we send four copies, for one year, *with the "Carnevalia,"* or any other of our large engravings, *as a premium* for getting up the club. But *when a premium copy is desired,* for getting up the club, then the remittance for the four must be $6.80. Bear this distinction in mind.

THE WEDDING-RING.—Among the Anglo-Saxons, at the betrothal of a young couple, an exchange of presents was made. Amongst those given by the bridegroom was a ring, to be placed on the maiden's right hand until the time of marriage. On the latter event, the ring was removed by the bridegroom to the bride's left hand, and placed on the first finger. In the ancient ritual of marriage, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger, saying, "and of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "and of the Holy Ghost;" finally, he left it on the fourth finger, with the closing word, "Amen." At the time of Queen Elizabeth, English ladies wore the wedding-ring on the thumb; and at Stanford Court, Worcestershire, the portraits of five ladies of the Salway family may be seen, all of whom have their wedding-rings on their thumbs.

The English Book of Common Prayer finally ordered that the ring should be placed on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand; and the spousal manuals of York and Salisbury assign as reason for the selection of this finger, "*quia in illo digito est quædam vena procedens usque ad cor,*" (because from this finger a vein proceeds to the heart.) The Greek Church, however, directs that the ring be put on the right hand; and such may have been the practice in England, since Rastell notes the placing of the wedding-ring on the fourth finger of the left hand as a novelty of the Reformation; and even as late as in George the First's time, the brides used to remove the ring from its proper abiding place to the thumb, as soon as the ceremony was over.

THE STEEL ENGRAVINGS and colored fashions, printed from steel plates, are the especial merits of "Peterson." They cost us, with other illustrations, last year, about seventy thousand dollars, a sum greater than any magazine in America, except this, ever before paid for embellishments. Our readers, probably, do not fully realize the expense of these kind of illustrations. A steel engraving, like that in this number, costs as much as twenty wood engravings, and belongs, of course, to a very much higher type of art. So of our fashion-plates. All the other magazines, that give colored fashion-plates, give lithographed ones. None but ours are printed from steel-plates. Were we to lithograph ours, the saving, with our large edition, would be nearly ten thousand dollars a year. But it is only necessary to compare our colored plates with those elsewhere, to see that they are worth the difference. It is impossible, in a lithograph, to give clear and distinct impressions of the faces, or to keep the lines elsewhere from blurring. "Peterson," in fact, has always acted on the principle of giving *the best of its kind* in everything. It is the only way to succeed in the long run. Hence, we have seen the rise and fall of scores of rivals, and expect to see the rise and fall of scores of others.

THOSE "TOM-BOYS."—This capital illustration is from an original picture, by one of the most eminent of our native-born artists. It has the merit, too, of being thoroughly American, in the character of the subject. Every one has seen just such girls, wild with animal spirits, and full of mischief, romping in a swing, or in some other way. They are literally, what the artist has called them, regular "Tom-Boys."

TRUE ECONOMY does not consist in scraping and pinching merely to save, but in a wise distribution of your money, so as to get the most for it. If nobody spends, nobody earns.

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It Is Never Too Late to get up clubs for this magazine. Back numbers from January, inclusive, can always be supplied. *Additions to Clubs* may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If additional subscribers are sent, enough to make up a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Specimens sent, gratis, to canvass with. *It is still in time*, we repeat, to get up clubs. Nowhere else will you get so much for your money. Send along the subscribers.

Two Valuable Engravings.—Whoever wishes to have two really good engravings for framing, and *match pictures* at that, cannot do better than to send for "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Washington's Parting From His Generals," both of which may be had of us for one dollar, that is, fifty cents a piece. Of course this offer is confined to subscribers to "Peterson." The price represents, in fact, only the cost of the paper, the printing, and the postage.

An Eminent Oculist, Dr. Swain Burnett, says that many persons put off using eye-glasses too long. When you find that you cannot read fine print, easily, at a distance of a foot from the eye, it is time to get glasses. In buying them, buy those that will enable you to read fine print, with ease, at a foot's distance. He does not think that what are called "pebbles" are so much better than glass, as to be worth the difference in price.

Alphabet For Handkerchiefs.—In the front of the number, we give the first half of an Alphabet for Marking Handkerchiefs. The initials only are intended to be used. The alphabet is worked in three colors: the imps in black cotton, the letters themselves in red, and the small dots in blue. Other colors, however, may be substituted, if preferred. The rest of the Alphabet will be given in our next number.

"Loveliest Fashions."—The Dresden (Tenn.) Democrat says: "Peterson for April! How brilliant, sparkling, and beautiful! So full, too, of the choicest reading matter, and loveliest fashion-plates the eye ever beheld. Ladies, how can you do without it a single month?"

Sunny, Cheerful Rooms do more to keep up the spirits, and in other ways to promote health, than is generally supposed. Paper your apartments with light papers, open the windows to the fresh air, and let the bright sunshine stream in, giving you new life.

Although Our Circulation already exceeds, four-fold, that of any other ladies' magazine, there is no reason why that circulation should not be doubled. Let every subscriber for "Peterson" get us another, and the thing is done. *Now is the time.*

"The Ablest Writers."—Says the Bristol (Tenn.) News: "Peterson for April is on our table, fresh and spicy, and filled with the latest fashions. The stories and sketches are written by the ablest writers of the day."

Part of a Club may be sent on, if the rest are not ready; and when all are received, the premium, or premiums, will be forwarded. Thus, those who put down their names first, need not have to wait for the others.

A Superb Number.—The Newberg (S. C.) Herald says: "Peterson's Magazine for April is really a superb number. We repeat what we have often said before, that every lady should be a subscriber.

"Best In The World."—The Iowa Southwest says: "Peterson's Magazine has been improving steadily for years, and is now the best, as well as the cheapest, in the world."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Suggestions for House Decoration, in Painting, Woodwork and Furniture. By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: Porter & Coates.—The design of this little book, as the Introduction takes care to emphasize, "is rather to offer a few simple rules for general guidance, than to interfere with individual taste in minute particulars." If this is steadily kept before the reader, great good will come from the study of the volume. Our houses, in America, have been, for several generations, shockingly deficient in taste, not only in their general outline, but also in their mode of treatment inside, and especially in the furniture put into them. The Misses Garrett, though Englishwomen, write for families of comparatively small incomes, so that their advice, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, is as applicable to the United States as to Great Britain. We have not the space to go into detail, nor would it be fair to the publishers of this work, but we may say that all persons, who expect to have homes of their own, will be benefited by "Suggestions for House Decoration." The Misses Garrett are a little too much given to what is called the Queen Anne style, in contradistinction to others; but with all their partiality, they are generally fair, and they always give a reason for the "faith that is in them." The book is handsomely printed, illustrated, and bound.

The Household Series. Country Quarters. By the Countess of Blessington. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Under the title of "The Household Series," the enterprising firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers have begun to publish a selection of choice works of fiction, by authors of established reputation. Their aim is to give, for $1.00 a volume, what has heretofore sold for $1.75. Each volume will be bound in blue vellum cloth, embossed in black and gold, with tasteful designs. The first of the series, now before us, is that brilliant novel, "Country Quarters," by the late Countess of Blessington.

The Heritage of Langdale. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: H. Holt & Co.—The earlier novels by this lady, "The Wooing O' It," and "Her Dearest Foe," were so exceptionally good, that we promised ourselves a rare treat, when this new work was announced. But the tale, instead of being like them, a spirited story of to-day, is one of the reign of George the First, and is quite as dull and stupid as the times with which it deals. Apart from everything else, the story is full of anachronisms.

The Lover's Revenge, and Other Poems. By Miss J. Thigpen. Macon, Georgia: J. W. Burke & Co.—This is a volume of verse, by a young lady of Clinton, Georgia. The principal poem gives its title to the collection. Miss Thigpen has many of the qualities that make a successful devotee to the Muses. She is especially happy in her poems of sentiment and affection. We particularly notice "A Last Farewell" and kindred pieces. Some of the versifications of the Psalms are also very good. The volume is neatly printed, and quite a credit to the publishers.

The Steward. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition, handsomely bound in cloth, of one of the best novels of that popular writer, the author of "Valentine Vox." If you want a capital book of its kind, buy "The Steward."

First and True Love. By George Sand. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This was originally published in France, under the name of "Monsieur Antoine," and is one of the best of George Sand's novels. The present edition is a handsome octavo.

The Man Who Was Not A Colonel. By A High Private. 1 vol, 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—A very sprightly novel, but it would be better, if it was not defaced by occasional slang. The first half is the best.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT EDITORS SAY.—The April number of this magazine seems to have been even more popular than that for March. Everywhere it is spoken of as elegant, unequalled, progressive. Says the Randolph (Ala.) Co. News: "Again we are happy. 'Peterson' is on our table, and, as usual, brimful of good things. The colored fashion-plates are more than beautiful. It is also filled to overflowing with stories from its best authors. 'Peterson's Magazine' is, by odds, the best, the cheapest, the handsomest, and most interesting lady's book in America." The Maryland Banner of Liberty says: "Replete with all the latest fashions, the freshest literature, the most complete household department. We know of no magazine we would rather recommend to ladies." The Plover (Miss.) Times says: "We do not see how any lady can do without this magazine, for it combines more attractions, and for a less price, than any other of the kind." Hundreds of similar notices are on our table.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

THE thousands of ladies who use Laird's "Bloom of Youth," keep their own counsel, and all their admirers suppose that complexions so beautiful and perfectly natural in appearance, must be nature's own. Ladies, try it; you will be delighted.

SEND FOR THE CATALOGUE of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, if you wish to buy good, yet cheap novels, etc. Catalogues sent gratis. Address T. B. P. & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

V.—GENERAL QUALIFICATIONS OF THE NURSE.—CONTINUED.

SELF-DENIAL.—The business of taking care of the sick, if properly attended to, will be found to be almost one uninterrupted series or duty of self-denial on the part of the nurse. Through long, tedious days, and throughout wearisome, sleepless nights, the nurse must be ever found at her post of duty, forever administering, or ever ready to administer, to the suffering object under her care. She is not only required to forego the engagements of the day and the enticements of evening amusements, but in the dark, still watches of the night, when nature all around is wrapped in quiet, and naught is heard, perhaps, save the deep, low moan of her afflicted companion, she is eloquently admonished against indulging in that most soothing and desirable luxury,

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

lest the object of her solicitude might suffer for the want of prompt attention.

A wonderful influence in promoting convalescence in a patient, ofttimes, is an air of cheerfulness on the part of the nurse, and a ready willingness manifested by her to act, or discharge all her various duties, even though some of them required of her may be repugnant or disagreeable to her feelings. For if she reluctantly discharge her duties, the patient will soon perceive her unwillingness to wait upon her, which may result in fretfulness, and subsequently, perhaps, in fancied neglect, and thus prove or become a serious bar to her recovery. All these things must be borne in mind and studied by a nurse who values the well-being of the patient, more than the wages which go into her pocket.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—In many chronic ailments, the mere waiting on a patient constitutes but a meagre part of what is essential towards her restoration to health.

In such cases, the nurse, if possessed with a respectable share of intelligence on general subjects, will be able to interest the patient, and thus beguile the tedious hours, and divert her attention from the disagreeable forebodings that sometimes haunt her bosom, and which often prevent convalescence and a speedy recovery. Hence she should endeavor to be an agreeable companion, as well as a faithful nurse, to the invalid.

Such a woman, however well educated, will manifest no presuming forwardness in passing professional opinions, or in casting prejudiced insinuations against the directions of the medical attendant, which, unfortunately for the patient, characterises, to too great an extent, very many of this sisterhood. Envy and jealousy are becoming prominent and increasing traits among the sons and daughters of men. And the tendency or proneness of the human mind is rather to *pull down*, than to *exalt* their fellow-beings, coadjutors in the same field of labor with themselves. We are happy, however, to acknowledge some worthy exceptions to this well-nigh established rule, and these constitute the physician's right arm, in combating disease and promoting the convalescence of the patient; and for such truly valuable aids and services, he is deeply indebted, both in gratitude and respect.

THE FLORIST FOR MAY.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

BULBS.—Bulbs should not be put out in the open ground before the first or middle of May, according to the locality in which the garden-work is done. The danger from frost should be passed, and the earth warm enough to start them into growth at once. I find that dahlias do much better when started in boxes or pots of earth in the house. I put a whole cluster of the tubers into a pot first, as they were dug up from the garden in the fall, and let them sprout. When they have sent up half a dozen shoots, I take up the bunch, and break apart all the tubers having a good, healthy sprout attached, and put each one into a pot by itself, or several into a large, shallow box. In this way, dahlias can be made to increase wonderfully, as each plant will become as large and more symmetrical, and flower much more profusely, than all would if left together. If you have more than you know what to do with, give some to your poor neighbor. Never throw any away. The soil for dahlias should be made deep and rich, and kept loose, and all your soap-suds can be put to excellent use by giving it to your dahlias through the summer. I like best to see them planted in clumps, with contrasting colors; but as single specimens on the lawn, or in the "front yard," they afford quite as much pleasure as a shrub. They should be well staked, as they are so easily broken down by winds. If kept well watered, they will come into bloom in July, and continue to bloom until frost comes. But in dry, hot summers, they will be very unsatisfactory and disappointing plants, unless kept moist at the roots.

Gladioli are among the very best of our summer flowers, and are of the easiest cultivation. I have tried starting them in pots, but find that those planted out in the garden came out into bloom just about as early. Make the soil mellow and rich, and keep it loose and clean, and you will have no trouble with these plants. I prefer them grown in clumps, and always plant half a dozen bulbs together These give a splendid show in August, if kept tied up, and

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not allowed to break over by heavy winds. For pot-flowers they are magnificent, and I always grow them in this way for the parlor. I know of nothing more satisfactory.

Tulips, hyacinths, and the like, should be planted in the fall, in order to make much show; and in the proper time I will give some directions about growing them. Tuberoses, which are among our most beautiful garden ornaments, should be started in the house quite early, and the ground allowed to get thoroughly warm before they are planted out. In sending for them, be sure to get flowering bulbs. Those which blossomed last year will not bloom again, and persons who save old flowering-bulbs are often disappointed by a lack of flowers the succeeding year They require, as all buds do, a loose, rich soil, kept perfectly clean.

Bedding-Plants.—Many persons prefer to buy plants, rather than "bother with seeds." Unless a person has patience, and is willing to wait a little longer for blossoms, perhaps this is the best plan. In selecting bedding-plants, I should advise verbenas, lantanas, petunias, heliotrope, geraniums, roses, and salvias, for flowering-plants, and centaureas, alternantheras, coleus, and achyranthes, for foliage-plants. All these are easily cultivated, and flowering-plants are constant and profuse bloomers. But don't get too many. I find that persons are quite apt to think they can take care of a large collection as easily as a small one. That is not the case. Give the same care to two or three dozen plants that you would to fifty, unless you can spend all the time in the garden that you choose to, and you will find the smaller collection the most satisfactory in every way. For these plants, make the soil mellow and rich, keep the ground free from weeds, and give water, if needed, and you will find no lack for flowers. But do not plant them out before June.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Cold Slaw.—Cut a cabbage in half, and with a sharp knife shave it down very finely. Make a dressing of one egg, well beaten, half a gill of vinegar, salt to taste, and a teaspoonful of butter. Beat the egg light; add to it the vinegar, salt, and butter. As soon as the egg is thick, take it off the fire, and set it away to cool; then pour it over the cabbage, and mix it well together. Some prefer a little sugar in the egg and vinegar.

Fried Potatoes.—Boil some potatoes, mash, and season them with pepper and salt. To ten potatoes, chop four onions, and mix with the mashed potatoes, and half a gill of milk or cream. Make it out in small cakes, dredge flour on both sides, and fry them in hot lard till they are of a light brown.

MEATS.

Lamb Cutlets and Cucumbers.—Trim the cutlets neatly, egg and bread-crumb them, and fry them in lard, a light-brown color; drain and arrange them in a circle on a dish, placing in the centre cucumbers prepared as follows: Cut up a large cucumber in rounds an inch long, cut each round into four quarters, remove the seeds and rind, and trim each piece to a uniform shape. Then let them remain in salted water for a couple of hours; drain them, throw them into boiling salted water, and when they are nearly cooked, strain and put them into cold water, there to remain till wanted. At the time of serving, take the pieces out of the water, and put them into a sauce-pan, with a piece of butter, some parsley finely minced, and a sprinkling of white pepper. Shake them gently till quite warm, and they are ready.

Economical Irish Stew.—After the best end of a neck of mutton has been used for roast or cutlets, take the scrag and cut it up, and the ends of the cutlets cut up in small pieces; the bones must not be broken. Put one pound of meat to two pounds of good old potatoes, peeled and cut in pieces; onions, pepper and salt, and a little water in a covered sauce-pan. When half done, add a few whole potatoes, and by the time these are quite cooked all the water should be absorbed, and the ingredients well amalgamated, and no gravy apparent. It is best served in a deep dish.

DESSERTS.

Potato Pudding.—Boil sufficient potatoes to make a half pound when mashed; add to these two ounces of butter two eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sherry, a little salt, the rind and juice of a small lemon, and two ounces of sugar. Beat all these ingredients well together. Put the pudding into a buttered pie-dish, and bake for rather more than half an hour. To enrich it, add a few pounded almonds, and increase the quantity of eggs and butter.

Swiss Pudding.—Put layers of crumbs of bread and sliced apples, with sugar between, till the dish is quite full; let the crumbs be the uppermost layer; then pour melted butter over, and bake it. *Or*, butter a dish, strew bread-crumbs thickly over it, add apples, raspberries, or any fruit, sweetened alternately with bread-crumbs, until the dish is full; then pour melted butter, or rather small lumps of butter, over the top, and bake.

Omnibus Pudding.—Take six ounces of fine flour, six ounces of fresh suet shred fine, six ounces of raisins stoned, four ounces of molasses, four ounces of milk. Mix well, put into a basin, tie a cloth over, and boil for three to four hours. Serve with brandy sauce.

CAKES.

Waffles.—A quart of milk, two pounds of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, four teaspoonfuls of good yeast. Mix at night; make the milk a little warm; melt the butter. First beat the eggs very light, add the milk and butter, and then stir in the flour. Stir in the yeast first. Beat all well together, until the bubbles rise to the top of the mixture. Set to rise over night. Do not stir the mixture in the morning. The irons should be well heated before you commence to bake.

Molasses Cake.—A cup and a half of sugar, the same of butter, the same of molasses, four cups of flour and four eggs. Beat the eggs light; add the sugar and butter, mix well together, then stir in the molasses. Stir it well, and add two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one of sour cream, with a teaspoonful of soda in it, and add it just before baking, stirring it in well.

Buttermilk Cake.—A pint of buttermilk, a pint and a half of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus. Add enough milk to make the batter the consistency of muffin batter. Bake them on a heated griddle, and serve immediately.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. I.—Carriage-Dress of Pink and White Striped Algerine.—The dress is all in one, but made to simulate a skirt and over-dress, and is trimmed with knife-plaiting flounces; it is of the Princess shape, has a large pocket, and is trimmed with cardinal-red ribbons. White chip bonnet, trimmed with cardinal-red, and with a plume, tipped with cardinal-red.

Fig. II.—Carriage-Dress of Light-Yellow Camel's-Hair.—The under-skirt is of silk of the same color, quite long, and trimmed with deep ruffles; the basque is some-

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what coat-shaped, and, with the over-dress, is trimmed with worsted fringe. Bonnet of straw, with yellow plume, and light-blue face trimming.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE, GREEN, AND CARDINAL-RED PLAID GRENADINE.—The under-dress is of blue silk, with alternate knife-plaiting; flowers of blue and green silk; the trimming of the basque and sleeves is of the blue silk. Capote bonnet of blue silk, with green plume.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—The under-skirt has one deep flounce, edged with a knife-plaiting of the same, headed by a broad band of steel braid; the over-dress is cut in the Princess style in front, but in a partial coat-shape at the back, where the front drapery is attached; small scarf mantalet tied in front; the whole is trimmed with wide steel braid, and large mother-of-pearl buttons. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with cardinal-red ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN MOHAIR.—The under-dress has a very full, rather broad-plaited ruffle toward the back, but the ruffle is put on plain in front; the upper part of the skirt is arranged in two fan-shaped ruffles at the back, but is plain in front, and is trimmed with a wide worsted fringe; a large pocket is on the left side, just above where the fringe ends; the over-dress is very close-fitting, opens down the middle of the bust, to the left side, and is trimmed with a Greek border, braided in a darker shade of green. Capote bonnet of green silk, with soft lace and pink roses in the face.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF BRETON JACKET OF BLACK CLOTH, FOR OUT-DOOR WEAR.—The broad galloon that trims it is embroidered, and is held down by black velvet straps, on which is placed large crochet buttons. The vest in front is of cloth, or can be made of black silk; the plastron, or upper part of this vest, is trimmed with three bands of the galloon, sewn close to each other, and two straps of black velvet are placed below the velvet collar.

Breton jackets are very fashionable for house-wear, and they are often trimmed with valuable old lace, which is mounted on a faille band of some bright color. Bretons are also made entirely of cashmere or Sicilienne, in such bright colors, as turquoise-blue, Sevres-pink, and coral-red; the lace is then placed on the material, and without any bright lining; and the skirt usually accompanying these gay vests is either black faille or black velvet. The real Breton jacket, which is imported from Rennes, is covered with embroidery, worked by the peasants with considerable skill; and there is no doubt but that it possesses a certain originality of style.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF HOUSE-DRESS, of almond-colored and white-striped debege.—The under-skirt has a knife-plaiting of the material; the long Polonaise buttons on the right side diagonally; a band of bege heads the deep ball-worsted fringe; the skirt is but slightly looped at the back. Close, plain sleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, two of the newest style summer-hats. The first is of coarse straw, with quite a high crown and narrow rim, and is trimmed with a rich, soft blue and white fringed silk, with fan loops on the right side, and a bunch of hawthorn in front. The second hat is of black coarse straw, of the *loigner* shape, with a full white ruche under the brim, and is trimmed with full loop of cardinal-red ribbon.

We also give two fichus; the first is of white tulle, plaited, and trimmed with broad Mechlin lace, and bows of pink ribbon; a plaiting of tulle stands up around the neck. The other fichu is of black lace, and can be worn on the street over any colored dress. It is made like a cape at the back, and ties carefully over the breast in front. It is trimmed with black embroidery, appliqued on, but black lace can be used, and the fichu can be made of black crepe.

The child's hat is of white Swiss straw, trimmed with light-blue ribbon, and a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots.

Most of the spring colors are delicate, but decided, in tone. The linden-green is seen in camel's-hair, beges, etc.; but yellow, of all shades, especially the Mandarin yellow, which is more like the old-fashioned marigold, is perhaps the most fashionable. This, as well as all other yellows, is destructive to the complexions of blondes, and if used as a trimming, should never be placed too near the face. A ruching, or any other trimming of a becoming color, (but with which yellow looks well,) should always interpose between the skin and the yellow. Buttercup, primrose, sulphur, and buff, are all more generally becoming than the deeper marigold color. Cardinal-red, or reds of various new shades, which are called "Vesuvius;" and coral, is also worn, and this proves much more becoming to blondes.

The long Princess-dress, with body and skirt cut in one, and tight-fitting; the long, straight sacque and over-skirt, and the Polonaise and over-skirt, are all equally fashionable. It is rumored that the excessive long waists will be shortened, and that the more simple style of the time of the First Empire, when Josephine dictated the fashions of the world, will be again in vogue. Perhaps this is so, as some of the newest dresses come to us with wide belts, reaching from the side-seams to the front, and fastened with a buckle. The skirts are narrow, and but little trimmed, and are made short in front, but as yet with quite a train at the back. This is, however, only an exceptional style as yet; the deep basque and coat-shaped basque are most popular, with narrow-clinging drapery. The Louis XV. jackets and waists are very dressy and very becoming; and what is called the Breton jacket is worn in such a variety of styles, that it has lost all its nationality.

Embroidery is very much used to trim dresses, but it is very expensive. Flat braids, ruches, and, in fact, all imaginable kinds of trimmings, are popular. Silk ruffles, fringed out on the edge, are soft and becoming, and full-finished modes or styles look well on summer silks. Scallops and vandykes are again in vogue, and one can scarcely fail being in the fashion, if one follows out any especial fancy, so much is now left to individual taste.

The newest mantles are scarf-shaped, like that of FIG. IV. in our fashion-plate, but long jackets are also worn; the Dolman is not as popular as formerly. All the light-grays and drabs are employed for mantles, as well as black silks, which look well with any dress.

Bonnets, with cap crowns, are very popular for the spring, but some of the newest straws have large, round, or square-looking crowns, which need the trimming massed high on one side, not to look awkward; the sides are quite close to the face, and the fronts not so high as last season.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S-DRESS OF PLUM-COLORED AND WHITE-STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The Polonaise is quite straight in front, and the dress is trimmed with a plum-colored silk; the petticoat has a ruffle of plum-colored silk, with two or three narrow headings of the same above.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF WHITE LINEN.—The trousers fit close to the knee; the skirt is made full, with a large sailor collar of blue linen; the cuffs and sash are also of blue linen; the small breast-pocket and ends of the tie are ornamented with an anchor of blue linen.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S-DRESS OF WHITE SERGE, with a narrow ruffle around the bottom.—The front is ornamented with blue buttons, placed between two rows of blue braid; the sleeves are of the white serge; the body is cut square, and is of dark-blue serge, trimmed with a band of white serge, with blue buttons crossing the front diagonally; a broad-plaited sash is worn around the waist, and is tied in two long loops at the back.

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SYBIL'S SWANS.

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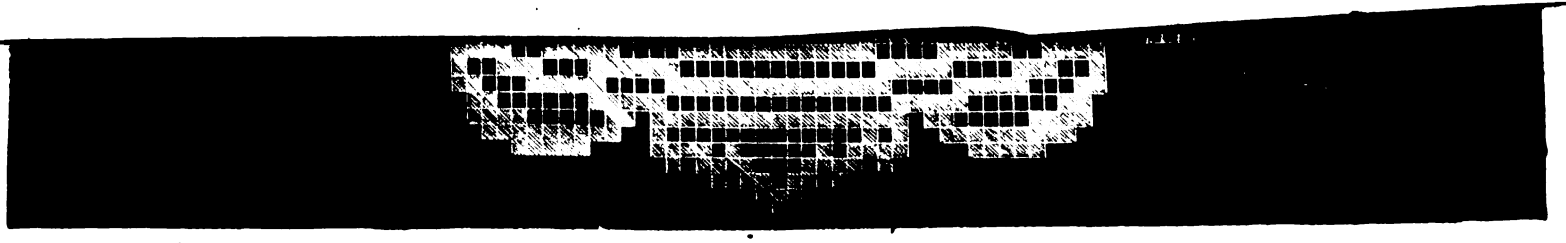

PATTERN FOR TIDY.

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THE INTERRUPTION. [*See the Story, "Mrs. Richards' Boy."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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NEW STYLE HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT. SUMMER HAT.

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NEW STYLE HOUSE-DRESS: BACK. SUMMER HAT.

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FRONT OF RIDING-HABIT.

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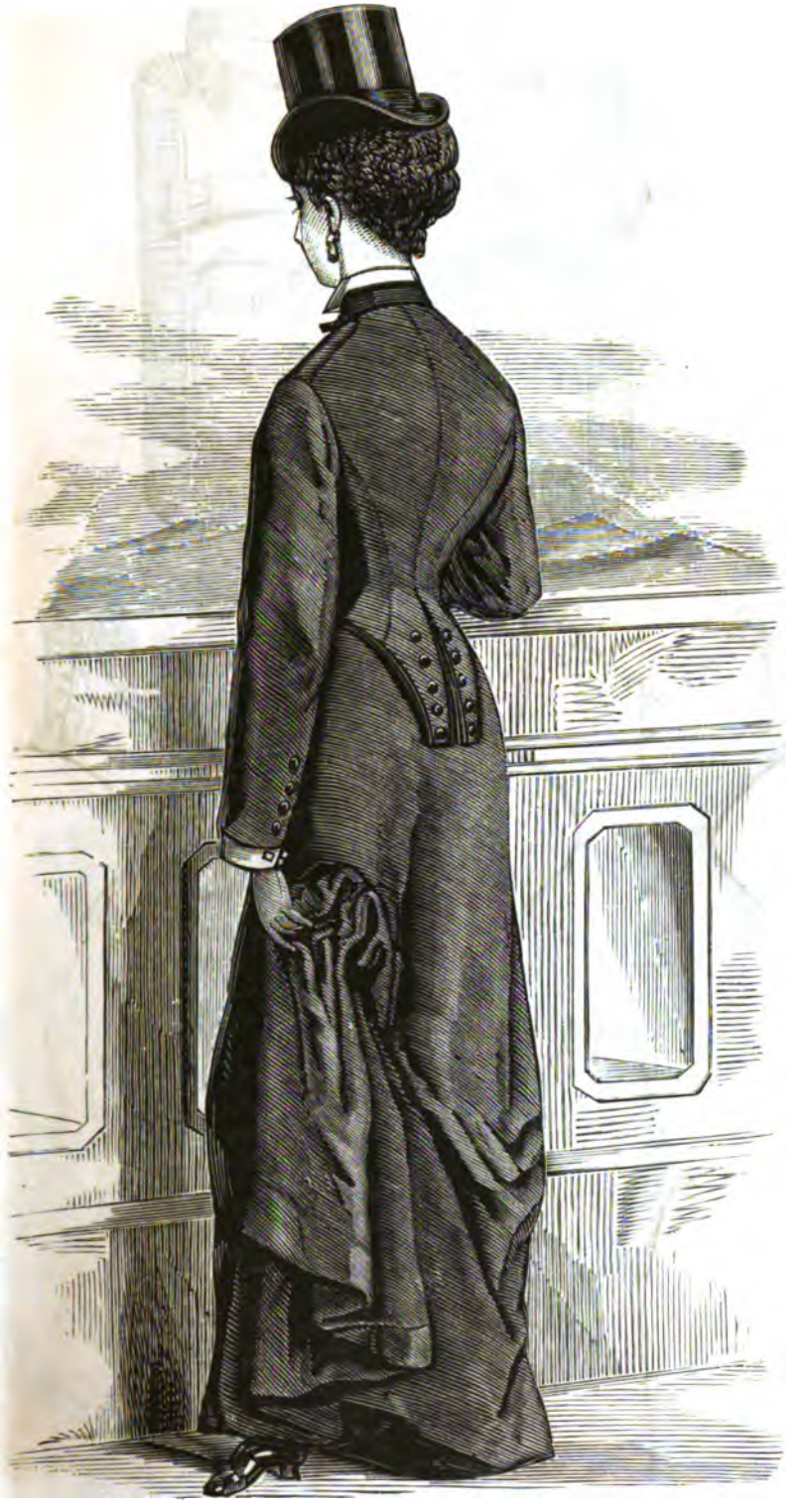

BACK OF RIDING-HABIT.

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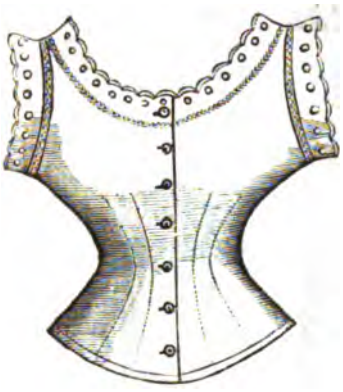

WORK-APRON. CORSET-COVERS. CHEMISE.

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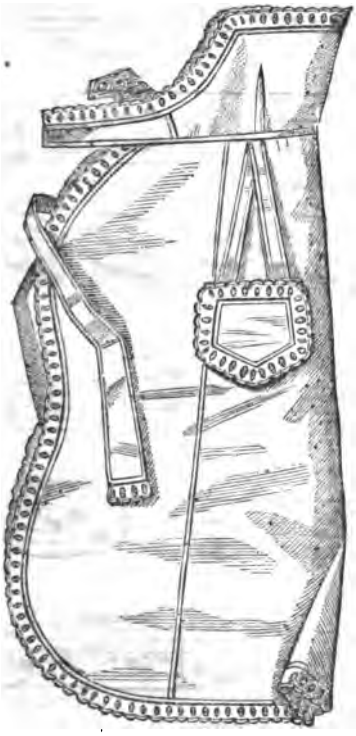

PETTICOAT UNDER-COSTUME. COOKING-APRON. HOUSEKEEPER'S APRON.

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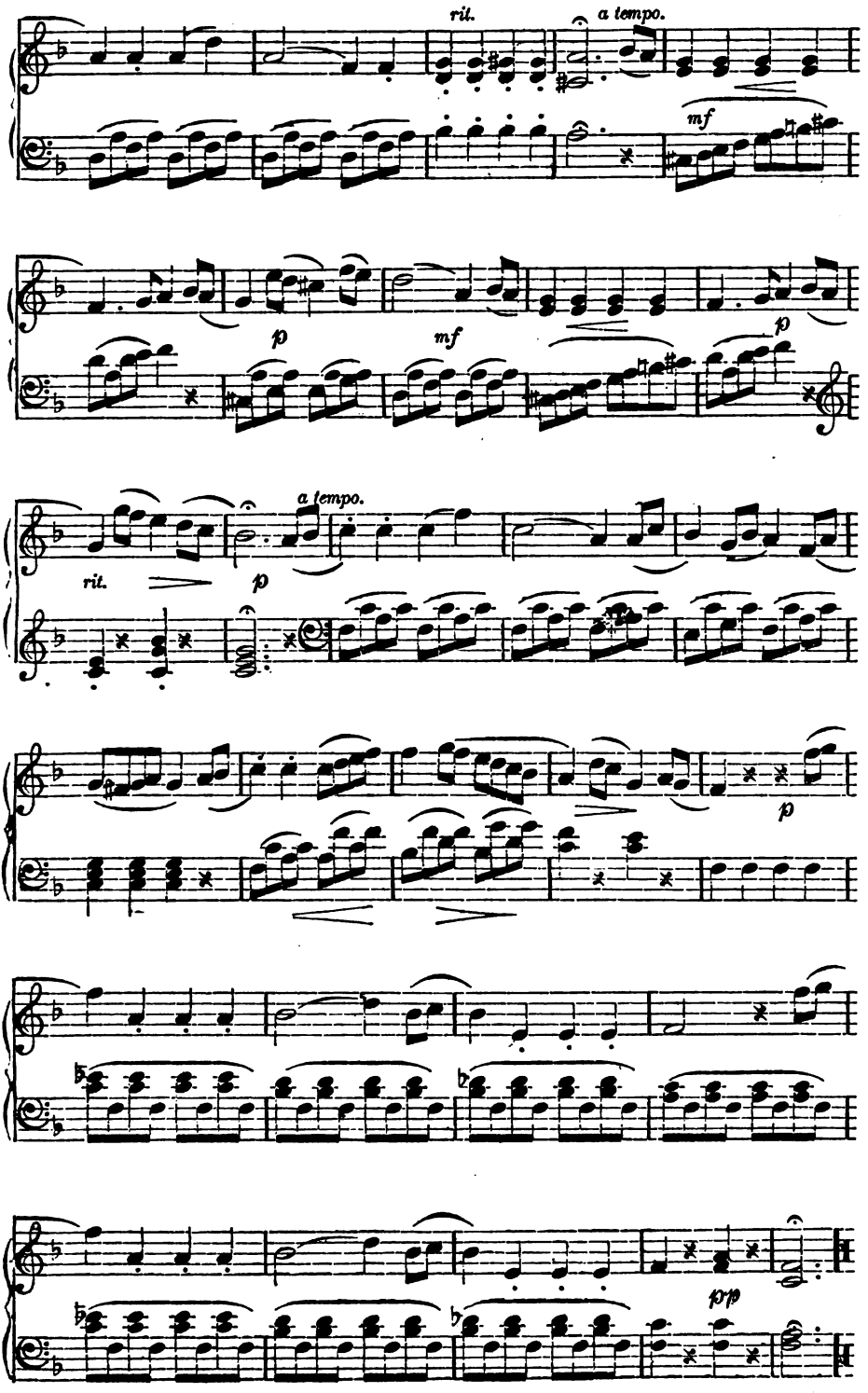

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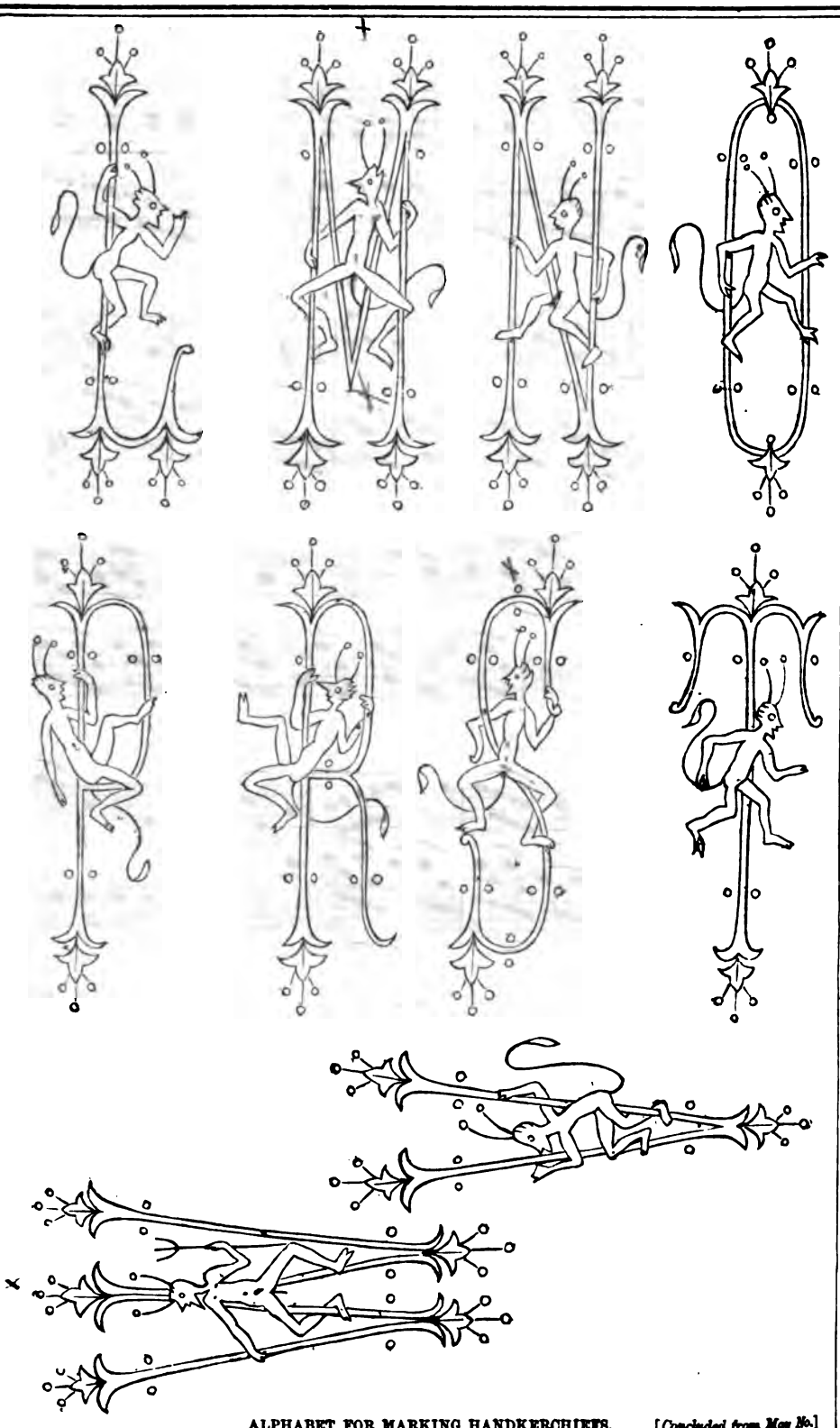

ALPHABET FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS. [*Concluded from May No.*]

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXI. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1877. No. 6.

GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DERWENT DIAMONDS."

Mrs. Delafield looked out at the window, as she clipped her thread, and the scissors fell from her hand.

"Oh! Maudie, I see Mr. Brompton coming. I haven't five dollars in the world. What *shall* we do?"

Maudie was a cripple. All her brief life had been spent in that low easy-chair, save when Tom rolled her under the maples, in her small wagon, for her morning airing. She looked up from her embroidery, with great, wistful eyes.

"Poor mamma! How I wish I could help you!"

"My love, you do. You help me a great deal," cried her mother, as she hastened to the door. "Walk in, Mr. Brompton."

Mr. Brompton walked in. A portly, handsome gentleman, wearing a fur-lined overcoat, and carrying a gold-headed cane.

"How do you do, Mrs. Delafield? How do you do? Ah! my little pet!"

He smiled benignly, shook the widow's hand, and patted Maudie's head.

"Bad day this, Mrs. Delafield," accepting the chair she offered him. "Bitter cold. I'm out, nevertheless, making my collecting tour, Mrs. Delafield. I make it a point never to break an established rule, as you may have observed, Mrs. Delafield. Be punctual with your tenants, and your tenants will learn to be punctual with you. That's a motto of mine, and I find it works admirably, Mrs. Delafield."

Mrs. Delafield sat quite composed, not a feature of her face betraying the flutter at her heart.

"Your rent comes due again to-day, Mrs. Delafield," proceeded the landlord, taking out note-book and pencil. "Last month, owing to your extreme illness, contrary to my fixed principles, I suffered it to run on. We'll square up in full to-day, if you please, my dear madam."

Mrs. Delafield caught her breath, and pressed her hand hard upon the table. She was too proud to betray herself by a single tremor.

"Really, Mr. Brompton, I wish I could. But, owing to my illness, I've done very little sewing. The few bills due me I tried to collect yesterday, and failed. However, I shall get the money soon, and there'll be enough to pay the rent. If you'll have the kindness to wait a week or two longer, Mr. Brompton——"

Mr. Brompton interrupted, with a smile, and the smile was uglier to see than a frown would have been.

"I could wait, Mrs. Delafield. Oh! to-be-sure I could! I could make you a deed of gift of the cottage, for that matter. I'm fully able to do it. But you see——"

The widow rose to her feet.

"You have said quite enough, sir! I haven't the money to pay the rent to-day, and if you wish to turn me and my children into the street, you can do so."

A queen could not have made a haughtier answer. The landlord's florid face darkened.

"You will have to leave, madam. I told you as much a month ago. You remember my saying that you couldn't stay, unless the rent was forthcoming. Very well; you've had legal warning, and to-morrow morning you go."

"Very well, sir."

"Good-day, Mrs. Delafield. I am sorry to be forced——"

"Make no excuses, Mr. Brompton. None are needed. I bid you good evening."

Her soft eyes flashed, her voice rang like a bugle; but the instant the door was closed, she sunk down by Maudie's chair.

"Oh, Maudie! Poor, little Maudie! What shall we do?"

The child put aside her silks, and laid her soft cheek against her mother's.

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"Mamma, love, do you remember what Tom read to us, last night, about man's extremity being God's opportunity? I think God will help us somehow; no one else can."

Tom's hand was on the latch; and feeling that her tears would not be forced back, Mrs. Delafield jumped up, and rushed into the next room, closing the door after her.

"Hush, Tom!" said Maudie, as he came whistling in, with his satchel on his shoulder. "Poor mamma's in great trouble."

Tom's merry eyes saddened.

"What's up now, Maudie? No dinner, and no money to buy with, I s'pose; and a fellow hungry enough to nibble his own fingers, this bitter weather."

Maudie's soft eyes looked up at him, full of tears.

"Oh! Tom, the landlord's been here; and he talked terribly to poor mamma——"

"Did he? Wish I'd have been at home."

"Hush, Tom! What could you have done? What can any of us do now? We're to go out of the cottage to-morrow morning."

"What? Why, we *can't* go. The snow will be a foot deep by morning. 'Twould be the death of you, Maudie. Now, I shouldn't mind it one bit; but you and mamma? Oh, it isn't to be thought of. I must prevent it somehow."

Maudie's sad eyes brightened. Tom was the hero of her lonely life.

"What shall you do, Tom?" she asked.

"Can't tell. Let me think a bit," he answered, seating himself, boy fashion, astride a chair. "If there was anything that could be sold, now; but poor mamma has let everything go, to keep us in bread and butter. Dear me! I wish I was a man, or mamma would let me leave school, and go to work."

"Tom, I've a few bits of needle-work, that might be sold."

"Oh! bother, Maudie! Girl's work never amounts to anything. What help would that be?"

Maudie answered not a word, but her sensitive lips quivered. Tom saw, and reddened to the roots of his curling hair.

"There, Maudie, I didn't mean that. I was vexed, and spoke without thinking. I'm ashamed of myself. You help us ever so much, with your dear, patient little fingers."

Maudie's brown eyes shone like gold-stone.

"I've hit it!" suddenly cried Tom. "I'll sell that box of instruments that belonged to papa. I don't like to; but if ever I'm a surgeon, I'll manage to get more. I'll do it."

"Will mamma like it, Tom?" said Maudie, doubtfully. "She never would part with anything that belonged to papa."

"I know." And Tom's firm mouth, so like his father's, quivered slightly. "But she'll have to like it, child. There's no help for it. I *won't* see you turned out of doors. I'm going, Maudie. I'll take the box down to Doffrafield's, and see what I can do. Don't breathe a word to mamma, until I come back."

Meantime, Mrs. Delafield, in the other room, was wearily getting her few effects together, in order for their sudden removal. A great many empty caskets passed through her hands. One box had held laces, another jewels, another rare linens; all were empty. The contents had gone for daily bread, as Tom had said. She was looking, with a sort of vague hope, if there was anything left to sell.

At the very bottom of one trunk, she came upon a coat, which had belonged to her husband; worn and familiar in look, a handkerchief in one pocket, a letter in another. She put it back, with a sudden cry of pain.

"Oh! I can't, I can't! Heaven help me!" she cried, and burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

Her husband had been Surgeon John Delafield, of the United States service; and for the first two years after their marriage, she had gone with him, over seas, and into many a foreign land. Such happy years they were! But after that, Maudie was so fragile, that she was compelled to remain at home. Her husband went alone; and from one voyage he never returned. There had been a succession of great gales at sea; and his vessel had never been heard from.

Ten dreary, endless years! Yet how green his memory lived in her true heart still! She put back the coat, as something too sacred to be touched, and closed the trunk.

Meantime, Tom made his way to Doffrafield's, a sort of marine institution, near the harbor, whose proprietor made his living by buying up odds and ends from indigent seamen.

Here he offered the box of surgical instruments for sale, and received a paltry offer for them.

"Only that? Why, they're worth five times as much," cried Tom, indignantly.

"Twenty times as much would better express it," put in a stranger, who stood looking on. "Boy, what are you selling those instruments for? How did you come by them?"

Tom faced about like a lion, his handsome eyes flashing fire.

"I came by them honestly, sir, though I

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don't admit your right to question me. They belonged to my father."

The stranger smiled admiringly.

"It was impertinent to ask; but I might buy them, if I could feel sure you are right in selling them."

"I am right, sir. They belonged to my father, and—and—— You see, sir, we're hard up, and they've got to go."

The confession cost the boy a struggle, and brought the blood to his fair forehead.

"Who is your father, my fine fellow?"

"My father, sir, was Surgeon John Delafield. He is dead now."

"What? What do you say?" cried the stranger. "Gracious heavens! Why, Tom, Tom, don't you know me? I'm your father!"

Tom wheeled round, and looked hard at the bronzed face. The tender, handsome eyes were not to be mistaken. He had seen them too often in the little locket his mother always wore upon her heart.

He made a step forward, and tried to speak; but the words failed; he fell to the floor in a heap. Poor, brave, self-confident Tom had fainted like a girl.

But the keen air soon restored him. "Come, father. Oh! do come faster," he cried, tugging at his father's arm. "Only think of 'em at home! In such awful trouble, too! Oh, think of mamma and Maudie! Father, do come on fast!"

They hurried on, through the increasing storm.

"There's the house, father. You see that light yonder? We couldn't afford to live in New York any longer, and had to come to this cheap place. But even here we're starving. Oh! my precious, little mother, won't this be the jolliest night of her whole life? To think of the trouble she's in! Ordered to leave the cottage to-morrow, too. That's why I wanted to sell your instruments, you see, father."

The cottage was now at hand. At their knock, Mrs. Delafield opened the door. Her husband rushed forward, and caught her to his heart.

"It is I, dear! Don't you know me? Not dead, but saved by miracles, after all these long years."

"Hurrah! it's father!" cried Tom, whirling his cap into the air.

She did not faint, as Tom had expected. Her great sorrow had never been boisterous, neither was her great joy.

Maudie looked up at the sun-browned face, when she, too, had heard the wonderful news.

"Where have you been, papa? To heaven? And has God sent you back to us?"

"Not to heaven, Maudie. The other place would better express it. Wrecked off the South Sea Islands, and as good as roasted and eaten by Cannibals, then a prisoner for years. But here I am, at last. Tom found me."

Maudie's shining eyes sought her mother's.

"Yes, papa, Tom found you. But I believe, all the same, it was God's Opportunity."

SO THEY SAY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

It is easy work, forgetting—
So they say;
There is little use in fretting
Night and day;
Time will bring its balms for healing
Ache and pain,
And the calm, familiar feeling,
Come again.

So they say: but slowly, sadly,
Strength comes back;
For the heart that once beat gladly,
Seems to lack
Nerve to meet the world undaunted,
Braving fate.
Listless, restless, sorrow-haunted,
Is my state.

"She will gather up the duties
Now laid down;
She will win from life new beauties,
New renown;
She will tread, serenely, proudly,
On her way,
While the world applauds her loudly"—
So they say.

Could I face the future, seeing
I should be
Once again the self-same being,
Really "me;"
Then my spirit would grow firmer,
Tears would cease,
I could, then, without a murmur,
Wait for peace.

Ah, my Father, Thou art teaching
Me, through pain;
I will turn to Thee, beseeching,
Not in vain;
Lift me, Lord, my footsteps setting
In Thy way,
Till indeed I learn forgetting—
As they say.

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OUR UNCLE FROM INDIA.

BY MISS ELSA KELMAR.

Our house was in a state of great commotion. The carpets were up, and out in the back yard on a line, where they were being pounded, with a violence which threatened to put an end to their worn and thread-bare existence. Amid the general desolation which prevailed, mamma, and we three girls, were going about with our heads bound around with old silk handkerchiefs, and clad in calico wrappers devoid of taste, symetry, or any of those things which are usually considered to appertain to a lady's dress.

And what do you suppose had caused all this confusion? Why had we, who were known to be a remarkably quiet family, (as became the wife and daughters of a minister,) departed from "the noiseless tenor of our ways?"

My father had a half-brother in India, whom he had not seen for over twenty years. He received a letter from this half-brother, toward the close of 187–, saying that he intended to visit his native land, and see his relations once more, from whom he had been separated all these years. If everything was favorable, the letter said, he would be with his brother in a month from the time he should receive the letter.

We three girls—that, is Mattie, Anna, and myself, I being the eldest—were, of course, in ecstasies. We had just been reading aloud, of evenings, "The Newcomes," and the image of dear, kind, loving Col. Newcome, was fresh in our minds. What wonder that we should invest our uncle with some of the Colonel's almost divine attributes, and with his worldly possessions, too? We were inclined to be a little romantic, all of us. So, we began to build grand castles in the air, upon the fair but frail foundation of a likeness between our uncle and Col. Newcome.

We had lived very quiet lives, in this little country town, where father preached, and had had much of planning and contriving to do, in order to make "the two ends meet." We trimmed our hats and bonnets over and over again, turning them up behind, and down in front, and up in front, and down in the back, as the fashion changed. We turned and sponged our dresses as long as they could be made to look decent, and we were so glad, when the fashion came out, to wear over-skirts long in front, with nothing behind but a few loops and bows. We could fix over our old ones very nicely, by taking the back for the front, and, with a few odds and ends, and bows, make the requisite looping behind.

My sister Mattie, or Mat, as we most always called her, had all the beauty in the family. The rest of us were good looking enough, but she was positively beautiful, a perfect blonde, with large, bright-blue eyes, a pink and white complexion, and a mass of wavy, golden hair, which fell rippling down her shoulders. She was known throughout the village as "Parson Somers's pretty daughter." I was considered to be a little bit "old-maidish." Perhaps, from living so much among books, like Miss Blimber, who was "dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages," I had grown to be somewhat prim and old-fashioned in my ways, although, at this time, I was only twenty-three. Mat was eighteen, and Anna sixteen.

Mat was engaged to Charlie Hastings, a very fine young man, who used to draw her to school upon his sled, when they were children, and who, from that time, had adored her with a constancy rarely exhibited in the stronger sex. They were not to be married for some time, as they were both quite young. Charlie was the head bookkeeper in a large dry-goods store in a neighboring town, and used to come home every Saturday, and stay over Sunday.

They were very happy, indeed; that is, until after we had that letter from our uncle in India. That seemed to fill Mat's head completely, to the exclusion of almost every other idea, and poor Charlie had to suffer neglect as well as others, who were expelled from her thoughts at this time. We dreamed and speculated upon the great event almost constantly.

We had settled it in our minds that he was to be very rich. Wasn't Col. Newcome rich, as well as generous and open-hearted, and all that? Of course our uncle would be all of these, though he must be a much older man than the Colonel was, for he was ten years older than father, and father was fifty-nine.

Mat said, as we sat sewing one day, turning some of our old dresses,

"Won't it be nice, girls, when we can rustle around in silks, like Augusta Fairbanks? You can always tell when she is coming into meeting."

"I don't care about silk dresses," said Anna, "if we can only have a pony and phaeton. Let's

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get one of those open, basket affairs, with buff umbrella spread over the top. It will go way ahead of the one the Jenks girls drive."

"I think it would be nice to fix over the house a little," I said, when they had finished. "Put on an east wing, and a bay-window out of the parlor, and one out of the study."

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, father and mother did not overhear any of our silly plans. Of course, they saw we were very much elated and excited, but then that was natural enough. Mother was excited, too, but she only seemed to think of what she could do to make her uncle welcome, while father's thoughts seemed to wander far back to the past, whenever we talked about our uncle, and he would live over the scenes of his childhood, when he and his brother shared the same home—scenes in which we had no part.

As the time drew near, we began that awful house-cleaning operation, and turning of everything upside down. Poor father seemed bewildered with the chaotic appearance of the house, and wanted to know what it was all for.

"Why," we said, "Uncle Josiah is coming next week," as if it was reason enough for anything.

"But I don't think he will notice," said father, in his mild way.

However, the cleaning went on, and at the end of the week, we four tired women were able to look around on the result of our labor, and say, with long-drawn sighs, "How nice everything looks!"

On that last Sunday, I went to church as usual, but my thoughts wandered far from the place where they should have been centred. There was Augusta Fairbanks, rustling as usual, in her pew, in a new black silk. Perhaps, as Mat said, we girls would be rustling, too, before long.

Of course, it had been noised abroad in regard to our uncle's coming, and it had excited not a little remark. What affair was ever kept quiet in a town of the size of ours?

That night, after we came home from meeting, I went directly up stairs to our room, as I was very tired. I had not been there long, before I heard some one coming very slowly up the stairs, then the door opened, and in walked Mat. She threw herself upon the bed, and began to cry as if her heart would break.

"Why, what is the matter, dear child?" I said, going up to her, and putting my arms around her.

She was crying so hard, it was some time before she could speak. Then she sobbed out,

"Charlie and I have quarreled, and it is all over between us. I have given him back his ring."

"Why, Mattie, how did it happen? I never was so surprised in my life. I thought nothing could ever come between you and Charlie." And then I tried to soothe the poor child, so she could tell me all about it.

It seems Charlie, who had felt Mattie's neglect quite severely for the last few weeks, began by saying he should be glad and thankful when that famous uncle had come and gone, so he could have his Mattie back again, for she had not seemed like herself since we had first began to talk about our uncle.

There was something in his tone that Mattie didn't like, and which provoked her, and she said she shouldn't think he would be jealous of the good fortune in store for her. Then he went on talking about their happiness not depending upon wealth, and he had thought his Mattie did not care for rich dresses and finery of that sort; and he had hoped she esteemed all such things as lightly as he did, and that they could have a very happy, quiet, useful life together, far removed from the nonsense of Vanity Fair.

By that time they had reached the gate, and Mattie, whose pride and anger were thoroughly aroused, said, in as cold a tone as possible,

"I am very glad, Mr. Hastings, that you have treated me to one of your lectures before marriage. I shall know how I am to be entertained in the future."

"Mattie!" he exclaimed, "take back those dreadful words! You do not, you cannot mean them."

"On the contrary, I am not in the habit of saying what I do not mean, or of being dictated to in this style. I beg leave, after this delightful talk we have had, to decline the honor of becoming your wife, and to return your ring." And she slipped the little band of gold, with a row of pearls set in it, from her finger, dropped it haughtily into his hand, and turned to come in the house.

"Oh! my darling, my darling! This is more than I can bear!" she heard him say, in a hoarse voice; and looking back, she saw him standing there, the great, strong, handsome fellow, with his head bowed down over the gate. But her heart did not relent, and she came in, and up stairs, where, upon seeing me, she broke down, partly from anger, and partly from regret.

Mat had a tremendous temper, and an indomitable pride, when once she was aroused. It was seldom that she became angry, but when she did, it was terrific. She never could be blamed or scolded for anything. You could reason with

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her all day, but scolding she would not stand. Her disposition was decidedly peculiar. As she and Charlie had never quarreled before in their lives, I consoled myself with the idea that it would all come right, when Mat's pride had run its course, for they really loved each other. I did not know how it would be with Charlie. Of course, Mat was entirely to blame; but then he might not wait for her to ask forgiveness, but take the first step himself toward a reconciliation, which would be the most effectual in conquering and subduing her. However, I believed somehow it would all come out right; so I comforted Mattie the best way I could. Our uncle had accomplished one thing already, even before his arrival. He had placed dissension between two hearts that should have been united forever.

I shielded Mat's swollen eyes, and the missing ring, as well as I could, during the ensuing days. Fortunately everybody was busy, and there were a good many last preparations to make, so no one noticed that anything had happened to Mat.

At last, the long-looked-for night arrived. Our excitement knew no bounds. Father had gone on to New York to meet Uncle Josiah. It was the very last of June, and we had arranged flowers in all the rooms, and everything about the house looked bright and cheerful. When the carriage drove up, we all crowded to the door, eager to get the first glance of our uncle. Father got out first, and then turned to help out a little, dried-up old man, enveloped in a fur cravat, the collar of which came way up over his ears, leaving nothing visible of his face but a pair of little bits of gray eyes, with not a particle of expression in them. My heart and hopes sank like lead. The color rushed into Mat's face, then died out, leaving her quite pale. Anna dodged back into the parlor, and stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, to keep herself from screaming with laughter.

They came into the house, and we were all presented to Uncle Josiah. He shook hands quite cordially with mother, but did not seem to notice us girls much. He was quite deaf, and father had to shout out each one of our names in his ear, at which he respectively took one of our hands, in a loose sort of a grasp, and then dropped it immediately. He did not get our names right all the time he was with us, and the only way we could tell him whom he addressed, was to discover at whom the little, gray eyes were aimed.

As he took off his fur wrapper, we examined him more closely. He was all dried and shriveled, his skin very yellow, and wrinkled, and very skinny, his head bald, with here and there a few scraggy locks. He had a little cracked voice, and was wheezy. On the whole, he was a decided contrast to the man our fancy had painted. We could discern not the slightest resemblance, in any way, shape or fashion, to our idolized friend, Col. Newcome.

However, he was our uncle, and had come to make us a visit; so we received him as cordially as we could, considering our disappointment; still clinging to the last hope left us, that somehow he might be rich after all. The days went on, and we did all that we could to make him comfortable and happy. His habits of life were peculiar, and it was some little time before we got used to them. He wanted his breakfast in bed, and a fire built in his room every morning. He was very crabbed and fussy. He would not have a window opened the least bit of a crack, although it was summer weather; so the rest of us were nearly baked alive. We kept a wood-fire for him, in the sitting-room down stairs; and he would sit there all day, in an easy-chair, and smoke opium. After a while, we girls gave up trying to talk with him, for we could not make him understand, nor could we interest him in anything. So we left all the entertaining to father and mother, while we waited upon our strange guest, built his fires, fixed his pipe for him, and cooked him the most singular dishes, according to his directions.

Father tried to talk over old times, and old friends, with him; but although he seemed willing to remember, yet the spark of friendship, and love of the old times, had entirely burned out; there remained nothing but ashes, which could not be kindled into life again. So father would sit, and hear him talk over his life in India. It seems he had made two or three fortunes, and lost them in wild speculation; so, in his old age, he only had about twenty thousand dollars that he could call his own.

A little more than two weeks after our uncle came, as we were sitting in the parlor, mother, Mattie, and I, just before meeting-time, mother said,

"Why, Mattie, what do you suppose has become of Charlie? He has not been here for a long time."

Mattie's face grew red, and her eyes filled with tears, as she got up to leave the room, saying, hastily,

"You tell mother about it, Mary."

So I told her all I knew about their quarrel. She was very much surprised, and very sorry that it had happened, for she thought everything of Charlie.

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That night, as I was walking home from church alone, I heard a quick, firm tread behind me, and looking around, I saw Charlie, trying to overtake me. He came up, and began at once to talk of Mattie, and how dreadfully he felt about their quarrel, and wanted to know if I thought she would see him that night, for he could not bear their separation any longer. I said I thought Mattie had been entirely to blame. And then I told him all about our foolishness in regard to our uncle, and how all our castles were laid low in ruins. He laughed a little, and said,

"I might have known it was natural that a little of such nonsense should get into dear little Mattie's head, and not have taxed her so seriously with it, when you, too, fell into the same error. Poor child! I was altogether too severe with her."

When we reached home, we found Mattie sitting upon the side steps of the piazza. Charlie went up to her, and taking her two little, cold hands in his, said, tenderly,

"My own darling, will you—can you forgive me? I was all to blame. And oh, Mattie, you will forgive me?"

With one little, glad cry, Mattie laid her head upon his shoulder, and then burst into tears, saying,

"I was the one that was wrong. How could I have been so hateful?"

I went into the house and left them. And when Mattie came in, an hour later, the pearls encircled her finger once more, and the quarrel was all "made up."

Our uncle stayed just one month with us, and then he left us, to go and visit his sister, (the only other relative he has in the world,) who lives in Vermont. He told father, before he went, that he had left him in his will five thousand dollars, and he had bequeathed the same sum to his sister. We did not feel very sorry when our uncle's visit was over. He has gone back to India now. We heard from him once; that he had arrived safely, and was well; so we shall not have any benefit from the five thousand dollars, at least, for some time.

We have returned to our own old ways, and are a happy household once more. We have taken up our quiet lives again, "sadder and wiser" girls. Once in a while we talk it all over, and laugh till we cry. All except Mat; she is sensitive still, about it. I suppose it brings up the quarrel she and Charlie had. But I do not think they will ever have another like that. They are to be married next spring, and we all think Mat will make a perfectly lovely bride, in spite of the non-realization of our "castles in the air."

Dear reader, does this story require a moral? I think not, and so will say farewell at once.

JESSIE'S GRAVE.

BY J. R. ELPHINSTONE.

Oh! fair and fresh the fragile flower,
That I so soon have lost;
The bud that bloomed in shine and shower,
And perished in the frost.

Sad memory muses whilst I stand
In this familiar place;
I miss the clasping of a hand,
The vision of a face.

My life had sunshine years ago,
But lost delight is vain;
The blossom dead beneath the snow
Shall one day bloom again.

Now in her early grave she lies,
In deep, unruffled rest;
The eyelids drooping on her eyes,
The quiet in her breast.

LINES.

BY ALPH GLYNWOOD.

Oh, thou hast brought from regions far,
The influence sweet of cloud and star;
And many a lovely trace
Of beauty, born of gleam and storm,
Doth glow in thy exulting form,
And kindle in thy face.

Albeit, unconscious as thou art,
Thou bearest with thee, as a part
Of thy pure being, child
Of dreams, illuminings that lie
Deeper than eagle's sovran eye,
And more than tempest wild.

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NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

SYBIL FORD was musing, in the deep, old-fashioned bay-window, that looked out in the garden, when her aunt burst into the room with a bang, and sat down with a thump, as if she had been a missile shot out of a catapult, or some other machine of destruction. The angry woman's face, too, was so fiery and fierce, that it helped to complete the simile. She looked like a red-hot cannon-ball, at the very best.

But her niece was not in the slightest degree alarmed. Sybil had been too long accustomed to such explosive entrances, on the part of good, fractious, tyrannical, easily-subdued Miss Jemima, to feel either excited or nervous.

"If there is any law in the land," cried the spinster, as soon as she could get breath to speak—"if there's a single scrap of law left anywhere between Maine and Georgia, I'll have it as sure as my name is Jemima!"

"If there is," returned Miss Ford, calmly, "I should say, judging from the newspapers, that any person in the wrong would be quite certain to gain it."

"In the wrong?" shouted Jemima. "You tell me to my face I am in the wrong? *Upon* my word, Sybil! But I'll teach him that he can't come any of his heathenish, kidnapping tricks over Jemima Grant!"

"Who? What? I don't understand."

"Don't understand? When I've told you six times at least! Really, Sybil, one would think the journey had softened your brain, or driven you deaf! When you have only to look out of the window, or, anyway, walk to the end of the garden, to see for yourself."

It would have been time wasted to attempt to convince the old maid that she had offered no explanation whatever, and a cruelty to leave her until she had worked off the first effervescence of her wrath, even to go out of doors for the purpose of discovering the cause of this real or fancied wrong. So Miss Ford kept her seat, and cast about for soothing words, which might the most quickly restore her aunt at least to coherency.

"Anthony, indeed!" pursued the old maid, with fresh volubility. "Saint Anthony, like enough! And a pretty lot all their saints were, from David down! But I'll teach him that I'll make him and his sermons food for the fishes if he trespasses on my land! Ring the bell, Sybil! I'll send for Mr. Lessing this instant. I'll have all the lawyers in the country at him before he is twenty years older. If he likes preaching to sharks, he shall have an opportunity."

Miss Ford obeyed her aunt's command. This last outburst had thrown a little light upon the matter. With her hand on the bell-pull, she said,

"Anthony? That is the name of the gentleman who has bought Lowood. Jane told me so this morning."

"And I have told you, and told you till I am hoarse, that he is an impudent trespasser—a bandit—very likely a murderer, who has come here to hide himself; but he'll not do it in a summer-house on my land, I can assure him."

The whole case was at once clear to Miss Ford. Between Green Hill and Lowood, the next estate to the right, stretched a narrow strip of land, less than half an acre in length, which had always been a disputed point between Jemima and Mr. Jerningham, the former owner of Lowood. Jemima had always claimed it as her property. Though she maintained her claim stoutly enough in words, she had never put the land to any use. She was content to keep Mr. Jerningham from touching it; and he, being a mild old gentleman, who liked peace and Miss Jemima, had been satisfied to leave the matter in abeyance. The opinion of the lawyers, in general, was that the strip of green field could not be proved to make a part of either estate; but if it should ever cause trouble between the respective owners of the two country-seats, there was a probability that a decision would go in favor of the possessor of Lowood, since there were some old papers in existence, which demonstrated that, some forty years back, a certain proprietor of Lowood had granted a lease of this strip of land to a vegetable-gardener, for the express purpose, tradition said, of annoying his neighbor.

Unfortunately, the mansion which Miss Jemima had purchased, a decade before, had been built on the furthest extremity of the rather large estate, which bore the name of Green Hill; so that there was only the garden between her house and this wearisome line of meadow, to look across which, was necessary for the one fine point of view from Jemima's garden.

The season of which I am writing was June.

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Miss Grant and her niece had only returned on the previous evening, after an absence of more than six months. During that time old Mr. Jerningham had died. Lowood had been sold by his heirs; and on this, her first morning, Miss Jemima, sallying forth to have a look at her domain, was driven to the verge of frenzy by the horrible presumption of her new neighbor.

She had risen in a very happy frame of mind; had gone over the fields with her farmer, had inspected the new barn, and been satisfied; had walked through the very extensive woods, had even followed the little river for some distance; and then, as she returned to the house, she went into the garden to see what chance the weather and old Timothy was likely to give her in the matter of summer-flowers. And then, passing midway in the garden, to gaze from her eminence across the green field, down upon the landscape spread out below, Miss Jemima's eyes confronted the spectacle which caused her blood to freeze, then boil.

In the very spot which would most injure the view from her garden, this new proprietor of Lowood was erecting a long, straggling building, which looked more like a miniature crystal palace than anything else, and was hideous to behold.

As soon as her horror-paralyzed limbs would permit her to move, Miss Jemima rushed back to the house, and by the time she dashed into the library, her rage, as we have seen, had reached its culminating point, and seemed likely to remain there.

"*Will* you ring the bell, Sybil?" she cried.

"I have, aunt——"

"And that wretch of a Johnson presumes to take no notice! It's not enough to be trespassed on, to be built over, and walked over, and trampled under; but I am to be defied in my own house! I'll turn every man, Jack and Gill, out of doors in less than ten minutes! Ring again, Sybil."

"I did, aunt; but Johnson hasn't had time to get here."

"He should have been on the spot when he knew he was wanted," retorted Jemima. "Am I to go for an hour, tinkling a bell as if I was a little poodle-dog, with a blue ribbon round his neck, in order to be obeyed by my own servants? *That* is what you want, is it? Don't hope it till I'm older, and grayer, and uglier, than I am now. And as for Johnson——"

But Sybil by this time had opened the door into the hall, and descrying the unfortunate footman tearing madly toward her, desired him to send into the town and ask Mr. Lessing to come without delay to Green Hill.

Johnson knew perfectly well what was the matter. During the past week, he and his fellow-domestics had done nothing but speculate and shiver over the results which would ensue upon their mistress's return.

"I'll send Thomas at once, Miss. He can ride Bluebird——"

"Johnson!" interrupted Miss Jemima's voice, from her easy-chair. "*Have* I requested you to order the carriage or not? Do you mean to obey, or do you not? I only wish to know, that's all!"

"Yes, ma'am—directly, ma'am," faltered Johnson, and skurried off down the passage with such haste, that he fell over the cat, who was taking a promenade there, and nearly broke the grimalkin's neck and his own.

"So, you have decided to go yourself to Mr. Lessing," said Sybil, as she went back into the library.

Miss Jemima raised her hands appealingly toward heaven, as one praying for patience in a moment of direst need.

"It is hard," she moaned, in a choked voice, "that in addition to all these insults, I must be tormented by my own niece! Sybil, have you ten fingers and toes?"

"Yes. I am supplied with the ordinary number."

"Then count them twice over, and you will have the exact number of times that I have told you I wanted the carriage, in order to drive into Worthing," sighed Miss Jemima, suddenly drooping and pathetic, as she often became for a few seconds, when in the height of what irreverent people called her "tantrums."

And into Worthing Miss Jemima drove, a distance of five miles, so that she had leisure "to nurse her wrath," had there been any necessity for such fostering. She went alone, as Sybil frankly avowed that she preferred staying at home, to visiting the bustling, tiresome little town; and though the spinster considered herself aggrieved by the refusal, in the recesses of her heart she was glad, because it would have been ten to one that Miss Ford would have managed to coax her out of her belligerent resolutions before they arrived at the lawyer's office.

Mr. Lessing had known her too many years not to perceive, at a glance, when she appeared before him, that, from some cause or other, he was likely to pass a stormy half-hour. But he rose, and gave her a cordial greeting, adding,

"I had not heard that you were home again. I hope that Miss Sybil is quite well."

Jemima could not stop for friendship or civility. She burst into a recital of the outrage which had been practised upon her, displaying more elo-

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quence than clearness in her account. Mr. Lessing listened with the two-fold patience of lawyer and friend.

"I was afraid, when Lowood passed into new hands, that some such trouble would arise," he said. "I asked young Jerningham in what light the present proprietor would consider the disputed strip of land——"

"*My* strip of land!" interrupted Jemima. "*Mine!*"

The lawyer smiled, and shook his head.

"My dear lady," he began; but the old maid could not allow him to continue.

"Lessing," cried she, "if you mean to tell me, to my face, that my property belongs to the man who has bought Lowood, then we have done for good and all."

"I don't tell you so," he answered. "My own opinion is that the field belongs to neither of you."

This was bad enough, but better than being told her enemy (he ranked as such already in her mind) had any claim.

The stormy half-hour, which the lawyer's prophetic soul had anticipated, was prolonged far beyond that limit, and he heard a good deal of what Miss Jemima called "plain speaking;" but by dint of remaining perfectly composed, he finally induced her to let him try and manage the affair in his own way, which was to endeavor to persuade the new proprietor to accept the sort of tacit arrangement, which had held good in old Mr. Jerningham's time—that the field should be left unoccupied by either.

But, alas! he had an unfortunate propensity for making jokes; and, after all the pains he had taken to mollify the spinster, this little failing of his destroyed the effect of his persuasions. Miss Jemima was ready to depart. He had even deluded her into talking of other matters for awhile. So, as he was bidding her good-bye, he said,

"I will see Mr. Anthony without delay. I have met him. A very agreeable man. I am certain he would not wish to annoy a neighbor, and will be induced——"

"He *must* accept my terms," broke in Jemima.

"Yes, yes!" And now, anxious to keep her from waxing belligerent anew, he cut his little joke. "I am sure it will be settled. Be quite easy; you shall have no worry about your Naboth's Vineyard, as I always call it."

"Lessing," cried Jemima, in an awful voice, and with a stony glare, which startled the lawyer almost as much as the Ancient Mariner's did the unfortunate wedding-guest. "I am a Christian woman, and I want no ribald jester on the sacred Book, which warns the makers of them that their damnation is speedy, and tarrieth not!"

"God bless my soul!" gasped the discomfited wit.

"Just so," quoth Jemima. "Now, this is my ultimatum. If within forty-eight hours my land isn't left free, I'll tear that building down, and sue the insolent rogue for trespass." And away went Jemima.

Before she reached home, the old maid had resolved not to remain passive. Mr. Lessing should arrange the affair; but she must cast one shell into the enemy's camp. There should be peace, if the foe desired it; but she would prove to him that, though willing to accept such, she had her forces ready for war.

Unfortunately, Sybil had gone out, else she might have induced her aunt to delay a little. Miss Jemima threw off her bonnet, (it fell on the floor, and presently, thinking it was a footstool, she planted her foot thereon,) and in less than ten minutes had concocted an epistle to her new neighbor.

"SIR:

"I prefer to think that the unparalleled audacity of which you have been guilty, is the result of misrepresentations, made you by the agents of whom you bought Lowood. Accepting this excuse for your conduct, I have instructed my lawyer to explain to you the real state of affairs. I am neither a quarrelsome or a litigious woman; and I believe I know my duty by my neighbor; but this does not include the necessity for allowing myself to be outraged, robbed, or trespassed upon. And that I will not be, I have the honor to inform you, is the firm determination of

"Yours most respectfully,

"JEMIMA GRANT."

And in ten minutes more, Thomas, the groom, was on the way to Lowood, bearing this missive.

Meantime, Sybil had left the house, and taken her way to the winding river, that ran past and through their grounds. Here was a little fairy boat, with which she was accustomed to amuse herself; and here, also, was a flock of swans, her pet property. Each one of the beautiful creatures knew Sybil, and would come to her hand to be fed; and when she was in the boat, they would often follow her in silent procession. The sight was a pretty one, a veritable idyl; but one not often seen by strangers; because the swans were kept on that part of the river which ran through the private grounds of Green Hill. Sybil, with her loose, flowing hair; the fairy boat; the beautiful birds; and the long

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reaches of the picturesque river, made it a picture, once seen, never to be forgotten!

And this afternoon, as Sybil was idly rowing along, now stopping to pluck a water-lily, now calling to some pet swan, and anon lying on her oars and dreaming, she was startled by the sound of footsteps on the bank, and looking around, saw a gentleman watching her. At sight of him, she suddenly grew embarrassed; so much so, that one of the oars caught in the water, nearly upsetting the light skiff. Fortunately, by the same accident, the bow of the boat was swung around toward the shore, approaching it so closely, that the intruder, without even leaving the bank, was able, by stooping, to catch it, and so prevent its overturning. But for this opportune aid, Sybil would have been precipitated into the water.

She had blushed furiously at the first sight of the stranger; but she blushed even more furiously now. The intruder was hardly less embarrassed. They were not unknown to each other, as the reader, by this time, may have begun to suspect. Sybil had been more fluttered than she had liked to admit; and as for him, though he had been calling her a heartless coquette, during many months, her beautiful face gave him a thrill of such pleasure now, that he forgot all the stern resolves he had formed never to speak to her again.

Their romance, such as it was, can be told in very few words. During the previous winter, Sybil and her aunt had been in Washington, and there she made Herbert Norton's acquaintance. He fell in love with her at first sight, and she was attracted toward him as she had never been toward any other man, though the years between sixteen and eighteen had brought her scores of admirers. They passed a month which was delightful to both; and without putting his secret into words, Herbert's attentions were constant, and Sybil did not attempt to hide the pleasure they gave her.

But old Mrs. Gayworthy had, during a whole year, kept her eagle eye on Norton as a desirable *parti* for her daughter Geraldine; had believed, until Sybil's appearance wrought confusion, that his capture was certain; and neither the elderly lady nor the young one were women to allow their plans to be upset without a struggle. They rushed into an intimacy with Miss Ford; they managed to force her to believe that Norton had spoken slightingly of her, and to convince him that she was all the while secretly engaged to her cousin. So Sybil suddenly froze into ice; as nearly as possible "cut" Herbert at a ball, before the eyes of numerous mutual acquaintances; and two days later Norton fled from Washington, without having seen her again.

The reader can now understand the cause of Sybil's embarrassment, and why it had been increased by her misadventure. She stammered out her thanks, blushing, and confused, and eager to escape.

"You exaggerate the slight service I did you," was the answer. "The grounds are so private, that the appearance of any unexpected person would naturally startle you. It was my fault; I am to blame for all: but I had no idea I had left the grounds of Lowood, as I now fear I did."

"Lowood?" exclaimed Sybil.

"Yes. That is the name of my uncle's place, where I am paying a visit." And he looked at Sybil inquiringly, in turn, as if curious as to the cause of her presence in the neighborhood.

"And I am with my aunt, who owns the estate next to Lowood. We are on its grounds now. Did you not know it?"

"I did not," was the reply.

There was an awkward silence. Sybil was thinking of the additional complications which Herbert's presence would create. He was wondering if she fancied he had followed her here. Neither could, as yet, entirely shake off their embarrassment. They both soon rallied, however, and tried to appear at ease, for Sybil, meantime, had left her light craft, and declared she would walk home; and Herbert, having first tied the skiff to a tree for her, had courteously attended her. If Sybil had retained her presence of mind better, she would have remained in her boat, for a private interview with Herbert was the last thing she desired, just then; but she sprang on the bank impulsively, and made her declaration pettishly; and then it was too late. She began to talk rapidly of their mutual acquaintances, of the opera, of balls, of new novels, anything that came uppermost, just to show how indifferent she was. He, anxious also to appear unconcerned, self-possessed, heart-whole, made inquiries directly after her cousin, Fred Tempest, adding some platitudes as to whether their engagement was openly enough acknowledged, so that it would not be an impertinence to offer his congratulations.

Some way, his words threw a gleam of light upon his conduct, into Sybil's mind. She was confused and troubled, but she laughed.

"Did you not know that Fred was married, and in Europe?" she asked.

"Good heavens, no! I have only lately come back from Texas. I—I beg your pardon——"

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"What for?" she inquired, as he paused, helpless.

"I—I fear I was rude," he went blundering on, man-like. "I was told last winter that you were engaged to him. I——"

"He was privately married then," she continued, as he broke down again. "I was their confidant. I suppose it was very wrong of me, but I was so fond of Fred, and so sorry for dear little Annie Frost. However, their troubles are over; her relations are reconciled. They wanted Annie and her fortune for some one of their own clan, but she preferred Fred."

"Mrs. Gayworthy told me that your aunt informed her, as a secret, of your engagement to Tempest," cried he.

"Ah!" said Sybil, coldly; for since she parted from Norton, experience had taught her the real character of her once devoted friends, Madam Gayworthy and daughter.

Then Herbert seized his courage with might and main, and asked, abruptly,

"Will you tell me how I had offended you, that night—you must remember—at Mrs. Stockton's ball—that you treated me as you did?"

She hesitated for a little, turned scarlet, then pale, but finally determined to be perfectly truthful, whether it was dignified or not.

"I was very angry with you," she said. "I have since had reason to think that I may have been unjust. I know I was rude, at least."

"What had I done? What could you have believed?"

"That you had spoken slightingly of me. You know, when a woman's vanity is mortified, she is apt to be merciless."

"But, good heavens! you knew—you must have known—that I could as soon have spoken so of an angel; that——"

It was a pity, when their explanations had reached a point so satisfactory, that a tantalizing interruption should come; but there did, in the shape of a servant, who had followed Norton with letters; and his appearance forced the young man to return, at once, to Lowood, in order to catch the mail. But before he went, Sybil remembered her aunt's cause of wrath against Herbert's uncle, and hastened to enlist the young man's services to end the threatened difficulty.

"I am sure he will have the building pulled down," Herbert said. "Of course, he thinks the land his. But even if it were, he would not annoy Miss Grant by using it."

So Sybil went back to the house, charmed with her morning; perhaps because she could set her aunt's mind at rest in regard to the trespass.

But alas! Behold Miss Jemima stalking up and down the library in a white rage, such as, in all her experience of the old maid's infirmities of temper, Sybil had never witnessed.

"Read that—read that!" was all Jemima could say, and she tossed an open letter toward her niece.

And Sybil read:

"MADAM:

"I buy land for my own pleasure, I build on it for my own pleasure; and any person among my neighbors who is displeased by my acts, has full liberty to sell his or her residence, and go away. And in case said person belongs to the female sex, a permission to indulge in any strong language that she may consider becoming in a woman, will be cheerfully thrown in by

"Yours, most respectfully,

"JOHN ANTHONY."

Sybil was both angry and astounded.

"Had you seen Mr. Lessing?" she asked.

"Yes. And he was to arrange things amicably," gasped Jemima, with great difficulty. "And this is my reward for listening to him and you, and not at once treating that murderer as he deserved!"

She quite forgot to tell Sybil of her letter; so, of course, to the young lady, Mr. Anthony's note appeared a gross insult. It was better to leave Jemima alone for a little; besides, Sybil wanted to cry. The flutter and pleasurable excitement of the morning had made her nervous, and this sudden blow upset her. It was Herbert's uncle who had written the letter. And how could a member of Jemima's family be even on terms of civility with any one connected with that old monster?

And while Sybil cried a little in her room, and Miss Jemima, in the library, went to the verge of apoplexy in her rage, Mr. Anthony was racing toward Worthing, as fast as his fleetest horse could carry him. He was met by Mr. Lessing, on his way to Lowood, and the lawyer seized this opportunity to explain his errand; but when he began, his hearer pulled Miss Jemima's letter out of his pocket, and gave it to Lessing to read. The lawyer no longer wondered at his passion.

"I'll build a tannery on the strip of land!" shouted Anthony. "I'll cover it twenty feet deep with fish manure! I'll have a sheep-killing place, and a machine-shop! And I'll see if I won't teach that venomous old turkey of a

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woman that she can't drive John Anthony as she does the rest of her neighbors."

Mr. Lessing's knowledge of human nature taught him that, at this juncture, neither argument nor persuasion would be of the slightest avail with the angry man, and, indeed, the lawyer was in no mood to essay either. He was human, as well as his clients; and just now the strongest desire in his soul was to descend on Miss Jemima, and bestow on her the lesson she deserved, for having presumed to meddle with a matter which she had intrusted to his legal skill.

He arrived at Green Hill, entered unannounced, and scarcely pausing to go through the ceremony of a salutation, proceeded to overwhelm his client.

"You have been guilty of a breach of fidelity to a man whom you call your friend," he said. "You had no right—no right, Miss Grant, to send that letter after your interview with me. If you do these things, you must seek a new adviser."

The spinster sat leaning back in her chair, a hand grasping hard at each arm, her cap awry, her eyes red with the tears that would not fall. She was past speech. Somewhere in her bronchial tubes there was a sound as of violin-strings snapping; but she could not even glare; she was furious that she could not; yet so much consolation as a glare might have given, was denied her. At last she rallied, and cried, angrily,

"Since you are no longer my lawyer, you might have sent your bill, and spared yourself this visit. I congratulate you on your new client, and I only hope that I shall not find his future account set down in the sum that I owe you."

Up she rose, low she curtsied, wide she extended her arm, and Lessing was outside the library-door in a second, though it seemed to him that he endured the fiery contempt of her gray eyes during a whole century.

Meantime Norton had gone home with the intention of appealing to his uncle, telling him about Sybil and his own private feelings, and asking the old gentleman to yield to Miss Grant's whims. But John Anthony had written his letter, and was on the road to Worthing before that foolish boy had reached the house. Here, now, came Lessing, to tell him what had happened; concluding by saying, "I am no longer Miss Jemima's lawyer."

"I will go and see Miss Jemima myself," said Herbert. "Perhaps she will listen to me. I will promise for my uncle."

He could not wait; he was perfectly convinced that his relative would give in at once, for no tenderer-hearted elderly bachelor ever lived than peppery John. So, off he went to Green Hill, and asked to see Miss Grant, meaning, of course, to get a peep at Sybil, too, and confident that, when he left the house, he should be the bearer of amicable tidings for his uncle.

He scarcely knew Miss Jemima; for, during that visit to Washington, she had been nearly the whole time confined to her room by a severe cold. Sybil had gone out under the charge of a friend, and the young people's poor, little incomplete romance was utterly unsuspected by the old maid.

The whole household at Green Hill was in great disorder, for the servants were always in a terrible way when their mistress had a bad morning.

In his madness, Johnson, the footman, did not wait to take Norton's card. He conducted the visitor (whose coming had completely upset the poor wretch's senses) down the hall, flung open the door of the library, where Miss Jemima sat, and bawled,

"Mr. Norton, ma'am!"

"Mr. who?" cried Jemima.

"Mr. Anthony's nephew, ma'am," quavered Johnson, and was gone like a dream. The door shut, and Herbert stood face to face with the spinster.

She had suffered defeat once this day. Twice within twenty-four hours such horror should not recur, though she burst every blood-vessel in her body, and become a victim to numberless apopletic fits. There should be no parley. State her determintion she would.

"The land isn't yours," cried she. "Never was yours, and never shall be while I'm a living woman. And when I die, I'll be buried there, and let me see if you'll dare come trampling over my bones, in order to commit your nefarious trespasses."

Norton stood dumb. Any man would have so stood.

"Since even my own library is not sacred from your attacks," pursued Jemima, infuriated by his silence, "I will leave you." And out of the room she swept.

Norton escaped from the house as quickly as he could, feeling as if he had had his ears boxed, and been pinched in a door into the bargain. Home he went, found his uncle just returned; was shown Miss Jemima's letter, though the old gentleman omitted to speak of his answer, and was more wroth than ever with the spinster.

In less than an hour there came a note for Norton. Alone in her room, Sybil had considered the matter, and imagined, with the delicious wrong-headedness common to us all, that the insult to her aunt from Mr. Anthony was a sin in

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which his nephew shared, and that the young man's behavior of the morning, during their interview by the river, had only been a horrible mockery, like his devotion in Washington. He had sneered about her then; he was laughing at her in his sleeve at this present.

So Sybil wrote:

"After the occurrences of this day, I am sure Mr. Norton will agree with me that it is utterly impossible for any relative of Miss Grant's to hold communication with any person belonging to Mr. Anthony's family. I have only to request, that if circumstances compel us to meet, Mr. Norton will be kind enough to recollect that we are strangers, and must remain so."

A whole month went by, and the now famous (so far as the county was concerned,) case of Green Hill *vs.* Lowood was expected to be tried, not in open court, but before arbitrators.

I cannot pity either Miss Jemima or old John, during that season of suspense, for they had a never-failing source of occupation—their rage and obstinacy—to support them. But it was very hard on the innocent young people. They were forced to encounter each other, though in one way the quarrel greatly disturbed the neighborhood. Dinners, and other heavy festivities, were frequent. Miss Jemima was too important a personage to leave out. Sybil was the handsomest girl in the circuit. But, on the other hand, who among the magnates could avoid wishing to show civility to rich Anthony and his handsome nephew?

Miss Jemima was not a woman to recoil. She would have glared at her enemy in any friend's drawing-room, and forced Sybil to accompany her; but Anthony was an old bachelor, and, though not afraid of the spinster in her character of foe, he was afraid of her as a woman. So he smoothed matters by having an attack of gout, declining all invitations, and sending Herbert in his stead. The youthful pair had often to meet, and were introduced no less than sixteen times by charmingly stupid people, and then apologized to afterward, for the blunder of bringing together the niece and nephew of the renowned combatants.

And the work of studying the case went on; and the more they studied it, the more the lawyers were puzzled to make a case at all. And old Anthony's building went on, and each day an agent of Miss Jemima's warned the workmen off the land. Jemima wanted to tear the building down, but her new legal advisers warned her that she had better content herself with the verbal injunction against trespass.

And poor Sybil grew thin and pale, and was even more lovely in her pallor and distress. She never now went out on the water. She avoided her skiff, lest she should meet Herbert. Her poor swans, left to their keeper, almost forgot her. And Herbert waxed gloomier and more fractious, and fairly hated his uncle, though he considered him quite right not to yield.

Sybil did what young women often do in seasons of mental trouble: took to good works, visited the poor, tended the sick, and made herself very uncomfortable; and felt dreadfully sinful and rebellious all the while. Away out on the road that led up the hill beyond Lowood, stood a hamlet, where everybody was poverty-stricken, nearly everybody wicked, and the rest always ill. Sybil found a poor soul dying of consumption; a woman, whose husband had run away from her, whose children had died and who was herself mercifully permitted soon to leave this world.

Sybil was sitting with her one afternoon, when the woman began to speak of the much-talked-of suit; would dwell upon it; and finally informed the young lady that, only a short time before, she had found in an old box some papers which had belonged to her grandfather; and among them, so much as she could make out of the legal document, what seemed to be a deed that had some connection with that very strip of land.

She wanted Sybil to see the paper; told her where she would find it in the garret, and the girl went to hunt for it there. She did find the paper, and it required only a glance to show her that the arbitration case could never take place. The strip of land pertained neither to Green Hill nor Lowood. It was the property of James Morgan, and his heirs forever; said Morgan having been a miserable sot, who never knew what he owned, and his granddaughter having left the place as a child, and only coming back long after the old man's death.

A sudden summer-shower came pelting on the roof, and roused Sybil from her revery. She went down stairs with the paper in her hand, and found Herbert Norton sitting in the little room where the sick woman lay, forced to demand refuge by the violence of the storm.

Sybil forgot dignity, wrongs, everything. She went up to him, and put the deed in his hands.

"There can be no lawsuit," she said. "The land is neither my aunt's nor your uncle's. It belongs to Mrs. Ross here, though how she could be ignorant of the fact, I cannot imagine."

The sick woman had been curiously watching the pair, her great eyes already blazing

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with a light, which was not of this world. She saw Herbert grow white when he met the girl, saw Sybil tremble like a leaf, and she called out,

"Mine, is it? Then I give it to the pair of you! I don't know why you are unhappy, or who is to blame. But oh, sir, I know Miss Sybil is an angel, and I know you love her; and I'm a dying woman, and may speak the truth."

Well, the land actually proved to belong to her, and she lived long enough to make a will, and she did leave Naboth's Vineyard to the pair conjointly.

There is no more to tell. When October came, the whole county was gathered at church and Green Hill, for the wedding ceremony and the breakfast. Old John and Miss Jemima became the fastest friends possible, and never met without quarreling. I do not know how true it may be, but the chronicles of the neighborhood aver that once a year old John makes Jemima an offer of marriage, and that she returns this invariable answer,

"Pooh! Stuff! Nonsense! If you had a legal right to quarrel with me, you'd not enjoy it half so much. We'll stay as we are, John Anthony. And, John, if that idiot of a woman hadn't found that deed, they'd have decided the case in my favor; and I'd have burned that building, and you in it, as sure as my name is Jemima!"

Herbert and Sybil do not live either at Lowood or at Green Hill. They reside in Washington, Herbert having entered Congress, where he has made quite a sensation. Sybil is one of the leaders of society in the national capital, and as distinguished, in her way, as Herbert. But every summer they go back to Lowood, where they talk of the fortunate accident that brought them together again, and of the wasted lives for both, that might have been, but for that chance encounter.

The swans still remain, and still haunt the pretty river, fed and cared for by Aunt Jemima, at Sybil's particular request; for they are, and will be forever, associated, in our heroine's mind, with her reunion with Herbert; and everybody talks of them, to this day, as SYBIL'S SWANS.

WIDOWED.

BY MRS. M. E. F. TAYLOR.

DEAR LOVE! how many an anxious hour
Has vanished since my head hath lain
Upon thy loving heart; where ne'er
It may repose again.

That faithful heart is still, and cold,
And pulseless—all the tender care,
That filled my life with blessedness,
Is urned forever there!

One year ago!—and still I turn,
A wanderer, looking into space,
Within the past's kaleidoscope,
Seeing that one dear face.

I seem to walk forevermore,
Apart, unnoticed, and unknown—
A melancholy shade of one
Whose earthly hopes have flown.

And still a separate life to hold,
(Though never yet was life so drear,)
As one who walks in troubled dream,
By dark and tangled mere,

And sees, with vaguely painful thrill,
'Neath cruel burden, weak and worn,
Her sad wraith passing silently
Toward the farther bourne.

And ever thus two lives I bear:
That to the outer world confessed;
The other hid forevermore
Silent within my breast.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

DEAR little one, so early called,
From earthly sin and sorrow,
To realms of never-ending light,
Whose days shall have no morrow.
They've lain thee where the shadows creep,
The cold earth for thy pillow,
And left thee to thy dreamless sleep,
Beneath the bending willow.

We miss thee here, beside the hearth,
And sit in silent mourning;
Thy little bark, now "outward-bound,"
Shall know no more returning.

Thy little feet have strayed afar,
Beyond Death's gloomy river,
Where never-fading blossoms are,
And Summers last forever.

We know they rest where Jesus dwells:
Our little earthly blossom
Has found a "safe and sure retreat,"
Within the Saviour's bosom.
The early-called, how blest are they,
Thus freed from earthly sorrow!
Who wake to find eternal day,
And know no sad to-morrow.

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"MISTRESS RICHARDS' BOY."

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 338.

It was about a week after Mr. Creveland left the Hall, that I received a surprise. It was no less than an invitation from the "stony-hearted," to make them a visit.

The letter, however, bore no signs of stony-heartedness. It was warm, cordial, sincere. They professed themselves as extremely anxious to see the young lady, for whom their relative had entertained such a warm regard.

I could not refrain from marveling somewhat, why, after they had been so successful in curbing their anxious desire to see me for over two years, it had, at this late hour, broke forth so overpoweringly. But their invitation was so pressing, that I did not really know how to refuse it; and as I had a long vacation at that time, there was really no reason for my refusing.

My fine gowns, for which I had had no use during my stay at Auntie's, needed only a little making over to do nicely. I told Auntie the change would do me good, and she heartily agreed with me, and so, also, did Mr. Capelin, who had dropped in to try to borrow a fanning-mill. I said I would be glad to see my old home once more, and I really had a strong curiosity to see the "stony-hearted." I gave a great number of reasons why I wanted to make the visit, but I never chanced to mention what I knew. I thought, the first thing in the morning, and the last at night, that I would see my boy again. I said to myself, that this desire was only natural, for perhaps I could influence him not to work too hard. Perhaps he was getting into bad habits. I thought I would like, above all things, to be a sort of maternal guardian angel to him; for if he were my own boy, I could not be more anxious to have him do well. I invariably ended my reveries in this way.

But there was no need of any apprehensions concerning him. I found him grown so manly and self-collected, that, instead of my being a protector to him, it seemed more natural that he should protect me. I could hardly, at first, realize the change. I felt that it would be a misnomer to call him my boy any longer. And he was respected and beloved by all, even by the "stony-hearted," who, I discovered, was not stony-hearted, only a very good-natured business man, much given to gay society and pleasure. His wife was a gentle, inoffensive little woman, and they both seemed glad to see me.

There was not much of the looks of my old home, I found; it was much gayer and grander. They had a great deal of company, and went much into society. But, after all, Mrs. Lansing had a way of making the house seem home-like and pleasant, and I enjoyed myself quite well. I had not been there long, before I discovered that I owed my invitation to visit them to Mr. Creveland, who was a great friend of theirs. He boarded at a hotel in the place.

It was due to his influence, also, I found, that Claude was made so much at home there. How very good he was to Claude! It really warmed my heart to him. I said to myself, I had no idea there was so much goodness in human nature. Mr. Creveland came often to visit me. After a time, I could see that he fought no more against his liking for me. His pride, as I thought it was, that had stood in the way of his love, yielded at last to his passion. He became more devoted every day.

And I saw that all my ambitious dreams and desires were likely to be realized, that I was in a fair way of being a rich man's wife—just my ideal, too, a mysterious, erratic lover, in truth, he was—mistress of Creveland Hall. Why, I had thought that just to be mistress of that grand old mansion, would make perfect bliss; and so, of course, I was happy. I remember assuring myself often that I was very happy, indeed.

Claude came to see me often at first. But after awhile he did not come so much; he was too busy, he said. I told him he was killing himself with hard work, and his pale face showed it. But what a brave, honest face it was! And it grew still more manly and noble every day. But he was evidently working too hard. What with his regular studies, and his study of the law out of school-hours, it pained me to see it. But I never thought to wonder why it was. I never asked why even the lightest fancy that he was ill, or suffering in any way, sent such a pang to my heart. Why, when Mr. Creveland was my hero, the very personification of my romantic visions, the thought of his danger, which the doctor still

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prophesied, I could endure even calmly, while the thought of Claude's suffering seemed to me harder than to suffer myself.

But Claude laughed at my anxious face, and my sage advice. He said he was all right, that he was getting along splendidly; that by the time he left college, he should have a very good knowledge of the law; should have to spend only a short time in the law office, so Mr. Lansing told him.

"And then," said he to me, one evening, as we chanced to be alone for a few minutes, "then I shall have all the world before me. I suppose by that time you will be my Lady Creveland."

I said nothing, either to deny it, or acknowledge it; and Claude was silent for a moment, while his blue eyes looked searchingly, but very sadly, and then he added,

"Yes, you will be a grand lady, and I—I shall be a poor man, lonely and hard-working. And being rather a soft-hearted fellow, who would love a happy home, why, I should probably be looking for the little blue-eyed maiden, that you used to advise me to wait for."

"What is the use of being so extremely foolish, Claude?" said I, with unnecessary tartness.

"Why, it was your own advice, Eva——"

"I can see no good reason for your recalling every idiotic thing I may have said in the past. Life has nobler and wiser duties to perform than searching for eyes of different colors." And I remember I talked considerably, and very seriously, to him concerning life, its duties and responsibilities. It was not a very long lecture, however, for Mrs. Lansing, coming in, interrupted our conversation.

Knowing Mr. Creveland's restless, unjust nature so well, it did not surprise me so much, when, after I had been at Mr. Lansing's about five weeks, he should be overtaken with one of his restless, unquiet moods, and finally should go away suddenly and abruptly, leaving no word where he was going, or when he was coming back.

Good-natured Mrs. Lansing rallied me a little, on the sudden absence of my admirer. But she, although comparatively a new acquaintance, was familiar with his erratic ways, and said he would probably return as suddenly as he went.

But I found life, notwithstanding his absence, very pleasant and delightful. There was a constant succession of boat-rides, picnics, croquet, and evening parties; and I found I could enjoy them all; for Claude always went when I went.

Mr. Creveland had been gone just one week, when I rose, one morning, with a severe headache, and so was unable to go to a picnic that we had planned for that day. I made Mrs. Lansing, go, however, telling her all I needed was rest, and that a good sleep would make my head feel as well as ever. It did; for in the afternoon I woke up entirely recruited.

The afternoon was nearly gone, and I stood by a window, looking dreamily out, listening to the murmur of the fountain in the yard below, when I heard a quick step in the hall, and in a moment a servant ushered Mr. Creveland into my presence. He had returned, it seemed, as suddenly, and abruptly, as he had gone. He came directly up to me, and took one of my hands in both of his own, saying,

"Are you glad to see me?"

I, of course, said some polite, commonplace words; but, as I did so, I looked up in his face. The old unquiet, restless look was gone, and in its place was one of stern resolve. He still held my hand, and his grasp was almost painful.

"Shall I tell you what I have come back for?" he said; and without waiting for an answer, he went on. "I have come back for you, little one. I tried to run away, not from you, but from myself, from fate. But your sweet, brown eyes have been stronger than my will. They have drawn me back to you, little one. Will you come to me? Can I make you happy? I love you, I love you!"

Surely, this was all I had dreamed of, had hoped for. To be mistress of Creveland Hall, the chosen one of my romantic, mysterious lover! Why, then, did my heart sink down so low, at the thought of that grand future? Sink so low, as his passionate voice went on?

"My life has been full of fancies, but for the first time I love passionately, with all my strength and heart. No woman was ever to me what you are, so pure, so unworldly, so innocent. I am not like you, God knows; but your sweet love shall make me better. This little hand," and he raised it to his lips, pressing kisses upon it, "this dear hand shall rule me at will."

It was all coming true, then, all the old dream. And my hand was the one destined to guide him, save him. How I had dreamed of this! And in my vision it had been such a delightful and satisfactory task. Why, then, did it seem suddenly so utterly distasteful and impossible? I withdrew my hand from his, and turning away, looked out into the gathering shadows. I suppose my silence gave him hope. He thought I was too shy to speak, to look at him.

"Tell me, Eva, could you love me well enough to leave home and country for my sake? To let

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me be all the world to you, as you would be to me? Will you be my own, my beauty, my darling?"

Afterward, I remembered that he did not say the word wife to me, but I did not notice it at the time. He took my hands in his again, very tenderly.

"If you will consent to bless my life with your sweet presence, everything that wealth can give you shall be yours," he said. "There are lovelier lands than this, my darling. We will leave this dull, wretched country; I hate it all. We will go to some brighter clime, and there be happy."

I thought of Creveland Hall, and its stately beauty and magnificence; and I said, almost without thought that I was thinking aloud,

"There can be no place lovelier than Creveland Hall."

"I hate Creveland Hall!" said he, with a sudden frown. But his tone softened again immediately.

"You shall live there, after a time, if you like. You shall choose your own home, my beauty. You shall be queen, and I will be your slave."

Smooth, and fair, and rosy, stretched the path before me. The door of my Spanish castle stood open. What was it that barred my entrance? What was dearer to me than grandeur or glory? A form stood in front that would not let me pass. Now that I was free to choose, now that the moment had come that I must choose my future, I well knew that one curl of Claude's brown hair was dearer to me than all the world beside.

Mr. Creveland was looking into my face intently. I could never hide my emotions.

"Tell me; I can bear it. Tell me, for God's sake! Is it that you can't love me?"

My tears were falling now, partly in pity for the pain in his face; partly, I think, for my old dreams of splendor and glory, that were vanishing.

"Do you love some one else? Tell me the truth."

"I—I am afraid—I think I do."

"Who is it?"

His look always compelled my obedience.

"Claude. Claude Richards."

He looked at me silently, with a look I never saw on his face, as changeable as it always was. Then he said, sternly, more as if he was questioning time and eternity, than me,

"Do you believe in retribution? Do you believe in those old words, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord?' I do. If you ever hear them doubted again by any one, tell them there was one man who believed them to be truth, knew them to be true as sorrow, as despair."

He clasped me for a moment in his arms, and I felt his hot breath, his kisses on my face; and then he almost threw me from him, and left the room and the house.

And so my one grand lover vanished, and the walls of my ideal castle fell into ruins. I stood in the same place where Mr. Creveland had left me; stood, listening to the dreamy murmur of the fountain, and thinking of Claude, when suddenly I heard a step beside me, and looking up, I saw the visible reality of my thoughts standing there.

"I found the doors all open, so I walked in," he said.

I made no reply. I only smiled upon his face. It was so delightful to see him again; to look into his clear, honest eyes, that held no mystery or remorse; to meet his warm, true hand-clasp; and to know that nothing separated us now, if he willed it so. But his blue eyes looked rather sad and weary to-night.

"Mr. Creveland has returned, it seems. I met him by the gate," he said.

"Yes; he has just gone from here."

"Is it true, then, Eva, what everyone says?" he asked, with an agitated voice. "Am I to congratulate you?"

"He has made me an offer of marriage."

He did not speak.

"You are an old friend of his, Claude. Tell me, would you accept him?"

Suddenly he let go my hand, which he had held till then.

"He has been good to me. I can't advise you."

I could not bear the pain in his voice, in his honest eyes.

"I have refused him," I cried, "Can you guess the reason?"

How his face lit up! He caught my hands again in his.

"The reason? How can I guess?"

"I refused him, because I love somebody else better."

His lips were very near my face, as he whispered,

"Who is it, darling? Not me? Oh, thank God!"

His lips met mine. I buried my head on his shoulder, whispering, softly, "Yes, Claude! Dear Claude, it is you!"

We stood there a long while in the sweet moonlight, as ridiculously hopeful and happy as love and poverty could make us. We made great plans for the future, or he did, for I had quite

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lost my old flow of eloquence, and preferred listening to him to speaking. We should be poor, of course, at first. But our little home should hold such happiness, such rest, such sweet content. He whispered how he would care for me, would shield me, work for me. And though he had no wealth to offer me, surely such a true love as his must bring a blessing down from on high. But as for me, I thought if I could only be with him, and make him happy, it would be happiness enough for me.

After he had left me, I went up into my room, a happy woman, although I had just renounced a fortune, and pledged myself to a life of poverty and privation. Mrs. Lansing had not come yet, but I expected her every minute. And it was time to dress for their late dinner. But as I was entering my room, a servant handed me a letter that had just come for me. And in that letter was a strange revelation, that drove all other thoughts out of my head. It was from Auntie, and exceedingly lengthy, as all of her epistles were. It seemed to be written in great excitement, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR GIRL:

"As I have heerd tell, it comin' right straight to me from them that won't lie, that a villain, that shan't be named between us two, made his black soul blacker than it was before, by bein' like a black wolf to devour a helpless lamb, that I needn't mention the name of. This is to tell you to shun him as you would a SERPIENT."

This word was written in larger letters than any of the rest of the letter. It was underscored deeply, and spelled just as she would have pronounced it, "serpient." I know it impressed me much more deeply than it would had it been spelt in the usual way.

"Shun him as you would a serpient, whose bite means death. It has all come to light, all his villainy unexpected. She bein' took half-crazy with the shock of heerin' of it, and most dead every way. The gardner come after me in the dead of night. And she let it all out to me. And she is his lawful wife, and lays at the pint of death, and Miss Richards'es boy is Hugh Creveland's own son. He married her at college, a poor girl just over from England, with nothing but her beauty, and principles, that he couldn't overthrow and trample under. So he married her, but made her swear not to tell, kept her hid in a little cottage out in the country, where none of his friends ever mistrusted her ont. But afterward, when Claude was a little fellow, he made her think it was a sham marriage. And she a livin', crushed down under the idee all her days, but still a lovin' the scamp so well, that she come here as his housekeeker, a pretendin' to be a widow, jest to run the chance of seein' of him now and then. But lately, only a few days ago, she come across some papers that proved the hull thing out, letters from the minister that married 'em, a friend of his then. And after ruinin' her hull life, agonizin' her with thoughts of her false marriage, and chasin' after other women promiscous, and never darin' to marry any girl outright—the shame-faced black villain—she worships the very ground he walks on, which I can't help callin' her a natural fool, though, as I say, she lays at the pint of death, and the bey been wrote to to-day by the doctor, to come home quick if he wants to see her alive, and that *serpient* wrote to by the same; though there would be but a precious few letters writ to him on the subject, if there wasn't but one woman in the world to write 'em, as I told Mr. Capelin jest now, who happened in to borrow a wagon exeltry. (How did he suppose I would have a exeltry?) But he agreed with me about the serpient, though he says the letter won't give him much comfort, for he presumed the doctor give it to him up and down, bein' so worked up by seein' that dyin' woman. And now I will end this epistol by warnin' of you again—though, probable, after you read this, there won't be no need of it—if you value your own soul's salvation, in this world, or in any other world whatsumever, to *shun that serpient!* And if you want to make me happy as a queen on her throne, come home here to once. When I can lay my hands on your pretty head, I shall feel safer about you. And let me once get you here, and then let that wolf, that *serpient*, come a near, if he dares, the house of

"Yours truly,

"PRISCILLA A. COBB."

That night I received a hasty note from Claude, enclosing the letter the doctor had written him, and saying he had just time to catch the train for home. But with all his haste, he did not get there in time to see his mother alive. He arrived in the morning, and she died at midnight. The patient heart was still, the only true, faithful heart that Hugh Creveland had ever known, and yet had scorned. She left many loving messages for Claude; said she was willing to die. But being a timid, shrinking little woman, she said she was afraid to go alone. The doctor thought her mind was wandering, she asked him so many strange questions. "What should she see first after she closed her eyes here? Would she be afraid? Would He meet her—the Gentle One, the Saviour of sinners? Would she

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see Him alone, or would there be a great crowd for her to enter alone? She was afraid. How could she go alone?"

The doctor soothed her as well as he could. "She was delirious," he whispered to Auntie, who told me all this afterward. But it was just at midnight, that she looked up and smiled pleasantly, and said, as if greeting a fellow-voyager,

"Why, Hugh!"

And so she died with a smile on her lips.

The strangest part of my story remains to be told. The morning after her death, a servant, at the hotel where Mr. Creveland was staying, tried to enter his room, but could not. They knocked repeatedly, but could get no reply. Finally, becoming alarmed, they forced the door, and found him lying on the bed, quite dead. The doctor said he had probably died about midnight. The letter from the doctor at Coldbrook, filled with reproaches for his villainy, which was unmasked at last, lay on the stand by his bed, and by it was a little bottle containing laudanum. Excited and agitated, as he must have been, by the contents of the letter, he might only have taken enough to ensure a night's sleep; he might have taken enough to ensure the longer, quieter sleep. No one knew, or will ever know. No one could say, with certainty, that he had committed suicide, and the doctor, who attended him at Auntie's, testified that he had been liable to die suddenly, any time since his fall from the horse. It was a mystery that could never be solved. But the two lives, so strangely blent together here, went out together, to meet the Unknown, to meet the strange mystery of the hereafter. At the very moment he died, his poor victim died, too—and died with his name on her lips. Were they, as she spoke, meeting to begin a new life elsewhere? God grant it!

He was buried in the vault of the Gray Stone Church, at the western extremity of Creveland Park, where so many of the Crevelands sleep. And beside the tablet, on which is written his name and age, is another, bearing this inscription:

EDITH RICHARDS CREVELAND,
WIFE OF HUGH CREVELAND.
Requiescat In Pace.

I did as Auntie directed me to do in her letter. I went home that week, although Mr. and Mrs. Lansing seemed loth to have me leave, and urged me again to return soon, with a kindness that touched my heart. But the awfulness of the terrible tragedy, for so it seemed to me, of these two sudden deaths, made me nearly sick, and I longed for home.

Claude had written me a hasty note, the day after his mother's death. It was but a few words' for I could see that he was half wild with the shock, and with the added excitement of the strange story. He urged me to come home as soon as possible, for he said he "should feel that he was alone in the world, if it were not for me."

It was at noon, on the day after the double funeral, that I reached Auntie's. She saw me come through the gate, and hurried down the flower-bordered path to meet me, greeting me with more tenderness than I had ever known her to show before. Something had softened her wonderfully.

She did not call Mr. Creveland a "*serpent*" once, although I told her all, in answer to her earnest inquiries. But I did not like to talk of this; for, when I thought of the irreparable injury he was meditating toward me, my heart grew like ice, and I marveled at the strange power of love, that had caused another woman, whose whole life he had laid waste, to worship him at last. Surely there must have been some good in him, or she could not have done this, I said.

Auntie told me of the last hours and the death of Mrs. Richards, or Mrs. Creveland, as we constantly forgot to call her. And she talked much about Claude; how good and noble he had appeared through it all. But she said he was jest about sick, and she must go over and see him, right away after dinner. And then—for I thought it would be wrong to conceal anything from so kind a friend—I told her of my engagement to Claude. Her delight at this was unbounded. She was usually very undemonstrative, but now she rose up, and flung her arms around my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"If I could have made a feller with my own hands," she said, "and all his surroundings and worldly habits, I couldn't have fixed on one to suit me any neater for you than Claude. Why, he suited to a T." "T" was always her strongest expression of satisfaction with anything. No one, by any combination of fortunate circumstances, could ever hope to rise higher in her estimation than to a "T."

Auntie's unqualified approbation, and her warm praises of Claude, would have given me great delight, had she stopped there. But she could not cease talking about it; and at the dinner-table she would constantly commence breaking out in strong expressions of intense satisfaction, and then glancing at Jane, would cease instantly, with the effect of driving Jane nearly wild with curiosity. And after Jane had left the room, she commenced again, instantly,

"To think that my little girl, that I have

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always loved so well, should make such a match! Why, Claude Richards—or Claude Creveland, I mean—will be as rich as a Jew. He could take his pick amongst the richest in the land. There hain't a girl in the country, amongst the richest and the grandest, but what would jump at the chance of marrying him. And to think that my little girl should be mistress of Creveland Hall! Why, it is almost too good to believe!"

But these words of Auntie's, although intended to give me delight, filled me with a vague disquiet. We had seemed so near to each other, he had seemed so much like a part of my own life, that the thought of his wealth had not appeared like any possible barrier between us. But now—now Auntie's words had wakened strange fears, vague distrust.

But my thoughts were interrupted by Auntie's next words, delivered with an exceedingly embarrassed and conscious manner.

"I have got something, myself, that I may as well tell you first as last," she said.

I told her I was all attention, and should be glad to listen to "anything that interested her."

"Wall, then," said she, "come out with me to feed the corset."

It was an invincible habit of Auntie's to feed "the corset" immediately after her own dinner, and neither joyful nor sorrowful events were sufficient to break up this long-established usage. I put on my garden-hat, hanging, as usual, on its accustomed nail by the back-door, and Auntie, taking her little pail of milk in her hand, put on her sun-bonnet, pulling it further, I thought, over her face, than I had ever known her to. We walked along in silence for a few minutes, and then she broke out suddenly,

"I may as well tell you, first as last——"

Here she stopped abruptly, and tried, but vainly, to pull the sun-bonnet over her face a little further. Three times she got as far in her story as this, and stopped. But at last she said, with her face perfectly invisible, and her voice coming from the depths of gingham,

"You have got to know it, and I may as well tell you, first as last. *He* brought the news to me—Mr. Capelin, you know—of Mr. Creveland's death; and knowing that she lay dead, too, up to the Hall, everything seemed so awful and lonesome, that he—I mean—that I—— You know, it was on the age of 'the evenin', a thunder-storm a comin' up—everything seemed so dretful and mysterious, and kinder loose and uncertain like—— My old clock struck forty right there at the time. Everything seemed so curious and awful like, that——"

Here she stopped suddenly again, and I saw that she would never get the words out. But the spirit of prophecy was upon me, and I took up her dropped burden of speech.

"You felt that you were alone, in a great, cold, uncertain world; and when a good man offered you the rest and protection of an honest love, you accepted it."

The sun-bonnet never wavered in the least from its direct line of straightforwardness, but a voice came from the depths again,

"Yes, something like that." And then, in rather an apologetic tone, she continued,

"And I, a bein' wore out with his traipsin' here, day after day, a makin' errents, tryin' to borrow everything under the sun and moon, and things no earthly woman ever hearn of——"

I grasped her hands, and invaded the sun-bonnet to kiss her cheek warmly.

"You have my best wishes, Auntie. I know you will be happy. He is one of the best men I ever knew."

"He has his properties."

Her tone was cool as usual, but her returning kisses were warm. We had reached the lane by this time, and Auntie commenced talking about "the corset," and her "garding," and other secular matters, and said no more about Mr. Capelin; but I could see the light of a new happiness in her eyes.

Later, I learned what his errand had been to Auntie's, when he finally persuaded her to cease being "balky," and "shying off." It was to borrow an iron instrument, to remove stones and land-marks. I think Auntie called it a "hand-speak."

After we returned to the house, Auntie proceeded to carry out the plan she had spoken of. She excused herself for leaving me so soon, but said "she had laid out to go over there that afternoon, for she was afraid Claude was going to be bed-sick."

I told her to go, by all means, and I would like to send a little note to him; and she, of course, was delighted to take it. I had not answered his letter to me, for, by some delay, it had only reached me the day before I came home. But now I wrote him how earnestly and sincerely my sympathy was with him in his trouble. But I added, I could not wait a moment, without telling him the thoughts that Auntie's words had aroused in my mind. I told him, that when he offered himself to me, we were both poor, equals in hopeful and loving poverty. But now we were not equals; I was poor, and he was rich. And he could now, if he so desired, form a connection with the highest and proudest in the land; and therefore he was free. And,

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whatever course he took, he "might be sure I would never blame him, but should always, as now, hold him in tender and loving remembrance."

And what answer did I receive to these words, written earnestly and sincerely, I know, but not without tears?

I was in the garden, trying to forget it all, seeking forgetfulness in occupation. I was tying up my roses. The traces of tears were still on my face, when I heard a quick step behind me, and immediately after I felt an arm thrown around me. Looking up, I saw—what blessed me through all my years since—Claude's true, tender, faithful eyes, as full of love as ever.

"Did you think, darling," he said, "that riches could make any difference? That I could love you less, because I have inherited Creveland Hall? That I am not the prouder, because I can make you mistress of it? Oh! my love, my love, how could you, even for a moment, think I was mercenary?"

His arm was still around my waist, my head was on his shoulder, when we heard the click of the gate, and Claude, vexed, man-like, turned around, with a frown, at the interruption, while I busied myself, hurriedly, with tying up my flowers again. But it was only Auntie, and Claude's frown changed to smiles, as he advanced to greet her, and to ask for her blessing.

"To think," Auntie said, as we sat together, late in the evening, "that I went to the Hall, expectin' to find Claude bed-sick, and had my walk, like an old fool, for my pains. Sly fellow!" and she shook her finger at him, "that stole off after somebody else."

The Hall has been remodeled into a perfect bower of beauty, and there are two little, restless forms, that flit through the winding galleries, and make the lofty rooms ring with their gay voices, almost startling, I am afraid, the grim knights in armor, with their happy laughter. There is another picture hanging now by the side of Hugh Creveland's. Not the white-faced, gloomy woman, that we remembered, but a bright, beautiful, girlish face, painted from an ivory miniature, that Claude found in Mr. Creveland's desk. Little Edith will tell strangers,

"That is my own grandma, that I was named for; my own papa's mother."

Auntie Capelin is the children's special delight. To spend a day with her, to be petted by her and her husband, and the faithful Jane, who still lives with her, is happiness enough for them. And Auntie would deeply resent it, should anyone hint that there is now, or ever was, in any portion of the globe, two other children that even distantly approached these in perfection.

Auntie is hale and happy, and makes a cozy, comfortable home for her husband. And he, out of the depths of his content, still, as of old, finds food for philosophical reflection. Whenever I see him, he never fails to say to me, in a confidential tone,

"Curious, hain't it? Who'd think, to see her now, drawin' so stiddy in the harness, movin' right straight along, straight as a string, and happy as you please. Who would ever suppose that she used to shy off so, and be so balky? Curious!"

THE END.

WHY?

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

Why is it that the friends we love,
On fleetest pinions fly;
And hopes we cherish in our youth,
Wither so soon, and die?
Why is it that each joy of life
Is but a passing breath—
An evanescent foam that breaks
Upon the sea of death?

Why is it that the lovely rose,
That blooms in fragrance sweet,
Is scattered by the careless wind,
And crushed beneath our feet?
Its perfume, which we erst inhaled,
From 'midst the crimson leaves,
Has disappeared; and on its stalk
His web the spider weaves.

Why melt the Winter's driven snow
Before sweet Spring's soft sun?
Why are the dew-drops drawn away,
When morn has just begun?
Why burst the bubbles, which so bright
Sail through the vapory air?
Why do the sweetest flowers die,
Though fed with tenderest care?

Why is it thus?—Oh! blooming rose,
And all life's magic spell!
And dew-drop bright, and bubble frail,
The reason canst thou tell?
Know, then, that all that earth bedecks,
Or on its breast doth lie,
Was born for Time—and at His beck,
Must fade away, and die?

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THAT SUMMER AT RICHFIELD.

BY KATHARINE WARE.

It was "a regular Down-Easter," as we call our great snow-storms in New York. So, Mrs. Hall—my Cousin Fanny—and I, sat contentedly, after lunch, before the blazing, soft coal-fire. I was idly looking over the photograph-book, while Fanny ate an orange.

"Oh! who's that?" I exclaimed, eagerly, at the sight of a young girl, looking back at me over her shoulder, with the sauciest, most piquant face imaginable.

Fanny tipped her chair forward to see.

"That's Emily Van Buren," she answered. "My mate at school, and dearest friend ever since. Splendid girl, too! Clever, and warm-hearted, and generous to a fault. Poor Emily! What a romantic, heart-rending time she did have! The nights I've lain awake, out of pure sympathy in her love affairs! My own never gave me half the trouble."

"I hope they turned out well."

"Depends on what you call well. Suppose I tell you the story, and let you judge for yourself.

"The first piece of news," began Fanny, "that I heard on returning home, after my wedding-trip from Europe, was that Emily was engaged to Calvin Hard. We were living at A——, then, and directly opposite the Van Burens. I never was more astounded. He had cared for her a long time, so at last she had consented, though I was sure she did not really love him. Her family had talked her into it. He was so cold, so dull, and narrow-minded, and in figure tall, stiff, and thin, with a pale, drab face; hair, eyes, and complexion, all of one color. But there were excuses to be made for her. Her home was not a happy one, for father and mother, though high in social position, were constantly giving her to understand that they considered an unmarried girl as a failure in life; nay, more, as an actual burden and expense.

"Well, Emily was to be married in October. She looked pale and thin. So, when, in July, James and I went to Richfield Springs, we persuaded her father to let her go with us. That's eight years ago, before the railroad to Richfield was opened. Emily anticipated so much pleasure, that she talked of it all the way up. Yet what should she do, the very first night, but have a terrible attack of pleurisy. Her room luckily opened into ours. James rushed out to get a doctor. The landlord told him that there was a skilful, well-known physician from Philadelphia in the house, Dr. Lambert. I can see him now," said Fanny, staring into the fire, "as he stood, with his quiet, professional air; and poor Emily, with her magnificent hair tossed over the pillow, her face as white as the sheet, while she moaned and gasped for breath. The gray morning light was stealing into the room before Dr. Lambert ventured to leave, and then he left his patient under the influence of opiates. For days, poor Emily could not leave her room; for weeks, Dr. Lambert, as her physician, was watching over her, lest she should expose herself to drafts; forbidding her to dance, and ordering her quietly into the house when she was promenading on a damp evening. Emily used to pout, and rebel, and tell him that he was 'a tyrant;' but she liked it for all that, I began, at last, to think."

"He was very nice then?" I interrupted.

"Nice!" echoed Fanny. "He was one of the most accomplished and elegant men I have ever met. He looked about thirty-five, was of medium height, erect, and full of vigor. His face was not handsome, but it was refined and very strong. Everything gave you the impression of a tremendous reserve of force in him; his quiet, gray eyes, brimming with humor, as they were at times; his full, manly voice; his easy stride. He had, to a wonderful degree, that personal magnetism—Calvin Hard had the least—that mysterious, irresistible something, which is the distinguishing characteristic between the men who lead and those who follow. Here, then, was one who combined just those qualities to which Emily was most susceptible. He was the hero of her dreams in flesh and blood! What could she do, thrown into almost hourly intercourse with him? Could a musician stop his ears if Beethoven was playing to him? And the attraction was mutual. Something in me seemed always to respond perfectly to the other. I noticed this when Dr. Lambert was reading to us. The very thing that aroused Emily's attention, was always what most struck him. And they both had such a keen sense of humor. That was another bond of sympathy. The swift, almost imperceptible glances of amusement, that I've seen those two telegraph across the room to each other, the moment anything droll or grotesque appeared!

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"I noticed, too, that, great as the pleasure he took in her society, he guarded carefully against any appearance of flirtation. If Emily, going to her room to dress, found there a box of lovely flowers for her hair, I, too, had the same. If, at breakfast, a delicate dish of fresh trout or game beside her plate met her astonished eyes, I fared equally well. His fees to the head-cook must have been tremendous! If a package of new books, or a magazine, was sent to him, they were at Emily's disposal, or at mine the same. He and James, who had become fast friends, were always getting up delightful drives and excursions for us. I began to build in my own mind—what, under the circumstances, I suppose I had no business to do—the finest castles in Spain, where Emily and the Doctor reigned in bliss, and where the very name of Hard was unknown. Poor castles! How they came down with a crash, one day! I was dressing for a moonlight sail. To keep James from scolding me for being late, I kept up a chatter while buttoning my boots.

"'How nice our little square parties are, James, dear!' I said. 'And don't Emily and Dr. Lambert go together like cup and saucer?' 'H'm!' says he, putting on his gloves. 'I think they do; but it's not best for a cup to have two saucers. If I were Mr. Hard, I think I should object to saucer number two. However, I suppose it's all right. Emily understands herself, no doubt, and the Doctor's safe, being married.' 'Married! What do you mean?' I exclaimed, turning to look at my husband. 'Why, of course he is,' James answered, coolly. 'I wonder I hadn't spoken of it before. But I thought you knew it. Everybody does, and no doubt the Doctor himself thinks you do.' 'I don't, then,' I answered, emphatically, sitting down with one boot in my hand. 'Be so kind as to tell me what you, and everybody—but Emily and me—know.'

"He plunged his hands down into his pockets, planting himself, in the attitude of Punch's 'badgered witness,' in front of me. 'Now, then,' he said. 'The Doctor was married, to the best of my knowledge and belief, when he was twenty-five, to a young lady in Philadelphia. There was insanity in her family on both sides of the house; but her husband was kept in ignorance of this fact. In a few months it developed itself, and on the very anniversary of their wedding-day, the poor man had to take her to a lunatic asylum; and there she has remained, hopelessly insane, ever since, and that was a dozen years ago.' 'What a frightful thing!' said I. 'And how could he ever get over it so?' 'It did all but kill him at first,' said James, in his sympathy, sitting down by me. 'For years he went nowhere, except on professional business; only plunged day and night into work, as some men take to whisky in misery. Then, I suppose, he got used to it, and accepted it as inevitable. A gentleman, speaking of him yesterday, said he had borne it nobly and irreproachably; but he was more cheerful, and like his old self, this summer, than he had ever been since.' 'But is there no hope, James?' 'None. It is confirmed melancholia, almost idiocy now. But her health is perfect in other respects, and she is as likely to live to be a hundred, more likely, than any of us.' 'Dreadful!' said I. 'And of the two, I pity him more.'

"Well, we went on our sail," continued Fanny, after pausing for a long breath. "But as I watched Emily and the Doctor rowing together in the moonlight, with murmurs of low talk, sometimes grave, sometimes gay, but always in accord, I sat silent in the stern of the boat, and could have cried.

"I told Emily that night. She was not easy to read sometimes, and whether it was secretly a shock to her or not, I could not tell. I noticed that she kept her face carefully in shadow. She only said, in a low voice, 'I knew there was something. He reins himself in so suddenly, sometimes, when we are alone together. In his very gayest moods, a fit of the deepest depression will come over him, and he will be *triste*, and silent, till I myself begin to feel as if some terrible weight were crushing me, as well as him.

"I was the most faithful, unwearied of chaperones; for though I, myself, had the most entire faith in both of them, the tabbies, I knew, soon were beginning to watch them with their slanderous eyes. 'James,' said I, 'I wish, from my heart, we had never come here with Emily. Let us go away.' But he was stupid about such things; all men are. 'It was just a romantic notion of mine,' he said. The fact was, he was having a good time, and wanted to stay.

"But the end came at last. One suffocating day, the two gentlemen took us, in a barouche, over to Otsego Lake, for a breath of cool air, and a row at sunset. Afterwards we had a trout supper, in the neat, breezy, little inn-parlor, with its doors and windows opening on to the rippling lake, and the mountain walls of verdure that encircle it. I had determined to throw care to the winds, for that day, at least. Everybody was in the wildest spirits; and Emily and the Doctor kept up a perfect fire of wit across the table, amid peals of laughter from all. She was so pretty, I could not take my eyes off her, with her piquant head, and animated gestures; a blue bow tucked coquettishly into her bright, chest-

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nut hair; her round, full form in a white cambric morning-dress, turned slightly away from her softest and whitest of throats. Suddenly, up dashes a buggy, with a span of horses, to the door, and a tall, thin, drab man, in a grey traveling suit, gets out. Emily turned pale to her very lips, as she rose to meet him. 'Ah! Calvin, this is a surprise,' she cried. 'When did you come?' Not one word of welcome could she force from her lover. Then she introduced Dr. Lambert. But Hard only bowed frigidly. 'Arrived at Richfield two hours ago,' said he to Emily, turning his back on the Doctor, and taking the seat beside her, at table. 'They told me I should find you here, in pleasant company'—this last in a low, significant tone, that told that the tabbies had made the most of their time. 'I shall stay over Sunday, though I can hardly spare the time from business. Business before pleasure, is my motto, you know.'

"With this new, discordant element, all brightness vanished from our party. In vain did the Doctor talk his very best—and he was a charming *raconteur*—and James and I vie with each other to see which should appear merriest. Calvin's glum silence would have quenched Sancho Panza himself. Emily's face grew sadder every moment. If she had never realized before the fatal mistake of her engagement, I felt that she did now. And it takes the courage of a martyr to rectify such mistakes in a case like hers. I wondered if she would be brave enough before it would be forever too late; for, you see, October was so near.

"They brought, soon after dinner, our barouche to the door, and the buggy, which, of course, Emily was to return in. How I pitied her when I thought of the terrible ten-mile *tete-a-tete* with her sullen lover, that was before her. They started first. Dr. Lambert stood, with a strangely thoughtful face, watching them till they were out of sight; then turned away, with a heavy sigh. 'So that is the man she is to marry. God help her!' said he. 'Amen!' said I, fervently, and our eyes met.

"We all reached the hotel together. But though it was 'Hop Night,' and the great, brilliantly-lighted parlor was full of dancers, Emily, pale as death, never even glanced at it, but went straight to her room.

"I think it was nearly morning before she went to bed. I felt the thunder-storm in the air, and could not sleep myself, and long after midnight, when I glanced out of my window, I saw, by the moonlight, Dr. Lambert pacing restlessly back and forth on the deserted piazza, his hands behind him, his head bowed down.

"When I was ready for breakfast, Emily answered my knock without opening the door. 'I have a terrible headache; I am not going down,' she said. At table, Calvin Hard's seat, next hers, was also vacant. Said the waiter, 'The gentleman had an early breakfast, but didn't eat nothin'; and he went in the first stage.' James and I exchanged meaning looks. 'If the engagement is broken,' said he, when the waiter had gone, 'I pity Emily. The Van Burens will never forgive Dr. Lambert, either, for Calvin Hard is said to be worth at least half a million.' 'She has done right, and I am heartily glad of it!' said I, too much excited to taste a mouthful.

"After our breakfast, which was very late that morning, I was sitting by myself on the piazza. From the parlor, where the band was playing, came the plaintive, delicious notes of Schumann's 'Traumerei,' which chimed well with my thoughts. Suddenly a low, husky voice at my side, said, 'Mrs. Hall!' I turned, amazed, when I found it was Dr. Lambert's. His face was full of strong emotion. He extended his hand. 'I have come to bid you good-bye. My trunk is already on the stage,' he said.

"I knew why he was going, and I could not urge him to stay. I felt that he spoke only the truth, when he said, earnestly, 'I have done wrong; I have stayed too long. My conscience has been telling me to go, but the happiness of seeing her every day was so great, the temptation to keep it a little longer so strong. May God forgive me! Now I am going back to my duty, and to my tread-mill life.' As he said this, he set his lips like stone. I murmured heartfelt words of sympathy and friendship, but I think he hardly heard me. 'Will you take my farewell to her?' he said, at last, in a lower tone; 'and tell her, that if I never see her again'—he stopped, then went on with an effort—'I shall always thank her for her frank friendship. I owe to her the very brightest hours in a life that has not had too many in it.'

"Then he wrung my hand, and turned away. I stooped down and kissed 'Baby,' to hide my tears. By-and-bye, I went to Emily's room. Her face showed that she had been going through so much, that I trembled for her, when I told her Dr. Lambert had gone, and gave her his message. She did not say one word, but great tears filled her eyes, and she hid her face in the pillows. I caressed her without speaking, till she held up her left hand to me significantly. Then I saw that her engagement-ring was gone. 'You have given it back?' I asked. 'Yes, last night, when we were driving. Oh, Fanny!'

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she exclaimed, vehemently, throwing her arms round me, while her eyes flashed with a fire that startled me—'Oh! Fanny, at least I can thank Dr. Lambert that I have learned, in time, the danger there is in marrying a man you do not care for; that some day you may wake up, and find that there is a man whom you love!"

"But, Fanny, how did Calvin bear it?" I asked.

My cousin looked at me earnestly. I knew she was reading my thoughts.

"He was very angry and bitter against her, Kate, for awhile. One could hardly expect anything else, you know. It's no little thing to break an engagement. But, dear me, a man doesn't die of it. In six months he married a pretty little widow, and 'lived happily ever after,' as the story-books say.

"Poor Emily it was, who had the hardest time after all. Her family made her life wretched for her. Then her father died, and, to everybody's surprise, left his estate heavily encumbered. I think Emily was glad, when she found that she had got to choose between going away to support herself, or staying idly at home, with grinding economy. Of course, it was like her to choose the former, with eagerness. 'Work and independence forever!' she wrote me. She drew exquisitely; it was her great accomplishment. By James's advice, she came to New York—we were living here then—and learned wood-engraving In time, she became very skilful, and was able to support herself handsomely. She lived a very quiet, industrious life, with an aunt of hers here, and did not care to visit at all, except at our house. I used to tell her, sometimes, that I wished I could see some of her bright, coquettish ways come back. 'You never will,' she would answer, soberly. 'I feel sometimes, Fanny, as if I were a hundred!' But that was nonsense, for she was barely twenty-seven, and with her perfect health, had never been prettier or more attractive in her life.

"When we went abroad last year, and proposed her going with us, I was delighted to see with what zest she entered into the plan. The voyage, which to me was Purgatory, to her was Paradise; for she was not sick a day. And when I lay groaning in my berth, she and Col. Gade were pacing the deck together by the hour, exulting in the roll and toss of the sea. Every day she grew more like her old, sparkling self. Col. Gade was a young Prussian officer, whom James introduced to her on the second day out. His uncle—a wealthy banker in New York—was an old friend of my husband's. The Colonel was tall and handsome, with frank, honest, blue eyes; warm-hearted, brave, and good. And he had the most charming manners. He had been traveling in this country for his health, and was now returning to his home in Berlin. Emily's German was bad, but, as he laughingly told her, his English was worse. He besought her to teach him, and the merry, musical little laughs she gave at his blunders, seemed to afford him infinite pleasure. I think he fell in love with her from the very first. His polite, foreign ways, and the entertainment their lessons afforded, made her receive his attentions at first with a frank pleasure, that deepened into another feeling by slow degrees.

"When we were in Paris, Col. Gade was with us constantly. After that, we separated. But when we arrived in Berlin, the first person to greet us at the hotel, was our handsome Colonel. It was one of those sudden, romantic affairs, that just take one off one's feet. I never cared for foreigners, or approved of foreign matches. Yet, in six weeks after we came to Berlin, I was present at Emily's marriage, and I kissed her glowing cheek, with a heart full of joy, at the bright future before her.

"The young couple went to Switzerland for their wedding journey. Two days ago, I had such a bright, charming letter from her! I really don't think you could find a happier wife in all Berlin, than Emily Gade."

"And Dr. Lambert?" I asked.

Fanny's voice trembled a little.

"He died, last fall, in Philadelphia, of typhus fever, caught in a hospital for poor children, to which he had been the generous patron, as well as chief on the visiting staff, for years."

A DIRGE.

BY E. M. BELL.

Flow, streamlet, flow,
Wild winds are sighing;
Wave, lilies, wave,
Some one is dying.

Shine, stars, shine,
On the rose weeping;
Hush, night-bird, hush,
Some one is sleeping.

Rest, heart, rest,
Thou wilt waken never;
Rise, soul, rise,
Thou art free forever.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 378.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SERVANT came out upon the verandah, solemnly approached the mistress of the house, and as solemnly announced that dinner was served.

Mrs. Cameron had already dropped her husband's arm, in high displeasure at his last speech, and moved away from him with as much majesty as lies within the compass of four feet six, broadened into very generous proportions. Sweeping up the verandah, she approached the young couple that had been the cause of all this discussion.

"Mr. Cole, though we are Americans, the laws of lineal precedence are not altogether unknown to some of us, at least. Pray, give me your arm. The seat at my right hand belongs to you by right."

Cole smiled; he could not help it. The impressive gravity with which this speech was delivered made it too ridiculous for resistance, for with it she gave a cutting glance at Dana, who came sauntering up to the group, with Edith by his side.

After arranging her purple draperies to their full trailing length, she placed her hand, gingerly, on Cole's arm, and proceeded with the programme.

"Mr. Dana will lead Miss Cameron to the table. Mr. Cameron, you will see to Edith Church. After forcing such incongruities upon us, you are bound to carry them out. Now, Mr. Cole."

Cole offered his arm with a graceful bend of the head, and the procession, thus solemnly arranged, moved toward the dining-room.

There, surrounded by the glitter of plate, the flash of crystal, and an oppressive abundance of flowers, Mrs. Cameron, with a glorious consciousness of high position, led the conversation, which, in so small a party, could not be made general. But notwithstanding her high state, she was more than once ruthlessly interrupted by her daughter, who seized upon her right of speech in fragments, and just escaped turning the opinions of her august mamma into ridicule before her guests.

Notwithstanding the adroit flattery of Cole, the good-natured tact of Dana, and the gentle efforts of Edith Church, an unpleasant collision of opinions jarred through the party more than once, but was dexterously carried off in commonplaces, until the dessert was on the table. Then Hester took the lead with spirit. "Music," she said, was her grand passion; the opera her earthly heaven. She longed to get back to the city, because the musical season was opening with such brilliancy. Every day spent at Heath House she felt to be the loss of a great pleasure.

"An exquisite pleasure," broke in the mamma, sententiously. "But we must endure the privation until it is Mr. Cameron's will to move. He has no idea of the craving for sweet sounds which haunts a soul to whom the genius of song is an inheritance, such as Hester imbibes from her maternal ancestors."

"She does not know one note from another," said Hester, in a laughing whisper, to Dana. "I wish somebody would stop her absurd pretences."

Dana listened with reproving gravity; but the young lady possessed so little of sensitive tact, that she went on, speaking aloud,

"At this rate, you will make me a double heiress, mamma. I never fancied that genius was a portion of my inheritance."

"Because modesty in our family accompanies genius. But I can assure you that one of the finest voices I ever heard belonged to my—my—to a distant relative of mine."

It was seldom that Mrs. Cameron broke down in her speech, but just then she faltered, stopped, and turned crimson; then, chancing to look at the banker, she saw that he was pale to the lips. Quick as thought he turned the subject, and asked Cole if he had ever met La Costa, the new prima-donna, abroad.

"Yes. Cole had witnessed her triumphs at Paris, Vienna, and London. La Costa was a wonderful woman, and sure to carry everything before her in New York."

Cole said all this naturally, and with the careless ease of a man who feels at liberty to blame or praise a public character at his pleasure; but

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his words served to arouse Miss Cameron's curiosity into enthusiasm.

"Oh! papa," she said, "we must be sure to go the first night."

"Very well," answered Mr. Cameron, pleasantly. "We will attend to it."

"Our own box for the season, Mr. Cameron," said the hostess, with emphasis. "I cannot permit a daughter of mine to appear in any other way, especially when the head of the house—the heads of two houses, as one might say—are present. You representing the Camerons, and I the Warners; the honors of both houses uniting in the person of our daughter. Our own box, remember, Mr. Cameron. If, as usual, you have invited any other person, that invitation must be revoked, for I shall be present."

"The box is at your disposal," answered Mr. Cameron, so accustomed to his wife's ostentatious pretension, that he had ceased to blush at it, even when she coupled his really great name with the Warners, who had been his pensioners since he first took their daughter from the leaky shelter of her father's roof, and made that father master of a farm he had first tilled, as a hired man.

"Do not forget," said the lady, "and order extra easy-chairs to be brought in; for there will be five of us. Mr. Cole and Mr. Dana will, of course, join my party. We shall have room for no more."

Cole bowed, and murmured an acceptance, while Mrs. Cameron pointed her remark by a severe and steady look at the burning face of Edith Church.

Before Dana could curb his resentment, and force himself to answer, Cameron gave a sweeping glance around the table, and said, with an unusual ring of authority in his voice,

"Sis, my dear! You have made a mistake. Our party will be six, if Mr. Dana cares to go."

Mrs. Cameron shot a glance across the table, that made Edith Church shrink in her chair. Then she bent her head, and whispered to Cole,

"You see what I am compelled to endure!"

Cole gave her a side look, which she accepted as sympathy, and busied himself with the fruit upon his plate, while Dana answered gravely, that he should be happy to complete the party on La Costa's opening night.

Then Mrs. Cameron arose with a great rustle of drapery, and spreading her fan, marshaled her guests into the drawing-room. Miss Church and Dana, however, lost their way in the progress, and wandered off into the grounds, which gave great offence to the lady, who called her husband to a sharp account for sanctioning such want of respect to the head of the house.

While she was speaking, all the younger portion of her audience had disappeared. Cole sauntered out on the verandah, and Hester stepped boldly through the French window, with the lace shawl gathered over her head and shoulders, as if to challenge the young man for a walk. Cole understood the situation at once, and accepted the challenge with that strange smile in his eyes, which no one as yet understood.

When Mrs. Cameron found herself alone with her husband, the vials of her wrath were opened upon him.

"Mr. Cameron, if anything could surprise me, I should be astonished! Do you really intend to take that girl to the opera with myself and Miss Cameron? I endured the idea while we were at table; but now, sir, I ask you again, do you mean it?"

Mr. Cameron had seated himself with discretion on a lounge some distance from his wife, and was preparing himself for a quiet after-dinner sleep. When her abrupt question fell like grape-shot upon him, he was quietly arranging the cushions to his fancy. This done, he drew forth a fine white handkerchief from his pocket, and spread it over his face. Then, and not till then, did that question get a reply.

"Yes, my dear, I mean it!"

"You mean to insult me, and mine, then! You mean to drag us down in the face of the whole world! You mean to rear your own child, my child, with a creature picked up from the gutter?"

"No, not the gutter, my dear," said the old gentleman, from under the screen of his handkerchief. "She was nursed, you know, by the same woman who took care of Hester, and was of about as good blood, I fancy."

"Mr. Cameron!" shrieked the lady.

"Mrs. Cameron!" murmured the gentleman, rather sleepily.

"How dare you? That girl—that waif—that—that—— Oh! this is too much!"

"What did you observe, my dear?"

"I observed, sir, that no woman that ever lived would bear the indignities that you heap on me."

"Oh!"

"And I furthermore observe, that this Church girl shall leave my house."

"Of course," answered the voice from under the handkerchief. "We shall all go to the city before long."

Mrs. Cameron dashed her fan down on the arm of her chair, and broke it into half a dozen pieces.

"There, sir, you have done it at last! I knew

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you would," she cried, looking down upon the ruin she had made. "Of course you couldn't rest till the best fan I owned was broken."

"But, my dear, I am doing my utmost to rest," said the bland, sleepy voice.

"Indeed, I suppose you mean to insinuate that I keep you from it. I, who am an eternal victim of your injustice. Rest! As if a man with your conscience weighing him down ever could rest!"

"Exactly. It is difficult," murmured the voice. "Very difficult."

"But you may as well understand this first as last. Mr. Cameron, I am determined to have this girl out of my family. Her conduct this day has decided me."

No answer came, but the man on the couch changed his position restlessly.

"She is this moment with Mr. Dana. Her next effort will be against that other young gentleman. As if he would notice her!"

"I should think not."

These words came indistinctly; but the slumberous sound provoked the woman more than sarcasm would have done. She started up, sat down again, and clutched the cushioned arm of her chair with both hands.

"On one thing I am determined," she said. "Edith Church shall leave this house, or I will."

Mr. Cameron drew the handkerchief from his head, and sat upright on the couch. His face was quiet, but there was something in his eyes that made the woman cringe. She had seen it once or twice before in her life.

"Mrs. Cameron," he said, very calmly, but with the firmness of iron in his voice, "I have made my will, and left a modest independence to Edith. Another word of this, and she shall go share and share alike with my own daughter."

Having said this, the old gentleman drew the handkerchief over his face again.

CHAPTER XX.

Edith Church had not deserved the censure heaped upon her by Mrs. Cameron. No intention of joining Dana had entered her mind, when she hurried, like a shadow, from the dining-room, and fled into the old-fashioned garden, as the only place where she could be certain of solitude. Wounded in her pride, stung with the worst insults put upon her, she only desired to be alone with the pain of this fresh humiliation.

There was an ancient summer-house in the garden, overrun with a straggling old grape-vine, that went on bearing fruit in spite of the neglect that had fallen to its share with the rest of the garden. Here Edith concealed herself, for concealment was all she sought at that moment; and once under the shelter of the grape-leaves, she gave way to the tears that had been kept back with such burning pain at the dinner-table.

What had she done? In what way had she offended Mrs. Cameron, that her pride, her very self-respect, should be so wounded before strangers? This had never happened before in the presence of Mr. Cameron. His quiet power had always been a protection to her until now. What had she done, that some stray gleams of pleasure might not pass her way without bringing a sting of insult with them? Were they offended because Mr. Dana had given her a little attention? Could they not understand, as she did—oh, how keenly—that it was because of the compassion their own treatment had aroused in his generous nature? Did they grudge her the humiliating boon of his pity? At any rate, she could weep freely in the old grape-arbor, and that was a relief. No one could see how deeply her feelings had been wounded. The old white rose-bush at the entrance of the arbor would shelter her with its branches, though the whiteness of its blossom season had passed long ago. The scraggy old vine dropped its purple clusters overhead with an abundance that defied the neglect that had fallen upon it. No one cared to gather the fruit in its prime, because richer and rarer kinds had superceded it in the newer gardens. Like herself, everything there seemed put aside and crowded out of the luxurious life in-doors.

Edith leaned her head against the back of the weather-beaten rustic seat, which had been discarded from some more favored place, and wept such bitter tears as few girls of her age ever know. It seemed as if these people had given her all the refinements of education, and those dainty tastes which the wealthy can alone enjoy, merely that they might be used as instruments of torture. What had she done, that the woman she had been taught to look upon as a mother, should become the cold and crafty tyrant of her life? What evil influence had fallen on Hester, her school-mate and friend, that she, also, should seem to take pleasure in her toil and her humiliation? How lonely and sad she felt. How her cheeks burned as she thought of the one glance Dana had cast upon her face, which, from sudden pallor, had turned to flame under a consciousness of his pity!

"Oh, if I had anywhere to go! If I had any one to help me!" she sobbed, in the bitterness of her grief. "Even Sarah Weed would not take me! I am sure I could teach, or do something;

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but how am I to find the way? Ah, me! how helpless I am!"

A rustling of the leaves disturbed her. She started and looked around, with tears still trembling in her great brown eyes. A man was in the garden. She could hear the sweep of the glowing chrisanthemums falling back to their place as some one passed through them. A servant, no doubt, for what other person was likely to visit that garden? Fearing to be seen or heard, Edith held her breath, and slowly wiped the tears from her face. The steps came nearer. The old white rose-bush was shaken by the touch of a hand. Then the entrance to the arbor was darkened, and Mr. Dana came in.

There was no chance of escape for the girl, though she started up and attempted it. Why had this man pursued her? Was it not enough that he had witnessed her humiliation?

She stood up, leaning one hand on the back of the garden-seat, with the look of a hunted animal in her eyes. But she saw, at once, that the man had not expected to find her there; for he drew back a pace, on seeing her, and a flush of crimson swept his forehead.

"I did not know—I did not expect to find any one here!" he said, after a moment's hesitation. "This old garden used to be a haunt of mine when it was the best on the place, and I sometimes come here for the sake of old times. I see they let the old grape-vine spread itself yet. Would it be theft if I gathered a cluster?"

Dana did not wait for the answer, but dragging down a branch of the vine, laden so heavily with the purple fruit, that it drooped low, and twisted one or two clusters off with his hands.

"I can remember when they were delicious," he said, drawing toward the seat which Edith had taken; for the shadow of the vine-leaves fell darkest there. "Perhaps you will think them tolerable even yet. I do."

He held out a cluster of the grapes as he spoke, and began to eat those left in his hand with evident relish. Edith, too, found this pretence of eating a relief, and strove to swallow the grape she had put between her lips; but the attempt almost choked her. The effort she had made to conceal her tears still shook her nerves.

Dana seemed to observe none of this. One by one he picked the grapes from his cluster, and flung the skins away. Then he tossed the stem through an opening of the vine, and dropped carelessly to the vacant seat by her side.

"What a wild, almost weird old place it is," he said, "with the lily-stalks all standing, and the hollyhocks running to seed! Perhaps it would be more like old times in the spring. Such a glory of peonies, such golden clusters of marigolds, you never saw! The great walk there was afire with them. Then the white roses were beautiful!"

"They are beautiful yet," said Edith, in whom his words had aroused the great passion for flowers that always possessed her. "In the spring and early summer, this is the loveliest spot on the place. There is nothing sweeter than the perfume of this old vine, when it blossoms; but no one seems to care much for it since the green-houses were built."

"I shall always like the old place," said Dana, "though it does make me feel desperately old."

"Old?" said Edith, with a slight flush. "I never thought of that. How can you let such an idea in upon your mind?"

"One cannot always forget his years, and I had more than I care to count, before you were born," was the quiet answer.

"Before I was born?" repeated the girl, sadly enough; for her mind went back to its regrets, naturally. "I wonder why that ever was. It seems hard to cast a poor creature into the world all alone."

"But no one is alone, Miss Church. There is not a human being on earth so desolate as that."

Edith shook her head, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"God does not place a human soul on earth without a right to human love," continued Dana.

"But one might perish before finding that love. It seems to me that hate is always first, and the strongest," said Edith, turning her face away, that he might not see the tears that trembled on her eyelashes.

"Oh! if you only knew——"

Dana checked himself, and drew back the hand which was half extended toward the girl, who had averted her face. Edith turned suddenly, gave one quick look at the man's face, and then her eyes fell as if some swift light had scorched them. She remembered that this man was the lover of Hester Cameron; that he only pitied her.

"I must go now," she said, rising, with an appearance of strength. "They will think it strange. They will condemn me for staying here. Pray, Mr. Dana, go first. They will miss you."

"Miss me? Let them. But you? Why are you always so restless to be gone when I am near? Is it because my presence is hateful to you?"

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Edith lifted her soft, brown eyes—all the softer because a mist of tears floated over them—and looked earnestly into his face.

"Hateful to me?"

It was all she said; but such a glow of tender contradiction illuminated that lovely face, that it was transfigured. Then the passionate fire in Dana's heart leaped to his eyes. Her hand was in his; her form was snatched to his bosom; her lips, half parted in surprise, were pressed by a kiss that took away her breath.

"Girl, girl, do you know how I love you? Is there anything in your heart with which you can pay me back?"

One moment of perfect bliss, then another of wild anger, that shook that young creature from head to foot. She put both hands against Dana's chest, and pushed him from her. Her eyes, so soft before, were full of fire now; her lips quivered in their scarlet rage, at the violence offered them.

"How dare you?" she said. "Have I not been debased enough to-day, without this? After all the insult I have endured, must you come with this crowning mockery?"

Dana stood abashed, astounded. The fire of this girl's anger seemed to scorch him. His face grew pale; his eyes filled with gloom.

"Is this real?" he questioned, in a voice so broken and hoarse, that she looked at him questioningly; it sounded so strange to her.

"And you question that, too? You think an orphan girl, without parents, name, anything, must feign when she dares to resent an insult. You will not give me the poor privilege of honest anger. Ah! sir, how I have mistaken you!"

The girl swept by him in her hot anger, and left the arbor. With her head lifted, and her eyes burning, she trod her way through the autumn flowers, and, in the insanity of her indignation, trod them under her feet. Up the winding steps, into her sewing-room, she went, and throwing herself on an old sofa that had found refuge there, buried her face in its cushions, in an agony of shame, such as had never tortured her before.

"That he should have done this!" she thought, in bitterness of shame. "He, whom I have so honored, so cared for; whom I have considered too good for her husband, rich and beautiful as she is! Oh, yes, he could give his soul to her, and his insults to me! It was because she was gracious to this strange man, that he avenges himself in this cruel way on my helplessness! Oh! Father of Mercies, can I endure this, and live?"

CHAPTER XXI.

A WOMAN and a girl stood by the entrance of La Costa's apartments, hesitating in the shadows of the hall, half afraid to address the foreign-looking gentleman who sat by the door.

"Why don't you go right along, mar," whispered the girl, with a jerk at her mother's dress. "The young gentleman told you to walk right in, no matter what anyone said."

"But the people down stairs questioned us so," answered the woman, looking toward the staircase, as if tempted to escape that way. "No wonder they can't understand that anybody in this place wants to see us. I don't myself."

"Well, mar, you do beat all. You and I know that some great lady about these premises does want to see us, and I consider that enough, for my part."

"But that man. I'm afraid the number isn't right."

The woman took a card from her pocket, and looked from that to the nearest door, which was too distant for a close inspection of the number. Olympia snatched the card from her mother's hand, went boldly up to the door, and examined the number over Gaston's shoulder.

"Yes, mar, it's all right. If this gentleman hasn't no objection, I'll just knock at the door."

Mrs. Weed came forward now, and addressed Gaston, with great diffidence.

"If the gentleman would just step out of the way," she said, timidly. "There is a lady inside who has sent word that she wants to see us."

"Wants to see you?" said Gaston, eyeing the poverty-stricken garments of the woman from head to foot. "Why, it's to keep just such people as you out, that I sit here. They come in swarms."

"But we're not swarms, nor nothing like it," interposed Olympia. "No one ever dared to call my mar such names before. And if that's what Mr. Cole sent us here for, he'd better be about other business, if I do say it, that has no business to. And my own born mar standing by, without a word to say for herself. There, now!"

"Mr. Cole?" said Gaston, moving uneasily in his chair. "Mr. Cole? Did you say that?"

"Of course I said that. Why not? Mr. Cole's name isn't so long, nor so grand, that common folks can't speak it. At any rate, he didn't put on such airs when my sister's carriage got upsot, and he carried her in with his own arms, like a gentleman as he is. Not meaning to say that other persons can't be that, though doubting isn't a sin, I hope."

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"Mr. Cole? Do you know him?" questioned Gaston, addressing Mrs. Weed, with some increase of respect, but ignoring the girl, whose peculiar expressions he did not quite understand. But Olympia was not to be suppressed after this fashion.

"Know Mr. Cole? I should rather think we did. Don't he call at our house, and leave his card, just as a gentleman ought to? Here it is, if you don't believe me."

Gaston took the card and examined it critically. The name was on one side. On the other he read a request that Mrs. Weed should call at La Costa's rooms without delay. The number of her rooms was added.

The servant looked from the card to the woman, whose shabby dress was brightened by a shawl that had once boasted brilliant colors, and whose bonnet was crowded with crushed and faded artificial flowers. He understood these signs of the broken-down actress, and began to think her right to be there possible, for La Costa had strange caprices regarding her company at times.

"I will go in and inquire," he said, with some hesitation. "You can wait."

"I should think we had waited long enough," answered Olympia, with a toss of the head.

Gaston was only gone a moment. When he came back, the door was flung wide open.

"Enter!" he said.

"Of course we will enter. That's what we came for," observed Olympia, passing the servant with a lift of the head, which, contrasted with the nervous movements of the mother, had a ludicrous effect.

When once in the room, the girl looked around with wide-open eyes and parted lips.

"Oh, my! Isn't this scrum?" she whispered, under her breath. "If Joe Hooker was only here now! He would tell the whole alley-way, and they'd believe him."

Olympia sat down on the extreme edge of a chair, which allowed the tips of her feet to touch the carpet, while she took more particular observation of the gorgeousness that surrounded her; but the result was not so bewildering, that she forgot the movements of her mother.

"Why don't you set down, mar? If you stand there agin the door, as if you were scared, I shall have to do all the talking, and you know I hate that; it makes one seem so forrid. Why can't you set down like folks?"

Mrs. Weed sat down on one of the silken chairs obediently enough. The splendor of everything around, the soft, gorgeous solitude of the room, alarmed her. The contrast with her own forlorn home was frightful. What business could she possibly have there?"

Directly a door opened, and an airy young person with a cap, floating like a mammoth butterfly over her curls, came softly into the room.

"Is there a person called Weed, who desires to see my lady?" she said, half in French, half in broken English.

Mrs. Weed arose to her feet. Olympia jumped down from her chair, always on the alert.

"Arrest yourself," said the maid, rejecting Olympia with a wave of her hand. "Madame will receive only one, whose name is Weed."

Olympia bounced back upon the chair, and began to beat and swing her feet against it.

"That means, they've got secrets in this house that I'm not good enough to hear. Mar had 'em with Miss Church t'other day, and now she's going in for it with somebody else. Deep with her own born daughter, is she? Well, mebby she'll carry it out, and mebby she won't. Poor old mar! She may have been smart once, but hasn't she got well over it? Shut me out, will they?"

Here Olympia got down from her chair, and attempted to cross the soft carpet on tip-toe, but it was like treading on moss, and she allowed her feet to settle into it with confidence.

"Mercy, how it gives, and how full of flowers!" she thought, looking down to her rudely-shod feet. "If my boots didn't creak so now. But where on earth did mar go to? I don't see but one door, and that we came through. But lor', how many windows!"

Stealing softly forward, the girl pushed aside the edge of a silken curtain that swept down to the floor, and looked through. It was no window, as she had supposed, but a *portiere* of pale-yellow silk, which separated the apartment she was in from a dressing-room so marvelously fitted up, that it took away the girl's breath. In that room her mother stood before a lady, who was leaning forward from the chair she occupied, with her eyes lifted earnestly, almost sadly, Olympia thought, to her mother's face, which bore a wild and puzzled look.

"Have I then changed so much—so much, that even you cannot recognize me, Sarah Weed? I—I am glad of it. But oh, how sad it is! People tell me that I am young as ever. But look!"

The woman flung out her white hands, and leaning forward, looked wildly at the picture she made in an opposite mirror. "They cheat me, but I cannot cheat myself, and you will not help me. I should have known you, Sarah Weed, anywhere. But even now you seem in doubt."

"I am in doubt," answered Mrs. Weed. "It seems to me impossible, for I have heard long

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ago that she was dead. But there was a person——"

"Yes, yes—a person! Go on."

"But that is out of the question. She was young—wonderful in her beauty."

"And I am not. I am none of these things. Oh! Sarah Weed, how you strike me on the heart!"

The woman fell back in her chair, covered her face with both hands, and rocked herself to and fro in a stormy passion of tears.

"How could I hurt you, lady? I, who—who never saw you in my life before?"

"Yes you have. You have, Sarah Weed, when I was as wretched, almost, as I am now!"

The woman swept the tears from her eyes, and held out both hands, wet with them.

Something in the gesture aroused the memory thus appealed to. Mrs. Weed grew pale, her eyes widened, and, leaning forward, she pushed La Costa's hair back from her forehead with both shaking hands.

"They told me you were dead, and I believed them."

"No, no, Sarah Weed. It is only my youth, my beauty, that is dead. They will never come back as I have done. Never, never!"

"Ha!"

Mrs. Weed turned sharply, but not before Olympia's face had disappeared from that narrow opening in the *portiere;* but the rich silk vibrated slightly, from the haste with which the girl had dropped it. In an instant, the mother pushed the whole fabric aside and looked out. Olympia was in the chair, which she had occupied from the first, her feet hanging down motionless, her cheek resting against the cushion, and her hands clasped loosely in her lap, apparently half asleep. She opened her eyes when the lifted curtain let in a stream of light.

"Are you ready to go, mar? I am so tired of waiting," she said.

"It was a current of wind," thought Mrs. Weed. "I'm not used to such things, but the curtain seemed to shake."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Weed went back into the dressing-room, and drew a chair close to that on which La Costa sat, saying,

"Yes, Lucinda, I know you now."

"Lucinda!" repeated La Costa, with an hysterical laugh, that flushed her whole face. "How comical the name sounds! Lucinda! You called me that in serious earnest once, didn't you, Sarah? Well, droll things do happen; and among the drollest is yourself, when I come to look at you. Why, woman, what made you crowd all that trash on your bonnet? And the shawl! Where did you get the thing? The colors fairly burn one!"

Sarah Weed blushed scarlet, and pushed the shawl from her shoulders.

"It is the best I have," she said, sullenly.

"The best you have?"

La Costa started up, ran into the maid's room, and came back with a Persian shawl huddled in her arms.

"Take this, and burn the other thing when you get home. As for the bonnet, that is too deliciously comical. Upon my word, I should like it for some of my characters. But tell me, are you in the theatre yet?"

"As a dresser. Only as a poor dresser," answered Mrs. Weed, bitterly. "As you have gone up hill, I have gone down. A widow, with children to support, has no chance in the world."

"There, there! Don't bewail your fate. You do not know what trouble is," she said, sharply. "There is keener hunger than that which takes the strength from your limbs, and the color from your cheeks."

"You have not tried that."

La Costa leaned back in her chair, and laughed, a bitter, mocking laugh, that reached Olympia in the next room, and startled her.

"I have tried a great deal more than you dream of," she said. "But, Sarah, do you know that you and I are a couple of cowards. We are thinking of one subject all the time, and talking of another."

"I know it," said Mrs. Weed.

"Your mother?"

"She is dead."

"How long ago?"

"Eight years."

"Sarah!"

"I know what you want to ask."

"Well?"

"All that we promised you was done."

"At the last?"

"Yes, at the very last. But——"

La Costa started up, white to the lips.

"But? Why do you say that? Surely nothing is destroyed?"

"No, I—I hope not. But we were told of your death. We read an account of it in the papers."

"And so became careless?"

"And so became careless. What had we to gain, one way or another, so long as you were dead?"

"Dead? So I am dead, to everybody but

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you, Sarah; at any rate, for a time. But you cannot have destroyed anything of so much value?"

"I hope not—I think not. But we have so little room, and things get lost moving so much. Besides, the children are full of mischief, and I cannot take care of them properly. But father is very kind to them."

"Your father? Is he living?"

"Yes. You will find the old man among the carpenters at the Opera House."

"Dear old fellow! I remember how kind he was. But he knows nothing?"

"No. Even at the last she revered him too much for any betrayal of her secret. I hope he may never know it. To think that my mother could—— But no matter; the old man has mourned her all these years as a good woman, and such she must remain to him."

"As a good woman? How strangely that sounds! Do men love us because we are good, I wonder? I'm sure no one ever loved me for that."

"*He* loved you."

La Costa sprang to her feet, and paced the room up and down, like a leopardess roused.

"One word, and then never mention him again. Is there anyone living who saw him—who saw him die?"

The woman had stopped suddenly before her visitor, and spoke in spasms, as her breath would permit.

"Yes, my father," was the sad reply. "He was with him often, especially at the last; and that was like the going out of an angel."

"Stop, stop! Woman, have you no mercy?"

"I thought it might be some satisfaction."

"Satisfaction to know that you have killed the best, the most self-sacrificing and beautiful character that ever lived? Nonsense! Nannette! Nannette!"

The French girl appeared.

"Bring me wine—absinthe—anything."

The girl disappeared, and came back with a small crystal flask and a tiny cup, rimmed with gold, in her hand. She was about to set the tray down and fill the cup, but La Costa snatched the flask, and drank from it so eagerly, that both Mrs. Weed and the French girl started toward her in alarm. La Costa turned away her head, and a laugh mingled with the faint gurgling of the liquid.

Mrs. Weed dashed the flask from her hold.

"Lucinda, you will kill yourself!" she exclaimed, forgetting the presence of the maid.

La Costa bent her face down to that of her old friend.

"Why shouldn't I kill myself? I killed him!" she whispered; then she sank into a chair, limp and scarcely breathing.

Mrs. Weed bent over her. She was pale with dread.

"You have taken too much. Shall I send for a doctor?" she said.

"No, no! It has not reached my heart yet. Oh! if you knew what quantities I can take. This would be nothing——"

"But you must not. The risk would be awful."

"Must not? Why, woman, how am I to live without it? How am I to suffer, and sing at the same time? Make people applaud, and laugh, and worship, while my heart sinks like a stone? Must not take it? Why, you ask more than the strength of a woman when you expect so much. But you were telling me something that I could not hear. Go on, I am stronger now. There is a little fire in my blood. You were saying that some one—a man I called husband long ago—loved me. Well, I know it. He loved me. I will tell you something now. He was the only man that ever did love me with such love as my soul craves to this day, as a thirsty man craves for water in the desert. That was the way this good man, this angel that you speak of, loved me; but I did not love him, and he knew it, for I would not give him even the mercy of deception. He knew more: that I was unworthy of such love; that my nature was too low for harmony with his. That broke his heart, for he was heart-broken. He could not sink to my level, and died. You see now why there is need of something to make me strong. I have a great many things to ask you about, but we will put it off. Stay, Sarah! Your whole dress is worn and shabby. Are you so poor as that? Well, you shall have money. Only find that which we were speaking of."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two boys stood on the wharf together. One had a small parcel in his hand, and the other eyed it with a crest-fallen look, that was quite pitiable.

"Well, now, this don't look much as if you'd raised the wind to any stunning extent. What are you a going to do about it? That seems to be the question. How are you a going to the opera without cloes?"

Dave Sanders opened a little parcel that Joe had brought with him, and took out a paper collar and a gilt scarf-pin.

"These things," he went on, "are first-class in a supernumerous chap, but they want a jacket and pantaloons to match. The cap's of no con-

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sequence at the Opera House. A feller takes it off, in course, if he's a gentleman 'scorting ladies, but the other things are dispensible."

"Well," said Joe, with a mournful shake of the head, "I done my best, but business has been awful bad. Seems to me, when a fellow has got a great idea to cary out, everything goes agin him. Nobody wanted nothing that I had. Ladies turned up their noses at black-headed pins, and men wouldn't so much as look at neck-ties. When that business busted on me, I borrowed a feller's brushes and things, agreeing to pay him half of the earnings; and I'm blowed if every man come down town hadn't had his boots blacked to home, just to aggravate me. So I just gin up three hours ago. I s'pose now there ain't no sort of use tryin' to go. They wouldn't let me in on them things, if I brushed up ever so much. Would they, now?"

Dave threw back his head, and flung a loud, tantalizing laugh at his down-hearted companion.

"Go into the biggest Opera House in the world on a scarf-pin and a stand-up collar! I like that, I do. It's full of greenness. But don't you give up, my jolly boy. Fellers as has friends, some time find 'em worth while. Come home with me. We'll have a little dinner, and talk the matter over."

"No!" answered Hooker. "Thank you; but I can't. Not been able to go. I must run to Miss 'Lympia, and let her ask some feller as has got proper close for the 'casion."

"It'll nigh about kill me to do it, but that's what a gentleman ought to do, and I mean to be that if I am broke down in trade. I'll lend the collar and pin to any chap that she wants to go with."

"Oh! come along. Ain't you a soft one? It's time enough after dinner, which is waiting."

Joe allowed himself to hesitate. It was a hard task he had set himself to do. Indeed, many a man now would have shrunk from it. So, after a little hesitation, he said,

"Well, if we're sure to git through in time, I don't mind; for I haven't done much on the feed lately, not feeling up to it with that opera on my mind. But where is your home, anyhow?"

"This way," answered Dave, swinging himself over the wharf, and landing on the projecting end of a log. "Jump! There's room enough for both."

Joe clambered down, but as his foot touched the log, Dave disappeared through an aperture in the timbers, and thrust his head out.

Joe stood on his precarious perch, quite alone, gazing on the disturbed water beneath him. muddy with the constant disturbance of coal-barges, and miscellaneous traffic of every kind.

"What are you waiting there for?" said Dave, thrusting his head out through an opening in the logs. 'Fraid, are you? Well, I like that! Shivering in yer boots, only no boots on this 'casion, this being only a snack, and no reg'lar dinner, as afore said."

"But where on earth are ye takin' me to?" questioned Joe, shuddering, as the great muddy wave from a passing steamboat dashed against the wharf, and cast its spray over him.

"To my own marble 'alls, sich as you never see afore," answered Dave, waving his hand through the opening. "Jest give a skip, and you're through the door, which is alers kept open, as a gentleman's house ought to be, to friends of hisen. Come, hop!"

Joe took the hand held out to him, and lodged in an opening burrowed out of the wharf, just above high-water mark.

"You'll have ter arrange a trifle," said Dave, encouragingly. "This is only the entry-way, and ruther low in the jints. All-fours is easiest, I should say. So, double up and foller after me."

"All right," faltered Dave, shivering, after one forlorn look on the water, that seemed fearfully deep.

"Are you comin'?" Dave called out, looking back over his shoulder, like a house-dog.

"I'm—I'm on hand," cried Joe, desperately falling on his hands and knees. "I'm a comin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WINTER HOUR.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

Silver and blue above,
And the golden moon;
Shadows upon the snow,
Like shadows of June.

Night leans over the hill,
And wakens the stars:
Ha! for a singing rill
Bursts from its bars!

Listen! beloved, hear!
Earth hath a voice!
God is afar and near—
Let us rejoice!

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THE DAY OF THE PICNIC.

BY MAGGIE T. SUTHERLAND.

"To think I must stay in the house and iron, on an afternoon like this! It's too bad!" was Marcia Wheeler's exclamation, as she stood for a minute at the open kitchen-door, looking at the shady grove, only a quarter of a mile distant, clothed in the marvelous robes of autumn. Then she turned to the kitchen table, and went on to herself, as she spread the ironing blanket, "I just wish Jane Austin had to iron this white skirt herself. The idea of wearing such a thing to a picnic! I hope she will tear it, and—— No, I don't either, for I shall have to mend it, if she does;" and the little hands carefully smoothed a bit of the lowest frill, preparatory to beginning operations.

"Marcia Wheeler," said a voice, at that instant—a voice which the most vivid imagination could not have pronounced "soft and low," "haven't you begun that skirt yet? I declare, it's most three o'clock! What on earth have you been doing, since you washed the dinner-dishes?"

"I have washed my face and hands, combed my hair, and changed my dress," replied Marcia, concisely.

"Combed your hair?" pursued the high-pitched voice. "That is always your excuse. How you can reconcile your conscience to wasting so much time over your hair, is more than I can tell."

A bitter retort rose to the young girl's lips, but she refrained, for in a war of words, the elder lady always came off victor; so she went on ironing, in utter indifference to the aunt, whose spare, shrewish face, and keen, gray eyes, formed such a contrast to her own fair, oval face, and orbs of deepest, darkest blue.

It was not a happy life she led in the old farm-house, though, as Mrs. Austin informed her friends, "Marcia was well done by, but she never acted as if she was contented, and was that jealous of Jane, you'd hardly believe it."

Jane was Mrs. Austin's daughter; and all the love the stern old dame possessed, was lavished on the fair-faced, helpless-handed, twenty-year-old woman, "sole daughter of her house and heart," whose mission in life it was, to be waited upon by the willing hands of her mother, and the unwilling ones of her cousin, Marcia Wheeler.

Marcia's father had been Mrs. Austin's only brother, and he had married just such a person (so Mrs. Austin told her niece) as she, Marcia, was herself, and—— Here the estimable lady shook her head solemnly, and looked more severe than ever through the immense steel-bowed spectacles she always wore.

Marcia could remember neither father nor mother; but once I heard her say, while looking at the pictured face of her mother, so like her own in its girlish beauty, "If my father at all resembled my Aunt Austin, I do not wonder my mother died before she had lived three years with him." Poor Marcia! Her words sounded strangely from the lips of a girl of nineteen.

The golden October afternoon wore away, the numerous frills were carefully ironed, and about half-past four, the tired hands shook out the snowy folds, and, with a sigh, Marcia exclaimed, "I am thankful!"

Mrs. Austin was sitting in the kitchen, knitting most industriously, and she echoed her niece's words, "*I'm* thankful, too, for I didn't know as you would ever get that white skirt done: an hour and three-quarters by the clock, you've been at it. Now, I want you to put on your hat, and go over to Miss Tucker's, and tell her that Jane has decided to have the trimming for her new dress cut on the bias, instead of the way she talked of, when she was over there. There's plenty of time for you to get back before dark, if you don't dawdle on the road."

Marcia obeyed her aunt's gentle bidding with more alacrity than was usual on such occasions, for she had been longing all day to be out in the fresh air; and the walk to the village, nearly two miles distant, seemed no hardship to her. Before she left the house, she said, quietly, "I suppose you have no objections to my stopping to change my library-book at the village, Aunt Austin?"

"I want to know if you have read that last book through so quick? Don't Jane want to read it, too?"

Marcia smiled, a slow, not very sweet smile. "No, aunt; Jane has no wish to read it. I do not think, if she lives to be a hundred years old, she will ever read a volume of Carlyle."

"So much the better, then," retorted Mrs. Austin. "I'm glad she don't want to waste her time over such stuff."

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Marcia passed out of the shady porch, and down the old-fashioned drive, to the road. She smiled, this time with real amusement. "Jane Austin wasting her time over Carlyle!"

Many and sharp words had been spoken between Mrs. Austin and her niece, before Marcia had been allowed to read what books she could obtain from the village library. Marcia had said, finally, "I will not stay here, unless I can have a little time to read. I will knit faithfully, while I am reading, but read I must, or I shall starve."

"What nonsense you are talking, Marcia!" good Mrs. Austin had answered, severely. "It's real sinful to talk in that way, about starving for want of books, when you have plenty of good victuals to eat."

Marcia had answered, quietly, "There are different kinds of starvation," and her aunt had, at length, given a grudging consent to her reading, providing she "kept to work on the sale socks;" for thrifty Mrs. Austin found her niece very useful, and had no intention of dispensing with her services. So Marcia knit pair after pair, of coarse, steel-gray socks; she never counted how many, but knit, and read, every spare moment, and was happy when so doing.

When the momentous errand to Miss Tucker had been accomplished, Marcia exchanged her book for another volume of her favorite author, and then started homeward, a little tired, but happy, because, for the time, forgetful of everything but the present. She walked slowly through the beautiful woods, stopping now and then to pluck a tiny fern, or spray of richly-hued autumn-leaves, and gave a little cry of dismay, as a large dog bounded from the bushes, with a sharp bark.

An instant after, however, a manly voice called to the dog, and almost immediately there stood beside her the owner of the voice.

"I am sorry Neptune frightened you, Miss Wheeler. He is very boisterous."

The speaker was Roland Ashton, a new-comer in the neighborhood, a city lawyer, who had inherited old Squire Ashton's house on the hill. Marcia had met him occasionally, and had talked with him, and sometimes she fancied he particularly liked to talk with her. She looked up shyly now, and blushed.

"I was not really frightened, Mr. Ashton," she said. "But he startled me with his loud bark." And she patted the dog's head, as he came close to her.

"Allow me to take your book, Miss Wheeler, for I am going past your aunt's house—that is if you have no objection?" said Roland Ashton, who was congratulating himself on having met the rarely beautiful girl thus alone, who, in secret, he had loved ever since the first time he saw her in the little village church at Riverton, and of whose mind he had derived so high an impression, from the conversations, rare though they had been, which he had enjoyed with her.

"So, you read Carlyle?" he said, glancing at the volume.

Marcia answered, frankly, "Yes, I like his writings very much."

Her companion looked at her a little surprised. "I do not know many young ladies who read Carlyle for pleasure. And what other authors do you like?"

"I like Ruskin, next to Carlyle; but I have not read many of his works, only 'Modern Painters,' and one or two others," answered Marcia, quickly.

The young lawyer smiled a little at the odd choice of favorites—the authors so utterly unlike. He hesitated a moment, then said, "I have all of Ruskin's works in my library. May I bring you over some of them to read?"

Marcia looked up quickly, her shyness gone for the moment. "Oh! Mr. Ashton, would you be so kind? You don't know how grateful I should be. It is like seeing beautiful pictures, or hearing sweet music, to read Ruskin."

The walk passed pleasantly; and as they neared Widow Austin's house, he said,

"Are you going to the picnic on Thursday, Miss Wheeler?"

"No," answered Marcia, the happy light fading out of her eyes; and her companion, quick to observe the change, said, gravely,

"May I ask, why?"

"Aunt Austin is going to be very busy on that day, and I must help her."

"Is the work of such importance, that it cannot be put off for a day?"

"Yes—no; that is, Aunt does not wish me to go," said poor Marcia.

"Would you go with me if Mrs. Austin could be prevailed upon to give her consent?" asked the young city gentleman, looking at the rose-hued cheeks, with a world of admiration in his great, dark eyes.

"I should like to go, Mr. Ashton, but I am sure Aunt will not—cannot spare me, I mean. I haven't been on the lake since I was a little girl."

As he opened the gate for her, he said, laughingly, "Are you not going to invite me in, so I may try my powers of persuasion with your Aunt, Miss Wheeler?"

Marcia stopped a moment, blushing painfully. "I would rather you did not say anything to Aunt Austin about the picnic, Mr. Ashton. I

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am sure I cannot go. Good-night." And she went swiftly toward the porch.

Roland Ashton closed the gate with a strange, new feeling in his heart. "Poor little girl," he thought, "she did not dare ask me to come in. What a lovely face, and what a sweet voice! I am more in love with her than ever. My old nurse used to say that the Ashtons were a wonderful set for having their own way, and I mean to have my way in regard to taking her to the picnic. The old aunt must be hard-hearted, indeed, if she resists my entreaties."

The next morning, Mr. Ashton selected "The Stones of Venice," and wended his way to Mrs. Austin's, hoping, as he lifted the old-fashioned knocker, that Marcia would open the door herself. But Mrs. Austin stood before him instead, and to his morning greeting, and inquiry, "Is Miss Wheeler at home?" responded, frigidly, "My niece is to home, out in the kitchen, cooking;" at the same time, neither inviting him to enter, nor standing aside for that purpose.

But Roland Ashton was too much a man of the world, not to feel at ease in the lady's presence, and he answered, pleasantly,

"Thank you, Mrs. Austin. I shall be pleased to see Miss Wheeler a few minutes. She was afraid, yesterday, that she would not be able to go to the picnic on Thursday. I think she said you expected to be very busy——"

"If Marcia told you she couldn't go to the picnic, she told the truth. I've got work for her to do at home, and she'll stay and do it," answered Mrs. Austin, more icily than before.

This was too decided for even a lawyer to think of arguing against; and feeling the picnic disposed of, he went on as pleasantly as before, though his dark eyes flashed, and his lips tightened a little under the heavy black mustache,

"Then I will speak to Miss Wheeler, if you please, to express my regrets, and give her the books I promised to bring."

Mrs. Austin turned and walked through the hall to the kitchen-door, and opening it, exclaimed with polite emphasis, "Miss Wheeler, here's a gentleman wants to see you," at the same time standing aside for him to enter the kitchen.

Marcia was standing before the table, busily working eggs and sugar together, preparatory to forming the loaves of golden sponge-cake, that were to accompany Miss Austin to the picnic on the morrow. Miss Austin was also present in the kitchen, clad in blue cambric, and engaged in crimping the frills Marcia had ironed the day before. This was the nearest approach to work the young lady was ever guilty of.

If Roland Ashton had thought Marcia beautiful before, he thought her doubly so now, with the rippling masses of pale-brown hair, gathered in a knot low down on her white neck, the slender figure clad in the dark-brown print-dress, which Mrs. Austin considered a proper morning costume; the sleeves rolled high above the elbows, displaying the round, white arms. And what pretty arms they were! So smooth, so white, with the blue veins showing so clearly. "I will win that girl yet," he said to himself, "in spite of the old ogre of an aunt."

A vivid blush rose even to Marcia's white forehead, as she saw who the visitor was, and she gave a quick, frightened look at her aunt, before she returned his "Good-morning."

The young man saw plainly that it was not the time for him to make a formal call, and he laid the books on the table near her, after bowing politely to Miss Austin, and said, "I came in to give you the books I spoke of, and to say how sorry I am that you cannot accompany me to the picnic."

The young lady did not seem to notice the latter part of the sentence, but answered, quickly,

"Thank you very much for bringing them, Mr. Ashton."

"I was very glad to do so," was Mr. Ashton's reply; "and I hope you will enjoy reading them." Then, with a low bow to each of the three ladies, he left the house.

Mrs. Austin's knitting-needles clicked viciously; and when the sound of retreating footsteps died away, she turned to her niece. "That's a dreadful polite gentleman, ain't he? I should really like to know how you got to be so well acquainted with him?"

Marcia made no answer; so her kind relative went on, "Do you hear me, Marcia Wheeler?"

"I am not very well acquainted with Mr. Ashton. I saw him last night, on my way home from Riverton, and he offered to lend me the books."

"And he asked you to go to the picnic, too, didn't he? Well, I never see such goings on in my young days," continued Mrs. Austin, while the gray sock lengthened rapidly, for Mrs. Austin's knitting was like her temper—very quick.

Long before night, Marcia wished that Mr. Ashton had been anywhere, except on the way from Riverton, the preceding evening. She went to bed, worn out with the continued fault-finding, added to physical weariness.

The next morning was bright and clear: the very day for a picnic. Marcia's first thoughts on awakening were far from pleasant. "Why

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was it thus? Why could not she go as well as Jane? It was not fair nor right. She was younger than Jane, and she had so few pleasures. What happiness it would be to drive along the winding road, that encircled the foot of the grand old mountain, to the little lake, resting like a gem among the hills beyond."

Her first care, however, was to have everything in readiness for her delicate cousin. She it was who brushed and banded the helpless Jane's fair hair, and fastened the dainty knot of blue ribbon therein; helped to arrange the dress of pale-blue delaine the young lady had selected for the warm October day. Her hands, also, packed the luncheon-basket, and prepared the early breakfast for her cousin. All this she did with a choking sense of injustice. She said to herself, over and over again, "It is not fair. I ought to be allowed to go. And to think it's carpet-rags that I shall have to toil over, of all things! I hate rag-carpets."

In the midst of it all, she wondered if Mr. Ashton would go to the picnic.

After Miss Austin had safely started, in company with her escort, the young doctor from Riverton, Mrs. Austin brought all the powers of her mind to bear on the carpet-rag question. Numerous—I had almost said numberless—skeins were hanging in the old garret; some to be dyed yellow, some blue, some green, and others, bark and tan colors. She had decided on coloring enough for thirty yards of carpeting, on this glorious autumn day, and of course Marcia must help. The girl had got her living to earn, and it wouldn't do for her to think she must be treated like Jane.

So Marcia obediently followed her aunt's directions. She dipped great skeins of rags in warm water; she wrung them out and placed them in the huge brass kettle to scald or boil, as the different cases required; and she washed them in strong soap-suds or clear water, whichever her aunt ordered. Her head ached badly, but Mrs. Austin did not believe in headaches, (*her* head never ached,) and so the tiresome work went on. The board fence back of the orchard showed dozens of skeins of many-colored rags, and still there were dozens more to dye.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, however, Marcia's strength failed, and she tottered, and so nearly fell to the floor, that Mrs. Austin showed the innate kindness of her heart, by exclaiming, "I want to know, if you ain't beat out? What's the matter with you?"

"My head aches dreadfully, but I think it is the green dye that makes me so faint. May I go out of doors for a little while?"

"I suppose you'll have to, if you are going to look like that," answered motherly Mrs. Austin; adding, "Maybe you'll meet Mr. Ashton again, if you walk toward Riverton."

The poor child's face flushed at the unkind taunt, but she answered, slowly, "I am not going toward Riverton at all. I am going up to the maple grove, in the pasture."

"Well, I don't care which way you go, only put a shawl around you, or you'll catch cold, after washing them rags out of the hot soap-suds."

So Marcia threw an old shawl around her slender shoulders, took down the heavy coil of hair, to ease her throbbing head, and walked slowly toward the woods in the old hill-pasture.

"After all, I am going to have a picnic in the woods, all to myself, too," she thought, bitterly. "I can do as I used to, when I was a little girl, make believe I am rich, and beautiful, and happy. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! how wretched I am!"

She felt an odd sense of suffocation in her throat; and when she reached the friendly shelter of the maple woods, she leaned against one of the old mossy trunks, and sobbed aloud.

Roland Ashton did not go to the picnic; and it so happened, that afternoon, he had decided to shorten the distance between his home and Riverton, by crossing the fields; and Mrs. Austin's pasture was in his direct line of march. So, he saw the childish figure in the old gray shawl, with the beautiful hair falling loosely around the little shoulders, and heard the heavy sobs. It touched his heart inexpressibly. "Poor, poor child!" he said to himself.

Marcia heard the slight rustle of the first fallen leaves, and looking up, saw the dark eyes looking down upon her, with grave and tender interest. She drew her shawl closer around her, and was moving by him without a word, when he stretched forth a detaining hand. "Excuse me, Miss Wheeler, but do not go away now. Are you ill? You look so pale."

She made an effort to answer him, but her self-command was all gone; her lips trembled like a grieved child's, and she could not speak.

"Sit down on this old log for a few minutes," he said, gently, "till you are a little rested."

Poor, tired Marcia, her strength seemed to have entirely deserted her, and she sat down.

Roland Ashton would have given much to have sheltered her in his loving arms, but of course that was impossible; so he stood near, looking fondly on the fair young head bent down before him, waiting for her to speak. It was some time before she did so, and then it was with evident effort, "I do not know what you will think

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of me, Mr. Ashton, but I thought no one was near, and I am tired, and my head aches, and—and—I cannot help crying."

Roland Ashton sat down on the moss-covered log beside her, thinking to himself, "Now is my time, if ever, for that old aunt guards her like the dragon guarded the apples of the Hesperides. I would have spoken, the other day, when we were alone, but I feared to frighten her. Yet if I let this chance slip, I may never get one again. Poor, dear girl! If she will only listen to me—only let me free her from this slavery."

Here he gradually approached the subject nearest to his heart; with what tact, and feeling, and earnestness, he spoke at last, need not be told. Suffice it to say, that he asked Marcia to be his wife; telling her how he had been attracted to her from the first. "I used to laugh at love at first sight," he said, "but I do so no longer; for, from the hour I saw you in church, I felt that you, and you alone, could make me happy. I see I startle you. But I seek in vain to meet you. You rarely go out with your cousin, and I must speak now, I must seize my opportunity, even if I seem to speak on too short an acquaintance. Forgive me, and place it to the account of my love."

Marcia covered her face with her hands. "Oh! no, no," she cried. "It would be wicked. Think what I am. I have nothing in common with the ladies you——"

Roland Ashton intercepted her. "If that is all you have to say, we will imagine it said, and answered." And he managed to obtain possession of the restless little hands, and held them fast in his own, while he went on, quietly, "If you can raise your thoughtful eyes to mine, and say these words, 'I cannot be your wife, Roland Ashton, because I can never love you,' I will take that for an answer, and go away, and leave you. Can you say them?"

The girl raised her eyes once, twice, to the face so near her own, and tried to speak; but no sound came from her pale lips.

The young man, still looking at the shy, sweet face, said once more, with infinite tenderness in his voice,

"Can you say those words, Marcia?"

Poor, lonely girl! She looked at him, and shook her head.

A grave smile dawned on his face. "Then you shall be my wife!" he cried, masterfully, and did the only thing possible for him to do—took the little figure, in the shabby print dress, in his arms, and drew her close to him, whispering sweet words of love and comfort, while he softly stroked the beautiful hair, and pressed kiss after kiss on the white eyelids, the cheeks, so brightly flushed now, and the quivering little lips.

And Marcia—she who had thought so bitterly, a little while ago, of the old childish play of "making believe" she was beautiful, and rich, and happy—was she not all these, and much more? Was she not beloved? In her innocence and perfect trust, she rested in her lover's arms, without a shadow to mar her perfect happiness—till the thought of Aunt Austin came to her, and she started up, exclaiming, "I must go home. Aunt will be so angry."

It was of no use to try and detain her after that; and as the young man folded the worn, gray shawl around her, he said, "You are my promised wife now," stopping to emphasize the short sentence, after the manner of lovers; "and I am going home with you, to tell Aunt Austin." And he laughed a little at the thought of his future relative.

"Why need you tell her to-night?" asked Marcia, frightened at the very thought of such a thing. "You have no idea how angry she will be, and she will talk dreadfully to me."

"No, she will not, my darling; for, when we reach the house, I want you to go up stairs, to your own room, and let me speak with her alone, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered, Marcia, quickly. "I shall be only too glad to be out of hearing."

Marcia never knew what passed between her aunt and her lover on that memorable evening; but half an hour after her return to the house, she heard her aunt's shrill voice at the foot of the stairs, calling,

"Marcia!"

When she answered, the elder lady vouchsafed to say,

"Come down, now. Mr. Ashton wants to say good-night to you."

Marcia thought her lover looked a little pale in the early twilight, but as he placed his arm around her in the shady porch, he said, tenderly,

"Our marriage will take place one month from to-day, my darling. Your aunt has given her consent, and I foresee we are to be the best of friends."

"Was she very angry?" whispered Marcia.

"I think she was a little upset at first; but it is all over now. I am sorry I must say good-night to you so soon, but I promised to be at Riverton by six o'clock, and it is past that time already."

"Good-night, Mr. Ashton."

"I must stop long enough, however, to teach you to say good-night to me properly," he said,

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in a very sober tone. "You must try again, now, and see if you cannot do better."

The girl understood in a moment, and a half-smile flitted across the downcast, blushing face, as the sweet voice said, very softly,

"Good-night, Roland."

The strong, nervous arm tightened around her, and, with a hurried embrace, and a "Good-night, my own darling!" her lover parted from her.

Of all the days happy Marcia Ashton treasures in her memory, there is not one so brightly prized as that beautiful October day, so sorrowfully begun, so happily ended—the DAY OF THE PICNIC.

WHAT SHE TOLD ME AT THE GATE.

BY D. SHERMAN.

'Tis every night at sunset,
I wander forth to meet
The fairy little damsel
Who comes with smiles to greet;
Her face is like the sunshine,
Her beauty is my fate;
For she always looks so charming
When she meets me at the gate.

She meets me, she greets me,
She is my bonnie Sue;
And what she told me at the gate,
Ah! don't you wish you knew?

And if you hear I'm married,
And settled down in life,
You'll know I have no other
Than Susie for my wife.
Last night she promised something
I must not here relate,
For oh, I cannot tell you
What she told me at the gate.

She meets me, she greets me,
She is my bonnie Sue;
But what she told me at the gate,
Was—Don't you wish you knew?

INTO THE EVENING.

BY LYDIA F. HINMAN.

Out from the morning of childhood,
With all of its innocence fair;
Out from the forenoon of girlhood,
With its pleasure and beauty so rare.
Out from the noon of the matron,
And all of its joys, too, so blest,
Into the shades of the evening,
Gliding with oars all at rest.

Behind are the pleasures so transient,
Behind are the breakers so bold;
Behind, in their translucent beauty,
Are glaciers so cruel and cold.

Behind is a life full of trouble,
And full, too, of joys so blest;
Before are the zephyrs of evening,
Whispering of heavenly rest.

The skies overhead are all smiling,
The birds sing as sweet as of yore;
And blossoms as fair in their blooming,
Dream the same just out on the shore;
While drifting out into the ocean,
Taking all that to life is so blest—
Out from the day with its toiling,
Into the evening of rest.

THE COTTAGE HOME.

BY E. M. CONKLIN.

Oh! the purple morning-glories!
Oh! the shell-pink rose of May!
Clustering o'er the lowly door-way
Of a cottage far away.
Oh! the merry, laughing maidens,
And the little children fair;
And the grave, but kindly elders,
That were daily gathered there.

Still the twining morning-glories
Make a rainbow o'er the door;
Still the simple, sweet May-roses
Bud and blossom as of yore.
But I miss, among the flowers,
Faces fairer still than they;
And the olden charm has faded
From the cottage far away.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a striped calico or cambric dress. The skirt has first a side-plait-

ing four inches deep, headed by a bias band stitched down, two and a half inches wide. A simliar band finishes the edge of the Polonaise. The front is buttoned with smoke-pearl buttons, from the throat down. Coat-sleeves with plain cuff turned back; standing collar. Very suitable for either calico or one of those cheap debege materials in light gray, with a darker shade for the bias bands. These goods are now in the stores, at twenty-five cents up; all wool. Nice, cool, pleasant wear for summer morning, or traveling costumes. Price of pattern, fifty cents, and stamp.

For the afternoon tea, or evening dress, we give a pretty design for Swiss or Nainsook, combined with either Valencienne lace insertion and edging, guipure, or Hamburg. The under-skirt has first a fine knife-plaited flounce, four inches deep of the material; over this a plain, gathered one, cut on the straight, three inches deep; above, one of the narrower plaitings, as may be preferred. The Polonaise, which is Princess in

shape, is made of alternate stripes of the insertion and muslin. To do this, cut first the entire Polonaise, and fit it accurately out of the muslin, then arrange the insertion in stripes, after the design. A double frill of the lace edging finishes

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the neck and the sleeves. A row of insertion, with the edge, finishes the bottom of the garment; and further ornament with ribbon bows, and sprays of flowers, for full dress. A Polonaise of this design would be charming over a silk slip of any pretty color. Price of pattern, fifty cents, and a stamp.

Next, we have a black grenadine Princess Polonaise, over a black silk Princess dress, simply ornamented with one row of box-plaiting on the bottom of the skirt. The grenadine is also cut Princess shape, with the front breadth cut long enough to gather upon the right side, into the side seam, as may be seen. When the right side of the back width of the skirt of Polonaise is somewhat longer and wider than the left half, and is caught up, forming two poufs box-plaited at the top, as seen in illustration, bows of black ribbon, lined with cardinal, ornament the back, sleeves, and throat. The whole of the garment is edged, and trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of the grenadine. The same finishes the neck. Fourteen to sixteen yards of grenadine will be required. A half-worn black silk may be brought into requisition for the under-dress. Put no lining in the grenadine, even for the waist, but make a loose fit, so the goods may not stretch and tear, being careful to allow large seams, and finish inside by binding them with a narrow black ribbon, to prevent fraying. Price of pattern of Polonaise, fifty cents and stamp.

A dress for a little girl, suitable for a child's party, or afternoon wear. Is of white Swiss grenadine, or alpaca. Two narrow knife-plaitings of the material trim the edge of the dress, which is Princess in form. The side-seams at the back are ornamented by buttons, as are the pockets and cuffs. Ribbon sash, tied at one side, in large bow; plaits at the side-seams, as may be seen. This is sewed upon the dress. Made of Swiss, and worn over a pink or blue silk slip, nothing could be prettier. Also, a good style for pique, ruffled with Hamburg. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents, and stamp. Always send age of child, and measure around the waist, under the arms, in inches; also, length of sleeve.

A little girl's Princess dress, of plaid gingham,

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or checked calico, or serge. Is trimmed with pearl buttons and three rows of wash-braid.

The front is gored to fit, and the back has the skirt kilted upon the elongated waist, the seam covered by the sash, which, for wash-dresses, is of the material. For serge, or any other woolen goods, let it be silk, or plain serge, fringed at the ends. Sailor collar, pocket and cuffs, all finished with the braid. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents, and stamp.

We give, in the front of the number, two pages of lingerie, etc. The first is a cooking-apron, made of fine holland, (or linen may be used,) and the trimming may be either tatting, tape-work, or beau-ideal embroidery. It has a bib, lengthening into a waistband, which buttons round the waist; strings made of the same material, to tie behind.

Another is a housekeeper's apron, also made of fine holland, machine-stitched. The bib is round in front, and there are bretelles at the back. Cut pockets of the same material are stitched in the apron.

Another is a petticoat under-costume, made of cambric, and trimmed with Smyrna lace and insertion: a drawing-string is added at the back, above the second flounce.

Another is a work-apron. This is especially convenient, as it serves for a work-bag, so that the wearer, if obliged to leave her work for a time, can slip it into one of the pockets, and put the implements, such as thimbles, scissors, etc., into another. It is made of a square of linen, and trimmed with muslin plaitings: the compartments are separated with rows of back-stitching.

Another is a chemise, made of fine linen, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. And still two others, are corset-covers, made of white muslin, and trimmed with embroidery.

SCISSOR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This case is made of black American cloth, or leather.

First, make a foundation twelve inches long, and four and a half inches wide; then cut the pockets.

The first must measure seven inches; each other one an inch smaller than the last. Five pieces are required, with the foundation.

Each piece must be lined with silk, and bound with narrow ribbon, or braid, afterwards stitched together.

Four and a half inches are left for the turn-over flap, and a pocket, measuring three and a half inches, should be sewn on the outside of this, for very small scissors.

The case is ornamented round the edge with a ruche of braid or ribbon, and an embroidered monogram on the outside pocket.

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FICHU OF LACE FOR YOUNG LADY.

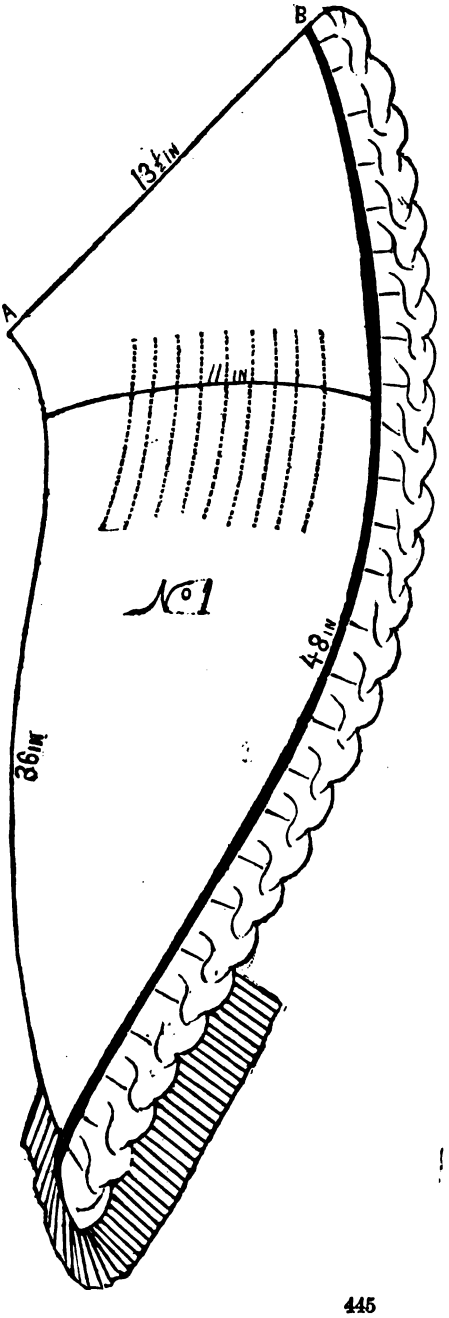
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, one of the fichus, that are now so fashionable. We give, also, a diagram, from which to cut it out.

No. 1. HALF OF FICHU.
A to B. THE BACK SEAM.

The dotted lines show where the plaits are put.

Make of black or ecru lace, and edge with fine plaitings of crepe lise, over which add a lace for the outer edge.



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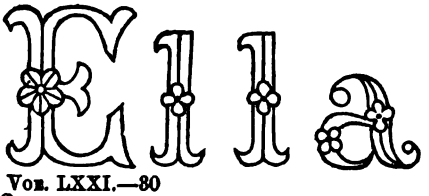

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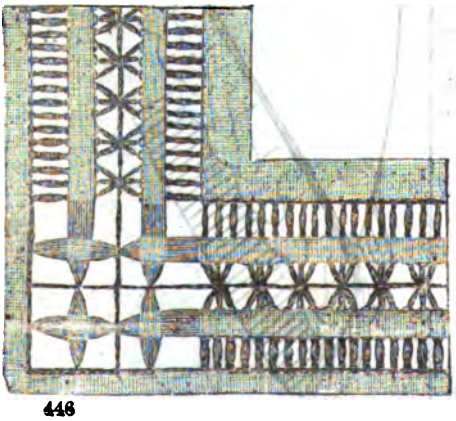
PILLOW-CASE, IN HEM-STITCHING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a pillow-case, in hem-stitching, and accompany it with a detail of the border, adding a monogram. Of course, any other monogram may be chosen.



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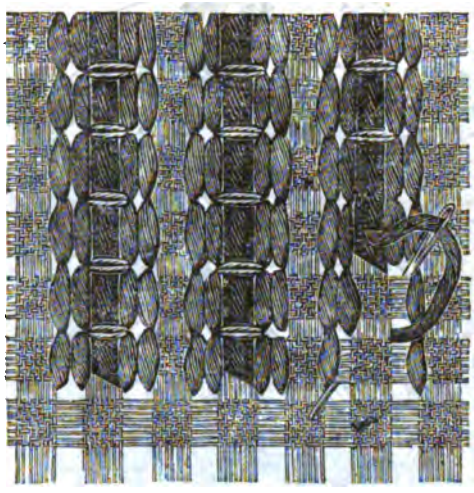
DESIGN FOR WORK-POCKETS, MATS, ETC.

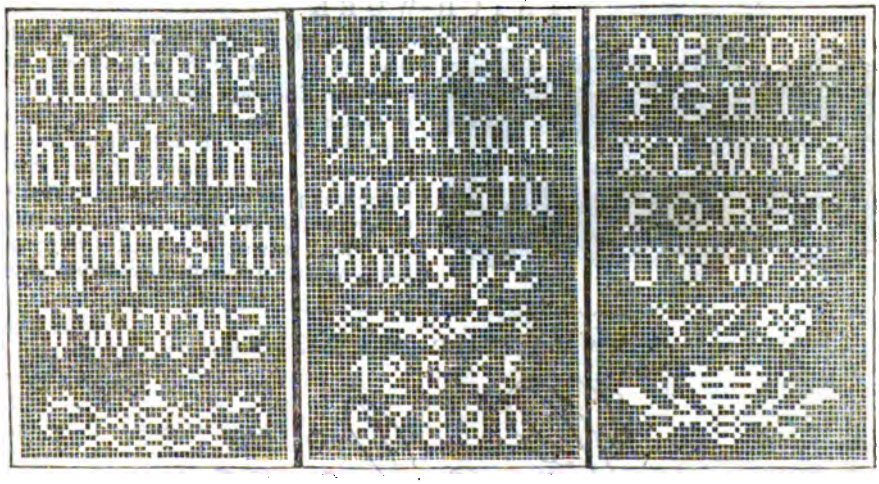
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is worked on canvas, which can be purchased with the threads drawn as shown in the engraving. Velvet is placed on each alternate stripe, and is fastened by means of stitches worked across it in either wool or silk. Double Berlin wool is used for the other stitches.

ALPHABETS FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have been requested to give some Alphabets, in small letters, similar to those in large letters, given last August. Accordingly, we give two such here, and one, in addition, with capital letters. We also give a table of numerals, from one to ten, inclusive.

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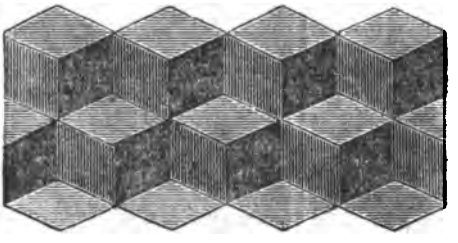
HERBARIUM—SPRAY-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This arrangement, to divide a collection of dried flowers and plants, by means of covers differently ornamented with spray work, will be found a very good method. The covers can be made either of millboard or of thin wood; the former is preferable. The covers are lined with leather, and the top ornamented with splutter-work—the same flowers as are contained in the case being used for the design. The top and bottom covers are held together and kept in position with elastic bands, which are slipped over studs, and fastened in the millboard. This contrivance is clearly shown in the engraving, given above.

PATCH-WORK.



Patch-work is again becoming very fashionable. A thin piece of tin or card-board, cut the exact size and shape required, should be kept, to insure all the pieces being the same size. Place this on your silk, satin, or whatever your patch-work is to be composed of, and cut it out, lining each piece with paper, to keep your work firm, which, after it is finished, you can pull out. The "Box" pattern, given here, is very popular, and is formed of four diamond-shaped pieces.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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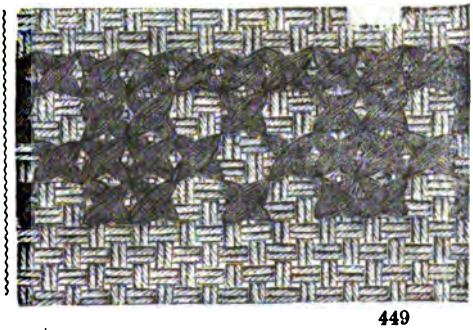
RUG: WITH DETAIL OF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A subscriber has asked us for a pattern for a rug, to be made of canvas, or other similar material. We give one, accordingly, here. The centre of this rug may be of the skin of an animal, a piece of unbleached Turkish toweling, or simply of the unbleached camas, which requires no rounding, and of which the border is made. The detail shows a part of the narrow edge.

Work with double zephyr, if the canvas is coarse, and the coarser the better. Finish with woolen fringe.



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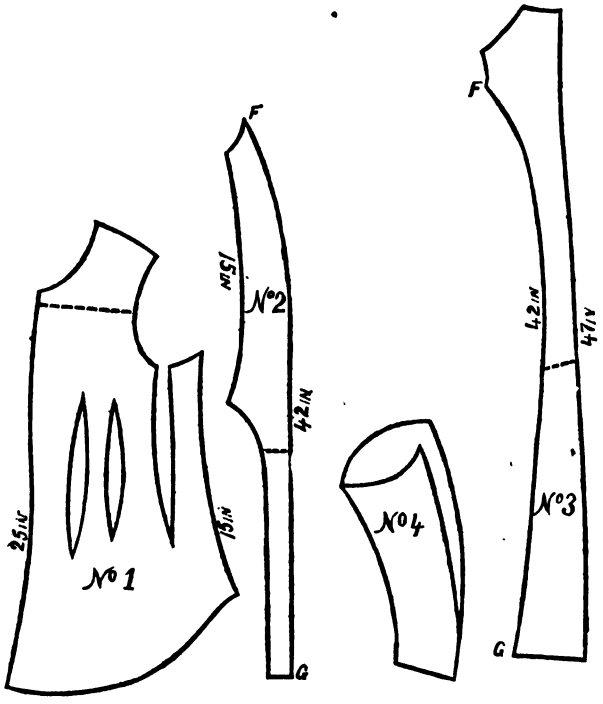
THE "DIRECTOIRE" HABIT BODICE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number, we give the front and back of a House-Dress, the very last thing "out" in Paris, called the "Directoire." It is the most stylish costume, perhaps, that has appeared for years. We also describe it in our fashion department. Here we give a diagram by which to cut it out. Directions for enlarging diagrams were given in our last number.



No. I. Half of Front, with two pleats.
No. II. One Side-Piece.
No. III. Half of Back
No. IV. Sleeve.

The corsage, it will be seen, is cuirass-shaped, with very long habit ends at the back. These ends, as well as the cuirass, are finished off with pipings, one in faille, the other in the material of which the habit-cuirasse is composed. The two ends are fastened together by bows of ribbon placed down the centre. A row of buttons, covered with silk, is placed down each side, and the ends are finished off with plisses of faille.

Mode of Cutting Out.—Each figure is cut double, and all are joined together by placing the letters together. The front, with long rounded basque cut away a little on the hip, is cut with two pleats and a join. The side is joined to the back, by a seam made in the inside from F to the dots. From these dots to G, the seam forms a fold as in a man's coat, and on this fold the row of buttons is placed.

The size is given, in inches, for the front, back, and side-piece. The size is that for an ordinary woman. We do not give the size for the sleeve; that will vary according to the person for whom the bodice is made. From the dots, to the end, may be longer or shorter than our pattern, according as the lady is tall, or the reverse. Remember, that the pattern, when enlarged, should be fitted on before the stuff is cut into.

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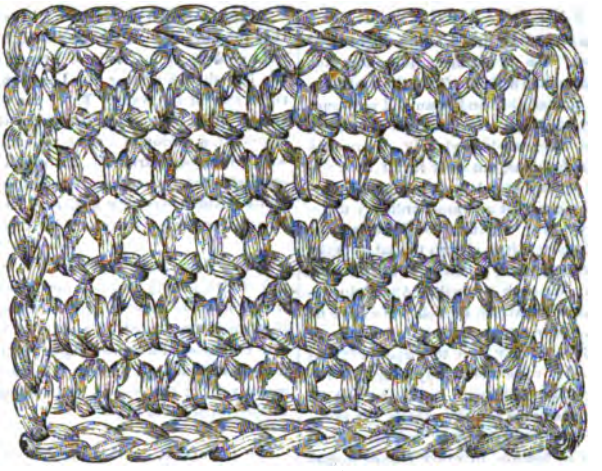
HONEYCOMB CROCHET, FOR SHAWLS, NUBIAS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



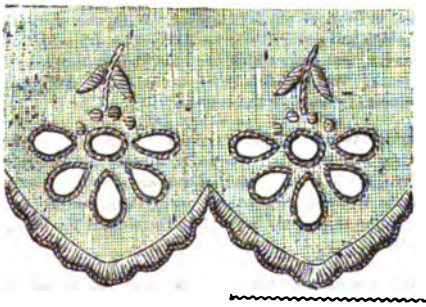
Make a chain the width required.

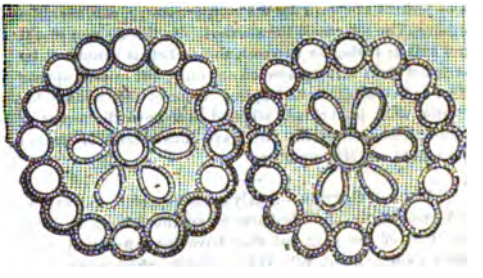
First row: * Take up the row round the needle, and then take up the next chain; miss the next foundation chain; repeat from *; at the end of the row, work a plain loop; in return, work off one, then one chain, * through the double loop, one chain. Repeat from *.

Second row: One chain, the wool round the needle; take up the chain between the next two loops, * and take it up double, that is with two threads well through the loop, then the wool round the needle; take up the next chain, repeat from * to the end, where work a plain stitch in the last chain. Work back like the last row. Repeat the second row throughout the work.

EDGINGS FOR UNDER-LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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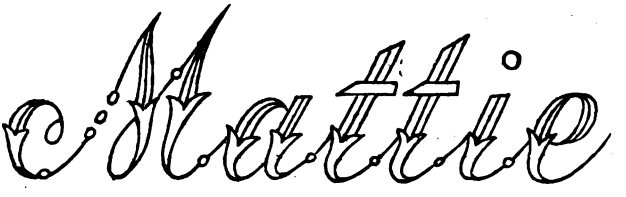

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Economy in Dress is one of the things which this magazine has always favored. We do not mean, however, that economy which makes a woman a "fright." On the contrary, our purpose is to show that stylish and beautiful costumes cost no more than vulgar-looking ones, and that it is taste, not money, that makes the well-dressed lady. Hence we give the latest Parisian fashions, not only in all their entirety, in our colored plates, but adapted, in our "Every-Day" department, to the cheapest and most ordinary materials. But whatever we give, whether the dress is to be silk or calico, velvet or debege, it is always the latest style. The pre-eminence of the French, in dress, is attributable entirely to their taste. We seek to enable American women, in this particular, to rival the French. We have no interest in any dry-goods, mantua-making, or millinery establishment; no articles of our own to dispose of; and therefore no temptation to recommend anything but the very latest and very prettiest fashions. In this respect we stand alone. No other magazine can say exactly the same. It is in consequence of this that "Peterson" has become indispensable, as a guide to fashion, in every refined household in the land. And through it all we study economy. Whoever will copy our patterns, and follow our instructions, will save, and save considerably; and will be always the best dressed of any of the ladies of their neighborhood. "I have long ceased to use the fashions in other American magazines," writes a professional dress-maker to us; "for I find that they are every way inferior to those of 'Peterson.'" We claim, in this particular, to have been a public benefactor, by elevating the taste of American ladies, especially in dress.

Cuffs and Collars are now being ornamented with strings of flat mother-of-pearl buttons, the same, but smaller, as those employed for Breton jackets, under-vests, and round pockets. Breton work is a perfect mania. It is executed on cloth, velvet, and ecru canvas cloth. It is a kind of herring-bone stitch, and very easy. All its beauty consists in the selection of the silks. As many as four and five jackets are worn by the rich peasantry, one over the other. The top one is the shortest. As this fashion would not suit in Paris, the succession of jackets is simulated by strips of cloth being placed on one only, but so as to appear four or five of different lengths. Some of this fashionable Breton work is so closely stitched as to have the aspect of incrustations on cloth. We gave illustrations of Breton jackets in our May number.

A Word of Caution.—A lady sends us a club, and writes: "A great many subscribed here for another magazine, about the first of the year, but they have never received more than a single number." This is a trick, which has been so often played by new and irresponsible periodicals, that we wonder people are taken in by it. The only safe way is to subscribe for the old-established magazines, like "Peterson," that have proved, by years of faithful performance, that they keep their promises. The very offers made by some of these ephemeral periodicals ought to put the public on its guard. They are offers that it is simply impossible to fulfil.

Save A Dollar by subscribing for "Peterson." All the other illustrated lady's books charge from three to four dollars. This is everywhere pronounced the cheapest and the best.

Natural Flowers are now all the rage for ball-dresses. It is the fashion in Paris, and it might be imitated here, to wear cordons of marshals of France, which commence on the left shoulder, cross the bodice, and terminate on the right side of the waist. These are always composed of a variety of flowers: for example, a double row of shaded rose-buds, a cordon of Parma violets, a fringe of white lilac with tea-roses, a garland of convolvuli and white hyacinths, or of white azaleas and scarlet geraniums, can be seen across many of the newest low bodices. The flowers are mounted on wire, and a few leaves are interspersed with them.

There Are Many Novelties in costumes. Worth has introduced, among others, a new dress with two waistcoats, which is pronounced a great success. An example in his show-rooms consisted of a skirt of moss-green Sicilienne. The Poloaise of a lighter shade was trimmed with a single fine silver braid. The first of the two waistcoats was dark-green velvet; the second, and longer one, was Sicilienne, striped with silver braid.

We Conclude, in this number, "Mrs. Richards' Boy," by Marietta Holley, known, also, to our readers as the author of that humorous series, "Josiah Allen's Wife." In the July number we shall give the first half of a novelet, by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper—"Blue-Beard's Closet;" and shall follow it up with "The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax," the best novelet, we think, that even Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett has ever written.

Worn Stair-Carpeting.—Should the carpet wear in the middle, some scarlet cloth, cut in strips, and laid over it, looks very well, and will last a long while. If the edges wear, strong black braid will bind them, and make them look quite creditable for some time. We recommend the scarlet cloth for winter wear, but gray holland is better in summer. "A stitch in time," remember, "saves nine."

Tidy on Java Canvas.—In the front of the number we give a pattern for a tidy, which may be either done in crochet, or worked on Java canvas. If the latter, those parts which are white should be left yellow, (the color of the canvas,) and those which are blue, should be filled in with black. We give this pattern, circular in design, at the request of numerous subscribers.

Riding-Habits.—We have been asked to give the newest styles for riding-habits. We do it, accordingly, in this number. It will be observed that they are studiously plain. Elaborate braiding, gilt buttons, or anything else decided, is considered excessively bad style. The simpler the habit, the better.

Back Numbers, for 1877, 1876, 1875, etc., can be had of the news-dealers. If there are no news-dealers in your neighborhood, or the news-dealers have not the number, or numbers, you want, we will send them, post-paid, on receipt of the retail price.

Cut Paper Patterns of our fashions are supplied, on reasonable terms, to all who wish them. These patterns are much more stylish, too, than those generally sold. Address, Miss M. A. Gordon, 1113 Chestnut St., Philada.

The July Number will be a marvel of beauty and merit. Renew your subscriptions promptly.

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to get up clubs for this magazine Back numbers from January, inclusive, can always be supplied. *Additions to Clubs* may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If additional subscribers are sent, enough to make up a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Specimens sent, gratis, to canvass with. *It is still in time*, we repeat, to get up clubs. Nowhere else will you get so much for your money. Clubs must begin, however, with either the January or July number. Those who do not wish back numbers, can begin, therefore, with the next number. Now is the time to renew clubs that began with July, 1876.

"MISS IT TOO MUCH."—A lady sends us two dollars, and says: "Enclosed find a subscription for your invaluable magazine. I thought to get along without it this year, but find I miss it too much."

"FAR AHEAD."—The Lexington (Ill.) Despatch says: "Peterson's Magazine is far ahead of all others. It should be in the hands of everybody who desires to keep posted in the fashions."

WE RECEIVE SO MANY requests for patterns for the Work-Table, that we are quite unable to comply with all, for want of space, and have to put off many much longer than we wish.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

That Lass O' Lowrie's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 1 vol., 12mo. *New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—The readers of this magazine are already familiar with the writings of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Her "Kathleen's Love-Story," "Theo," "The Tragedy of A Quiet Life," and other novelets, published in these pages, to say nothing of numerous shorter tales, such as "Dolores," "The Tide On The Moaning Bar," "The Captain's Youngest," "Wanted, A Young Person," etc., etc., have, long since, placed her at the very head of cotemporary authors of fiction. "That Lass O' Lowrie's," however, just issued in book-form by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., may be considered her best work, as it is the largest and most ambitious. It is a novel of remarkable originality, and no less remarkable power. Indeed, we can recall no recent fiction that at all approaches it, in these respects. If Mrs. Burnett had written nothing else, this alone would have made her reputation. The heroine is a noble character, vigorously and naturally drawn. The other actors in the narrative, though more or less subordinate, are sketched with equal fidelity. In fact, a fine instinct, amounting to genius in this connection, always guides Mrs. Burnett in delineating character. She is one of the few who can describe the conventional gentleman, or the rough, untutored miner, with equal truth. Her plots, moreover, are never forced: they work themselves out naturally; and yet they are full of striking incidents and dramatic situations, as "That Lass O' Lowrie's" testifies. A brilliant future, unless we err, awaits this young author. The volume before us is handsomely printed, illustrated, and bound.

The Cardinal's Daughter. A Sequel to Ferne Fleming. By Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This lady originally won her reputation by "The Household of Bouverie," a novel which rose at once to the highest popularity, and has ever since maintained it. The present story is a sequel to "Ferne Fleming," which we recently noticed in these pages; but "The Cardinal's Daughter" is even more exciting in its incidents than the earlier tale. Those who have read the first will naturally desire to peruse this last, though each being complete in itself, does not necessitate the reading of the other.

On Dangerous Ground. By Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. 1 vol., 12mo. *Fourth Edition. Philada.: Porter & Coates.*—When the first edition of this work appeared, about a year ago, we noticed it at considerable length. We recur to it now, partly to record the fact that it has passed to a fourth edition within a twelvemonth, and partly to call attention to a preface which the author has prefixed to it. When the book first came out, she naturally considered it unnecessary to set forth its purport, supposing that the novel told its own story, and that its teachings could not be misunderstood, and would not be misrepresented. She has since had cause, however, to think this a mistake. The morality of the tale was impugned in more than one quarter: the people were said to be caricatured from real life; the book was declared to be a libel on American society. These various charges the author refutes in this preface. She also gives quotations from the ablest American journals, vindicating the morality of the story, and extolling the truthfulness of its pictures of society. The N. Y. Evening Post, among others, says, "the purpose of the author is a very earnest one;" and no literary authority in this country ranks higher than that newspaper.

Mignon. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The writer of this new novel is already favorably known as the author of "My Hero," "Dolores," and "Diana Carew," all fictions of more than average merit, and more than average originality. "Mignon" is, perhaps, better than either of the others. It is not so fascinating a love-story as "My Hero," perhaps; but it shows more artistic skill, and it is far racier. The principal character, from whom the novel takes its name, is not exactly lovable, but she is drawn with great force, she is consistent and natural, and she is something quite new. So kittenish, perverse, self-willed, coquettish, and beautiful a heroine we can nowhere recall. She is well contrasted, too, with Mrs. Stratheden, a woman of the noblest qualities, a character that all must admire. A very excellent moral underlies the story. The volume is handsomely printed, indeed, as are all the publications of this firm.

Pickwick Abroad. A Companion to the "Pickwick Papers." By G. W. M. Reynolds. 1 vol., 8vo. *Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A book that had a great run, when it first appeared, many years ago, and which is now opportunely republished for a new generation, to whom it will be as fresh as ever. "The characters are sustained with great spirit and fidelity," says the Glasgow Chronicle; "and the scenes and incidents are varied and full of life." The volume is a fine octavo, double column, and handsomely bound.

Olivia Raleigh. By N. N. Follett Synge. 1 vol., 16mo. *Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is the third volume of that popular and meritorious "Star Series." We quite coincide with the critic, who says of the story, "it is like a clear, pure breath of English air." Olivia, Aunt Pen, and particularly good Father Jem, are all draw with unusual vigor. The tone of the book is exceptionally high. It is no sensational story, and yet is absorbingly interesting.

My Lady-Help, and What She Taught Me. By Mrs. Warren. 1 vol., 12mo. *Boston: Loring.*—This is by the author of "How I Managed My House on a Thousand A Year," and other works of a similar practical and economical character. The story advocates the going out to do house-work, rather than starving at slop-work prices. It is a reprint from an English book, which has been very popular.

A Course of Lectures on Modeling Wax Flowers. By Florence L. Duncan. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is designed especially for beginners. We are frequently written to, by subscribers, asking for just such a work, and we take great pleasure, therefore, in recommending this one to them.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A NEW VOLUME of "Peterson's Magazine" begins with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity for those to subscribe who do not wish back numbers. *Single* subscriptions taken at $1.00 for the rest of the year. All the newspapers speak of "Peterson" as the *cheapest and best* of its kind. Says the Millington (Ill.) Enterprise, noticing our last number: "Sprightlier and handsomer than ever, although it is difficult to improve what is already superior. It is no wonder 'Peterson' is such a favorite of the ladies." The Pendleton (W. Va.) News says: "The engravings are simply inimitable. The ladies dote on 'Peterson.' Our better-half says this is the best number yet received. The fashion-plates, independent of their usefulness, are models of beauty and art." The Wilmington (N. C.) Post says: "It is wonderful how a magazine, containing so much interesting and useful information, can be published at so low a price. *Every household should have it.*" The Annapolis (Md.) Republican says: "The handsomest fashion magazine." The Lake Co. (Mich.) Palladium says: "Among the best periodicals on the globe; a universal favorite with the ladies." *Now is the time to subscribe.* Specimens sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. Take "Peterson," if you wish to get the most for your money.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

VI.—GENERAL QUALIFICATIONS OF THE NURSE.—CONTINUED.

HABITS.—An abstinence from all improper habits, on the part of a nurse, is of prime importance. The nursery, as well as the sick-room, demands that no habits, impure or uncleanly, should be there introduced. What the "good old nurse" says or does, produces a lasting impression upon the minds of children, and imitation on their part is a peculiar and active trait.

Hence the habit of snuffing, chewing or "rubbing" snuff, smoking, using intoxicating liquors, opium, or laudanum, should never be indulged in by the nurse, or permitted under any pretense, if desired, by the mother; as the use of tobacco in any form is not only filthy in itself, and unbecoming female delicacy, but it is peculiarly disagreeable to the sick, almost without an exception.

And a moderate use even of either opium, laudanum, or spirituous liquors, if protracted, has a direct natural tendency to impair the intellect, blunt the sensibilities, and greatly to obtund the finer sympathies of the human heart, either of which justly disqualifies an individual for the responsible vocation of nurse.

CLEANLINESS.—A want of a proper regard for neatness and cleanliness is a most unpardonable fault or trait in the character of any female; but more especially so is it, in one who purposes to take care of the sick, where these properties are so imperiously demanded. The sick-room should be kept sweet, tidy, and well ventilated; the patient's clothing frequently changed, and, with herself, washed. The greatest caution, however, should always be observed, that the patient's linen, as well as that of the bed, is always perfectly dry. The floor, when not carpeted, should never be made *wet*, or even *damp*, particularly in cases of disease of the chest or lungs, rheumatism, etc The physician should always be consulted in these cases, and his instructions rigidly enforced or adhered to. In preparing food for the patient, cleanliness is of the first importance, and it should be neatly arranged when brought into her presence, and be made as inviting as possible.

Whilst the fastidiousness of the patient is thus catered to, the nurse should pay strict attention to her own clothing and person generally, always appearing neat and tidy, and in very warm weather, if she perspires freely, should prevent, by frequent ablutions, the emanations of that rank, disagreeable effluvium, which is being continually eliminated from the surface of the body, when due attention is not paid to cleanliness.

INDUSTRY.—A nurse, particularly in the country, is often employed in families in very moderate circumstances; and if her duties are light, she should cheerfully assist in household affairs, when the patient does not require her attention.

Sickness falls hard upon those not in affluent circumstances, and the nurse must discard selfishness, be charitable, and manifest a willingness to lighten the burdens of those who perchance are compelled to employ her. Promptness and quickness to serve the patient's wants, manifest in a nurse good traits of character, which are at variance with idleness.

Under a *show* of *industry*, however, some nurses have formed the habit of a continual walking about the sick-room, arranging and disarranging, by turns, chairs, or small articles on stand or bureau; and after an hour's time spent in pacing to and fro, leave things in the same condition in which they were when they commenced to "put things to rights." This habit, designed to kill or put in time, is censurable, and should be avoided by every respectable nurse.

THE FLORIST FOR JUNE.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

FORMING COLLECTIONS OF HOUSE-PLANTS.—Every lady, who has any facilities for keeping plants over winter, should have a collection of house-plants. I find that the way most collections are made, is this: The lady who is making the collection sees a fine plant, and straightway begs or buys a slip, without stopping to think whether it is of a kind that will do well under the necessarily trying circumstances to which house-plants must be subjected. And the chances are that it does *not* do well, and she is wofully disappointed when she contrasts her sickly, unsightly plant, with the one which struck her fancy in the conservatory or green-house.

There are really but few plants which do well in the house, but the number includes enough for a very large collection, and among the list are some very beautiful ones I have often been asked to name half-a-dozen plants for house-culture. In reply, I have always given this list, and I think it comprises six of the best plants for the purpose that can be selected: a rose geranium, a scarlet geranium, a calla, a fuchsia, a heliotrope, and an ivy. If you have but one window for plants, six well-grown specimens are enough. But if you can afford more room, or can have the very pretty bronze brackets sold at garden warehouses, which will hold from one to four small plants each, of course you can add other kinds to the collection, and nothing can be better than a master christine geranium—a rich, lovely pink, and a most profuse bloomer—a Chinese primrose or two, an apple geranium, a lautana, a salvia, and perhaps another variety of fuchsia, and another calla. Of course you will want hanging plants, but as these occupy no room on your stand, they have not been named in

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the foregoing list, which I found, from some years' experience, before becoming owner of a conservatory, to be the most satisfactory collection I could get. They are all thrifty plants, and not very particular as regards the treatment they get. Of course they want good soil, plenty, but not too much water, light and air, and frequent washings, to keep their leaves free from dust.

A good soil for these plants can be made by taking two parts turfy loam from an old pasture, one part well-rotted manure, one part leaf-mold, if it can be obtained; if not, the fibrous portions of grass roots can be substituted, and one part sharp sand. Mix this thoroughly together, and you have a compost in which all these plants will thrive vigorously. Geraniums, ivies, heliotropes, lautanas, and primroses, do not need near the amount of water that callas and fuchsias do. In patting your plants, be sure to put in pieces of broken brick, or old crockery in the bottom of the pots, and over these put some moss, and then put in the earth. If you are careful to attend to this, there will be no bad result from too much watering, as the surplus water will drain off. But without this drainage, the soil is apt to become soggy and sour. One great fault with amateur cultivators of house-plants is, their habit of giving water to their plants in little quantities, and giving it often. Give it regularly, and in such quantities that *all* the soil is saturated, and then give no more until the surface appears really dry, except to fuchsias and callas. Keep the soil stirred, that air may get into it, and that no weeds may flourish. Sprinkle the plants often, and wiping them leaf by leaf with a soft sponge is very beneficial for them, as they like to be clean, and have their pores open, as much as we do. Give air and sunshine as much as possible, and almost anyone can grow fine and beautiful plants. But they must not be neglected. They are like children, and the more care you give them, provided it is the *right kind* of care, the better they will repay you. But by being *too kind*, as some mothers are, you may make them dyspeptic.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, CORDIALS, ETC.

To Preserve Morello Cherries.—Take the cherries when they are fully ripe, and stone them; weigh together the juice and fruit; to one pound of them put half a pound of clear brown sugar. Boil the cherries in juice for one hour and a half; then add the sugar, and boil for as much longer time; stir them occasionally, to prevent their burning. They are excellent for pies, and should be stirred for a day or two, to keep the syrup from settling at the bottom. It is best to put them in rather small jars, for the preserve will become acid, if exposed to the air when the jar is opened, if not soon used.

Cherry-Bounce.—Stone, and put into a stone jar, the cherries; place this jar into a pot containing water, set it on the fire, and let the water boil around the cherries until the juice is extracted; then strain the juice, and to one gallon, put four pounds of sugar; put it into a kettle, and let it boil until all scum has been taken off. While boiling, add a pinch of allspice, and a few blades of mace. Just before bottling, put to each gallon of liquor one quart of brandy and one quart of rum.

Currant Jelly.—Strip your currants off the stem, and put them into a stone jar; set the jar into a pot of water, let the water boil around the jar until the juice is extracted from the currants; then strain the juice through a coarse muslin bag. To one pint of juice put one pound of sugar; when dissolved, let it boil, and skim it; when it stiffens, take it off. Boil it for about twenty minutes.

To Preserve Strawberries.—To one quart of strawberries put one pound of sugar; put a little of the sugar in the bottom of the kettle, and one tablespoonful of water; then a layer of strawberries, and then of sugar, until all are in, but do not do too many at a time. Put them on a slow fire, shaking them every now and then until the syrup is drawn. Let them boil for fifteen minutes; put them immediately into the jars, and seal them up tight. Set them in the sun for a few days.

Pickled Cherries.—Pick over your cherries, and remove all the specked ones. Put them into a jar, and pour over them as much hot vinegar and sugar as will cover them; to each gallon of vinegar allow four pounds of sugar. Boil and skim it, and pour it hot over the fruit. Let it stand a week, then pour off the vinegar and boil it as before; pour it hot over the cherries the second time. As soon as they are cold, tie them closely.

Strawberry Syrup.—One pound of sugar to one pint of strawberry juice; strain the juice from the berries through a muslin bag. Let it come to a boil; take off the scum; when it is cold, add brandy to taste, and bottle it.

Currant Shrub.—One quart of currant juice, half a pound of sugar, half a pint of water, half a pint of brandy. Add the brandy just before bottling it. Boil it for half an hour.

PERFUMES FROM ROSES.

Tincture of Roses.—Take the leaves of the common rose, place them, without pressing, in a large-mouthed bottle; pour some good spirits of wine over them, seal the bottle securely, and let them remain in a dry place for a month or two.

To Perfume Linen.—Rose-leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a powder, mace scraped. Mix them together, and put the composition into bags.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Bran Bread.—This is a capital recipe, for the bread keeps fresh for a very long time, and is very easily made. Two pounds and a half of brown flour, *i. e.*, the wheat as ground, no bran being taken out; quarter of a pound of white flour, half an ounce of soda, four teaspoonfuls of tartaric acid, a lump of ammonia the size of a nut, a pint and a half of milk and water, or pure water. To be baked in a tin.

Savoury Dish.—Melt quarter of a pound of good cheese in the oven. When sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wine-glass of milk. Beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK AND WHITE MUSLIN.—The under-skirt is of white muslin, trimmed with a deep flounce and puffings over pink silk; the long train is of pink silk, trimmed with lace, and long trailing braids of red roses. The coat-basque is also of pink silk, with white tulle and sleeves, and ornamented with red roses on each shoulder. Red rose in the hair.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE GAUZE DAMASK, OVER BLUE SILK.—The body and skirt are cut in one piece, and the waist buttons from the centre to the left side; the right side of the over-dress falls quite plain, and it is looped more to the left side at the back. Three-quarter sleeves of the blue silk.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF YELLOW FAWN-COLORED PERCALE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two knife-plaitings of percale, between which is a ruffle of English embroidery; the deep over-dress and basque waist are also ornamented with the same kind of embroidery. White muslin hat, trimmed with dahlias and poppies.

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FIG. IV.—AFTERNOON DRESS OF PINK-STRIPED GRENADINE, OVER PINK SILK.—The front of the dress has the grenadine put on crosswise; the back is straight; the deep basque waist is also straight, and the whole is trimmed with ruchings of pink silk and the grenadine. Large straw hat, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with pink ribbon and roses.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE, trimmed with insertions of English embroidery; a deep ruffle of the same embroidery is around the bottom of the dress; large blue bow at the back, and on the pockets.

FIG. VI.—AFTERNOON DRESS OF SULPHUR-COLORED ORGANDY.—The under-dress is trimmed with three knife-plaited flounces; the over-dress and basque are ornamented with insertion and deep edgings of Smyrna or *torchon* lace; the sleeves are composed of bands of the lace insertion and bands of the organdy. Straw hat, trimmed with a sulphur-colored feather, and a wreath of wild roses.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF SILK OR DEBEGE.—The original of our illustration is of linden-green, and a darker shade of green silk; the skirt is of the lighter or linden-green silk, with ruffles of the same, and the "Directoire" over-dress or coat-basque is of the darker shade of green; the front is a deep basque, simply buttoned down the whole length; the very long coat, longer at the back, is finished with a row of buttons on either side, and the two flaps are fastened together by knots of ribbon; a knife-plaiting finishes the ends of the basque. We give a diagram, by which the "Directoire" can be cut out at home.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—FRONT AND BACK OF RIDING HABIT, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH.—The skirt fits the figure as closely as possible, and without any fulness around the hips; the bodice is cut with a long postillion basque at the back, and turns back in front with a single rever on the right side; the coat-shaped sleeves are ornamented with four buttons; the basque is trimmed in the same way.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, in addition to the numerous articles of *lingerie*, a hat and a bonnet. The hat is of black straw, trimmed with a silk band, and ends of butter-cup-colored ribbon; a feather of the same color, with yellowish-green grasses, ornaments the top. The bonnet is of a coarse straw, trimmed with yellow roses, ivy-leaves, and berries.

Notwithstanding the prediction that simpler dresses were to be fashionable this summer, all the newest importations are still a good deal looped, and have long, close-clinging trains. The looping seems necessary for the fine materials of which summer dresses are made, the straight lines looking better in the heavier stuffs of winter. But the present styles are most inconvenient for those who walk, and a few of the very fashionable women of Paris have had quite short dresses made for country wear. As yet none of those costumes have made their appearance on this side of the water. There are three popular styles now, the Princesse polonaise, basque bodices, with upper and lower skirts, and Princesse dresses. The prominent points in the best polonaises are the long seams of the back, the plainness over the tournure, and sufficient length to give a slender effect. Fringes and wide galloons are the trimmings universally used, and the galloon is very generally arranged in sloping lines, or in a long V down the back, from shoulders to waist; small fichus, or mantles of the same material, complete the costume. The aim appears to be to give the costume the effect of a Princesse dress; and in most cases the merest glimpse of the under-skirt is all that is visible; therefore, it is made both narrow and clinging, and is usually trimmed all round alike. The drawing-string across the back breadths is always added, no matter how closely the skirt is cut to the figure.

In these new dresses the shoulder-seams are very short, the neck is cut very high at the back, and the tight sleeves have the upper half slightly gathered on the elbows, to fit the arm more perfectly.

Some of the white trailing dresses are among the very prettiest of those imported, for young ladies, or for morning-dresses for married women, at the sea-side. These dresses are usually made in the Princesse or Polonaise style, but look equally well with a Breton jacket or a basque. They are trimmed with blue, pink, cardinal-red, coral, or butter-cup colored ribbons; sometimes a continuation of colors is used—as cardinal-red and yellow, and black, blue and pink, and linden color, etc.

Grenadine, gauze, and berege, not of the old plain styles only, but broched, crimpled, and figured, so as to be hardly recognizable, flood the stores. Then there are batistes, organdies, and lawns; debeges, delaines, percales, and chintz, all in the new colors, and hardly to be recognized as our old friends.

MANTLES AND JACKETS are of the most various shapes. The long Breton jacket equally divides favor with the short scarf mantle, tied in front, or carelessly thrown over the arm. As the weather grows warmer, the scarf mantle will be the most popular.

BONNETS look like gardens when all the flowers are yellow, or of a yellowish tinge. They are most unbecoming to blondes. The shapes are various, but nearly all close-fitting to the sides of the face. The bonnets, as a rule, are small, but the immense quantity of trimming makes them look large. Wreaths are more popular than bunches of flowers. Strings are placed at the middle of the back, and can either fall down straight (a most incorrect style) or be carelessly looped in front. Some of the carriage bonnets are composed entirely of thick wreaths of flowers or feathers; if of a short feather, a bow is added. We have seen a beautiful one composed of heliotrope, with black feathers and a knot of white lilac at the side.

The Lyons manufacturers are making large quantities of violet and lilac silks, to combine with the yellows, so as to make them look more becoming.

MITTENS have been largely imported for summer wear Black, blue, white, pink, straw, and even red, are to be seen. They are of exquisite quality and finish, and quite long, some reaching nearly to the elbow, and cost from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a piece.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE AND NAVY-BLUE TOILE D'ALSACE.—The under-dress is of navy-blue, laid in deep kilt plaits; the over-dress is of the pique, with a long, square apron front, made only of the ordinary basque length at the back, and trimmed with wide Hamburg ruffling; a row of dark-blue braid heads the ruffling; half-long sleeves.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD, striped with white, and a thin crimson line. The skirt is bordered with three flounces, piped with crimson faille; Princesse tunic, ornamented with blue and crimson bows, and edged with a foulard frill. The front is draped into the square ends at the back, where it is ornamented with bows. The tunic is laced at the back. This style of make is also very pretty for young girls, made in plain and checked materials. For example, the skirt and sleeves in ecru linen or brown holland, and the Princess tunic in checked linen, the lines being crimson.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.—A ruffle of blue silk is placed around the bottom under the embroidered ruffle; three rows of light-blue ribbon are placed above the ruffles; the deep basque, the pocket, sleeves, etc., are trimmed to match the skirt. White straw hat, trimmed with light-blue feathers and ribbons.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The Water-Lily.
The Wanderer.
Fashions for January, colored.
"Such A Love of A Man."
Fashions for February, colored.
Coming Home.
Fashions for March, colored.
A Sudden Shower.
Fashions for April, colored.
"Three Tom-Boys."
Fashions for May, colored.
Sybil's Swans.
Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED PATTERNS.

Silk Ribbon Embroidery.
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"Oh! Cousin Charley!"
Pairing.
The Parting.
The "Fast" Express.
In The Woods In Spring.
The Trysting-Place, by The Willow.
The Interruption.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS

January number, Fifty-one Engravings.
February number, Forty-nine Engravings.
March number, Forty-three Engravings.
April number, Forty-seven Engravings.
May number, Forty-two Engravings.
June number, Forty-three Engravings.

MUSIC.

Where are the Friends of My Youth?
Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?
Blissful Dreams Come Stealing O'er Me.
Rest For the Weary, Rest.
Home So Blest.
Sonate in F.

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"CHERRY RIPE."

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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A STIFF SEA-BREEZE. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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BACK OF HOUSE-DRESS. GARDEN-HAT.

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FRONT OF HOUSE-DRESS. TRAVELING HAT.

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BODICE FOR DINNER-DRESS. STRAW BONNET.

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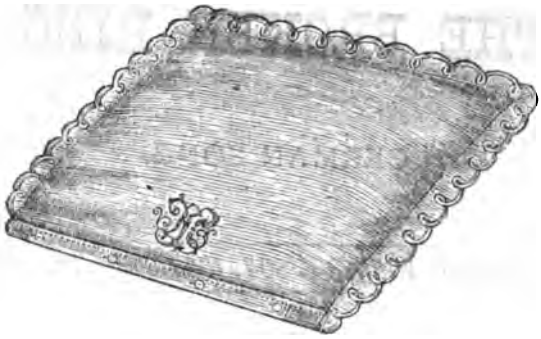

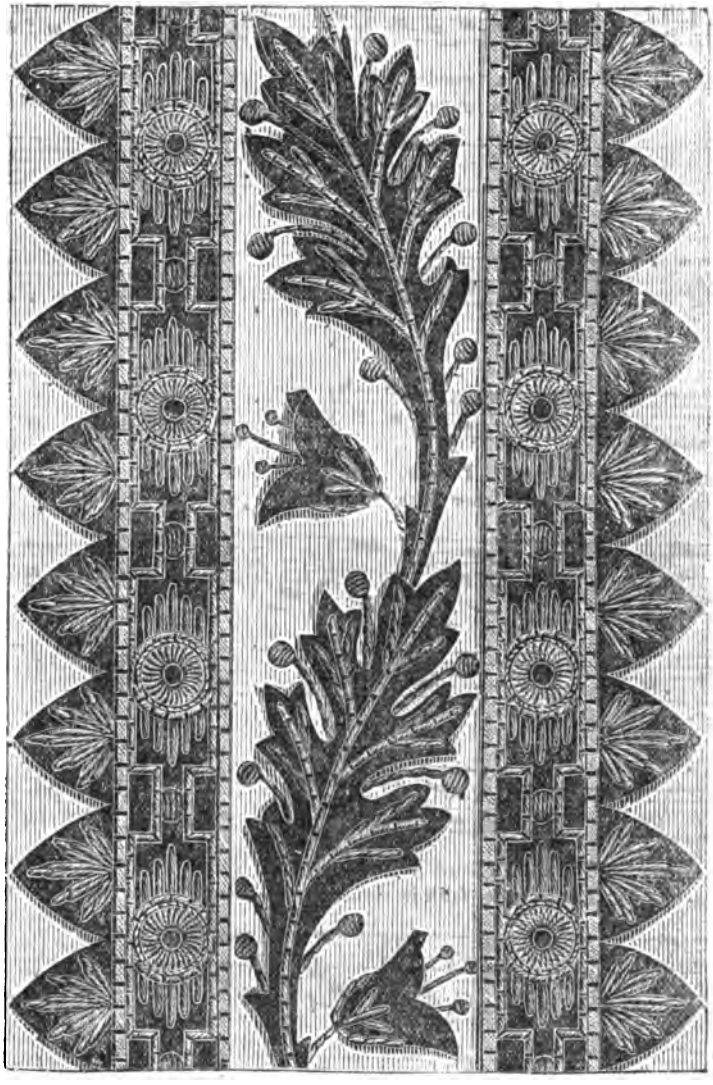

PILLOW-CASE. BORDER IN APPLIQUÉ.

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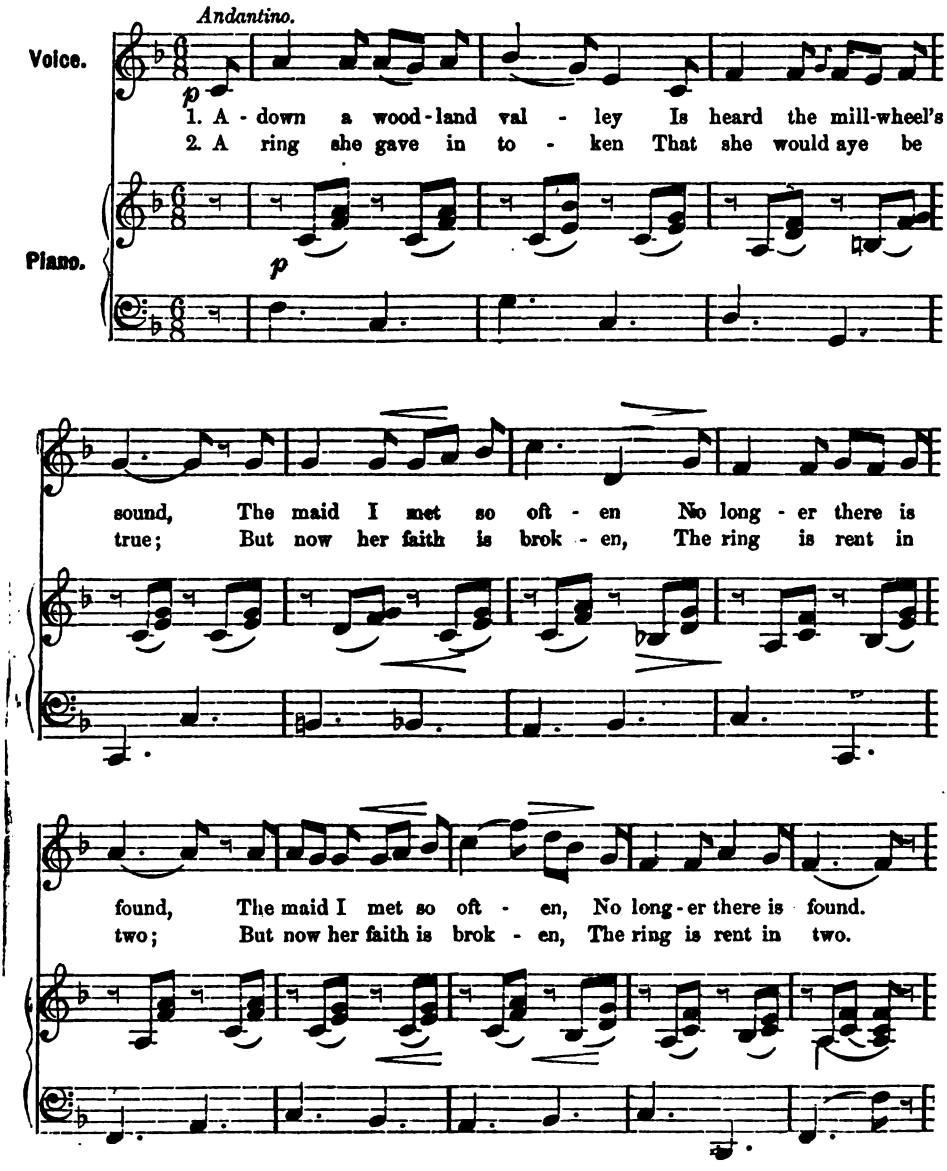
THE BROKEN RING.

GERMAN SONG.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Phila.



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Andantino.

3. I would I were a min - strel, To roam the hills a-
4. I would I were a troop - er, And rush - ing to the

mong, From house to house to wan - der, And sing my tune - ful
fight; Or by the watch - fire ly - ing, A - mid the storm - y

song, From house to house to wan - der, And sing my tuneful song.
night, Or by the watch-fire ly - ing, A - mid the stormy night.

5.

And when I hear the mill-wheel,
I feel a sudden thrill;
Oh, death to me were welcome,
This heart would then be still;
Oh, death to me were welcome,
This heart would then be still.

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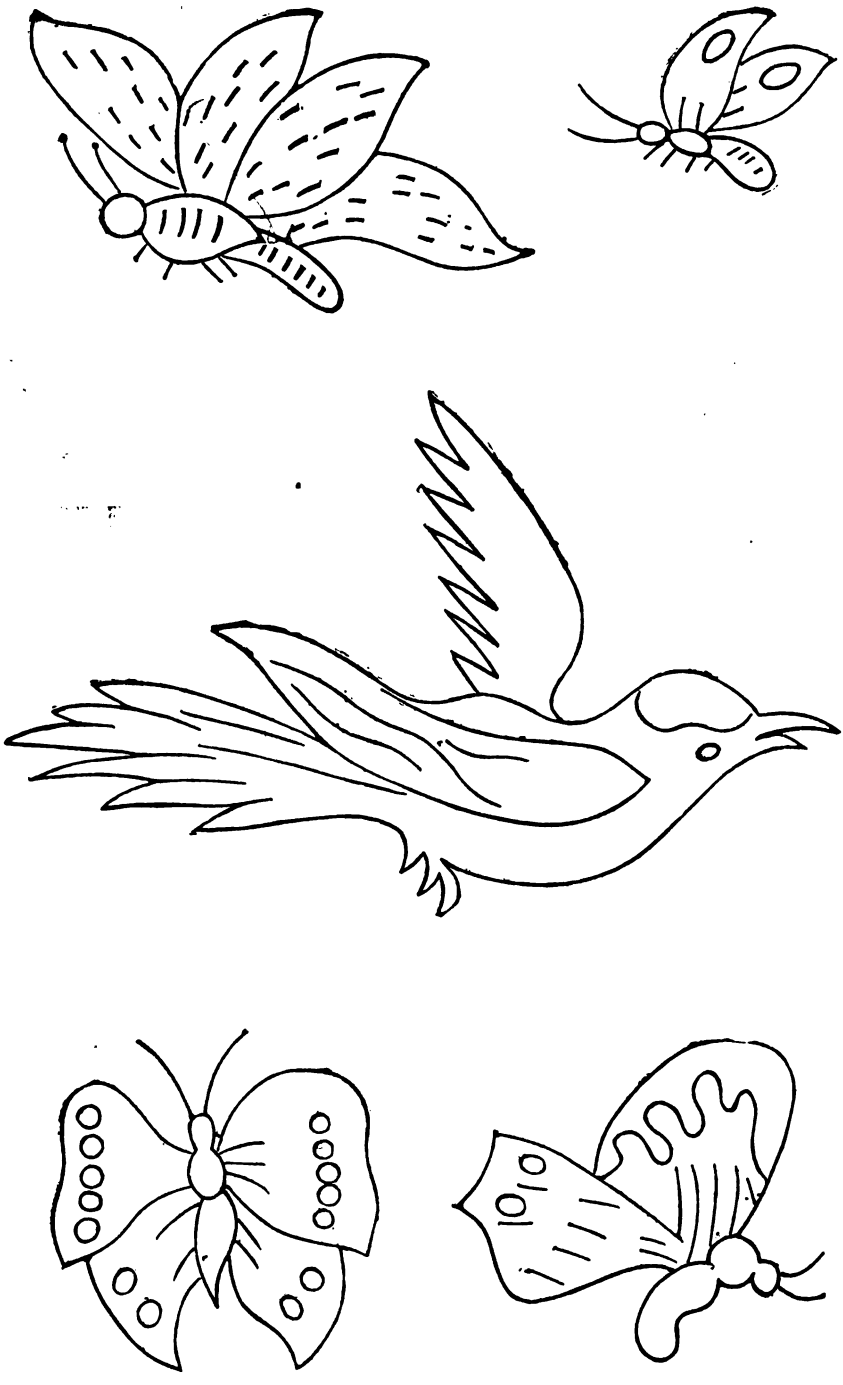

BIRD AND BUTTERFLIES, IN APPLIQUE OF CLOTH.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1877. No. 1.

"A STIFF BREEZE."

BY F. F. ELMS.

IT was our first morning at Wearemouth, a pretty place by the sea, as yet but little frequented by tourists. With our limited wardrobe, and still more limited purse, Auntie had decided that we could not afford to go to Newport, or even Long Branch, and accordingly had selected this less expensive place.

Auntie said, that at these watering-places, where so many fashionable people go, we would feel shabby; and that here we would have the same air and sea; and people, moreover, would not mind what we wore. We would grow fresh and rosy from bathing, and could wear out all our old summer dresses. Then we could have new silks the coming winter. So it happened, that Auntie's choice became mine, and that we agreed to go to Wearemouth.

Now upon this first morning after our arrival, I had left Auntie still a-bed, and gone out for a walk by the sea. It was quite early, but I could not restrain my impatience; I longed for the taste of the salt sea, and to feel the fresh breeze blowing against my cheeks. The sun had just risen, and all nature seemed exultant. The wind blew so strong, that I could, at times, hardly make my way against the wind. Off at sea the fishing-boats were making for the little harbor; the gulls wheeled and wheeled; the white-caps flashed far and near; the surf thundered. All at once, a sudden gust took my hat clean off my head, and sent it spinning away, threatening to blow it every instant into the water.

I started forward to catch it, when a quick, energetic step passed me, and a strange gentleman overtook the hat and secured it. No, not a strange gentleman, for, as he turned, I recognized him, and cried, "Why, Mr. Sloane——"

I could say no more, I was so astonished; more than that, pleased; for I saw at once that he had followed me from the city. I was embarrassed, too, and blushing furiously, for the wind was playing all sorts of tricks with my hair, and I knew I must look like a fright.

"Yes! Mr. Sloane," he said, taking off his hat and bowing, and presenting my runaway hat at the same time. He laughed, pleasantly, as he added, "What a stiff breeze! But is there any exclusive right, on your part, Miss Beatrice, to Wearemouth, that you seem surprised when others come——"

"Oh! no, no!" I interrupted, blushing again. "On the contrary, I am sure we shall be very glad to see you—that is, Auntie——" breaking down and blushing again, and falling back on Auntie, as I did not wish to seem too glad.

"Thanks," he said, coolly. "I came by the night-boat; and as it was too late to go to bed, and too early for breakfast, I thought I would take a walk. But I hardly dared to hope for such pleasure as meeting you," and he bowed again.

It was soon time to return to the hotel, whither Mr. Sloane accompanied me. At the door we parted. "I shall see you at breakfast," he said. "Pray, remember me to your aunt."

All in a flutter I went to our room. Auntie was just finishing her toilet. "Oh! who do you think is here?" I cried. "The last person in the world we would expect to see," I added, mendaciously and demurely.

As I looked at Auntie's face, it seemed to me that the pink in the morning sky was reflected on her cheeks. "Why, Auntie," I cried, "the sea-air has already worked wonders with you. You look—as rosy as—as——"

"Not half as rosy as you, Beauty," she said, kissing me with even more than her wonted effusiveness. My name, as the reader already knows, is Beatrice, but I had been nick-named Beauty from a child.

Auntie finished her toilet by putting a rose in her hair, an unusual thing for her. It made her

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look so charming, that I said, "May I put up my hair like yours?" I had always worn my hair in thick braids on my neck; but this morning, Auntie's hair looked so stylish, with the drooping rose on one side, that I had an irresistible desire to arrange mine in like manner.

"I don't think it would become you, Beauty," said Auntie, coaxingly; and she arranged my hair with great taste, and made such a bewitching bow in the blue ribbons confining it, that I was perfectly satisfied with my appearance.

"How do you do again, Miss Beatrice?" said Mr. Sloane, as he took a seat opposite us at the breakfast-table. And he stretched his hand over the plates and dishes to take mine. Mr. Sloane was always unconventional, so I did not think anything of that; but I thought, by the way Auntie colored, that she was afraid he would violate etiquette in her case also. He only bowed to her, however. It never had seemed to me that Mr. Sloane's manner was at all encouraging toward Auntie. When he walked home from church with us in the city, he had always addressed the most of his conversation to me. It was therefore very natural, that, on the day in question, I should think a great deal about him, especially as there was to be a little dance in the parlor that night.

To my astonishment, however, as the couples were forming, he and Auntie quietly walked away, without his having even requested me to dance with him. Auntie, who had not danced for years, looked, in spite of her toilette, which was exquisite, (though I must confess I thought it a little too youthful,) somewhat stiff upon the floor. Some time later, in the course of the evening, after having promenaded with Mr. Sloane on the verandah, Auntie brought a clumsy-looking boy, introducing him, and hoping I was having a pleasant evening. I am thankful now that I restrained the resentment I felt; but I preferred to sit by the window all the evening than to dance with any one but my own choice.

I felt—I knew it now—that the only thing that had consoled me here, was the knowledge that Mr. Sloane had come, instead of going to Long Branch, where he always went; and that Auntie could have the heart to break through all her habits, and monopolize him in this way, convinced me that there was some deep-laid scheme on her part to separate us. Her choice of Wearemouth was also explained; and now that he had followed me, she was determined that we should have no opportunity to be together.

Another day, a week, passed in this way. They—Auntie and Mr. Sloane—persistently left me alone upon every occasion. It was only in our room, and our afternoon drives, that Auntie and I were alone together; and sometimes, even in the latter, Mr. Sloane joined us. On such occasions, Auntie leaned back in the most uninterested way; and Mr. Sloane seemed determined to make most of the opportunity by talking to me unceasingly. He gave me a long history of Wearemouth; of the light-house that dated back to Queen Anne's time; and expatiated upon the advantage of being here, away from crowds that cared nothing for us, and enjoying the society of those for whom we cared most. And the meaning glance he threw back to where Auntie and I sat, emphasized what he said.

Of course I did not let Auntie know that I at all suspected her desire to separate us; but I took care that whenever Mr. Sloane had an opportunity to converse with me, he should see in my animation, my sparkling replies, and in the interest expressed in my whole bearing, that I returned his admiration. Auntie was always so languid, that it was natural I should suppose he must know that I felt the heaviness—I don't know any other word—of her presence as much as he did..

I think we had been away a month, when, one evening, Auntie complained of a headache, and did not go down. Mr. Sloane was at the table; and it rather surprised me that he did not seem in his usual spirits; we had not often so good an opportunity of being alone. I was sure he would ask me to walk on the verandah or esplanade, after tea; but he left the table before I had finished; and when, some ten minutes afterwards, I went disconsolately into the parlor, I found him walking about impatiently, his hat in his hand. On seeing me, he came hastily forward, and in an excited, hurried way, slipped a freshly-written note into my hand. The people were coming in from the tables, and he only whispered, as he passed me, "Will you have the kindness to take this to your room?" and was, the next moment, out of my sight.

I moved toward the window, and looked at the superscription, "Miss Beatrice Denvers."

My pulses throbbed. He had taken advantage of Auntie's absence, to make the confession upon paper, which he had no opportunity of giving in words.

Take it to my room? Impossible! Auntie would ask at once about "Julie," or "Addie," or "Minnie;" and in my present perturbed state of mind, I would be unable to reply.

So, after a moment's hesitation, I drew close to the fading light, and broke the seal.

"Dearest Beatrice," the letter began—and I wish I could describe the rush of emotions that

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overwhelmed me, as I read the words—"I cannot return to the city, even for a day or two, without taking with me the assurance of your regard.

"You know the hopes I entertain. As I shall probably not be able to see you before leaving, to-morrow, will you let me have a line from your hand—an assurance that my affection is returned?"

The signature, "Charles Sloane," I scarcely saw, such was the tumultuous nature of my emotions. A line! But how to write it!

But I calmed myself, slipped the note in my pocket, and went quietly up stairs.

"Did you send me any tea, Beauty, dear?" said Auntie, in a feverish sort of way, as I entered our room.

I felt a little pang, in the midst of my happiness, at the thought of my neglect. Poor Auntie! All her labors had been in vain. And I went penitently down again, to order her tea and toast.

When the tray came, and I saw her engaged in preparing her tea, I drew my chair close to the window, and opened my writing-desk.

A proposal to be accepted! Never girl had so short a time in which to frame her sentences. A fear of saying too much, or too little, overwhelmed me; and the ink dried upon my pen, before I had written a line.

Then Auntie, refreshed by her tea, interrupted the current of my thoughts.

"Beauty," she said, in an indifferent sort of way, "was Mr. Sloane at tea?"

"Yes, Auntie," I replied, quietly, while the sentence I had almost framed slipped out of my head.

I had not yet decided whether to say "Dear," or "Dearest Charles," or "Mr. Sloane."

"I think he is going to the city to-morrow," again said Auntie, in a suggestive sort of way.

"Auntie," I cried, desperately, "I want to finish a letter. Please don't speak to me for fifteen minutes."

Auntie gave a little sigh. I knew she was disappointed, poor thing! But how could I let any feeling of compassion for her interfere with my letter.

She turned her head away from me, and closed her eyes.

Shall I record what I wrote that night?

I can only say, that after I had gained courage to commence, I told him all; how Auntie's persistent efforts to separate us had grieved me; and how I had all the time known what had brought him to Wearemouth; ending by accepting his love, and by assuring him of mine.

The next question was, how to ensure his receiving the note. But the girl who came to take away the tea-things, gave me the opportunity I wanted.

Following her outside the door, I put my note on the tray, and whispered that Mr. Sloane was going to the city to-morrow, and it was important that he should receive Auntie's commissions to-night.

The girl promised, and, in a pleased sort of fear for what I had done, I returned to our chamber.

Auntie seemed to sleep, and I sat, all through that dusky twilight, looking out upon the sea.

Auntie was better next morning, and I felt more tranquil. Had I been obliged to meet Mr. Sloane, I could not have answered for my equanimity; but he had left by the earliest boat. It was a long way over the pier to the steamboat. But it seemed to me that Auntie seemed depressed at not seeing him. As for me, I found out from Lizzie that my note had been received, and pictured to myself the delicacy he had shown in not seeing me so soon after my embarrassing avowal.

Two days passed; and on the third—it was pouring rain, and we could not go out—a letter was brought to our room.

"Miss Beatrice Denvers."

I knew the superscription as soon as I saw it in Auntie's hand. Our names were the same, but Auntie's letters were invariably superscribed, "Miss B. Denvers," while mine were as often addressed to "Beauty Denvers."

An indescribable thrill—half resentment, half fear—shot through my veins, as Auntie pressed her finger against the seal. She flushed a little as she did so, and walked away toward a distant window.

I arose impetuously.

"Auntie," I cried, "give me my letter!"

With the small sheet half unfolded in her hands, she glanced my way, an expression that it would be difficult to decipher, upon her countenance. Even my imperative tones did not seem to arouse her.

I advanced. "Auntie, you have no right—you——"

I snatched at the closely-written sheet as I spoke. Even in my excitement I could see that every page was filled. Auntie seemed now to comprehend me.

"You are mistaken, Beauty," she said, calmly. "This letter is mine."

"Auntie, it is *you* who are mistaken," I cried, in a phrensy of emotions. "Give me my letter!"

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Auntie's face flushed. "You forget yourself, Beauty." She folded the letter in her hand as she spoke. "This letter is from Mr. Sloane to *me*."

I was always bright enough to arrive intuitively at facts. It was now clear to me. Mr. Sloane had written to Auntie, as my natural guardian, confessing our attachment. He had thought it better, in his more mature judgment, to ignore our knowledge of Auntie's attempts to separate us, and to propitiate her in our favor by formally asking her consent to our engagement.

This thought calmed me, and I quietly retreated, while Auntie perused, in peace, the missive in her hand.

But I watched her furtively, as I sat at the other window; and as she concluded, I saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

She sat quietly for a few moments, and then called me toward her. I obeyed the summons, my joy conquering my embarrassment, for I felt sure that she now saw the uselessness of opposing us any longer.

"Beauty, dear," said Auntie, drawing me down beside her on the sofa, "I have no secrets from you, and I know you will be pleased to hear that our friend, Mr. Sloane, has asked me to become his wife. He wishes our marriage to take place in October, and——"

How can I describe the feeling that took possession of me as Auntie spoke? Something must have shown in my face, for she stopped suddenly, and looked hard at me. The next moment a desperate hope arose in my heart. Auntie *had* mistaken my letter for hers, after all! But she annihilated this hope by continuing,

"He speaks of you, too, dear; of the advantages of travel opened to you by our union; for, Beauty, we are to go to Europe in the spring. That is—— But of course, his declaration in writing is merely a form. We have known our mutual regard for each other for a very long time—more than a year, in fact."

I remember that I told Auntie I had no objections; that I should like to travel, etc.; but it is no use of my trying to describe how I felt that evening. Mr. Sloane came back, and we returned to the city together. He talked to me just as he always did. Auntie's trousseau was soon in progress, and in the autumn she and Mr. Sloane were married, I being first bridesmaid. The next spring, as had been arranged, we went to Europe.

Several years have elapsed, but to this day it is a puzzle to me, whether Mr. Sloane has ever told Auntie about the note which I sent to him. I hope he will never tell somebody else; for there is to be another wedding next October; but I think I can trust him, and that he will not. I should not like Harry to know what a little fool I once was.

For to this day, I never walk by the sea-side, without a blush of shame at my folly, especially if it is recalled to me by what is always associated with that summer, a STIFF BREEZE.

ON THE PINCIAN AT ROME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

BETWEEN the trees white marble busts are glancing,
As down the drives we go;
And on the sward the dappled light is dancing,
In dusk and gold, below.

The drowsy fountains, droning on, are singing
Their slumb'rous, antique lay—
Visions of mossy springs, in dim woods, bringing
From old-world hills away.

Amid the crowd and crush, we pause and ponder.
What tales this hill could tell!
Here in its groves Lucullus feasted. Yonder,
False Messalina fell.

But where the hot blood of the wanton spouted,
See the hushed palm-tree stand.
Where Bacchic orgies reeled, and danced, and shouted,
Soft sinks, and swells the band.

Below is Rome! With all its mighty dower
Of mem'ries dark and fair.
Its thousand ruins; palace, church, and tower
Its splendor and despair.

And through this wilderness the Tiber rushes,
Past crumbling roof and wall.
And Hadrian's tomb in the warm radiance flushes,
St. Michael high o'er all.

Beyond, St. Peter's! Sheer its vast dome rearing
O'er colonnade and square;
Soaring so free, floating so light, appearing
As if it swam in air.

And still beyond, San' Mario's stone-pines streaming
Against the sunset red.
Then twilight's gloom, the dark'ning landscape seeming
A country of the dead.

Till, lo! the stars leap out. You see them throbbing,
All down the deep'ning skies.
You hear the night-wind in the palm-tree sobbing,
The night-wind as it dies.

Then silence, midnight. And when Rome lies sleeping,
Misty and weird below,
Comes Nero's ghost, and haunts the shadows, weeping
For the lost long ago!

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BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

PART I.

"No, ma'am. There hasn't been a portrait of the first Mrs. Temple in this house since I've lived in it; and I've been here well on to five years, for I came here just ten weeks after the funeral, ma'am."

The old housekeeper, who had been speaking, paused for breath. Her mistress made no reply; and directly the woman began again, soberly,

"Mr. Temple, he went abroad, and he sold his house in New York; but, you see, he didn't like to sell this place, it had been so long in the family. So Mrs. Mannering, his sister, engaged me to take charge of it. And a sweet place it is in the summer-time, with them great elms a-shading the windows so nice, and making it cool the hottest day there is. And then such a view! The grandest on Staten Island, they say, and in the healthiest part of the island, too—no chills nor miskeeters, either. But don't talk of the winter for lonesomeness. What, with the wind a-sighin' among the trees——"

Mrs. Temple at last checked the tide of her housekeeper's volubility. Evidently she was weary of the long discourse, which she had brought upon herself, by her very simple question. She interrupted the garrulous old woman, by saying,

"Then you never saw the first Mrs. Temple?"

She spoke reluctantly, as though unwilling to question a servant, yet as though yielding to an irresistible impulse.

"No, ma'am; but I've heard she was awful pretty. Would you like to see her rooms? Here they are, just as they were left. That door to the right."

Mrs. Higgins threw open the door as she spoke, and her mistress followed her slowly into the disused apartments, and stood as though lost in thought, while the old housekeeper hastened to unbar the shutters. The bright June sunlight and soft perfumed air flooded the desolate room with their brightness and sweetness, and seemed to say, "Life and joy have returned to the old house once more, and why should they not penetrate here?"

It was a bed-room, into which Mrs. Temple had been so unceremoniously introduced; a cosy, cheerful little apartment, whose faded hangings of gay chintz were still bright with birds, and butterflies, and roses, though the delicate blue that had formed their background was sadly faded by age. Everything was scrupulously clean and in good order. No dust arose from the light-blue carpet, as Mrs. Temple crossed the floor; the dressing mirror lifted itself, bright and untarnished, above the unfurnished dressing-table; and moths and mice had evidently been banished by watchful care.

But the inexpressibly dreary look, which always pervades a room that has been long uninhabited, hung like a cloud over everything in the once cheery chamber. The absence of all traces of occupation, and of those pretty toys wherewith most women love at once to disarrange and decorate their abiding-place; the scrupulous exactitude wherewith chairs and tables were ranged around the walls; the stiff, shining covers of gray linen that hid the cushions and shrouded the bed; all combined to make the place look indescribably desolate.

But without pausing to expatiate on or to display any of the contents of the bed-chamber, Mrs. Higgins passed on to the next room, and opened the windows there.

"Come this way, ma'am, if you please," she said. "The bed-room isn't much; but I call this room one of the prettiest in the house."

It was a large, airy apartment, situated in the corner of the old Temple mansion, and with four windows, two on each side. It had been fitted up as a sitting-room, and the hangings and furniture-coverings were like those in the bed-room of gay chintz, which showed its faded pink and still glowing figures wherever the shrouding process had been omitted, for the gray linen had been used there, also, to protect the furniture from dust. Here the pervading tint was pink, as in the other room it had been blue. Roses blossomed on the pale, gray carpet, and wreaths of roses were painted on the walls. Writing-table, book-cases, and easy-chairs, were all in their places; but the writing-table showed bare and cheerless; and there were no keys in the close-shut doors of the book-cases, whose literary treasures, if indeed they contained any, were hidden from view behind the folds of silk, once rosy-pink, but now dingy yellow, which lined the plate-glass panes. Everything in the lonely rooms seemed to whisper, "Death has passed this way."

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A loud call of "Mrs. Higgins," from some lower region, interrupted the housekeeper, as she was about to pour forth the full vials of her eloquence respecting the apartments which had been her care so long, and of whose condition she felt justly proud.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said. "That's Sarah. I can never learn her any manners. She always comes bellowing after me like that. Well, what's wanting?" And Mrs. Higgins, as Sarah appeared at the door, vanished, much to Mrs. Temple's relief.

The latter longed to be alone. A strange feeling was creeping over her; one she could not explain, but one which made her shudder, and her blood run chill. She sought for solitude, to think it all out. These strange surroundings, this long-closed room, the mystery that seemed to brood in the very air, awed her. What did it mean? What secret lay hidden here? She felt that some shadow from the vanished past hung, pall-like, and unexplained, over this country-house. In the silence that followed the departure of the housekeeper, it seemed to her that she heard unseen footsteps about her, as if some weird fate was approaching, intangible, yet terrible, with tragedy and death, and perhaps even dishonor, in its train.

Margaret Temple had been the wife of Edward Temple for more than a year. They had been married abroad, and had spent these twelve months and more in visiting the most noted spots of Europe. It had been a period of almost unalloyed happiness to both. They lived so entirely in each other's society, that they cared little for general company; hence, they had avoided the fashionable circles of Paris and Rome, and spent their hours in visiting famous churches and galleries, and places of historical interest. Together they had sailed on the beautiful bay at Naples, now visiting Capri, now Salerno, and now even venturing as far out as Ischia and Procida. Together they had traversed the wild and desolate plain that leads to Paestum, that melancholy vestige of an antique, and in some respects wonderful, civilization, that has passed away, never to return. Together they explored the gloomy tombs of Etruria, and studied a different, a sadder, perhaps a more ancient, and yet hardly less remarkable civilization. Together they had stood in the Coliseum, and realized, as only a reflecting mind does, but as an intelligent thinker is sure to do, the essential brutality and savagery of the old Romans, which that vast ruin reveals; feeling that, in spite of their superb architecture, their statues, and even their laws, a people who could leave a blood-stained amphitheatre behind them, as their greatest and most popular edifice, as a type, in fact, of themselves, could not be much above wild beasts. Together they had passed from the Coliseum to St. Peter's, and standing beneath that mighty dome, had come to comprehend, as they had never comprehended before, the vast advances which mankind had made, since the days of Imperial Rome; for now, instead of a sanguinary circus, it was a Christian temple, to which the population flocked; now, instead of thousands crowding to shout over gladiatorial combats, they assembled to chant holy psalms, and bow in adoration before the Divine Father. These travels, these investigations, these mutual confidences exchanged, had made Mrs. Temple and her husband one, in a way which few married couples ever are made: they shared each other's thoughts, they anticipated each other's wishes, they sympathized, in a word, to such an extent, that they were talked of as marvels of lovers, and as the perfect type of man and wife.

This had gone on, until a complication in his business affairs had suddenly called Edward Temple home to America. The trouble was connected with some estates which he owned in the west. Mr. Temple had only had time to instal his wife as mistress of his Staten Island mansion, before he was compelled to hasten to Chicago: in fact, the few days necessarily devoted to this purpose had been illy spared from the pressing exigencies of his position; and his constant fear, as he was whirled westward by the fast express, was that the delay would be injurious, perhaps fatal, to his interests. Yet he could not bring himself to leave his wife, as his lawyer had desired, at a hotel, and go at once to his destination: at least, this was what he had told her.

Edward Temple had been married before, having been a widower for nearly four years, when he first met Margaret Lisle. It was in Geneva that he had been introduced to her; and he had won her after a brief courtship. The match had been a thorough love-match from the first. There were, of course, some persons who marvelled that the wealthy, childless young widower, should have chosen a portionless girl, with nothing to recommend her save her sweet face, her intellect, and her loving, womanly character; while others marvelled that gentle Margaret Lisle should have linked her fate with that of a man, handsome, intelligent, and wealthy, it is true, but grave and reserved, and over whose past hung the gloom of a great sorrow.

His first wife was still remembered by those who had known her, as a dazzling meteor, that

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had flashed, and faded, and disappeared; a woman whose exceeding beauty had caused her to be remembered and spoken of as a celebrity, long after the fair form and lovely face had been laid away in the grave.

Over her death, too, there hung something of a mystery. It had been sudden; and gossips whispered that it had not been quite natural; an accident, or a mistake in the medicines; something strange, yet nothing definitely known.

And of this wife, the fair bride of his youth, the lovely girl, who, wedded at eighteen, had died before she was twenty-three, he was never known to speak, which added to the mystery. When impulsive people, or persons without tact, approached the subject, in his presence, he had been wont to silence them with a few brief words. Thus, in time, his friends, and even his acquaintances, learned to know that his first wife must never be mentioned before him.

The conviction that this chilling reserve arose from a grief too deep for words, had, at last, become universal, so that the announcement of his engagement to Miss Lisle took everybody by surprise. The marriage, in fact, was, for awhile, a wonder to all. The world of gossips could not understand that one so beautiful, so gladsome, so young, so ardently loved, and so deeply yet silently lamented, as his first wife, should have been replaced, in course of time, by so calm and quiet a personage as the second Mrs. Temple seemed to be. It was inexplicable.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wardour, a lively little lady, the centre of the American circle at Geneva, who was always on the look-out for a new arrival or a fresh sensation, and addressing her friend, Mrs. Legrand, "you remember Mary Temple, Mary Rivington that was, and how excessively pretty she used to be? Well, this girl is nothing to compare to her. She has a good figure, it is true, and is what you would call stylish. Good teeth, and lovely eyes, I will admit; but Mary Temple was a regular beauty, and so full of life, and spirits, and animation! Why, this child is not to be mentioned in the same breath with her. Ah! dear me! But it's the way with men. The prettiest and brightest of us all are forgotten before the sod is green above us." And Mrs. Wardour shook her head till the feathers in her best hat, the latest style from Brown's, rustled as if to give point and weight to her assertion.

"Well, what was the reason of the match? Money the Temples don't want—family they have enough of. Besides, the first Mrs. Temple was a nobody, I believe. She was a stranger to all his people; at any rate, an unknown girl that he met out at Cleveland, or Toledo, or Detroit, or some other western city, while looking after some of old Ainsworth Temple's land investments. If he married for love in the first instance, don't you think it likely he has done so now?" And placid Mrs. Legrand leaned back, with an air of satisfaction, that showed she regarded the question as settled.

"That is what exasperates me! To go glooming round the world as cross as a bear, and as silent as a tombstone, (more silent, I should say, for that does tell you a name and a date, and often a pack of lies into the bargain,) because of the death of his wife, and then to fall in love with another woman, and one not to be compared to her! If he had married for money or position, or if this girl had been a great beauty, I could have understood it. Well, men are puzzles." And the plumes on Brown's *chef-d'œuvre* rustled louder than ever in the emphatic shake of the head wherewith Mrs. Wardour emphasized her closing remark.

What cared they, the newly-wedded pair, for the world's wonderment, or its disparaging remarks? They were perfectly, serenely happy, as we have seen They wandered together amid the fairest scenery of Switzerland; they lingered long in Italy; and it was not till summer had come round again, that they thought of returning to their native land. Their return had been fixed for the autumn, but was hastened, as we have said, some months, by the business which imperatively demanded Mr. Temple's instant presence; and so, after hurriedly installing his wife in the old hereditary Temple mansion, he had parted from her for the first time since their marriage.

It was her first sorrow, the first season of sadness she had known during her wedded life; and the feeling of depression and loneliness, which had weighed upon her ever since her husband's leave-taking, seemed to become intensified with every passing day. It was in the hope of shaking off this feeling, that she had accepted Mrs. Higgins's offer to show her those rooms in the house, which she had not as yet inspected. But the effect of this hastily undertaken tour of inspection had been very different from what she had anticipated. Instead of diverting her mind, and dissipating her sadness, it had called up doubts, misgivings, disquieting reflections, concerning that predecessor in her husband's home and heart, of whom she had heard so much from strangers, and from him—nothing.

To her, as to all the rest of the world, the subject of his first wife, and of those five years of his first married life, were prohibited topics.

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On the only occasion, on which she had ever ventured to name his dead wife to him, his evident distaste for the subject, amounting to repugnance, and the cold curtness with which he had replied to her remarks, had amazed her, even while it sealed her lips effectually and forever from any recurrence to that subject. Nor was this repugnance the natural shrinking of a sensitive and reserved soul from laying bare, even to the gaze of the best beloved, a half-scarred and still painful wound. Not sorrow, but anger, not over-sensitiveness, but acute dislike, were expressed by his avoidance of the subject. Yet the first Mrs. Temple had been young, beautiful, and dearly loved; and in the apartments, whose dainty fittings betrayed a bridegroom's care, the one question that had troubled the else perfect peace of Margaret Temple's wedded life, rose up to vex her soul once more.

"This fair woman, once so beloved, has died utterly out of his heart," she said to herself. "Shall I, too, perish thus? And perhaps, less fortunate than she, live on, still loving, but unloved, and most unspeakably wretched?"

She remained, lost in such musings as these, for some moments after the old housekeeper had quitted her. A mirror hung just before her, and her eyes strayed sadly over its expanse, contrasting the placid features and quiet, brown eyes, which she beheld reflected there, with the descriptions she had heard of the dazzling loveliness of the young, bright face, which had once smiled back, in youthful beauty, upon its possessor, from that very mirror. But with a half smile at her own folly, and a suppressed sigh for the thoughts she could not wholly dispel, she turned from her contemplation, and walked to the window.

How beautiful the view was on which she gazed, only those who have looked abroad from the most elevated point of Staten Island, can well imagine. It was one of those days of intense heat, wherewith June, just before her departure, strives sometimes to prepare us for the fiery tortures which her successor is certain to inflict upon us. The far-off masts, and spires, and crowded buildings, of the distant city, lay gilded with a pale, quivering haze, like the vapor of a furnace, which told of the fierce fervor of the sun's rays; while overhead the sky glowed with a white intensity of heat, like the lustre of molten brass. Yet from the broad expanse of the bay, which lay spread out, a sheet of silver beneath the molten brass of the heavens, there came stealing a cool-breathed, fleet-winged breeze, that robbed the torrid atmosphere of half its torturing powers. But lovely as was the prospect, and refreshing though the breeze might be, the heat and glare were too great to admit of more than a passing glance; and Mrs. Temple was soon content to turn her attention once more in-doors.

"What a tiresome day!" she said, musingly, to herself. "It is too hot to drive before sunset; too hot for me to unpack or to arrange my apartments; too hot, in fact, to do anything but read; and the cases of books have not been sent from the custom-house. I wonder"—for at this moment her eye fell on the two small book-cases—"I wonder if there is anything here. I may as well look."

So saying, she turned to the basket of keys, which the housekeeper had left on the table, and after several ineffectual trials, succeeded in finding a key which unlocked the doors of the long-closed book-cases. Very dusty, and not very alluring, were the rows of dingy volumes exposed to view; but Margaret Temple was passionately fond of reading, and had a genuine love and respect for books; so she brought a duster and a brush, and despite the warm weather, and the unpleasant nature of the task, she set to work vigorously to cleanse and re-arrange the literary treasures she had discovered.

The books were mostly the works of the standard poets and novelists—Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, etc., in small portable volumes, elegantly bound. None of them bore any traces of use, and some, indeed, still rejoiced in the freshness of uncut leaves; but upon a lower shelf were ranged some few muslin-bound and very shabby sensation novels, which seemed to have seen good service. It was with a feeling, half of curiosity, half of awe, that Mrs. Temple took up and examined these relics of her dead predecessor. She found within the volumes repeated traces of her presence, and evidences of her tastes, which were apparently of no very exalted nature. Here and there a passage of unusual fervor bore, deeply marked, the pencil line that tells of admiration or sympathy; and occasionally a written word, such as "Beautiful!" "How true!" etc., betrayed the delight and interest with which she had read. A few French books filled up the remaining space on the shelf. Mrs. Temple opened one. It was a volume of selections from the modern French poets, and opened at a poem by Victor Hugo. Her eye fell on this stanza:

"How many joyous live, who still should weep
Over their dear ones sunk in Death's long sleep.
Oh, might of years that pass!
The dead endure not. Leave them in their tomb;
They fall to dust less quickly in the gloom,
Than in our hearts, alas!"

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She replaced the book hurriedly, and with a sigh, and took down another, which bore, on the title-page, the name of Mary R. Temple, written in a delicate female hand. Mrs. Temple, examining it, found it was a French work, of questionable taste, and attempted to put the volume back in its place on the shelf, but it slipped from her hand, and fell on the carpet.

The shock of the fall displaced several loose leaves, which flew scattered over the floor, and with them a folded paper, which had evidently lain concealed between the pages, but which at first she did not see, even after its fall.

Mrs. Temple picked up the book, and collected and replaced the loosened leaves. In doing this, she caught sight of the paper. She took it up to examine it, not from any prompting of curiosity, but with the intention of taking care of it, should it prove to be a document of any importance. It was a single sheet of French note-paper, folded only once, so as to make it small enough to lie between the pages of the book. She opened it, and the following lines, in the same handwriting as that of the name inscribed on the title-page, met her eye:

"I am dying, and I declare most solemnly, as a dying woman, that my death has been caused by poison administered to me by my husband, Edward Temple, this seventh day of July, 186–. I call upon whoever may chance to find this paper, to make known the cause of my death, and to avenge my murder.

MARY RIVINGTON TEMPLE."

The sheet of note-paper fell to the floor. She clasped both hands close to her heart, as if struck by a bullet, and gave a deep groan, but no words left her ashen lips.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PATIENCE.

BY MARIE J. M'CALL.

BIDE a wee, and dinna weary,
"Patience" quaintly was defined,
By a little Scottish maiden;
And the sweet words in my mind
Ever linger, like the memory
Of a beautiful refrain,
Making hours of gloom less dreary,
While I breathe them o'er again.

Fretted by the many crosses,
All must bear from day to day,
Troubled by our cares and losses,
Each of us hath need to pray
To our hearts, impatient, crying
For the ships so long at sea,
When hope faints, and faith is dying,
Dinna weary, bide a wee.

"Rainy days" each life must sadden,
Gentle shower, or tempest wild,
Fall upon us; blessings gladden
In their turn. To every child
Gives the father, or withholdeth,
Ever wisely, tenderly;
Thus our hearts for heaven He mouldeth,
Dinna weary, bide a wee.

Some there are whom glad fruition,
'Neath the skies may never bless,
Some to whose long-urged petition
Ne'er will come the yearned for Yes.
Why? God knoweth, He who lendeth
Strength to suffer patiently;
What He seeth best, He sendeth,
Dinna weary, bide a wee.

Trustful wait a glad "To-morrow,"
Cast on heaven every care;
Not unseen by Him they sorrow,
Not unpitied they despair.
For His people "there remaineth
Rest," and peace eternally,
Where the light of joy ne'er waneth—
Dinna weary, bide a wee.

BABY'S GRAVE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

IN the church-yard, in the shadow,
Baby sleeps;
While the wind, from wood and meadow,
Softly weeps
O'er the little mound we made him—
God knows best,
With what aching hearts we laid him
Down to rest

Vain the tears and prayers we offered—
He has slept,
While we lived, and toiled, and suffered,
Grieved and wept.
God was wisest. Who can number
All the woe,
Baby, in his tranquil slumber,
Does not know.

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THE CASE OF JANE BOYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

I HAVE followed the history of the kidnapping of the child, Charlie Ross, and the efforts for his discovery, with peculiar interest, owing to the fact that, in the course of my own experience, I have had knowledge of one or two cases similar in kind. In one instance, it was a man, who vanished absolutely from his place without any assignable cause for such disappearance; in the other, a woman. The first case, for private reasons, it would be improper now to relate in detail; but to the recital of the second there can be no reasonable objection, although several of the parties concerned are yet living. I shall use the ordinary precaution of altering the names, to avoid their discovery, and also the localities, and give the facts as they happened.

I premise, however, that the number of these mysterious disappearances, as every lawyer well knows, are much more numerous than is ordinarily supposed. In the case of the Ross child, for example, over five hundred children have been examined in the vain search for the missing infant, each one of whom was a waif, or estray, of whose parentage or proper homes no information could be obtained. In the disappearance of adults, it is only when the missing man chances to be a prominent citizen, (as in the case of Chancellor Livingstone, in New York, or the Russian attaché, in London, both of whom suddenly vanished in the midst of crowded streets, and were never heard of again,) that the matter comes to the ear of the public. Men of less note disappear, and the story, after a brief whisper in the neighborhood, dies out, and is forgotten. Behind each history, however, lies a background of romance and crime far more tragic, if dramatically presented, than any invented by mere fiction-mongers.

I shall be able to give no such fictitious coloring to the facts of this case, which I shall briefly set down, as they were known to me in my medical capacity, and also in my personal relations with the actors in the sad drama.

Holman J. Boyer was a physician in good practice, in one of the valley counties of Virginia, before the war; the county, indeed, adjacent to that in which I, a much younger man, settled at a later date. My practice and Boyer's in no wise interfered with each other, the distances being so great. We met occasionally, however, at consultations, and in the rare conventions of the medical association of that part of the State. Boyer was a middle-aged man before he married. His wife was a Miss Jane Whitcomb, of Norfolk. There was a little buzz of gossip at the time, about the discrepancy in their ages, the lady being reported as young and prominent in society, while Boyer was a grave man, fond of his own fireside. One child was born to them, a girl, and it was in my attendance on this child and its mother, that I first became intimately acquainted with Boyer. They were so precious in his eyes, that he would not trust himself to prescribe for either of them in the slightest ailment. Did Mrs. Boyer's head ache, or little Amy cough, a messenger was despatched post-haste for me. Having heard of the gossip, and curiosity as to the suitability of the match, I naturally observed the family attentively.

Mrs. Boyer was young, but in no sense a beauty, or likely to be attractive in society. She was a gentle, low-spoken little woman, a notable housekeeper, compounder of jellies and pickles, keeping her servants well in hand, and having no thought beyond her husband and child, and, in a less degree, her parish church. If she went into society at all, it was to sit in the corner with some matron of kindred tastes, and discuss new recipes for soup, or patterns for children's dresses. Both Boyer and she partook unwillingly of the state dinners, and whist parties, in which the hospitality of the neighborhood found outlet. They were never so happy, or so thoroughly themselves, as when alone together at their own fireside.

To be candid, while I had a warm friendship for Mrs. Boyer, as a most estimable woman, I found her rather a dull companion. I naturally grew weary of Boyer and Amy as everlasting topics of discourse. I was at a loss, too, to understand how she had ever been a prominent member of society anywhere, unless through her wealth. Jonah Whitcomb had been one of the largest landed proprietors in south-eastern Virginia. His plantations were well-stocked, too; his imported cattle being especially famous. Mrs. Boyer was his only child, and inherited the property a year or two after her marriage.

In June, 1858, I one day received a note from Mrs. Boyer, asking me to drive over and examine Amy's knee, in which her father fancied he detected some sign of weakness. She was, she

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stated, the more anxious to have it looked to, as they proposed to leave home the next day for a short visit to her old home in Norfolk. I rode over early the next morning, and found, as I anticipated, Boyer and his wife in a nervous state of alarm, and nothing whatever the matter with the knee. Amy was a slight, delicate child of five. Her mother held her in her lap while I made the examination.

When it was over, she said, in her peculiarly low, quiet voice, "If this child were to be crippled in her hip, made unhappy in anyway, it would kill me." And looking at her, I believed it.

I remained to breakfast, and as their trunks were down, and strapped, in the hall, consented to drive over with them to the station, and accompany them on one stage of their journey, as I had a patient in that neighborhood, sending my horse home by one of the servants.

We drove over, therefore, to the station, Mrs. Boyer full of anxiety concerning the lunch, and a certain little trunk, containing some of Amy's finery, which was missing for awhile. She fussed and worried until it was found, and then subsided into her usual placid quiet, holding Amy asleep in her lap, and listening with rapt attention to Boyer's discussion of politics, without understanding half he said.

We took the train for the next station, where we stopped to find my patient, and they to wait an hour for an express-train. The station, like so many in Virginia, was but a low, wooden house, with office and bar-room opening on the platform, and scattered along the tracks one or two huts, belonging to negroes, who supplied passengers with coffee, and "snacks" of fried chicken and hot biscuit.

My patient was soon disposed of, and I returned to the little office, intending to remain with them and see them off. A journey was no ordinary affair in those days, and commanded a certain respectful attention from friends and lookers-on. I found Boyer and his wife seated in the open station, while Amy lay on the bench fast asleep, her head supported on her mother's lap. Mrs. Boyer called our attention to her, saying how pretty she was, with her fair hair tumbled and curled about her face; and as she spoke, she laid some fern-leaves, which the child had gathered, about her temple, like an airy crown. Now, Amy was not a pretty child, but I remember noticing that her features were delicate, and the effect of the feathery circlet peculiar and fine. Her mother looked at her, however, with a kind of mute adoration. The child awoke presently, and curled herself up on a heap of shawls on the bench.

It was then near noon. The express-train was due at a quarter before one.

"We shall have time to take lunch, Dr. Schwarz," said Mrs. Boyer. "Jane, open the basket."

The sandwiches, tarts, cakes and relishes, etc., were soon spread out on top of an empty box, over which a white cloth was spread. I remember that we jested with Mrs. Boyer on her unusual keenness of appetite, as she ate heartily, praising her own recipes incessantly. We were still joking and laughing in this idle way, when she rose, saying she would gather some field-herbs, which she had seen growing on the other side of the station.

Boyer and I remained smoking in the station, while the two servants, Jane and Tom, went in and out, arranging the lunch-basket, etc. It was, be it remembered, broad noon-day, in an open country, where the little shed of a station commanded a view of fields and forests for many miles.

Two trains passed, one a freight-train, which halted for a few moments, the other the down express, passing with a full head of steam on.

Boyer looked at his watch. "Our train is due in five minutes. Amy, waken up, my child. Stay with Jane until I find your mamma. On which side of the road is your mistress, Tom?" as he stepped out on the platform, and looked up and down.

"She's just heah, sah. I seed her a pullin' yarbs in dis meadow. Heah—" going down the bank into the meadow, and looking about with a startled face. "Foh God, massa, I dunno whah she is!"

She was not in the meadow, nor in the road. In a word, she was gone, as utterly vanished as if the wind blowing across the clover-covered fields had carried her with them. I have no time nor inclination to make a dramatic story out of this matter. The reader must paint for himself our alarm. The laughing, and then terrified search, in which the station-master, and three stolid old negro women of the neighborhood, proved the persistence with which Boyer went over and over the same ground, trying to joke, while he was pale with terror, assuring me that she would be found in a moment. But he was not uneasy. Why should he be uneasy? What could happen to Jane?

The train came and passed; the afternoon began to wax late. She was not found.

Boyer staggered to the bench and sat down. It is incredible that anything could have happened to her, "in daylight, within call," he said, wiping his lips.

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There was one possibility which I suggested: that she had mistaken the train which stopped for the one she was to take, and had been carried on to the next station. A most unlikely chance, as I knew, as she could not mistake a freight for a passenger train, and certainly would have rejoined us before entering the cars. However, her husband seized on this bare hope eagerly, as I hoped he would do, and drove to the next station, to be disappointed. But the suggestion had opened out vague chances, and kept him from despair.

To be brief, the search was vain. Mrs. Boyer had disappeared, and for two years no tidings of her reached her miserable husband. All that energetic friends, a country police, (by no means energetic,) and unlimited outlay of money, could do, was done, but in vain.

Two years later, Boyer came to my plantation late one night, as I was preparing for bed. I went down to the library to meet him, and found him standing in his riding-boots, pale and haggard.

"Read that, Schwarz," he said, holding out an open letter. It was postmarked New Orleans, and ran as follows:

"SIR:

"I would advise you to give over further search for your wife. She is unworthy of your loyalty to her. She left you voluntarily, to join an old lover, whom she had never ceased to regret or to love. They took the express train that day at the next station, while you were still searching for her; went direct to New York, and sailed for Europe. The writer of this saw her a month ago in Florence. She is well and happy. Forget her if you are wise.

"Your friend, C——."

I looked at Boyer, afraid to question him.

"Why do you say nothing?" he cried, passionately. "Was there ever a more infamous slander? If I but knew the devil that wrote this! Oh, Jane, Jane!" He dropped into a seat and covered his face with his hands. "To think that she is exposed to such calumnies as this, and I cannot protect her!"

I allowed his excitement to subside.

"There was nobody, of course, to whom Mrs. Boyer had ever been attached?" I then asked.

"Oh, Jane had some childish love-affair with Tom Heming, her cousin. Such a flirtation as all girls have. She laughed over it with me many a time."

"And Heming?"

"He disappeared from Norfolk long ago. Went to the dogs, I believe. This cursed scoundrel has heard of that, I suppose, and based his lie upon it."

So firm was Boyer's faith in his wife, that he made no inquiry whatever concerning Heming, or any effort to follow the clue. My own inclination led me to trust her. If ever there was a faithful wife and mother, I said, that woman was Jane Boyer. And yet—where was she? She had no enemies. She had carried no watch or jewelry on the day of her disappearance, which could tempt robbery or murder. And as regarded this matter of first love, God only knows what secrets are hidden in the breast of the most commonplace woman. Nothing but a mad, absorbing passion could have drawn Mrs. Boyer away from her child. Yet, when I remembered her utter lack of emotion the day she left, her worry about baggage, even the unusual zest with which she ate her lunch, the matter became hopelessly steeped in mystery.

A year later, a solution came to the riddle. Boyer received another letter from New Orleans, in the same handwriting, briefly stating that Mrs. Boyer had been deserted by Heming, (the name was given now,) had returned to New Orleans, and had died a month before in abject poverty. Immediately before her death she had been received, under an assumed name, in one of the hospitals.

I went with Boyer to New Orleans. The register of the hospital was examined. The statement of a woman's death, under the assumed name, on the given date, was verified, and the description of her, elicited by close questioning of attendants and physicians, left no doubt on my mind that it was Mrs. Boyer who had met this miserable end.

Boyer, however, listened to the account unmoved.

"You are not yet convinced?" I said, as we left the hospital.

"Convinced? If my wife, Scharwz," he said, stopping short in his earnestness, "were to stand on this pavement before me and confess her guilt, I would not believe her. I would think her mad, under the influence of evil spirits, but I would not believe her. I know my wife. Whether she is dead or living to-day, she is as pure as God's angels."

But the faith of others was not so firm in Mrs. Boyer. A week or two later, application was made by the next heir of Jonah Whitcomb, for possession of his estate, his daughter, Jane Boyer, having died intestate in New Orleans, and without any male issue. It appeared that old Whitcomb had devised his property to his daughter and her male heirs. Should she fail to make a

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will, and die without a son, the estate reverted to the nearest of kin in the male line bearing the name of Whitcomb. This proved to be a certain Joseph Whitcomb, who was not slow in pressing his claims. He brought forward testimony to prove that Mrs. Boyer had been seen in Europe with Heming, and had died under an alias in the New Orleans hospital.

To be brief, Joseph Whitcomb obtained the property, and Boyer was left dependent on his practice, the annual proceeds of which he spent almost wholly in search of his wife, employing the most skilled detectives in every city in the country. He had a calm, quiet faith that one day she would return to him.

Amy, in the meantime, was growing into a healthy, happy girl, who had been taught by her father a feeling of devotion to her lost mother, akin to religious faith.

"I wish the child to be prepared for her. I do not know what day she may come back," he said to me one day. "There is not an hour in which I do not think, what if she should be on her way now? I never go into a strange street or house without looking from side to side in search of some clue to her."

The genial, light-hearted fellow had become a grave, silent man. His wife's name never passed his lips, except to his daughter or to me.

In the meantime the war wrecked the little property he had, and rendered search more hopeless.

In 1868, just ten years after the disappearance of Mrs. Boyer, I went with her husband to Baltimore, to a convention of the Medical Association of the South.

While there, we chanced to go into the Cathedral to look at the celebrated picture of the Descent from the Cross, just as a procession of young girls, a Sodality or other society, passed through the aisles. The children were dressed in white, and carried emblems, banners, etc.

Suddenly Boyer grasped me by the arm.

"Look there—there!" he whispered, his face blanched and eyes dilated. I could see nothing but the smiling, innocent faces of the girls, who had halted momentarily beside us.

"The banner! St. Agnes!" he cried.

In front of us was a small banner of white silk, on which was painted the Virgin Martyr as a child, with the flowing hair, lamb, and crown of leaves, by which she is known. But there was something in the picture which raised a long-forgotten, intangible memory. The features were delicate, the hair fair, and tangled in damp curls. The crown was a circlet of fern-leaves.

"It is Amy, as she was the day her mother disappeared. My wife painted that head."

"But Mrs. Boyer had no skill as an artist."

"That is Amy's face as her mother last looked on it. She painted the head. Stay. Stand here. Do not let that banner pass out of your sight. I will bring Cowden. I will not trust myself in this matter." Boyer spoke in a whisper, his excitement was intense, his breath came slowly, and clogged. Cowden was a detective officer, who years before had been employed in the case. In a few moments he rejoined me, with Boyer, whose eyes were fastened on the banner, as if he actually touched his wife through it. When the procession was dismissed, Cowden motioned us to wait outside.

"A word is all that is needed here," he said, going to the priest's house. He returned in a few moments. "It is as I thought," he said. "The banner was not made here. It was bought in New York, of some regular dealer in military and church decorations. We can have his name to-morrow, when Father Sullivan has time to look over the bills."

"To-morrow? Do you think I can wait until to-morrow?" cried Boyer.

"What will you do?"

"I shall take the next train for New York. You can telegraph me the name of the dealer, and follow me as soon as you have learned it. I cannot lose a moment."

"Very well," said Cowden, adding privately to me, that he should be glad of any way to be rid of Boyer for the next month. "Friends, and parties interested, always damage a case," he said, oracularly. "They're incessantly crossing the trail, and dulling the scent, if I may express myself in that way. I don't think much of this banner business. It's an accidental likeness. It's not likely Dr. Boyer could carry his child's face clearly in his mind for ten years."

I agreed with him. But I went on with Boyer to New York that night, and early the next morning received a telegram:

"Bought of Hupp & Glosher, Nassau Street, April 16th of last year."

We repaired to Hupp & Glosher's, and were received by a stout, middle-aged man, a junior partner in the firm.

"Yes," referring to his books. "Two banners, bought April 16th, by Rev. J. Sullivan, Baltimore. Um—um—price—— Um—subject not mentioned. It would be impossible now to ascertain by whom the work on the banners was executed. We have many workmen and women employed in New York, but no record is kept of individual work. Most of our finer

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specimens of embroidery and painting are imported. They are done in convents, I believe. From your description, I have little doubt that the banner you refer to is one of these."

"You see, Boyer, it is hopeless," I said, as we turned away.

"Hopeless? I never was so certain of success! The painting was not imported, for it was done by my wife. And she is in this country; my instinct tells me that. We have a certainty before us. Cowden will be here with the banner by noon."

Cowden arrived at noon, and with the banner we returned to Hupp & Glosher's. Cowden went directly to the clerk who received the work as it was brought in.

"Have you any means of discovering the artist who painted this head?"

"That?" putting on his eye-glasses. "Imported. Undoubtedly French."

"No," said Boyer, hotly. "It was done by an American lady, now, as I believe, in this city."

"Really, sir, your information is so much more accurate than mine on the matter, that you will excuse me if I go back to my work," taking up his pen.

Cowden glanced hastily around. A shrewd-looking woman was at work, near by, sorting fringes.

"You select the fringe for banners?"

"Yes."

"You must have an eye for color. You no doubt remember this design?" unrolling the banner.

"Very well. It is not one of our regular patterns. It was done by Mrs. Best."

"Absurd," growled the clerk. "Mrs. Best is a mere dauber."

"Occasionally she has brought very nice work. This is one of her best specimens."

"And her address?" Cowden took out his note-book and pencil.

"No. 40 Ann street, Newark."

We took the next train to Newark, found Ann street, and were ushered into the parlor of a swarming boarding-house. Boyer started, trembling, to his feet, as a woman's step was heard without. The door opened, and a squat, gross Irish woman entered. He sank into a chair, and did not look up nor speak; seemed to have fallen from the height of hope into a dull stupor.

"Mrs. Best," said Cowden, with unusual suavity, "we called to order a painting from you, a duplicate of a banner furnished Messrs. Hupp & Glosher."

Mrs. Best's ruddy face glowed. Cowden opened the banner. Her countenance fell.

"I can't duplicate that. It was too wearying a job," with a rich, Irish brogue.

"We will pay double, treble, the rates you usually receive," said Cowden.

"Couldn't do it at no price."

"You *did* paint it, eh?" I said, sharply.

There was a quick, furtive gleam of cunning in her eye. Then she said, calmly, "In coorse. Who else would do it, zur?"

Cowden rose instantly, and took a most polite leave of her.

"Bribe her," I whispered.

"That mild obstinacy is not to be bribed," he said. "But we must not make an enemy of her. We may want her presently. Take Boyer back to the hotel, and meet me here at three o'clock. I have my hand upon the clue."

An hour before the appointed time, however, a quick tap was heard at the door of the room where I was with Boyer. He sat silent and motionless, staring on the ground. I had found it impossible to rouse him, and finally gave up in despair.

Cowden entered. A faint trace of excitement showed itself on his stolid face. He went directly up to Boyer, and handed him a paper. It was a writ of habeas corpus, summoning the directors of the Strangford private insane asylum to deliver up the body of Jane Boyer, illegally confined therein.

"How did I clinch the nail?" turning his back quickly on Boyer, and talking to me in a high, sharp key. "Nothing easier. When the woman Best refused to paint a duplicate, at any price, it was plain that she had not painted the first, and could not now procure help to do it. My course was equally plain: To find out where she could have commanded the services of the artist at a nominal price. A few inquiries discovered that she was, a year ago, a nurse in this private mad-house. A few dollars to the porter of the mad-house revealed that Mrs. Boyer is still confined there, and has been for ten years. Nothing easier."

My readers can surmise the end of my story. Boyer compelled the release of his wife. The law at that date was lax in allowing the admission of patients to these institutions, but vigilant in forcing their release, especially when money and influence backed the demand. Mrs. Boyer's story was simple enough. In the meadow, an old negro woman had induced her, by some tale of want, to cross the woodland to her hut. There she had been gagged and bound, and kept in an upper room, while Boyer and I

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were searching for her below. That night she was taken across the country, her clothes changed, and she was then brought on as a maniac to this institution. The instigator of the whole plot was, of course, the man who was benefited by her disappearance, Joseph Whitcomb, who was soon forced to disgorge his ill-gotten gains.

"I painted the banners for the nurse," said Mrs. Boyer. "The work, I think, kept me from going mad, and that face I saw always—always before me, night and day."

Her voice died down into silence. She forgot to finish speaking, frequently, and moved and spoke like one in a dream. She had come out of her living grave, a shadow, in mind and body, of her former self. When Amy was brought to her, she seemed actually terrified by the healthy, joyous girl.

"This is not my little child," she sobbed, clinging to Boyer's breast.

I ventured to hint to him my fears that she was hopelessly weakened. "She will require the most skilful treatment," I said. "You had better consult C——," naming an eminent medical authority.

"My dear Schwarz, she requires love and home. I am the best physician now," he said.

As I write, a fair, plump matron, with gray curls, drives her pony-carriage down the road, with her little grandson holding the reins. It is Mrs. Boyer; and as her laugh rings out as cheery as the boy's, I am satisfied that Boyer's prescription has proved effectual.

A REVERIE.

BY LOUISE LOCKHART.

Silent, sad, and lonely,
I sit by the fire to-night,
While the ghostly, flickering phantoms,
Dance in the evening's light.

Away through the mist of even,
The purple shadows fly;
While the stars in their twinkling gladness,
Brighten the twilight sky.

The wind through the lonely valley
Sweeps with a low, sad moan;
And the fire glows warm and brightly,
While I am sitting alone.

In my old arm-chair by the fireside
I sit, and watch the flow,
Of the passing years, fast drifting
In the tide of long ago.

Here a nestling head so often
Was pillowed upon my breast—
And the form of my tired darling
Was calmed into peaceful rest.

But an angel took from my bosom,
My rose in its freshest bloom;
And the low mound upon the hill-side,
I see through the wintry gloom.

Yes! sad was my heart when Death's token
Darkened my golden sky,
For I never dreamed that the angels
Could love her so well as I.

And oh! how sad and how lonely,
Out in the wintry light,
Seemed the grave of my blue-eyed darling,
With its marble gleaming white.

But soon other forms beside hers
Were laid on the hill-side cold;
And I am all that is left now,
Alone in my sorrow, and old.

The once bright and shining tresses,
In whitened locks now flow;
And the once firm and manly footsteps,
Are tottering, weak, and slow.

The wind through the lonely valley
Sweeps with a hollow moan—
And the loved ones around the fireside,
Are all from their places gone.

But over the deep, dark river,
A beacon of light I see;
And I know my loved ones are waiting,
Waiting in heaven for me.

AN EVENING HOUR.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

The gentian curtains, far away,
Low droop their crystal fringes
And all the golden gates of day
Turn on their amber hinges.

The world is still. The air is sweet
With breath of thyme and clover;
The shadows grow; the twinkling feet
Of early stars come over.

A dainty rustle stirs the rose;
The brook, in faint commotion,
Sings low, sings sweet, sings glad, and flows—
Oh! silent, wooing ocean!

Oh! blessed earth, oh! blessed sky!
Oh! hour reluctant, slowly,
On airy, garnished couches, die
Thy moments rapt and holy!

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THE OATH SHE TOOK.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE likeness struck her the instant the girl entered the room; struck her so forcibly, that she did not have a moment's wondering thought of whom it was the face reminded her. If the creature had been Madelaine Harford's twin sister, she could not have borne a closer resemblance to the portrait which Mrs. Lyster had studied so long on the previous day. The fact gave her a feeling of repulsion toward the stranger, but she called her common-sense to aid, and reminded herself that she was engaging Miss Mervyn's services for an invalid cousin away down in Yorkshire; and as her relative's house was a place she carefully avoided, there would be no necessity for her setting eyes on the young person again.

I suppose "young person" is the proper appellation to bestow; for though Miss Mervyn certainly looked a lady, as she was, ready and willing to accept a position as paid companion, she could not possibly claim title to the name, according to the creed of Adelaide Lyster's world.

At least, Miss Mervyn was fortunate to have a genuinely polite woman to deal with this morning. She was neither treated to insolent haughtiness or cold disdain. If she had been a "personage" with more quarterings than fingers, and money to support them, Mrs. Lyster could not have received her with a greater show of friendly courtesy.

It was only eleven o'clock, and Adelaide sat in her dressing-room, in the most charming negligé imaginable, sipping her chocolate, and she insisted on Miss Mervyn's joining her while they discussed all necessary arrangements. This business did not require much time.

Miss Mervyn had been brought to Adelaide's notice by a friend whose word and judgment she could trust, and who had known the girl from childhood. The salary offered was a large one for England. Matters were satisfactorily settled, and in less than half an hour Miss Mervyn departed to prepare for her journey into the moors of Yorkshire that very evening.

"She is almost prettier than Poyntz's wife," thought Mrs. Lyster, when she was again alone. "Now and then there is a look in her face which makes me think she is artful and false—innocent, as the general expression is. Now I wonder if I shall find the same possibilities in the fair Madelaine when I come to know her well." She stopped to laugh, but not pleasantly. "I know Poyntz Harford's wife well," she added, mentally. "It sounds odd enough, but then so many things do."

Adelaide Lyster was a widow—one of the most popular women in London; well-connected, rich, only six and twenty; and if not actually beautiful, so fascinating that the whole world would have sworn she was so. She had known Poyntz Harford from the first days of her widowhood. They dated back more than three years. She met him during her seclusion in Scotland, and they glided quickly into an intimacy, as people do in the country.

Poyntz was thirty when she made his acquaintance. A man who, from eighteen to twenty-five, had seemed as determined to go to destruction as only a young Englishman, with anxious relations, and a large fortune, ever can. He succeeded in alienating his grand relatives, and wasting his money. But at the last he disappointed the prophets; he did not go utterly to ruin. He had always possessed a great talent for paintings; had worked at art even in his wildest days. He gathered together the paltry sum which remained after paying his debts; for, strange as it sounds, he actually did that to the last farthing, and off he set for Italy.

The very summer Adelaide Lyster first encountered him, he had just returned. His new picture had created a sensation, and Poyntz found himself, if not famous, at all events "the town's talk," and a pecuniary success into the bargain.

The two never met again until the year previous to that of which I am writing; but Adelaide Lyster had not forgotten those weeks in the Trossacs; they had been the charmed season of her life; for she had loved the man, loved him with the strength and passion, which only an impulsive woman, who has never known the slightest approach to romance in her girlhood, can ever feel or understand.

At seventeen they had married her to an old man, and she spent the years he lived either in the dreariest house and dullest neighborhood in Wales, or wandering about the Continent with him in the vain hope that he might find health again.

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So she met Poyntz Harford again. He was really famous by this time; petted, courted, and made a lion of. From the moment Adelaide appeared in the gay world, she rose upon the topmost wave of favor. Her house was elegant—she perfection. Before the season ended she might have married a dozen titles, if the law would have permitted, but she loved Poyntz Harford still.

They glided quickly back into the intimacy which had been so delightful during their summer in Scotland. I will do Poyntz the justice to say, that I do not think he meant to flirt, or behave ill, but he did both to a certain extent. He ought to have told her the truth, and he kept silence, though there was no excuse for this. He had been for some months engaged to Madelaine Grant, but her step-father would not hear of the marriage, and there were certain money and family complications whereby he would have brought trouble to those Madelaine loved, had he dreamed that she thought of such a marriage. So the engagement was kept a profound secret.

Madelaine lived in Italy, in the quiet old town of Ravenna, to which her step-father's parsimony condemned her and her mother. She had not been in England since her childhood.

Poyntz loved the girl dearly; loved her so well, that he did not even think of the fortune which would one day be hers. But he was a man and an artist, and Poyntz could no more resist flirting than he could laughing; and during the darkest days of his varied career, his happy faculty of thrusting care aside had enabled him to do that.

Adelaide's first season in London flew by like a dream, but it ended all too soon, and Poyntz Harford had not proposed. He left town unexpectedly; came to bid her a hurried farewell; and she had to let him go. She was a woman, and could not speak.

England turned into a desert at once. Adelaide set off for a quiet retreat in Germany, and there she spent the rest of the summer. She had given Poyntz her address. She believed that he would seek her.

September came, but instead of Poyntz's arrival, news of his marriage reached her; reached her without warning, as Fate's most terrible blows usually overtake us. Her old relative, Mrs. Forsyth, read the announcent aloud from an English journal, and commented thereon and wondered; and Adelaide sat and smiled, and answered collectedly, and bore it all for the moment.

Madelaine's step-father had died suddenly in July. Harford hastened to her at once. They were free now; no harm could come to her beloved mother. She was just of age, and her fortune in her own control. They were married during the early autumn days.

Toward Christmas, Adelaide Lyster returned to England, made a round of visits at stately country-seats, and early in February went up to London, and remained there a month. At the beginning of April she fled to Paris. She had heard that Poyntz Harford and his wife were coming back from Italy; she could not tell herself why, but she wanted to be gone when they arrived. She had long ceased to argue with her impulses; she obeyed them blindly. They bade her go, and she departed.

May was at hand, and two days before this morning on which I began my record, Adelaide once more came home. She had seen no one as yet; had only once been out of doors; and then she went to Burlington House, to look at the much-talked-of portrait, which Poyntz Harford had painted of his wife. She made her visit at so early an hour, that she ran no risk of meeting any acquaintance. She did not glance at another picture; she stood for nearly an hour in front of the likeness of her rival; and it seemed to Adelaide Lyster that the last trace of womanly softness, almost of humanity, was burned out of her soul when she turned away.

She was six-and-twenty years old. Inwardly and outwardly her record had shown clear enough, but during this hour Adelaide learned that she had been as ignorant in regard to her own nature as the lowest hireling in her household could be.

She stood before that portrait, and took an oath to be revenged, even if it involved the ruin of every creature within the sphere of her influence; even if it cost her own soul. She had not known that she meant this. In the wildest paroxysm of her delirium, during those dreadful autumn days, she had contemplated no such idea; but she meant it now. She would be revenged!

News of Mrs. Lyster's return had already spread; her table was covered with cards of invitations. She was going out to-night; going to a dinner; and from thence to a reception of some famous lion-hunter, where she knew she should meet Harford and his wife.

At the dinner, people said Mrs. Lyster was gayer, handsomer, and more fascinating than ever. They said the same thing at the reception. It was late when she entered the Marchioness's great salons, and one of the first persons she encountered was Poyntz Harford; Poyntz, with his handsome face so ennobled by happiness, with an expression of such contentment shining in his glorious eyes, that he looked posi-

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tively as if, since they parted, he had strayed into some higher, purer sphere, whose radiant light still beautified his soul.

They met, and Adelaide held out her hand, and smiled, and said, gayly,

"Wretched creature, what business have you to look so happy? It is disgraceful, and ought to be punished by law." Then, as he took her hand warmly, and spoke cordial words of greeting, she added, in a graver voice, "I was so glad when I heard—so glad! But you might have let me know—such friends as I thought we were. It was shabby of you. It is so nice to see you again. But oh! but oh! you do look so ridiculously happy!" and she began to laugh.

He laughed, too, led her away into an empty window-recess, and told her the whole story. After they had talked for sometime, and he had promised that she and his wife should be like sisters, Adelaide said,

"Now, take me to her. I went to see her portrait. I know her already."

He gave her his arm, and they strayed through several rooms in search of Madelaine. They came upon her at last. She was seated in a tiny boudoir at the end of the suite of salons, looking pure enough to realize one's conception of the Madonna—sweet and sensible enough to fulfil one's ideal of Ruth.

And, seated beside her, Adelaide saw Greville Meredith, and the pair were talking earnestly. A thrill of joy struck her heart like a flame. The man was the most unprincipled wretch in Europe, though few people would have believed it, so carefully had he shrouded his evil doings; but circumstances had betrayed his character and life thoroughly to Mrs. Lyster; and to see him sitting beside that young wife, made her feel as if a foretaste of vengeance had already been granted.

"You know Meredith," said Poyntz, as they reached the doorway. "He is one of the best fellows in the world; used to be wild, they said, but a good fellow always. He traveled with us for several weeks last winter; is a regular tame cat about the house."

Adelaide heard, and again that thrill of joy, so sharp, that it was an actual physical pain, smote her heart; but she did not seem to have heard his remark. She was saying,

"Good heavens! how lovely she is! Why, wonderful as I thought the portrait, you have not done her justice."

Another instant, and she and Madelaine had clasped hands, and were meeting more like old friends, after a separation, than new acquaintances.

"Poyntz has told me so much about you, that I seem to know you already," Madelaine said.

"I would never have forgiven him, if he had not," returned Adelaide; "but he is to have nothing to do with our friendship; he is to be an outsider, like the rest of the world."

More jesting speeches, then she held out her hand to Meredith; and as they exchanged greetings, their eyes spoke a plainer language—how, perhaps neither could have told, but each understood the other, and knew that they were allies.

Harford's reputation and his wife's fortune had, of course, at once given them a good position in society, in many ways, exceptionally so. They had a handsome house close to Hyde Park, (where, to Madelaine's delight, Poyntz could have his studio also,) every comfort and luxury that money can give, and, into the bargain, they loved each other dearly; so it was not much wonder that, to look into Madelaine's eyes, was like looking into dream-land, and that Poyntz's face beamed peace and rest.

Greville Meredith and Adelaide Lyster soon became the two most intimate friends that husband and wife possessed. They all went a great deal into society, and Madelaine enjoyed her first London season with the zest with which a girl of her age ought to enjoy it; still, in spite of the rush and excitement, the four managed frequently to make a pleasant *partie carrée*, and share all sorts of expeditions and adventures together, besides meeting daily or nightly at breakfast, opera, or routs.

Poyntz Harford had no intention of flirting with Mrs. Lyster, yet, before six weeks had gone, the world said he was again sighing at the widow's feet, though in truth they were only on terms of *bon comaraderie*. Adelaide told him frankly that he was the dearest friend she ever possessed, and that she had learned to love his wife for his sake. There is no man living whose vanity cannot be flattered by a woman, and Mrs. Lyster did her work with great skill.

"I am not afraid now to tell you something," she said to him once. "It is all over, and I can laugh; but I came nearer liking you than any man I ever met. You are not the sort of idiot to rush off and tell Madelaine this, though indeed I should not care if you did. I dare say I shall make her laugh some day by telling her myself."

As the season advanced, Adelaide went out less. Poyntz fell into the habit of showing himself, for a few moments, at the parties and balls where his wife was obliged to go, and then straying off to Adelaide's house to rest. She did not conceal from him that her life was solitary and empty, and that his companionship was a great pleasure to her.

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Wherever Madelaine appeared, Greville Meredith was sure to be present, and there was a certain amount of gossip, of the vague sort which can never be traced to its source, and no whisper of it reached Madelaine or Harford.

She had liked Greville as her husband's friend in the commencement, had soon learned to like him for his own sake. A more delightful companion never existed. He appealed to her sympathy, and that attracts any woman. He told her of his ill-directed youth, which had brought him so much misery. He said that the first real peace he had known in years, had been gained by the sight of their content—hers and Harford's; that the pleasantest moments he could ever spend were those he passed in her house.

The season had gone on almost to the end of June before there came any wakening to Madelaine. No woman ever more innocently walked along a dangerous path than she—dangerous because she was dealing with a bad, unscrupulous man.

Madelaine could not have told what roused her suddenly to the fact, that, fascinated as she had been by Adelaide Lyster, she did not really like her, any more than she could have told what inexplicable change in Meredith's manner caused her to shrink from him. Yet in both cases the feeling was strong, and try as she would, she could not overcome it.

For several days she was very sad, wondering if she ought to tell Poyntz certain things which had come to her knowledge; if it would be kind or right to disturb his faith in his dear friends, when she had little beyond her feminine intuitions to support her charge. Between hard work on a new picture, and the toil of society duties, Poyntz was too much occupied to notice this trouble and unrest; but Meredith saw it, and believed that she was jealous of Adelaide Lyster, and for once the astute widow blundered, for she believed it too.

Harford was called suddenly over to Boulogne. A scapegrace young relative had got himself into trouble, and it would require personal interference on Poyntz's part to settle the matter. He would only be obliged to remain a few days; and as Madelaine suffered terribly, even on the shortest sea voyage, her accompanying him was not to be thought of.

He had made her promise, however, not to stop moping at home, and she had meant to keep her word. The evening of his departure she dressed to go out, but at the last moment changed her mind. Between regret at this separation from her husband, brief as it was to be, and the doleful presentiments which had for days oppressed her, she sat down in her pretty boudoir and indulged in the genuine luxury of a hearty fit of crying.

She was roused by a step on the threshold, looked up, and saw Greville Meredith. He was so much at home in the house, that he was in the habit of entering unannounced, and he had done so now.

He hurried forward, exclaiming,

"Good heavens! what is the matter? Are you ill?"

She wiped away her tears, and tried to laugh.

"Only silly," she answered. "I have been wanting to cry for days. Now that I have done it, I feel better."

He was deathly pale, and his eyes blazed like fire. It was not once in two years, deep drinker though he was, that wine ever affected Meredith. It had done so to-night, though outwardly, even to the most experienced observer, there would have been no sign.

"I went to Mrs. Lonsdale's," he said, "and as you did not come, feared something was wrong, and hurried here at once."

"I meant to go," she replied. "You see I am dressed."

"It is early yet. Will you let me take you?"

She shook her head. She was quite composed now, and heartily ashamed of herself.

"I mean to mope at home," she said.

"Must I go away?" he asked.

"No; you may stop for a little, if you can endure my stupidity."

"You know that every moment I can pass in your society is heaven to me!" he exclaimed.

He had never spoken to her like that, and she felt both hurt and offended. The color rose in her cheeks, and the tears gathered anew in her eyes. In his excited state, he mistook her emotion. He was powerless, also, to exercise the self-control with which he had hitherto guarded every word and look.

"You cannot deceive me," he hurried on. "I know what troubles you. That abominable woman has been exercising her wits on Poyntz again. Fool that he is, to care for her, when he might have had your love."

She sat perfectly still, and looked at him. It seemed to her that she must be dreaming. She could not even speak. The next thing she knew, Greville Meredith was on his knees before her, pouring out the story of his passionate love.

Up to this moment, always when she looks back, it will seem to Madelaine Harford that she had been a girl—a child. Even the experience of her great love had not changed that; but this moment, this first possibility of an insult coming

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into her carefully-guarded life, made her a woman. She was not frightened. She was not conscious of anger. She only felt as if forced into the presence of something so foul and unclean, that her soul must bear a scar forever.

"Oh, you coward!" was all she said. But her face and her voice sobered him.

He sprang to his feet. He was not remorseful, only he saw clearly that he had lost the hope which had filled his evil heart for months.

"My God!" he muttered. "I must have been mad!"

"Will you go, or shall I?" said Madeline, sternly.

He left the room without another word. He drove directly to Mrs. Lyster's house. He seldom visited her. No confidence had passed between them; yet for weeks they had been playing into each other's hands. It was still reasonably early. She had just finished dressing for a ball, when a servant came up to say that Mr. Meredith wished to see her. She threw an opera cloak over her shoulders, and went down into the library, where he was waiting.

He sat by a table. The light of the chandelier fell full upon his ghastly face.

"What have you done?" were her first words. "What is it?"

"Ruined myself," he exclaimed, and told his story.

She listened, laughed a little when he repeated what he had said of herself, but did not speak. Presently she rose, and began walking up and down the room, he mechanically watching her.

Some impatient movement of her arms disarranged the mantle, and it fell off her shoulders. He noticed how thin she had grown within the past weeks. She was deathly pale, too, her pallor enhanced by the vivid blue tint of her dress.

After a little she returned, and seated herself opposite him. He was a bold man, but he fairly shrank from the intolerable light of her eyes, and the strange look in her face. But when she spoke, her voice sounded calm and cold.

"I suppose," she said, "if you had found that lady free, your highest ambition would have been to make her your wife?"

"You know it would."

"If she were free now—the law, you remember, can accomplish that—should you still wish it? Suppose a divorce; suppose it left her friendless, disgraced, you would still wish to realize your dream?"

"I would give my life, my soul——"

"Ah!" said she, "you do know how to love! It is odd you should have come just to-night."

She rose again abruptly, and crossed the room to where an antique cabinet was placed. She opened the doors of the cabinet, then he heard the peculiar click which a secret drawer gives when the spring is touched. She came back with a letter in her hand, and gave it to him.

"Read that," she said.

He unfolded the sheet, and read half aloud.

"My Dear Adelaide:

"Another time you send me a companion, please take more pains to find out who and what she is. Miss Mervyn proves to have a brother who is a ticke-of-leave man. He has been hanging about here for days. It is a mercy I have not been robbed or murdered. The girl has confessed everything, for I caught him in the house, and threatened to have him arrested as burglar."

"That is enough," she said, taking the letter from his hand. "I have sent for Miss Mervyn. I shall meet her myself to-morrow morning at the station."

"If you are not mad, at least you mean to do your best to drive me so!" he exclaimed. "What on earth is your young woman, or her convict brother, to me?"

The clock struck eleven.

"I can give you a quarter of an hour still," said Adelaide. "Perhaps in that time I can make even your masculine dullness understand that both may be of a great deal of consequence in your life, Greville Meredith."

It was barely twelve o'clock when Adelaide Lyster appeared at Lady Adderly's ball, and among the crowd of beautiful women there, none was gayer or more admired than she.

Three days passed. The time for Poyntz Harford's return had arrived. He had been obliged to go on to Havre, was to sail from there to Southampton, and so would not reach town until late in the evening.

Madelaine went out to a dinner-party. She told her maid that from there she was going to a reception. Mr. Harford probably would not get home before one or two o'clock, and by that time she should be back. It was not worth while, she said, to mope in the house and grow nervous, a resolution of which the Frenchman highly approved. But it was not much after ten when Poyntz arrived. The servants noticed how pale and worn he looked, and he admitted having suffered severely from sea-sickness. He took his wife's absence as a matter of course, received the maid's voluble explanations amiably, asked for his letters, and went up to his own room. He had some food sent him there, dressed, ordered a cab, and drove away, the servants naturally

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concluding that he had gone to join Mrs. Harford at his friend's house.

Twenty minutes later, he was standing in Mrs. Lyster's boudoir. She did not rise to greet him, as his white, anguish-stricken face appeared in the doorway. She gave him one parting glance, laid her head down upon the arm of the sofa, her whole frame shaking with repressed sobs.

He closed the door and approached her.

"Get up!" he said, sternly. "I have no time to waste."

She raised herself, and turned toward him a countenance pallid as his own.

"You had received the letter before my messenger reached you," she said. "Oh! my God, Poyntz, I have been nearly mad! Listen. First of all, I do not believe it. The word of an angel from heaven should not make me!"

"Nor do I," he answered. "But I mean to go to the bottom of this matter; for if I did not, and the vile lie ever reached Madelaine's ears, it would kill her."

She put her hands to her eyes and sobbed for an instant.

"Wait!" she said. "Don't be angry; it will do me good. I judged you by other men. I was afraid you might believe; that was the reason I begged you to come to me first; to use every means to expose the horrible plot against your peace, before seeing her. I have not even dared go near her to-day. I feared she might read the trouble in my face. I just found out where she was going, and sent the man to meet you at the station here, so that you might be prepared in every way."

"The anonymous letter came just before your messenger got to Havre," Harford continued. "I——"

"Poyntz, Poyntz, you did not doubt her for an instant?"

"No," he answered. "I would not believe the testimony of my own eyes. Now are you satisfied?"

He turned and walked up and down the room. She sat watching him, twisting her hands together with such force, that the nails made deep prints in her palms; but beyond a sudden horrible glare, which shot for an instant into her eyes, there was no revealing of the fierce passion his last words roused in her soul.

"Now let me see this letter you received," he said, coming back to her.

She took a folded paper from her dress, and handed it to him.

"Sit down," she said. "You are shaking like a leaf."

He paid no attention; did not even hear. He stood beside her, and read the epistle.

"You have called Madelaine Harford your friend; show it by trying to save her. Before her husband's return the means of proving her guilt will be placed in Harford's hands. I know this, but I am powerless to prevent it; powerless to warn her personally. Do it now, unless you would have Poyntz Harford a murderer, and his wife a nameless outcast."

He crushed the page in his hand in silence.

"I went quite mad," Adelaide said, in a broken voice. "My first thought was to go after you myself. Oh! Poyntz, what was written to you?"

"It is in Italian," he said. "Will you understand?"

"No. Translate it to me."

He pulled a letter from his pocket and read aloud, slowly, rendering the page in English.

"Before you ever saw the woman who is your wife, she did me the cruelest wrong one woman can do another. She stole my husband's love. Her step-father possessed some knowledge of her evil conduct. It was that which made her afraid of him. He had told her that, while he lived, she should marry, and deceive no honest man. My husband had shut me up at the time of your marriage; kept me a prisoner while you were in Italy. She paid him money. He is in England now. I followed. Since you went away, she meets him each evening at a house in a street called Applegate road, No. 4, in Westbourne Park.

"She is afraid of him, and is trying to buy his silence. She cannot raise all the money at once which he demands, for fear of exciting your suspicions. He knows I am here. He thinks, I believe, that he will take me with him when he goes away, and I pretend to be satisfied. I am a Roman, and I want my revenge. He has told me everything. You are to come back on Thursday night. She thinks you cannot arrive until two o'clock. At half-past eleven she is to go to that place; has promised more money.

"On the left side of the house there is an alley. You will find a door unlocked. Do not go in at the front entrance. Mount two flights of stairs, open a door on the right, and you will find yourself in a square passage. See for yourself, and be satisfied. Once that you have seen, I know that my revenge is sure."

He paused, and looked at her.

"It is too dreadful, too real!" she moaned. "Oh! Poyntz, what are you to do?"

"Go to the house at once. I tell you I do not believe! I got a special train at Southampton, and so reached here early. You received my

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despatch, telling you to be silent, that I would come?"

"Yes, yes."

He looked at the clock.

"I must be off," he said.

She started from her seat, took a bonnet and shawl from a table, and put them on. He stared at her in wonder.

"In heaven's name, what are you doing?" he cried.

"I am going with you," she answered, firmly.

"You cannot. You shall not. The whole thing may be a trick to get money. How do you know what I may meet?"

"I am going," she repeated. "If you do not let me go with you, I shall follow you. It is useless to talk. You are wasting time."

There was a sudden trouble and terror in her face. He started forward, and grasped her hand roughly.

"You know something that you have not told me," he groaned. "I will hear. Tell!"

She fell on her knees before him, crying,

"Poyntz, I don't know what it means; but it is not a trick to get money. I went to the house to-day. I know all about it. An old woman lives there. She has one lodger. There does a lady visit him. Poyntz, Poyntz, for God's sake, don't look like that!"

He caught up his hat, and hurried toward the door. She followed.

"I am going," she said.

Again he turned his white face toward her, but now it was set hard and rigid as stone.

"You had better think a little of yourself," said he.

"I don't care for myself," she cried. "I care only for you and Madelaine. I shall tell my servants your wife is ill, and I am going to see her."

"Why should you go?" he asked.

"Because—because—— Oh! Poyntz, I know it is a lie! But if it were not, she would be all alone in the world, and I must help her."

One low groan broke from his lips, and he hurried on.

Adelaide stopped in the hall to speak to the servant, then she hastened on.

They got into the cab and drove away. They had a distance of at least four miles to traverse, but they accomplished it almost in silence. Now and then Adelaide spoke a few comforting or hopeful words, and he replied; then both were mute again.

It was bright moonlight before they reached their destination, though, when they set out, the moon had been struggling feebly through a mass of clouds. They could perceive distinctly the desolate quarter into which they had entered, almost as unfamiliar to both as the wilds of South Africa would have been. Even the cabman was at fault as to the whereabouts of the particular street Harford had named, and was obliged to ask the direction of a policeman.

Suddenly the cab came to a halt. The driver called from his perch, "Applegate road, sir! What number, sir, if you please?"

"We will get down here," Harford replied. "You can wait for us." Then he added, in a low tone to Adelaide, "I wish you would stop in the cab."

"I cannot," she replied; "I should go mad."

He helped her to alight without further expostulation.

The cab had left them at the end of the street. They passed on. The moonlight struck the front of the houses on the side they were walking. Adelaide had taken Harford's arm. Unconsciously he hurried her forward, until she was almost breathless. Suddenly she whispered,

"Here it is."

A low, brick building, clean and decent enough looking. They were at the entrance of the alley. Harford could distinctly see the door, mentioned in the anonymous letter, near the end of the house. They reached it. He pushed it open. They stood at the foot of a steep staircase, at the head of which was placed an oil lamp, that sent forth a feeble glimmer.

"Let me go first," Harford whispered.

She dropped his arm. He drew a loaded revolver from his pocket, and passed on. She followed. Harford reached the upper landing. There was not a soul in sight, not a sound to be heard. He saw the door at the right hand, moved softly forward, and opened it. Adelaide was close behind. He found himself in the square passage described in the letter. As he opened the door, he could not tell where the light came from. In another instant he perceived that they were in a closet communicating with a room beyond, by a glass door, over which hung a curtain.

The sound of a man's voice was audible, but not the words he was speaking. A few steps more, and Poyntz Harford could look into the adjoining chamber, for the muslin curtain was partially drawn aside. A shaded lamp stood on a table in the centre of the room. Near the table stood an easy-chair, in which sat a lady. At her feet a man was kneeling, her hand resting on his head.

The man's face was turned away, but the lady's was distinctly visible. Poyntz Harford saw his wife.

The instant he stood there seemed an eternity.

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Without being aware of what he did, Harford raised his pistol. Adelaide uttered a cry.

The man and woman sprang to their feet, and retreated to the further end of the apartment.

"They will not go," said a voice close beside Harford. "Poyntz, look at me."

He turned. Madelaine was standing in the entrance to a room, which opened also upon the passage.

He stared at her; looked through the window again. He could still see her double; she and the man were whispering to one another, glancing uneasily toward them.

"My God! am I mad?" groaned Harford.

"No, Poyntz, this is I!" and Madelaine was in his arms.

There was a sound of a heavy fall. Without a word or groan, Adelaide Lyster had sunk senseless on the floor.

Madelaine freed herself from her husband's arms, and opened the glass-door with a key she held in her hand.

"Come in," she said, and Poyntz followed, utterly stupefied.

The man had flung himself into a chair, and pulled his hat over his eyes. The woman stood still. Even when close to her, Poyntz could hardly have told that it was not Madelaine, had not the real Madelaine been beside him. The two were dressed exactly alike. Even their hair and ornaments were the same.

"You can both go into the other room," Madelaine said. "Mrs. Lyster has fainted. Take her there, and try to do something for her."

"For God's sake, Madelaine, what does it mean?" cried Poyntz.

"That girl was in Mrs. Lyster's power," Madelaine said. "She promised her and her wretched brother two thousand pounds if they would act this scene. She thought you would drive me from your home. Her motive is easy enough to guess. She must have supposed Greville Meredith would aid her, for she confided in him. He wrote me the whole plot; advised me to do just what I did. It seemed the only way to prevent any future use being made of the girl's strange likeness to me."

"Thank God! I did not believe," he exclaimed.

"I knew you would not," she said, and once more Madelaine was folded in his embrace.

His love for Madelaine had been the best feeling Greville Meredith had ever known. Whether or not, in the beginning, he meant to aid Adelaide Lyster in her devilish plot, it is certain that conscience awakened before it was too late. He betrayed the whole to the young wife.

No public exposure ever ensued. The brother and sister signed an ample confession, and were sent at once to Australia, with means to begin a new life. Love for her brother was the ruling passion of Annie Mervyn's soul, and had led her to consent to Adelaide's project. Of course, when Meredith told them that everything was discovered, that they would go scot free and receive every assistance, they had been only too willing to deceive the wicked woman, who had meant to employ them to carry out their horrible design.

Greville Meredith sailed for America without seeing Harford or his wife. He wrote to them before his departure. He will never return to his native land, but neither Poyntz or Madelaine can think harshly of the man, since, so far as they were concerned, he amply atoned for his sin.

For many weeks Adelaide Lyster lay ill with brain-fever. She recovered, but she was hopelessly insane, and will remain so to the end of her days.

Harford and his wife went back to Italy, and found themselves a home there; and in my whole life I never knew so happy a pair.

You will think I have told you a strange and improbable story. But the strangest part is, that I have written down the simple truth, and only that.

SLEEP.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Within the twilight's folds she crept,
And looked from out its bars,
And in her agony she wept,
And moaned unto the stars.

She wept and moaned, "My lover sleeps
Beside the cruel sea—
The cruel sea, that laughs and leaps,
So far away from me.

"I cannot bear my agony,
Give me a watery bed,
Oh! treacherous sea, and pillow me,
At last, beside my dead!"

The dark night clasped her in its arms,
And hushed her to its breast,
And sleep that never brings alarms
Gave to the weary rest.

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THE LAST NIGHT IN THE OLD HOUSE.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

It was a wild day, a day of wind and rain, of mustering clouds and rising waters; a day on which you would have been glad to find yourself in Mother Meade's comfortable kitchen, in sight and hearing of the disturbed elements, but beyond their power. Such a roomy, daintily-kept, old-fashioned kitchen! There are none such in the new-fangled country houses, with their slim apologies for chimneys, their genteel attempts at dining-rooms, and their little seven-by-nine apartments tucked away behind, where the cooking is done.

Mother Meade was unique, like the kitchen. She was a fair, upright old lady, a widow, who had been beautiful forty years ago, with the beauty of youth, and was beautiful now, with the beauty of old age. A color lingered in her cheek, like the hue of long-pressed roses. Time had not driven the light from her bright blue eyes, nor relaxed the firm set of her mouth.

It happened that Mother Meade was all alone that stormy March afternoon. The two steady old servants, brother and sister, whose lives had been spent in the service of the Meade household, were absent at the wedding festivities of a niece. Frank, the son and master, her only child, had been called away on business, which would detain him several days.

It would have been very silent in the solitary old house on a pleasant day. Now, even when the wind lulled for a moment, Mother Meade fancied the roar of the river was always growing louder. It could not be seen from that side of the house, but the deep snows on the mountains had been melting rapidly in the sun and wind for a day or two. The water must be very high. She felt sure the bridge was no longer safe. Doubtless Thomas and Martha would remain where they were until the storm was over. It was no pleasant prospect, that of passing the night as she had passed the day, companionless, in that lonely country-house, which the wind filled with melancholy noises; and a nervous sensation now and then stole over Mother Meade. Suddenly lifting her eyes to the window, she saw a familiar figure enter the gate, wrapped in a heavy waterproof. Mother Meade's eyes dilated. She rose from her chair, and pressed closer to the window, to be sure that her sight had served her truly.

"Did anybody ever?" said the old lady to herself, in a tone that expressed the very excess of astonishment. Her first impulse was to rush to the door and bolt it, but some inward movement stayed her hand. It would be difficult to name the exact motive which made her hesitate, and finally return to her chair. Yesterday, or even that morning, Mother Meade could not have imagined herself sitting down quietly to await the entrance of Isadora Burns.

And who was Isadora Burns?

In a corner of the many-acred Meade farm was a heap of mouldering rubbish, that had been a small cottage, until it took fire one winter's night, and burned down. Eight or ten years before our story opens, a wandering laborer and his family had occupied it for a few months; as long, in fact, as the mistress of the farm, with her orderly instincts and high ideal of cleanliness, could tolerate his presence. It would not have been so long, but for her compassion toward his wife, a pale, consumptive, dying creature, who appeared to have seen better days, and to have been brought down by poverty and suffering to a state of hopeless discouragement. However, when the poor woman died, the fiat went forth. Mr. Michael Burns must go. And as there was not much to encumber his going, beyond the five ragged boys, and the one equally ragged girl, the exodus was soon accomplished. Mother Meade breathed more freely.

At sunset the next day, picking blackberries beside the garden fence, she was startled by the sudden sound of a plaintive voice, ready to break into a sob.

"Ma'am, I'm so hungry. Would ye give me a piece of bread, plaze?"

"Lord bless us!" quoth Mother Meade, aghast. There stood a forlorn, childish shape, like something that had wandered out of Elfland, and fallen into beggary, wearing, or rather disfigured by the tattered remains of a calico frock; barefooted, wild-eyed, with black locks floating in tangled freedom, and with such a desperate, pitiful expression on its thin, old-looking, odd face, as might have moved a heart of stone. Mother Meade dropped her pail, and looked again, before she could free herself from the first confused impression of having seen something uncanny. Then she recognized Michael Burns's daughter.

"For pity's sake, child, where did you come

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from? I thought you were twenty miles away by this time."

"I've run away," said the apparition, some defiance creeping into its tone. "I only rode as far as Rockland, and then slipped out of the wagon, and I've walked all the way back, and I hain't had nothin' to eat all day," the sob threatening again.

"Run away?" said Mother Meade, trying to look severe. But who could be severe with that wretched little waif? "What in the world made you do that? I shall have to send you back to-morrow. See what trouble you make!"

"But I won't go, Missus Meade," was the startling reply.

"You won't go? You won't go back to your own father?" Mother Meade was not so shocked as she appeared. "What sort of a child are you?"

The wild eyes flashed from the elfish face upon Mother Meade.

"What sort of father's he, I'd like to know? What did he ever do for me, only to make me miserable? Look at that, Missus Meade, and at that," stripping the ragged covering from her thin arms and shoulders. "That's his doing, ma'am, when he'd been after drinking at the tavern last night till he made a beast of himself. Will I go back to him, do you think? I won't never go back; I won't, I won't, I won't! I'll go to the poor-house first. I'll kill myself first. I wish I was dead now. I wish we'd all died when the mother did."

When the child ended, with a wild wail, and flung herself down on the grass, clutching her black locks, as if to tear them out by the roots, Mother Meade's womanly heart was moved to its depths.

"Don't take on so, you poor little soul," said the old lady, soothingly. "You shan't go back to be abused, that I promise you, if there's law in the land. What made you think of coming here?"

The words had been twice repeated, before the child replied, "You'd been good to mother, and I came back because I hoped you'd be good to me," and burst into a passion of sobs and tears, that defied all Mother Meade's arts of consolation.

When the poor little weeper had exhausted herself, the old lady took her by the hand, and led her to the farm-house.

"Did you ever see such a picture of misery?" said Mother Meade to her son, when the child was occupied with a bowl of bread and milk. "That's the calico dress I gave her when her mother died, and it's all in strings. And she has been beaten black and blue. What can you do for a child with such a father as hers?"

To which Master Frank, after reflection, replied, "I'll have to give you the advice Mrs. Dick gave to Aunt Betsy Trotwood under somewhat similar circumstances—wash her! And as for the future, I doubt if her father ever troubles his head about her."

That was also Mother Meade's impression. Nevertheless, it appeared that Mr. Michael Burns had known all the while where to look for his daughter, when it should be his good pleasure to do so; for, after the lapse of a few weeks, he appeared at the farm-house, inquiring for Isadora. He had found her a place, he said; it was time she was earning something. By close questioning, Mother Meade ascertained that the "place" was with a saloon-keeper in Rockland. Isadora was to receive a dollar a week for taking care of the children, and making herself generally useful. Michael's inflamed eyes and alcoholic breath were so many pledges of the future destination of the child's wages. Mother Meade's soul revolted; she felt great interest in Isadora, who, clad in tidy garments, with her tangles reduced to order, was really a clever and winning little maiden. She remonstrated with the man, and found him obdurate; he insisted on his rights. What could be done with the brute? Mother Meade, inwardly distressed, felt herself constrained to yield.

Isadora, who had been standing with a beating heart, gathered from the old lady's face that her fate was as good as decided; she silently turned and ran from the room. In her blind haste, like the flight of a tortured animal, she did not see Frank Meade in the way, until she was caught by the shoulder, and heard the good-natured inquiry, "What's the matter, child? Are you running for a wager?"

"Oh!" she cried, clinging to him frantically, "she will let me go! She means to let me go! Oh! ask her, do, please ask her, Mr. Frank, not to do it! I'll do anything—anything—if only I may stay."

"I don't know what we can do, if your father is determined to take you," said Frank, reluctantly.

"Then—" said Isadora, releasing his hand, and drawing back with a deep breath, to fold her arms tightly. There was an almost tragic intensity in the child's eyes and voice, as she looked fixedly into Frank's face, and asked, "Would you like to have me drowned?"

"Well, no, of course not. What put such an idea as that into your head?"

"Because, if he tries to make me, I will drown

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myself, that's all. I'm going down to the river now, this minute, to throw myself in."

"Oh, confound it!" cried Frank, unable to restrain himself. "It's not so bad as that. He shan't have you. I'll tell my mother so. You shall stay."

Isadora absolutely threw herself at her young champion's feet in the fervor of her gratitude, to his great embarrassment.

"Well, if I ever saw anything like you! Get up from that damp grass. Am I a grand Mogul that you prostrate yourself before me like that? Come along," said Frank, and raising the child, led her back to his mother.

When Michael Burns left the house, Isadora did not accompany him. Nor was there any further talk about finding her another home.

"Yes, I took her in, and treated her like a child of my own, blind woman that I was," said Mother Meade, bitterly, as she watched Isadora coming up the garden-wall in the wind and rain.

For a woman who prided herself on being practical, Mother Meade had built many castles in the air. Always for her son; never for herself, except as her life was bound up with his. There was a pretty pink and white neighbor of hers—the child of a dear old friend—toward whom Mother Meade's thoughts had silently turned for years, as a future daughter-in-law. Sadie Leland was as sweet and fresh as the old-fashioned roses that made the farm-house garden glorious in June. Did she ever think of Isadora as a possible rival to Sadie? Isadora! The idea would have made Mother Meade smile. Isadora, who, with all her talents—and the old lady recognized them proudly—remained so frightfully thin and dark, and had none of the bewitching little ways which made Sadie charming to young and old. Isadora, the daughter of Michael Burns! And then, although Mother Meade had been a kind friend and protector to Isadora, and had even cheerfully assisted her to gain the education on which the girl's heart was set, it might be admitted that she unconsciously cherished a feeling not unlike the old *noblesse* toward genius from classes beneath it. Whatever Isadora might do or become, she could never be quite on a level with people to whom respectability came by inheritance. Fancy her sensations, therefore, when Frank came to her one day, and asked her consent to his marriage with Isadora! Mother Meade looked up to see if the solid walls of the old homestead were not trembling; then a great wave of anger and grief swept over her. All her plans upset by a breath, all the hopes of her old age withered, all her fair castles in the air tumbling about her ears! For the first time in his life, Frank thought his mother unreasonable.

"What can you have against Isadora?" he asked, for the tenth time.

"She is not Sadie," Mother Meade might have answered; but what she did say, was, "I hoped something better for you—something more suitable. Only consider her family! Do you want to make a marriage that will break your mother's heart?"

"Mother, I have done my best to be a good son to you these six-and-twenty years. I don't think I have often wilfully disobeyed you, or disregarded your wishes; but I have a right to choose for myself, in a matter which affects my happiness so vitally," was the firm reply.

"I will never forgive you, if you marry Isadora Burns," said Mother Meade.

Her son knew her too well to assail her with persuasion or entreaty. He consoled himself with the thought that time; and the real affection which his mother entertained for Isadora, would finally soften and overcome her prejudices.

But there came no sign of that. Mother Meade set her face like a flint against the marriage. She had been accustomed, all her life, to succeed in what she resolved upon, why should she be baffled in this? Woman-like, her disappointment took the form of resentment against Isadora. The girl's artful ways had drawn Frank into a snare. He was infatuated; he must be saved from an irreparabe folly. And by Mother Meade's cold words and averted looks, Isadora quickly perceived that the roof of the old farm-house was no longer a fitting shelter for her.

Now, there was but one person in the world whom Isadora loved better than Mother Meade, and that was Mother Meade's son. That she should be the cause of variance between these two, overcame her with a painful sense of guilt. Therefore, she quietly packed her small trunk one day—God knows how much heart-ache went to the work—and presenting herself before her old friend, said, with a trembling lip,

"I have come to say good-bye, Mrs. Meade."

"Very well," said Mother Meade, in grim acquiescence; and silence followed, her knitting-needles clicking through it as busily as ever. At last, Isadora ventured to put out her hand. The old lady did not appear to see it. No wintry sky could be frostier or more forbidding than the expression of Mother Meade's face.

"I have come to tell you, besides," went on Isadora, letting the poor, little, rejected hand drop to her side, "that I am not going to marry Frank. How could I bear to make you unhappy, you, who have been more than a mother to me?

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Dear Mrs. Meade, forgive me, and let us be friends before I go."

"Has the fool come to his senses, then?" demanded the old lady, as hard as adamant.

"It is I who have come to mine," said Isadora, proudly. "I can't help loving him; but if ever I am Frank's wife, it will be when you come and ask me yourself."

"A very pretty promise," said Mother Meade, exasperatingly. "I suppose you think that, after you leave the house, Frank will give me no peace until I let him have his own way. Don't build your hopes on that, young lady. I have not been saving and planning all my life that Michael Burns's daughter may come after me.'

Isadora colored like fire.

"Michael Burns's daughter will never trouble you again," she said, quietly; and without another word, walked out of the house.

"Gone as she came, in a flash. Good riddance!" muttered the old lady, trying to silence an uncomfortable whisper in the region of her conscience. It was strange, the difficulty she found in doing it. Somehow, the lapse of weeks seemed to make no difference. Perhaps the mute reproach of Frank's shadowed face and altered ways helped to keep the irrepressible whisper alive. But it did not soften Mother Meade. She never mentioned Isadora's name, nor asked a question about her, directly or indirectly. When it did somehow reach her ears that Isadora had gone away from the neighborhood, she took no pains to ascertain where; it was enough if the dangerous enchantress were out of the way. And she contrived, in various delicate, diplomatic ways, to have Sadie Leland much about the house, and felt secretly delighted when Frank's moody brow began to brighten up at the young girl's approach. How could poor Mother Meade know what sort of confidences the young people were exchanging, when she caught sight of them now and then at a distance, apparently absorbed in each other? She cherished a sanguine hope that events were ripening themselves for the long-looked-for *denouement*.

This pleasant self-deception was perhaps among the motives that decided Mother Meade, against her first impulse, to bolt the door at Isadora's approach that wild afternoon; that, and the half-acknowledged reproach, not unlike a lingering thorn in her conscience, maliciously resisting all measures for its removal.

"So it is you, is it?" she said, not over-graciously, it is true, as she answered Isadora's hesitating knock. "Dripping, as if you had been in the rain. Come in, child. What brings you out in such a witch's Sabbath of a day this!

"To see you, Mother Meade," said Isadora, forgetting herself in the joy of not being absolutely repulsed, and using the familiar term caught from Frank, years ago. "Oh! dear old friend, you can't be angry with me for coming? I knew you were all alone, and I am going far away soon, so far that I may never return to see you again, and I could not go without a kind word from you. You will not refuse it; you cannot."

Isadora pressed the old lady's hand caressingly against her cheek, and looked into her face with an imploring tenderness hard to resist. Mother Meade relented.

"There, there, child," she said, suffering the visitor to kiss her cheek. "Sit down, and tell me all about it. Where have you been these six months?"

Having conceded thus much, Mother Meade began to yield to her old interest in Isadora. She yielded more and more, when she heard the history of the six months, and how Isadora had lately met with an old friend of her mother's maiden days, a lady with whom poor Mrs. Burns had once lived as attendant; the very lady, indeed, in memory of whom Isadora had received her somewhat romantic name; and Miss Ives, who was about setting out on a lengthened European tour, had invited the young girl to accompany her, and support her in the desperate encounter with strange ways and tongues.

"But how could I go without seeing you?" said Isadora, sobbing; and Mother Meade, wonderfully softened, now that Frank's heart seemed sending out tendrils in the right direction, and Isadora herself so well disposed of, even patted her former favorite's shoulder, and resumed almost her old manner with her. Only one reference was made to the past.

"You see, my dear, that everything has been for the best," Mother Meade observed; but Isadora shrank in a manner that warned the observant old lady immediately away from that topic.

She had no desire to be cruel. She had no fault to find with Isadora, except as a possible daughter-in-law. And now, that events seemed disposed to arrange themselves according to her mind, she would even have been glad to make up to her in some way for what she had deprived her of, and so get rid of that unpleasant thorn in her conscience. Also, the sweet, familiar presence of Isadora had its effect. Mother Meade presently found herself saying, "You will stay to tea with me, Isadora," in a tone that admitted no remonstrance; and Isadora, grateful for this sign of her old friend's returning favor, only said,

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"I must be back at Sadie's before dark; I promised her."

"Oh! Sadie Leland! You are stopping there? I didn't know you were so intimate," said Mother Meade, with a faint twinge of rising jealousy.

"I brought some things to Sadie that she had asked me to get for her in the city," explained Isadora.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mother Meade, not quite satisfied. She peered narrowly into the jar of cranberries she was opening, and felt and looked a little sour. "Girls now-a-days need no end of finery, it seems to me. Is there a party coming off somewhere in the neighborhood, that I haven't heard of? Sadie herself generally tells me all the news."

"Why, Sadie is going to be married soon," said Isadora, quite unconscious of Mother Meade's castle-building. "I suppose she has told you of her engagement to Mr. Langdon?"

"Sadie Leland going to be married!" shrieked Mother Meade; and the jar of cranberries fell with a crash. Poor woman! She stooped mechanically to pick up the fragments of broken glass, and her heart might have been shattered among them, for anything she knew.

"Why has nobody told me before?" exclaimed Mother Meade, in bitterness of spirit.

"They have not been long engaged, I think," Isadora replied, seeing that something was exceedingly wrong, but merely supposing that the old lady was hurt by the want of confidence shown her. "Of course, Sadie will tell you. I would not have mentioned it, but I thought you knew."

"You may go down stairs, child, and bring up the butter," said Mother Meade. She wanted a moment's solitude, the better to realize this astounding intelligence. With trembling fingers she groped after the pieces of the broken can; her shattered hopes could not so easily be made good.

Isadora obediently opened the cellar-door, and stepped down into the darkness, but quickly drew back her foot with a cry of wonder.

"Why, Mrs. Meade, the cellar is full of water! It is over the top step."

"What do you say?" said Mother Meade, with difficulty recalling her mind to a sense of external things. But a glance downward through the open door revealed the startling fact.

"My yeast! My candles! My year's apple-sauce!" groaned Mother Meade, with a housekeeper's dismay. But Isadora ran into the next room and ran back, her dark eyes dilated widely.

"It is all around the house!" she cried. "When I came in, it had not reached the garden wall. It rises—rises—every moment. Mrs. Meade, is the house safe?"

"God knows," muttered Mother Meade. "It seems to me everything is going at once." Then she roused a little. "Yes, yes, safe enough; it is nothing. The spring freshet is higher than usual, that is all."

"It is less like a spring freshet than like the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. Do come and look. It is spreading all over the meadow," said Isadora.

"Oh! let us have our tea," said Mother Meade, impatiently. "You will be obliged to stay all night with me, and there's an end of it. The water will go down to-morrow; it always does."

"I have heard people speak of a high water that once covered all but the tops of the tall trees for miles along the valley," said Isadora, a little wondering at the old lady's indifference.

"Oh! that was before I was born," replied Mother Meade, refusing to be alarmed. And she poured out the tea without even looking out. The old farm-house had protected its inmates bravely for half a century, and the river had kept its place. What was a little rise of water beside the serious things she had upon her mind?

They sat down at the tea-table, and went through its formalities almost in silence; Mother Meade, absorbed in weighing her chagrins; Isadora oppressed with a growing presentiment, that made her glance around fearfully at the darkening windows and the shadowed corners of the kitchen, as if something supernatural had been lurking in the house. A lamp was soon necessary; for the night seemed to come on suddenly, and sooner than usual. The storm did not abate; the rains descended, the floods beat; and though the old house did not fall, for its walls and foundations were too solid, the timbers groaned and complained at every blast, as if warning those they sheltered of their impending danger.

At last tiny streams of water began to insinuate themselves under the door, to rise through the cracks of the floor, to broaden and deepen, to enter faster and faster. Mother Meade, startled from her apathy by this unprecedented inroad of the waters, made a hasty effort to secure some of her most precious possessions, but she was soon obliged to desist. The flood, having once obtained admittance, continued to rush in furiously. Even in her consternation, Mother Meade did not imitate the illustrious Mrs. Partington, who betook herself to her mop at the approach of the Atlantic Ocean. She retreated to the upper rooms, and left the invading element to work its will.

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"How it pours in!" said Isadora, in a low voice of awe. "Oh! Mrs. Meade, is there not danger?"

"Danger? Yes," said the lady, testily. "Everything down stairs will be ruined. The last summer's papering, the new carpets, Frank's books. It's enough to distract a saint."

"But if it continues to rise at this rate, it will reach us before many hours."

"No, no! It can't last like this, child; it can't last. Don't be frightened. It's enough, in all conscience, to have the house spoiled," said the old lady, bravely, though her hands shook, and the color had quite forsaken her cheeks. It was a time of strange experiences for Mother Meade. The very river, which she had seen pursuing the even tenor of its way since her bridal-day, forty years ago, was transformed into a lawless enemy, playing contemptuously with her household gods before her eyes, just as Fate was playing with her most darling projects. There was no appeal, no redress in either case. Mother Meade could only fold her hands and look on at the work of havoc, and struggle with her sense of ill-usage and astonishment. Verily, there was a great mustering of the elements, and overturning of familiar landmarks, outside in the moonless and starless darkness of the March night, but nothing went down more deeply based, strongly rooted, and tenderly fostered, than poor Mother Meade's favorite illusions.

The waters rose steadily until the lower story was submerged nearly to the ceiling; then there was a pause. The storm seemed to have relaxed its fury, the river to have reached its height. Mother Meade and Isadora took courage. But toward midnight there was another change. The river rose more rapidly than ever; a strong wind bore the black, swift-running tide directly against the farm-house walls. The two women looked into each other's pale faces in a trembling silence of apprehension and awe. There was no hope of rescue before morning, and by morning it would be too late.

Mother Meade stood up, and wrung her helpless hands—helpless for the first time in her long life—together, with a great cry.

"Poor Frank! What will he do without me?"

As if that name had been an inspiration, Isadora started to her feet.

"Ask God to bless us!" she exclaimed; and turning to the mantelpiece, where Frank's photograph hung in a tiny gilded frame, she caught it up and pressed it to her lips before his mother's eyes. Then she rushed out of the room.

Mother Meade wondered, but faintly. Everything was strange; her own feelings, strangest of all. Did the near presence of death bring such a power of revelation with it, or had a silent process of change gone on in her own heart, which the last few hours had ripened into consciousness? It was as if a veil had been withdrawn from actions and motives which it had never occurred to her to question before, and a new, pitiless light were streaming in upon them.

"I have been wicked and worldly," said Mother Meade, within herself, yielding the last remnant of her robe of self-righteousness. "I wonder at the way I have spent my life. God forgive me! And now everything goes from me at once."

Then, as her eyes wandered over the familiar objects about her, a portion of all which she had cared for and been proud of, some cruel words of her own came back to her mind.

"I have not been saving and planning all my life, that Michael Burns's daughter may come after me."

Who would come after her? she vaguely wondered. At any rate, it would not be poor Isadora. Where had the girl gone? Mother Meade looked toward the door, anxiously. The black tide was creeping up around her feet. How cold and threatening it looked! How fast it came! Terrible, to die so, alone, the last prayer on one's lips lost in the pitiless water! And who would tell Frank—poor Frank? She saw him alone in the desolate house, haunted by its tragical memories, grown old in his youth, and the slow tears, which had not risen at the aspect of her own peril, gathered in her bright old eyes. She closed them, shudderingly.

"Mother Meade!" rang out the excited voice of Isadora. She came through the door-way, her dress drawn up to guard it from the water, her black hair streaming wildly down to her waist, her large eyes lighted up like stars. She had the look of some eerie vision, sent in from the midnight to announce a prophecy of doom.

"Come, come!" cried Isadora, grasping her old friend's arm. "I have a hope; we may be saved yet. The boat—Frank's boat—it was laid up in the granary, you know. I thought of it. The granary! Come to the granary."

The granary was the chamber above the kitchen; a room such as is sometimes seen in old country-houses, intended for the storage of grain, and furnished with an outer door for the convenience of elevating it. Through this door, now swinging wide, the wind, the water, and the midnight darkness rushing in together, met them on the opposite threshold. Mother Meade looked mutely to her companion for an explanation.

"The boat!" said Isadora, swinging her lan-

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tern above it, as it grated against the door-way. "There is a chance for us, God aiding."

"A chance!" said Mother Meade, in amazed incredulity. "I never touched an oar in my life. We might as well die where we are, as out in the river. What chance have two women in a shell like that, against such a mad current?"

"I can row. Get in, Mother Meade," said Isadora, with gentle compulsion. "There is no other hope. Come, for Frank's sake!"

The remainder of that night's experience lived in Mother Meade's memory more as a dreadful dream than a reality. How the frail boat, built for fair weather and smooth waters, tossed like a leaf on the angry flood; how many times they were all but dashed against half-submerged trees and pieces of floating timber; how she saw the light they had left in the farm-house chamber burn steadily for what seemed a long time, and then suddenly vanish; how the rain beat, and the sharp wind blew upon their unprotected heads; how she tried to think of a prayer, and nothing would come to her mind but the familiar "Our Father," learned at her mother's knee; what images, and recollections, and vivid thoughts, rushed upon her mind, like a long-restrained torrent! Mother Meade shrank, all her after-life, from saying many words of these things.

In Isadora's heart, as she strained her strength in desperate efforts to manage the all but unmanageable craft, there was room for but one thought, one prayer, "Let me save Frank's mother! Let me save my benefactress!" Surely, her guardian angel must have come to her aid. For at last, when her bleeding fingers were almost ready to relax their hold, and a dreadful dimness was gathering before her eyes, the boat, with a dull, heavy sound, struck upon something, trembled with the shock, and remained fast. It had grounded, like another ark, upon the Ararat of a steep, wooded bank, in ordinary times half a mile from the river. They were saved. Clambering up the wet, slippery ascent, stumbling in the darkness, breathless, half-fainting, neither spoke; but when they felt their feet upon firm ground at last, Mother Meade clasped Isadora in her arms, not saying many words, but registering in the depths of her heart a silent vow.

She was not a woman to acknowledge, in dramatic fashion, that she had been mistaken, or indeed to make a scene of any kind voluntarily. What she did say to Isadora, a day or two afterwards, was more characteristic.

It was at the friend's house, where they had taken refuge. Isadora, prostrated by excitement and exertion, was ill, and unable to rise. Mother Meade, sitting by her side, made, without any warning, this remark,

"So, Sadie Leland is going to be married, is she? I don't see why I can't have a wedding in my family, as well as Polly Leland. I can't say in my house, for that will never be fit for a Christian to live in again. I suppose you and Frank are of the same mind you were?"

"But, Mrs. Meade——" Isadora began to stammer, in her surprise.

"Well, if you'd rather go off to Europe with that Miss Ives, you've only to say so," said the old lady, sharply.

"But do you really want me to be Frank's wife?" asked Isadora, sitting up to look earnestly into Mother Meade's eyes.

And Mother Meade evaded neither glance nor question, but sturdily answered, "Yes."

So, Isadora Burns became Frank Meade's wife, and the only censure that was ever passed on Mother Meade as a mother-in-law was, that she was rather too fond of boasting of the talents and perfections of "my daughter." They were a very happy family. But they never returned to the old house, for nothing would induce Mother Meade to consent to it; and being much damaged by the water besides, it was abandoned, and another and more elegant homestead built, at a point likely to be forever beyond the reach of high water, however extraordinary.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY E. M. CONKLIN.

The Sabbath-day is past and gone,
Slow fades the sunset flush;
O'er meadow, mountain, wood, and lawn,
There lies a solemn hush,
As though all nature held its breath
Before the coming week;
With unknown tale of life or death,
Of joy or pain to speak.

The trees move not a shining leaf,
The blossoms breathless stand;
The corn holds high a tasseled sheaf,
Moveless on either hand.
No birds are twittering in the nest,
No bee goes flitting by;
Methinks the earth is all at rest,
With angels watching nigh.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"THIS is only the hall-way," said Dave Sanders, rising from his hands and knees. "One has to stoop a trifle, you see, but that's nothing. Creep afore you walk, ain't no bad matter for young fellers like we are, jest starting in life. Now, up with yer, for we're to home, and no mistake."

Joe rose to his feet, shook the dust from his eyes, and looked around, while Dave leaned against the jagged walls of his dwelling, with both hands in his pockets, enjoying the lad's surprise.

"Nice room, now, isn't it?" he said. "Fit for a prince, as they observe in the play."

A roll of thunder overhead, and a jar that made the timbers around them shake, caused Joe to catch his breath.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Dave, thrusting his hands down into his pockets, and laughing boisterously. "Only a coal-cart driving away from some of the barges. But it made you hop, didn't it, now?"

"I should think so," answered Hooker, ruefully. "The noise is orful! In the dark, too."

"Dark? So it is, for sich eyes as yours, that ain't used ter filtered light, which is best for the eyes. But just keep cool, while I 'luminate."

Dave took a match from his pocket, dashed it across a stone in the wall, and lighted a tallow candle, which he fastened to a crevice in the logs with a rusty fork, fished from an ash-barrel that morning.

"There!" he said; "having got sich a light as yer don't see often in marble halls like this is. Jest take a look around."

Joe did give a comprehensive look, still trembling a little from the jar and thunder of the carts, and saw a room or cove hollowed out from the timbers and stone of the wharf. Rough, jagged walls were around him on all sides, and the ponderous timbers overhead made a ceiling of wonderful strength, some two or three feet above the boy's head.

"Didn't expect to find a fust-class mansion-house down here, now, did you?" said Dave, enjoying his friend's surprise with intense satisfaction.

"Not much," answered Joe, lifting his wondering face toward the timbers, as if he expected them to give way any minute; then turning his glance anxiously on the waters that glimmered through the opening, he added, "But—but isn't it dampish?"

"Dampish? I like that. Not a bit; dry as a bone. Have ter dive head foremost into the water to git moist. That's what keeps me so lively."

"Well," said Joe, settling down on a stone that jagged out from the wall; "this beats everything I ever did see. Do you sleep here, Dave?"

"Like a top."

"And eat here?"

"Like an alderman. Hain't I jest asked you to dinner, and ain't it time to go about it? 'Scuse me, but these ere marble halls ain't got no garret rooms for help to sleep in, and I'm driv to do things for myself, which you won't mind, both being single young fellers. So, we'll perceed to set the table and spread the dinner."

Here Dave went to a wooden shelf, wedged into the wall, and brought down half a loaf of stale bread, which he brushed with his sleeve, observing that things were apt to get a trifle dusty in every well-managed house he had ever been in. Would Joe hold that while he took another dive at the shelf?

Joe took the broken loaf, and surreptitiously brushed a little more dust from it, while his host lifted himself to the shelf, and came down with the big end of a German sausage, which he held in one hand, while dragging out a pine box with leather hinges, and fastened by a wire hook at the other.

"Here is the table, ready sot," he said, with cheery hospitality, taking a knife from his pocket, and cutting some jagged pieces of bread from the loaf. Then he sliced off a round from the sausage, and held it toward Hooker on the point of his knife. "Now jest set to and feast away. It ain't often that I ask a feller to take dinner with me here, but when I do, that feller has a chance to know how things are conducted on the avenue."

Sanders might have made a longer speech, but

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for a deep bite through the bread and sausage, which would have choked back his words. As for poor Hooker, he was fearfully hungry, and plunged at once into the hospitality of his friend. True, the bread was dry as saw-dust, and the sausage remarkable for its antiquity, but no feast on the Avenue, as Dave said, was ever eaten with more keen enjoyment. After a prolonged interval of silence, or words that seemed to come through cotton wool, Dave leaned back, flung his jacket open at the chest, and breathed deeply.

"Now I know what you are looking for. Being too perlite to speak the thing out in words, them eyes of yourn say—drink. I knew they would. Drink is the first idee of a gentleman after dinner. Drink and cigars. Well, I've got 'em both. When Dave Sanders gives a blow-out, he does it. You may bet your bottom copper on that."

Here Dave pulled a flat stone from the floor of his cabin, and thrusting his hands into the opening, drew out a bottle, crowned with a cork, which had been thrust back into place after receiving ragged marks of former rough drawing

"Here," he said, holding the bottle up before the candle. "No mistake about this article. Folks don't know how to 'preciate sich stuff as this. Some feller had that 'dentical bottle opened for him at a saloon I know of, and turned up his nose at it, 'cause it didn't pop the cork into his eyes, and bust the feller's thumb off holding it in. That feller was from the back-woods, you bet. Didn't know that still beer is primest of all. The waiter—I've got friends everywhere—knew where to find a judge, and saved it for me. Mild as milk, but strong, orful strong. Hold the cup, Joe, while I knock the cork out. Then we'll go in for it like sixty."

Joe took the tin-cup, and held it in nervous expectation, while Dave knocked the jagged cork out with a stone, and shook the bottle in a vain attempt to make its contents foam.

"You can see for yourself. This kind of Bass don't fix up like the common sort," he said, conquering his disappointment. "But it's all the primer for that. Hold out your cup, before it begins to foam."

Joe held out his cup, into which a muddy brown liquid was poured, which he was urged to drink before it yeasted over, and took away his breath.

The boy obeyed; and being thirsty, took a deep, cautious drink, which left his mouth full of stale bitterness; but not a drop of the expected foam bathed his lips.

"Prime, isn't it?" said Dave, holding his thumb over the neck of the bottle, with great force, as if he expected it to be blown to pieces with a foamy explosion. "That's the real stuff. Take another afore I begin. Joe, there's no stopping me when I once get into a lively thing like this. What? You won't? Find it a little strong? Thought you would. Well, then, give us hold here."

Joe surrendered the tin-cup, and Dave filled it to the brim, shook up the contents, in hopes of bringing a bead to the surface, and drank it off, smacking away the last drops with great gusto.

"Now we'll have a grand smoke, and talk things over comfortably," he said, taking two long cigars from their hiding-place in the wall. "Hold yourn to the light first. The man who gives a dinner is alus second, if he's a gentleman; contrarywise, not. Fire up, my good feller, fire up!"

Joe thrust the end of his cigar into the blaze of the candle, and gave one or two desperate puffs, that brought a cloud of smoke into his throat, which he made a brave effort to cough away, half-strangling under the operation. Dave nearly put out the candle in his haste to begin; then settled down, with his elbows on the box, and fell to work at his cigar with great vigor.

"Now," he said, looking at his guest through a cloud, "you and I can talk over that opera business without being in a hurry. Never give up, Hooker, while you've got a friend with brains to think for you. You're a purty sharp bisness feller generally. I give in there. But when a great 'casion comes up—well, you ain't there. The truth uv it is, Hooker, yer hav'nt no sort of capacity for speckelation."

"No," answered Hooker, looking with sickening distrust at the cigar, that he withdrew from his mouth, which would otherwise have been too full of smoke for words. "Speckerlation hain't been much in my line. Newspapers come nearest to it. But the other fellers wouldn't give me a chance."

"Couldn't a done it if they had. Hain't got a bit of that sort of go in you; but you've got the next best thing, a friend that can think for you, and hisself as well. That friend is me, Hooker; me, Dave Sanders, Esquire! Don't be astonished. Don't turn pale about it, but pull away. We havn't blowed out half a cloud yet. Yes, Hooker, I'm that friend. I watched you, my boy; saw how you drove about, and knew what it would come to. 'He's got a suit of close by work,' says I. 'Well, I see him do it. No; that good-hearted feller,' says I, 'that got my invite for me, isn't a going to fix this thing for hisself, 'cause he can't. Brain-work is wanted there, and I'll give him a pull.' That's just what I said, Hooker, and I've done it."

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"Have you?" answered the boy, faintly. "Have you, though?"

"Look a-here," said Dave, opening the box, that had served as a table, and revealing a heap of clothing inside. "Some of these is for you, some for me. Them gurls, if they do look high, ain't a going to be ashamed of us."

"But how—how did you get 'em? Where did they come from?" faltered Joe.

"Well, I don't mind telling you. Only keep a close lip about it to the gurls. That puts me in mind to give you a piece of advice. Never trust anything that wears a tie-back with a secret. Take warning by a feller that knows what he's talking about. Don't do it."

"Not to Limpera?" questioned Joe, in a sickly whisper. "Not her?"

"There it is!" continued Dave, sweeping his hand through the cloud of smoke, which surged back into Joe's face, leaving it paler than before. "Every feller has some gurl that he thinks can be trusted. There is where the weakness lies. But I say to you, Joe Hooker, mistrust every one of 'em; set your face, like flint-stone, agin their—their blandishments."

"Their what?" questioned Joe, leaning his dizzy head against the logs.

"Their fascernation," answered Dave, warming up to the longest words he could remember. "They grow on a feller, like a taste of this 'ere long nine."

"No, they don't. You mustn't say that about Limpera. She's no more like this—— Oh! don't mention it!"

"Well, I won't, if you think so much of her, which I'm sorry for, 'cause a feller never ought to love a girl so much as she loves him, if he means to keep the upper hand. Anyway, you must promise not to tell her a word about these close, or I'll take 'em right back where they belong, and give the whole concern up."

"But I do promise," said Joe, lifting his head drearily from the log. "She never shall know a word about it."

"Then I'll trust you. Keep still, and listen."

Joe gave a low groan. Just at the time, he would have found it very difficult to move. The long nine had made sad havoc with him. But Dave was too earnest in his subject for keen observation, and went on.

"There is one old woman that I know, who goes to the Methody meeting every Sunday, and is orful good. She belongs to ever so many surcieties, where they reform boys, and hire 'em to be good, with close, and shoes, and sich like. When I first went into bisness, she sot me out with a new suit of close, from top to toe—cap, boots, and all—after making me promise to wear them to meeting every Sunday.'

"And did you?" questioned a faint voice from out of the smoke."

"Twice one Sunday; one prayer-meeting. Then——"

"What did you do then?"

"Joe, I backslided. It was orful mean, but I backslided.

"Oh!'

"And never went near the old Methody woman agin till this week."

"I wonder how you dared!"

"Oh, you hain't had much dealing with good women, and can't tell how patient they are. When I went back to her, with my close all ragged, and my toes breaking through the boots she gin me, instid of scolding, she said something about seventy times seven, and having the poor always with her. Then she laid her hand on my head. 'So you have come back to the fold of your own accord,' says she.

"'Yes,' says I. 'Backslid and come back, longing to 'tend meeting, but ashamed to go in such close.'

"'Poor boy, one must not expect too much,' says she, ''specially with the young. You shall have another chance. Only promise to be punctual, in season and out of season, this time.'

"'In every season of the hull year,' says I, to that blessed old woman. Joe, I saw new close in her eyes. 'Only try me agin, that's all.' Joe, you may believe me, I wasn't thinking of the opera then, but kind of felt as if it was a prayer-meeting we was a going to. Joe, the old woman's voice kind of woke up something warm and good in me."

"I should think so," moaned Joe.

"Well, she got up and went into another room, looking mild as a baked apple; and then she came out with these things in her arms. 'Take them,' says she, 'and remember that the Lord once more trusts you.'

"Joe, you may believe me, I've sold yesterday's papers in the street, and hooked hot chestnuts from an Irishman's stand, while he was roasting 'em. As for apples at grocery doors, I couldn't count the times. But none of 'em ever went agin the grain so much as taking them close. Says I to myself, I'll just wear 'em once to the opera, and then, blow me, if I don't wear the knees out of them trousers a kneeling on 'em at the old Fulton street church. So that sort of pacified me, and I took the close. A nice fit, no mistake about it. Then I thought of you, Hooker, a going round with no success, and the old woman seemed to see something new in my face.

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"'What is it?" she said. 'There are shoes, and a cap, in the bundle.'

"'I know it,' says I; 'but I was thinking of something else—about a boy as hasn't got hardly a jacket to his back.'

"'A backslider, like you?' says she.

"'No,' says I; 'he has never been reginerated yet. But if he had close to repent in—only give him a chance, and he'd be an ornament to anybody. He was orful anxious the last time I seen him,' says I. No humbug about that, Joe.

"With that, the old Methody lady went into the inner room, and brought out another bundle. 'Give that to your friend,' says she, 'and be sure that you lead him in the right way. That will be work worthy of repentance.'

"That old person's eyes were full of tears, Joe Hooker, and her face smiled on me, as if she had been my own mother, that I never seen; but I felt as if I was cheating."

"I wouldn't a done it," murmured Joe, who was just then capable of abject repentance on any subject.

"Yes, you would," said Dave, "with sich a bundle of first class close held out to you, and you'd a grabbed it, as I did. If you wouldn't, jist send 'em back, and say you ain't worthy of 'em. Perhaps you ain't. Who knows?"

"I—I think I will send 'em back," said Joe, lifting his white face for the first time during the conversation. "It seems like stealing. Don't it?"

"Just as you think about it," answered Dave, shaking out the garments. "Nobody's forcing of you."

Joe was sick, and dizzy, but he leaned forward and feasted his eyes on the jacket that Dave held up.

"We might wear 'em once, and send them back after," he said.

"Or keep 'em," observed Dave.

"Sanders," said Joe, cheerily, "my conscience hurts me."

"Conscience!" answered Dave, with disdain. "Nothing of the kind. More likely it's the sassengers. Tremendous rich, them sassengers."

Joe made a faint effort to shake his head.

"Then I'm blowed if it ain't the long nine."

"I—I don't know," faltered the lad, but its an orful feeling, Dave—jist orful. Everything goes a-reelin', and a tossing around me, jist as if the wharf had got afloat. I can't stand it, Dave. This house hain't got no foundation, 'cept in the water, and that heaves so——"

"Take another pull at the bar, Joe."

"Oh!" moaned the lad. "Don't! How can you?"

"It's the best thing you can do," replied Dave, pouring a volume of smoke out of his mouth, which made his guest shudder from head to foot. "Wonderful how one can enjoy a pull of that drink."

Joe leaned forward, planted both elbows on his knees, and his face between his hands, shuddering all over, and moaning faintly.

"Here, take another good, strong draw at the cigar. It's a shame ter waste that splendid long nine. Take hold like a man, now," said Dave, getting out of patience. "What are you made on?"

"Seems ter me as if I was made of drift-wood, gone clear out to sea," moaned Joe.

"Drift-wood!"

Here Dave leaned back and laughed, till the smoke circled about his head in eddies.

"Well, then, if you won't smoke, nor drink, nor eat, just rouse up, and take another look at them close. Think of opera, and that handsome gurl with the eyes."

Here Joe forced himself to look up. But the effort was too much. His pale face fell into his hands again, and reeling to and fro on his seat, he broke out into a plaintive wail.

"I don't care for close. I don't care for the opera. And I dont—no, I don't care for Limpera now."

"That's enough," said Dave, jumping up. There's no use trying to make a man of you."

CHAPTER XXV.

A GREAT crowd was sweeping into the Grand Opera House that night, for the name of La Costa had been emblazoned on its placards, until the whole city was ablaze with it. For weeks the powerful journals of the country had led the imagination of the public with wonderful and brilliant accounts of the woman's career, hinting at privately recognized claims to even royal birth, to princely offers of marriage carelessly rejected, and experiences enough to fill a dozen lives with romance. All these fragmentary and glowing romances were flung upon the current of fashionable gossip, and helped to make up the falsehood of temporary fame.

After the multitude had been sufficiently fired by curiosity, the night for a first appearance was announced, and a great rush was the consequence.

A few minutes after the doors were flung open, the vast building was filled from floor to ceiling, with wave upon wave of eager human beings in all the splendor of full-dress and smiling brilliancy of pleasant expectation. There, sitting under the rainbow tints of the great chandelier, and the chain of lights that golanded

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the house, the crowd gathered from every fashionable haunt of the city, and waited with tumultuous eagerness for the appearance of La Costa.

Parquette sofas and galleries were full, all except one conspicuous box near the stage, usually occupied by Mr. Cameron, the great banker, whose family, it was rumored, had come home from the country some weeks earlier than usual, in order to hear the great prima-donna on her opening night. The very presence, or rather expectation, of this party, was sufficient to increase the new singer's popularity, and the still empty box became an object of general interest.

It was not Mrs. Cameron's habit to glide into a theatre, or any other place, without some demonstration of her superiority over the common herd. Having taken a box for the season, she had many questions to ask of the usher as she made her way toward this conspicuous position, and throwing back her ermine cloak, gave the crowd a generous view of the diamonds and lace that fluttered and gleamed upon her arms and bosom. When once in the box, she threw aside her cloak altogether, and leaning over the front, blazed out upon the crowd in all the splendor of a grand dame of the period.

Of course all eyes were turned upon this superb exhibition, and whispered comments went from lip to lip.

"That is Miss Cameron on the left, that large, blonde girl, with the double string of pearls around her neck. What lovely hair she has! One seldom sees brown eyes with hair of such perfect gold."

This was said so directly under the box, from which Mrs. Cameron was surveying the house, that she could not help hearing it, and a flush of pleasure deepened the slight touches of rouge, which she had begun to feel necessary to a grand toilet: But directly her ears were less agreeably occupied. Her name was again repeated, and bending her head slightly over the cushioned railing, she heard a sentence that aroused a suspicion that had lurked, serpent-like, in her bosom for years. This was the sentence,

"Who is the other young lady? Her sister, I fancy, though I have always supposed Miss Cameron an only daughter. There must be a relationship. One is a pure blonde, the other less pronounced, but the family likeness is strong."

The family likeness strong! A gleam of hot fire came into the woman's eyes as she heard this, and she cast a look at Edith Church, which made the girl shrink, and withdraw her hand from a chair she was about to occupy on a line with Miss Cameron.

"That will be wanted for one of the gentlemen," said the lady, in a low voice, which stung the girl, but, for the time, escaped Mr. Cameron. "I hate being crowded at the theatre."

Edith hesitated. She would gladly have hid herself deep in the shadows of the box, but Dana was coming, and might consider that as a challenge for explanation. His place was by Hester, certainly. But would he keep it? In the full light of the front seats, she had hoped to find safe protection even from the glance of those eyes. Those eyes that had mocked her with a passion, which was treachery to another woman.

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Cameron, arranging the vacant seat for her, quite unconscious of the cause of her hesitation.

Edith did sit down in desperate defiance of the angry glance cast upon her. Anything was better than the chance of a word or whisper from Clifford Dana after that scene in the garden. Still her heart leaped, and her eyes filled with light, as she saw Dana making his way slowly toward the box, his tall figure and nobly poised head drawing the general attention, in spite of his quiet movements.

Amid all the hum and bustle of that waiting audience, she heard his step distinctly before it entered the box, and, spite of herself, turned her face upon him as he came in, so quietly, that no one else was conscious of his presence.

One look, a cold bend of the head, and Edith turned her face to the crowd. She knew, without looking, that Dana had drawn his chair close behind that of Hester Cameron, and was speaking to her in a low voice. She heard Mrs. Cameron inquire about Cole, and wonder why he had not yet made his appearance.

"He will be here presently," said Dana, answering her. "Some one spoke to him as we entered the house, and he went away."

"I should hardly have expected that of Mr. Cole," said the lady, tapping her ungloved fingers on the crimson railing before her, with a restlessness that set all her rings aflame in the gas-light. "His engagement was with us, as I understood it."

"I dare say he will come in good time," observed the banker. "At any rate, we can afford to wait."

"But I wait for no man!" retorted the lady, laying her fan across the railing like a baton; "and trust no man, either," she added, shooting a swift glance at her husband, who was happily unconscious of its venom.

"There, mamma, Mr. Cole is coming this way," said Hester, eagerly.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Cole had, indeed, been called unexpectedly from the side of his friend. As he was entering the Opera House, an old man had laid a hand on his arm, and whispered, warily,

"You are wanted, sir, behind the scenes. The curtain will not be raised till you come. This way, if you please."

With a hurried excuse, the young man left Dana, and was conducted to the rear of the theatre, through dark passages, grim-looking scenery, and unaccountable steps, until a door was opened, and in the centre of a small dressing-room, fitted up like a fairy palace, he found La Costa, dressed for her part.

"See, see! A telegram! That cruel-hearted governor has again refused to interfere. I have spent so much, promised thousands, and it is like dashing myself against a stone wall. What shall I do? What can I do?"

The woman was wildly excited. Her lips worked, her eyes had shadows under them, more dusky than art had left them.

"See how my poor arms tremble!" she said, holding out her clasped hands, on which the rings glistened, and shining bracelets shed rich sunlight. "I had hoped to sing so well. An hour ago my voice was magnificent. Ah! Harmer, these sharp disappointments are killing me. See how they have drank up my strength. I had so built on this, so hoped to have him with me in my triumph to-night, and now—— Oh! Harmer, it may be a failure!"

The woman cowered down on a little sofa, heaped up with some costume she was to wear, and began to cry in a helpless fashion. Cole laid his hand on her shoulder, which gleamed out smooth and white from the scarlet velvet of her costume.

"La Costa, this will never do. Have you no better courage than this?"

"Not where he is concerned. Not when his liberty is at stake," answered the woman, wildly. "If they have no mercy, I shall be an old woman before he comes out. An old woman, whom he will hate for her ugliness, and despise, because she had no power to help him."

"You are talking wildly, my friend. One failure is not ruin. This lawyer, whom we have sent at such cost, may not have been the best person we could have found."

"You think so? You think so?" questioned the woman. "Truly, you think there is some hope yet?"

"Certainly I do. But not if you give way in this fashion. That will make your cause hopeless."

"But what can I do?"

"Earn money. That is the great power in this country. Earn money. That is your strength. But here you are, shaking your nerves with passion, filling your voice with tears, when his safety is in the balance. It is you to whom his fate is given, and you fling it away, because of one disappointment."

The woman sprang to her feet, those small, silken-clad feet, to which she owed so much of her success, and stamped furiously on the carpet.

"How dare you say that? You know that I would die, even for him."

"Then be brave for him."

"I am brave. I am strong as a lioness. As you say, what is one rebuff? Men change. Don't I know how they can change? This governor *shall* pardon him, or I will tear down those black walls with my two hands. Ha! what is that?"

"The audience is getting impatient. It is high time that you compose yourself," said Cole.

"Let them be impatient," answered the woman, recklessly. "I have kept emperors waiting before now. Let them wait."

"That will never do. Every man out yonder considers himself an emperor."

"Ah, yes! We are among republicans now. I had forgotten," answered the actress, with a disdainful flirt of the hand.

"Republicans, who hold your fame, your fate, in their hands."

"Never. I have grander audiences over yonder. A broader field. Do not dare to say that my fame will not survive the verdict of these Americans."

"I dare to say that failure here will bring defeat abroad."

La Costa's fine eyes flashed fire. The subtle art within her seemed to expand her person.

"Failure? And here? You shall see. There they go again. Well, let them. To strain such impatience to the utmost, and turn it into bursts of applause, is among my best triumphs."

La Costa was walking up and down that little room as she made this audacious speech; the gold fringes of her robe rattling on the carpet, and the jewels that emblazoned it, gleaming like starlight around her. All at once she paused, and a cloud came over her mobile features.

"But there is another thing, Harmer. You understand what I mean. Are they here?"

"Yes, waiting for the rest."

"All of them?"

"Yes."

"The man Dana, the banker's daughter, and that other girl?"

"The family came in early."

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"All? No one missing?"

"Mrs. Cameron and the young ladies came in together. Dana has just joined them."

"Where do they sit?"

"On the right, as you advance down the stage."

"Where does Cameron's daughter sit, I should like to know?"

"Between her mother and Miss Church. She is the fair one. Not that the other is dark."

"And the most beautiful. Is that what you mean to say? Of course, in this country, an heiress would be the most beautiful. You see that I know something of the spirit of these people. But is she, in fact, so lovely? This Cameron girl, I mean."

"Lovely is not exactly the word. That implies softness, modest grace, sweet, inward delicacy——"

"And this girl has none of these things. Do you mean to say that, Harmer Cole?"

"I was thinking of the other," answered Cole, with adroit quickness, "who does not compare with the banker's daughter in brilliancy, or the queenly independence that men admire so much. But how can you pause to think of her at a moment like this?"

"Pause to think of her!" said La Costa, with soft dreaminess of manner. "As if—as if—— Oh! now they roll out the kind of thunder one must obey. Pass through that door, if you would see my first appearance."

La Costa rushed into a dusky passage, pointed to a door, and disappeared in the dusk of the dimly-lighted stage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When Cole presented himself in the Cameron box, no two persons there seemed to be in harmony Mrs. Cameron was brooding over the words she had heard in the parquette, with a quiet instinct of distrust, that filled her soul with rage and bitter glee. Rage, that some deception had been practiced upon her in the adoption of Edith Church. Glee, that her husband might be made answerable for it.

She looked keenly at the two girls, striving to detect the resemblance that strangers had found out, but habit had blunted her perceptions, and prejudice had blinded her so far, that she revolted from the idea while seeking to confirm it. The woman was strangely, almost viciously excited. A venomous gleam shot through her eyes whenever she turned them on the banker, and she threw a sting of sarcasm into her reply to his most simple observation.

The tumult in the house irritated her. The silence of Dana, who sat behind her daughter's chair, was an aggravation, for she began to think him out of place there. True, he was wealthy, and she had traced his ancestry far back among the dignitaries of the Old World, but in this country his grandfather had tilled his own acres in New England, and Dana had, in her very presence, alluded to that old agriculturist with a degree of respect that sickened her.

There had been a time when a match between this proud man and her daughter was the one object of her ambition, but since the advent of Harmer Cole this desire had merged itself into a scope of exaltation. What was Dana, with his claim to heraldic honors, running back through the muddy avenues of American trade, and New England farming, into the nobility dead and buried five hundred years ago, compared to this concealed aristocrat, the heir of an absolute title?

Having changed her own aspirations regarding the young lady, she was offended when Dana kept his seat by Hester. When Cole entered the box, and when that young gentleman drew his chair close to that of Edith, and addressed her in his usual soft, deferential way, the action was another cause of offence, which the mother regarded with more than usual indignation.

"Mr. Cole," she said, leaning forward, and touching the young gentleman with her fan, "bring your chair this way. You forget that the Cameron box is usually the centre of observation. Pray, do not draw attention to the presence of a person who must fail to be recognized as having a claim here."

"Thank you. I should only crowd Mr. Dana," answered Cole; and without paying more regard to the lady's request, he went on conversing with the person she had taken such pains to insult.

Hester Cameron laughed affectedly, and pretended to conceal the smile that quivered about her lips with a fan, snow-flaked at the edge, and covered over with a frost-work of lace, which was in itself enough to attract observation.

Dana saw the smile, and the side-glance cast at her mother from beneath the shelter of Hester's fan. He had been restless all the evening; but now the indignant blood rushed to his face. He arose without a word, and seated himself with Mr. Cameron in the back of the box. This brought a gleam of steel into the mother's eyes, and a rush of color over the daughter's neck; for Cole seemed to take no notice, and Edith, grateful for anything that saved her from those two great enemies, as she deemed Mrs. Cameron and Dana, had plunged into a reckless conversation that appeared like absolute defiance. Her

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nervous excitement appeared to have affected Cole, also, for he watched the opening of the opera with keen anxiety in the pauses of his conversation with the young lady, and drew a deep, deep breath when La Costa first appeared, far back on the stage, fluttering through the dusk scenery like some gorgeous, tropical bird finding its way through strange woods, and swept down to the front in all the pomp and splendor of a queenly character, fresh from some Cleopatrean revel.

The superb grace of her presence took the house by storm. Thunders of applause shook the vast building. The rush of thousands springing to their feet; the waving of handkerchiefs; the crash of canes from parquette and boxes; shrill whistles from the galleries, made such riotous music of welcome, that even La Costa was astonished by it. She bent her lithe person to this burst of welcome; her white hands were flung out in grateful acknowledgment, and three times she bowed, lower and lower, as flowers yield themselves to the pelting of a summer storm.

"What a beautiful woman!" exclaimed Hester, addressing Dana, with unusual excitement.

"Yes," answered Dana, hesitating. "She certainly is a striking person. Still, I cannot tell how it is, but there is something about her that both charms and repels me. The face——"

"Well, what of the face?" questioned Cole, with quick interest, instantly subdued.

"A beautiful face, certainly," continued Dana. "But there is a rash, worn sort of loveliness in it that dissatisfies me. No, I do not quite like the face."

"Wait till you hear her sing," said Cole.

Dana leaned forward. That tempest of welcome had given place to an impressive hush. La Costa had parted her lips to sing.

This storm of welcome had inspired the woman to work wonders in her art. She forgot herself in the ideal of her assumed character, and her voice came out full and rich, conveying in its under-tones an idea of the mellow sweetness of ripe fruit.

At the first sound, Hester Cameron's face lighted up with enthusiasm. Her fine eyes shone, her lips parted with smiles, that gave a gleam of her white teeth to view. She leaned forward, till the gas-light quivered, like flames, through the golden meshes of her hair. Many persons looked on her that night, and wondered at the splendor of her beauty. Cole saw it, and for a time losing all prudence, turned away from Edith, to feast his eyes on a creature that could take such inspiration of beauty from music.

"Oh! mamma! oh! Mr. Dana! did you ever see anything more perfect? I can imagine Cleopatra looking like that when she enchanted Antony."

"It must have been after drinking wine enough to dissolve her pearls," answered Dana, with dry cynicism, that displeased the ardent girl.

"You will agree with me, Mr. Cole," she said. "Isn't she superb?"

"I have often thought so," said Cole, who took more interest in the subject than she dreamed of. "Few women have surpassed her in Europe."

"Of what country is she?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, with unusual abruptness. "Of what country?"

"French. Born somewhere on the German frontier," answered Cole. "At least, I am told so."

"La Costa! Is that her real name?"

Mrs. Cameron spoke sharply, and leveled her glass at the prima-donna as she went off the stage, grasping the costly thing as if it had been a pistol.

"La Costa. Is that her name, her real name?" she said; and Cole saw that her eyes were strangely wild, her lips white, and set together like ice. Regarding her with some surprise, he answered,

"I have never heard of any other name."

"But she may have been married," said Hester. "I cannot imagine a woman like that remaining single."

"Of course, she may be married. No one can answer for that, I fancy," said Cole. "Indeed, it is for the interest of an actress to keep her marriage certificate in the background, and most of them do. La Costa brooks no questions on that subject, I dare say."

"She looks foreign enough, yet there is something——"

Hester broke off here, startled by a quick interruption by her mother.

"You have noticed it, then. You feel, like me, a wish to get away from her. For my part, I never mean to see the woman again."

"Oh! mamma, how can you? I shall come every night. She is charming. There never was anything so delightful. I am dying for the great song. Don't talk when she comes to that. Now, do be quiet, for once."

"She is coming to it now," said Cole, as La Costa appeared in sight again. "It is her masterpiece. No woman in the world can ever equal her in that."

The young man was right. The crowning glory of La Costa's acting was when she came out from a bacchanalian scene, with laughter in her eyes, and a rollicking song on her lips; a song

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that had driven foreign audiences mad with enthusiasm.

Down she came, through the stage-riot, regally beautiful, graceful in the glee of her abandonment. Her long, scarlet robes, heavy with embroidery, and fringes of gold, trailed over the floor behind, but was so short in front, that the rose-tinted lining formed a softer back-ground for her dainty feet.

A burst of applause broke over the woman before she opened her lips to sing, followed again and again as she paused for breath. Then, as if the jocund glee of the music thrilled every nerve of her body to action, her whole person swayed to the charm of her own voice, and with a graceful movement of hands and feet, she dashed a new and most subtle element into the music.

A storm of applause followed, such applause as made the blood leap in her veins. Again she came forward, cast a swift glance toward her audience, and was about to dash into the song again, when her eyes fell on the Cameron box. That moment Mr. Cameron stood in full view, leaning over the seat of his wife, even clinging to it for support, his face growing paler and paler, and his eyes burning with astonishment or affright as they met the woman's glance. Even Dana leaned forward, and caught a glimpse of her scarlet garments as she prepared to sing, with a smile of reckless audacity on his lips, that seemed to have dawned there, in defiance of the pale faces looking down upon her. In a moment it was swept away; for there, leaning over the railing, bent a fair, girlish face, eager, smiling, flushed with a glow of enjoyment that smote her, as sunbeams sometimes do in a moment. Her voice broke, her feet settled down to the floor, as if shod with a weight of lead, and she shrank back, covering her face with both hands, which seemed white as snow, contrasted with the burning blushes that swept her neck and bosom.

In vain the audience encouraged her—in vain they flung bouquets and wreaths at her feet. Still those shaking hands covered her face, and the actors who were near saw great drops pressing through her fingers. At last she dashed her hands aside, sweeping tears away with them, and moved to the front, treading down the flowers she had not observed, and did not heed, though others saw a jewel or two flashing among them.

The strong will that had already conquered so much had once more asserted itself. She was determined to conquer the better feelings that had almost paralyzed her. But again she shrunk back. Another face, fair, bright, and of a softer beauty than the one that had so startled her, a pair of large brown eyes, full of childish expectation, looked into hers.

All the self-control that the woman had struggled for abandoned her now. Spite of her rouge, she turned visibly pale. Forgetting, or recklessly unmindful of the tumultuous encore that challenged her to go on, she stood motionless, with parted lips and hushed breath, gazing on those two faces, entranced, helpless.

"She is frightened! Great heaven! she is stage-struck," in sudden excitement. "Oh, if I had a bouquet! If I had anything to fling!"

His eyes fell upon a small bouquet that Edith wore, in contrast with the soft tints of her dress.

"Oh, give it me!" he pleaded.

Edith hurriedly unfastened the flowers. Cole took them from her hand. The next instant they flashed down to the stage, and with them a cluster that Miss Cameron had torn from the lace on her bosom, in an impulse of wild sympathy, suggested, perhaps, by Cole's unusual excitement.

Both clusters fell at La Costa's feet. All around her the stage was littered with such offerings that had been showered around her unheeded; but now she stooped suddenly, seized upon one of the bouquets, and pressed it to her lips again and again.

This quick, nay, pathetic impulse, so natural in its evident impulsiveness, brought down a fresh encore more vehement than the last.

The woman attempted to answer it, but broke down utterly. Her voice came in sobs, her eyes filled with tears. Clasping her hands tenderly upon the red roses, she flung them out, with a gesture of touching appeal. Then her voice broke forth in words, of which some few only understood the music, for she cried out, in French,

"I cannot! My voice refuses me! I cannot, I cannot!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The audience at the opera that night were so thoroughly occupied by La Costa's sudden departure from the stage, that it failed to notice a slight tumult in Mr. Cameron's box. The banker had retreated in great, but subdued agitation, to the shelter of the curtains, apparently tired of the excitement below; but out from the shadows he was watching each movement of the prima-donna, and his heart gave a fierce leap as he saw her eyes fixed on Edith Church. The next moment he was startled by a flash of roses cast down, as he thought, by the girl's hand.

Quick as thought, he darted forward, laid his hand on Edith's shoulder, and drew her behind

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the curtain, so quietly, almost rudely, that the girl looked at him in astonishment.

Mrs. Cameron remarked this movement, and as it seemed one of displeasure, was pleased by it.

"For once he is made to feel her forward manners; crowding herself on a level with his own heiress, and scattering flowers as if she were one of us. I'm glad she did it before his face. Now he sees how necessary it is to keep her in the background. Why, the man is pale with anger! I never saw him frown so blackly before. No wonder the girl looks frightened."

Edith did indeed look frightened. The strange action of her guardian came like a blow upon her. What had she done that he should almost force her from the front so suddenly? Why did the hand still upon her arm tremble so? She encountered the smiling venom of Mrs. Cameron's glance, as that lady leaned back and looked at her, still beating a light tattoo on the cushion with her fan, and felt keenly that she was surrounded by enemies, and her last friend had gone over to them.

"What have I done?" she whispered, with tears in her eyes, appealing to Mr. Cameron.

"Nothing. You are not to blame. Only—only I do not like this public display. She is soliciting your flowers."

"Not mine. I did not——"

Edith was silenced by a fresh burst of applause, which followed La Costa as she rushed off the stage, pressing the flowers to her bosom.

"See, see!" cried Hester, turning her radiant face upon her mother. "She holds them to her bosom. My sweet red roses."

"Were they yours?" questioned Cole.

"Of course. How can you ask?"

"The two were so much alike. One could hardly tell which she took up," answered Cole, with apparent indifference; for to him the whole scene was a puzzle, and he knew that it was impossible to tell which bouquet the actress selected for her passionate demonstration.

"My dear," said Mrs. Cameron, angrily breaking into the conversation, "the bouquet was not yours. I should be very sorry to see a daughter of mine making herself so conspicuous."

"Mamma, how can you be so spiteful? They are mine, and it is a great compliment, when she is trampling so many under her feet," persisted the girl.

"I tell you," retorted Mrs. Cameron, angrily, "Edith Church flung the flowers that creature is hugging to her bosom. Thank heaven, the disgrace falls on no child of mine."

"Oh, mamma!"

"And as they have sufficed to make us ridiculous before the whole audience, we are, of course, compelled to retire," persisted the matron, rising with majesty from her chair, and holding out her hand. "Mr. Dana, may I trouble you for my bournause? Mr. Cameron, if you and your protegé have made yourselves sufficiently conspicuous, we are ready to escape from this humiliating exhibition."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MIGNONETTE.

BY CARRIE F. H. WHEELER.

In turning the leaves of a long-closed book,
One morning wild and wet,
I found the ghost of a summer bloom—
A spray of mignonette.
Still to it clung a faint perfume,
As love and faith will cling—
To broken hearts, and lonely lives,
When Hope has ceased to sing.

Forgotten was the wild, wet day,
In memory slowly rose
A summer eve all dew, and balm,
All hushed and sweet repose.
The fire-flies glanced along the woods,
And down the silent glades,
And 'broidered with the golden sparks,
The dreamy purple shades.

We wandered down the garden paths,
You gathered mignonette,
And said, "Dear love, this blossom keep,
That you may not forget."
I answered, "Is there any need
For keepsake, when I hold
Your image in my heart of hearts,
With love and trust untold?"

But still I kept the fragrant bloom;
And now long years have flown,
And down life's sad and changeful ways,
I walk—and walk alone.
You quite forgot me long ago,
'Mid pleasures light and gay,
And from my tortured heart at last,
Your memory died away.

For years my soul has been at peace;
No grief nor stern regret,
But faithfully you kept your trust,
Oh! faded mignonette.
For now once more, within my heart,
The bitter pangs begin,
Of wild regrets, that startled, wake,
And cry, "It might have been."

Oh! token from the mournful past,
That holds my vanished youth—
My wasted hopes, and, sadder still,
The graves of Love and Truth.
You keep your trust when human hearts
Their sacred vows forget,
And your pale dust I'll cherish still,
Oh! faithful mignonette.

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A STORY OF "DOUGHNUTS."

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THERE was no help for it.

Two hours to wait—and that at the most bare, prosaic, and uninteresting of stations. Time, October, when chilling winds, and nipping winds, and thoroughly damp, depressing winds, come unexpectedly and inconveniently, like unwelcome guests, for whom no provision is made. Fires are spasmodic, rather than chronic, and stove-pipes fractious; people have just learned to leave doors open through a long course of summer training; and windows have a way of getting down at the top, and refusing to go up again peaceably.

All these petty drawbacks to happiness were in full blast at the Sahara Station, on that dreary October day; and although Sahara was an enterprising business town, (village, we should have called it,) where railroads at all points of the compass met and changed passengers, it never seemed to enter the mind of any one that the railroad station was a shame and disgrace, and the "Ladies' Parlor" a ghostly sort of burlesque on the needs of civilized womankind. The floor was bare; the seats were hard, wooden benches, with backs; the mirror fly-spotted; and the outlook hideous.

There are places that seem to have come into existence for the express purpose of making one glad to get away from them; and foremost in the list of these we have known, stands the waiting-room at Sahara.

Opposite the side windows was a corn-field, now decidedly in the sere and yellow leaf, with an undergrowth of riotous pumpkins, whose staring orange hue fell upon the eye almost like a blow amid the surrounding bareness. The corn-field enshrined a dwelling, that reminded one of a huge white paper box; and out of this cottage *ornèe* issued a melancholy-looking female, with a shawl over her head, who careered undecided around the corn-field, and presently retreated again into her paper box, as though she had been part of a German toy.

This was all that happened for our diversion in the course of an hour; and presently Beth remarked, energetically, "I cannot stand this any longer, Dora. I shall certainly go mad!"

Coming from Beth, whose fault it was that we were there, I thought this quite a good joke; for, as usual, I was seeing her off on one of her endless expeditions, and had no earthly interest in the train, except to put her safely in it.

This young woman was a singular contradiction, and was constantly doing the most outlandish things in such a serene way, that one did not realize their full bent until they were done. She was constantly on the move somewhere; for she was quite alone in the world, with the exception of a married brother, whose wife she didn't like; and at one time she would go and teach school; at another, she would go on a visit; and now, to my horror and embarrassment, she was actually embarking as a book-agent. In spite of her enterprising spirit, she was particularly timid and shrinking; and I foresaw all sorts of trials in store for her, and, by way of comfort, accompanied her as far as Sahara, where she changed cars for Asteroid, her final destination.

The long waiting had made her nervous, and starting up suddenly, she said, "Do let us go and see what we can find on that refreshment counter. It will be an amusement to eat something, if there is anything eatable."

The refreshments were in the "Gentlemen's Waiting-Room," a huge thoroughfare, furnished principally with spittoons, where people were hurrying to and fro all the time, and screaming to make themselves heard above the din of the constantly-arriving and departing locomotives. A glance at the viands offered for sale made us smile. They appeared to consist of huge doughnuts, piled up in pyramids, every pile marked in distinct characters, "*Three Cents Each.*" These delicacies were evidently moulded with a view to the capacity of small boys; and feeling that we were getting a liberal return for our money, we each invested in a thick twist of a delicate brown hue, and returned to the contemplation of our corn-field.

The doughnuts were decidedly good; and laughing a little at the novelty of our position, we sat contentedly munching them.

"I shall never forget my fondness for doughnuts as a child," said Beth, "and my grandmother's telling me, as a warning, the story of a girl who had fits, because she would eat hot doughnuts. How I did wish I could have a fit from eating hot doughnuts, that I might see what it was like."

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At this point, there entered upon the scene a third personage, of whose presence I was first made aware by Beth's embarrassed exclamation.

"The very last person I want to see. What can have brought him here?"

The intruder was a very tall, rather lank personage, of middle age, with an air that was half-fatherly, half-professional, and a somewhat rugged set of features; but the brightest smile, it seemed to me, that ever irradiated a decidedly plain visage, as his eye fell upon Beth.

"Miss Coleford," he exclaimed, with a stride forward, "I am very glad to see you; but so surprised, that I shall be guilty of the rudeness of asking you what you are doing here, and where you are going."

"I am eating a doughnut," was the very straightforward reply, "and I am going to Asteroid."

The pleasant laugh that followed disclosed a fine set of teeth; and when Beth suddenly remembered to introduce the new-comer to me as "Doctor Lande," I was prepared to like him very much, and rather to pity him. That he admired Beth was evident enough; and I had heard from our mutual friends, the Dilmans, who fairly doted on this M. D., whom they had known from boyhood, and who were also most affectionately disposed toward Beth, that they had worked hard to bring the two together. But Beth, perverse girl, flew off at a tangent as soon as she suspected their intentions.

It would have been such a comfortable settlement for Beth, the Dilmans said, for the Doctor was well-to-do, and would make the most devoted of husbands. But Beth declared that she would scrub floors sooner than marry for a settlement, though, with my knowledge of that young woman's constitutional aversion to manual labor, I had my doubts as to her ever getting at all intimate with the scrubbing-brush. It sounded well, however, and she probably thought it true at the time. The Doctor was only a country physician, to be sure, and lived in an inland village with an outlandish name; but he was a remarkably progressive specimen of his class, and his half-yearly visits to Philadelphia seemed to do wonders for him, both professionally and socially.

"I am on my way to the City of Brotherly Love," said he now, "and I think that you ladies are decidedly going in the wrong direction. Is your business at Asteroid very pressing, Miss Coleford?"

"Very," replied Beth, composedly. "I am going there to make my fortune as a book-agent. I am told that it is very profitable, and I am tired of teaching."

"You surely are not in earnest!" exclaimed Dr. Lande, in a tone of such alarm and uneasiness, that Beth laughed outright.

"She really is," I ventured to reply; "and I have been hoping for an earthquake, or some other convulsion of nature, for the last hour, that she might be turned from her erratic course. But nothing happens when one wants it."

Dr. Lande gave me a quick, interrogating glance, to which I telegraphed an intelligent reply; and friendly relations were established between us at once. He took out his watch, and glanced sharply at the clock.

"I am sorry for you, ladies," said he, with a smile, "if you have been measuring your waiting moments by this time-piece. It is entirely too fast, and a dreary vista of inactivity stretches before you yet."

"Oh!" groaned Beth. "I am so tired of waiting!"

"Fortunately for me," continued the Doctor, "my train is not due until your's is, so that I shall profit by your misfortune. Now, what shall we do to make the time pass pleasantly? Is there anything I can get for you?"

"There is nothing here but doughnuts," laughed Beth, "and we are already surfeited with them. These are three ordinary doughnuts rolled into one, and take 'a power of eating' to finish them. We were industriously engaged in this attempt when you appeared, Dr. Lande, and I propose that you supply yourself with one of these formidable edibles, and join our festive party."

"I thank you, no," replied the Doctor, very decidedly. "I have too unpleasantly vivid a recollection of my last doughnut ever to attempt another. So, please excuse me, Miss Coleford."

"Do tell us about it!" I exclaimed, eagerly, with the hope that Dr. Lande might prove a second Scherezade in this emergency.

He gave me a reassuring glance; and on pretence of making us more comfortable, skilfully turned our backs to the clock and the door, and began with great deliberation,

"I was about ten years old when I ate my last doughnut. I think I may say, without prejudice, that it was the most nauseous dose I ever tasted."

"I believe that doctors never take their own medicines," murmured Beth, involuntarily.

"Of course not," was the prompt reply. "Why should they? I never heard of a patient being benefited by that course of treatment. But to return to our muttons, which happen to be doughnuts. Do either of you ladies know anything experimentally of Vermont winters? 'You do not, and you have not the slightest desire to know?'

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Ah! Miss Coleford, I should know that for your reply, if I had not heard you utter it."

Beth blushed vividly as the Doctor and I both laughed; and I fancy we thought simultaneously that she was much too pretty to be allowed to try such woods (Milton did not write "fields") and pastures new, as she proposed for herself.

"Well," resumed our M. D., and then in parenthesis, "As I glory in being an American, I will say 'well,' I would advise enervated Middle States people not to try a Vermont winter. I lived there when I was a small boy. I was, in fact, born there. I believe that I was born, too, with an equal passion for doughnuts and snow-balls, the latter being the only out-of-door fruit that flourishes in these high latitudes in winter. 'Coasting' and snow-balling were the bloom and glow of these long, icy months; and the very thought of my youthful exploits in these cold Vermont days makes the blood tingle in my veins.

"We lived in a village, and there were lots of 'fellers,' small boys, so utterly extinguished beneath their big caps and mufflers, that, to the uninitiated, it would seem necessary to dig them out, like potatoes out of a hill, before they could be recognizable. Well, these 'fellers,' and this 'feller,' although pigmies of four feet nothing, had glorious times together, and considered it the great business of life in winter to coast, and skate, and fire snow-balls, being somewhat apt to resent such interruptions as going to school, doing 'chores,' or eating regular meals.

"I had made myself rather obnoxious to the family generally, and to my dear, orderly mother in particular, by a chronic habit of flying in and out like a whirlwind, whenever any scheme of enjoyment was on foot, darting at the first eatable that came to hand, and leaving a line of open doors and quickly-cooling rooms in my wake, (with the thermometer at thirty below,) always managing to get beyond the reach of any restraining hand or voice. My mother never scolded. She had Quaker blood in her veins, and maintained, under the most trying circumstances, a calm and even temperature. But she was ready in action, and always carried her plans through."

Here I saw that our time was up, but Beth did not know it, and the next moment the train she should have taken whizzed out of the depot, on its way to Asteroid. Our Arabian Night proceeded calmly,

"I can see that roomy, comfortable kitchen now, as it looked on that February noon, when I, a cold, hungry little boy, dashed wildly into it, in comet-like fashion, as my mother was just taking up a pile of crisp, dainty-looking 'fried cakes' (mother was famous for her doughnuts) from the kettle of boiling fat. A group of 'fellers' were impatiently waiting for me outside, to go on a grand coasting frolic, until school began again at two; and not willing to waste any of this precious time on dinner, I seized a hot doughnut from the steaming pile, but dropped it again instanter into a pan of cold water, with a vague view of its cooling off like an egg. The result, however, utterly disgusted me; and flinging the doughy lump on the table, I was starting, dinnerless, for the doorway, when my mother said, very quietly, 'Stop, my son.'

"I stopped, and was then told to close the door and sit down.

"When I was seated, my mother ordered me to eat the doughnut which I had cooked soft in cold water. 'I can't,' said I, despairingly. 'You must sit there until you do,' was the reply.

"The boys were whistling outside; and knowing that my mother meant what she said, I seized the unpalatable mess, and, by dint of strong resolution, managed to dispose of it. But I didn't coast that afternoon. I retired very early, and mother came and talked to me, and I promised to be regular at meals, and to have something else on my mind beside play. That was my last doughnut, though. I could never touch another."

Beth laughed until she was tired, for Dr. Lande was an inimitable story-teller, both in look and gesture, and brought the whole picture vividly before us; and I enjoyed the narrative all the more, because of that out-going train.

"Once," said I, with a terror of pauses, for there might be another train to Asteroid, "I was making a short summer sojourn in a half-civilized region, where our landlady's idea of cooking was to soak things in lard, and her highest culinary effort was doughnuts. She boasted that 'she allers kep' a kittle of bilin' fat on the stove; it was so handy to clap things into.' Her biscuits were only biscuits when in the dough state; they always emerged from that dreadful 'kittle' as 'fried cakes;' and when we remonstrated against this wholesale use of lard, and said that it made us ill, (I had a companion in misfortune,) our hostess expressed a sort of contemptuous pity for 'folks who hadn't no stomachs, and had to pick and choose their vittles. She loved fat,' she said; 'it kind of refreshed things.' And we could not help feeling that a very respectable Esquimaux had been spoiled by the accident of her nativity."

"Doughnuts are not bad," said Beth, reflectively, "for a lunch in the woods. Indeed, I think they are really nice then, for one is so hungry; and this must be the reason that boys

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delight in them, hunger and boys being inseparable associates. I can recall a lovely day spent near the nearest of the Maine lakes, at Umbragry Lake House, the most unpretentious and comfortable of wayside inns, where they had ring-doughnuts on the table three times a day; and if I had stayed there much longer, I should have learned to consider ring-doughnuts one of the necessaries of life. But, Dr. Lande, don't you know another doughnut story?"

"I cannot say that I do," was the reply, "though one will probably come to me after I have retired for the night, and there is no one to tell it to. But to show the force of habit, a young man whom I was lately called to attend, on a farm some distance from the village, began his illness with a fainting-fit, and exclaimed, just as he was going off, 'Mother, I'm fainting, do give me a doughnut.' His mother asked me if I didn't think that 'dreadful queer.' But I decided that doughnuts had been the healing medicine used in all his childish troubles. I would banish them from the list of edibles, if I could."

"I should offer no objection to that now," said Beth, "for eating that mammoth doughnut is a gastronomic feat I do not care to repeat very soon. What say you, Dora?"

"I feel as though, like the Doctor, I had eaten my last doughnut," I replied, "and I shall take it as a personal insult to be offered one again within a year."

Our M. D. made a sudden start, that reminded me of his boyhood's exploits, dashed into the general room, and came back rather crestfallen, with his watch in his hand.

"It is actually half-past five," said he. "I have lost my train to Philadelphia, and I did not mean to miss that."

I gave him a warning glance; but this was really a good joke, that he should be caught in his own trap.

Beth sprang up wildly. "And where is my train to Asteroid? It was to go at forty minutes past four."

"It did go at forty minutes past four," replied the Doctor, solemnly; "but we did not notice it, (he didn't say hear it,) and my train went at 5.20, also unnoticed."

"When does the next train start for Asteroid?" asked Beth, looking grimly resolute.

"About midnight, I believe," replied Dr. Lande, in a tone of much sweetness.

"This comes, I suppose, of having a gentleman to look after me," said Beth, rather sarcastically, but firing her random shot directly at the truth, with such unconscious deftness, that we two guilty conspirators avoided each other's eyes, in order to refrain from outward laughter.

"When does the next train leave for Philadelphia?" I inquired.

"At 8.30," was the reply; "and that, of course, is the train we shall all take. I throw myself upon your mercy, Miss Coleford, for my carelessness. But how, I ask, could I be expected to take heed of time under the circumstances?"

Beth still stood with her head erect, and the glow of indignation on her cheek. It was so humiliating, she said, to return on people's hands in this fashion, when she had been kissed off, and lamented over, and every one had prophesied, too, that she would come back the next day!

"You go home with me, of course," I whispered, "and Dr. Lande goes to the Dolmans. But do put off that high tragedy air. This is an accident that might happen to any one, and I have a presentiment that you will be thankful for it yet. It was not intended that you should go on that wild mission to Asteroid. Come to me for a fortnight, at least, and something pleasanter will probably turn up by that time."

"You dear old Dora!" said Beth, with a kiss. "You don't think of your own delay and fatigue in the least. You are worth twenty Dr. Landes. Men have so little sense."

Again, I had to try not to laugh, as I wondered how long these sentiments would last.

The Doctor, in the meanwhile, had withdrawn on a small exploring expedition, with a view to supper; and this was the result of his praiseworthy efforts. The refreshment-counter furnished doughnuts, as we know already—"only this, and nothing more." A cup of tea was not to be had there for love or money; and our medical adviser proposed that we should adjourn at once to the white paper box in the midst of the corn-field, and request its proprietors to furnish us with a civilized meal for a proper consideration. This would divide the time of waiting very pleasantly, and fortify us physically until we reached our journey's end.

The motion was unanimously carried, and three hopefully expectant people took up a line of march for the tasteful residence occupied by the woman with the shawl over her head, who appeared to us just then in the light of a beneficent fairy, waiting to supply our needs.

The beneficence was all there, for she smiled delightedly at our appearance, and said it was a real treat to see folks. She was all alone, she added, except "Pete," and he was never there.

But as soon as we were fairly within the door, we became conscious of a most unpleasant odor

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of frying, that seemed to penetrate everywhere. Dr. Lande's face was quite a study as he recognized the fragrant aroma of boiling lard.

"You're just in the nick of time," continued our hospitable entertainer, as we made known our desires, "for I've done up a mess of fried cakes this very afternoon, and I guess they'll be a sort of treat to you city folks."

We did not dare to exchange glances, as we expressed a preference for bread, and confessed that our affections were particularly set upon tea.

"Well, now," observed our hostess, "things have happened real crooked with me to-day. The tea's give out, and goin' to the store's out of Pete's chores; and he ain't nowhere, as usual. I hunted him on the corn-field a spell ago, and he wa'nt to be seen. After I'd done the fried cakes, I thought of settin' some bread; but the flour-bag was empty, and I was so glad I'd made sure of the cakes. Folks is different, to be sure. But give me a good big doughnut, and I can be happy any time in my eatin', and Pete's just the same, he is."

"Then you can give us neither tea nor bread?" asked Dr. Lande, gravely.

"No; but I've got a nice passel of doughnuts——"

We got out of the paper-box before we disgraced ourselves, and returned hastily to our former luxuriant quarters. The first thing we did there was to laugh; and this we did so thoroughly, that the people about us, whose faces were clothed with that peculiarly solemn expression which seems to be considered appropriate to the occupation of waiting for a train, looked somewhat concerned for our sanity.

"Now," remarked the Doctor, at length, "I have arrived at that stage that, if any one utters the word 'doughnut' to me again, this evening, I shall be tempted to exclaim, with the venerable 'Mr. Smallweed,' 'Say that again, and I'll choke you!'"

It was very funny, and I did not in the least regret our adventures. Three pairs of eyes, however, kept a sharp look-out for the 8.30 train, in which we finally seated ourselves, with a feeling of relief, while I particularly congratulated myself on the capture of Beth. I think that Dr. Lande was performing the same pleasing mental feat.

But our captive did not appear to be particularly hilarious.

"Remember," she whispered, "although I have not gone to Asteroid, I shall certainly take a fresh start somewhere else."

The start was not taken, however, until spring, and then Dr. Lande went with her.

The attire of both was characterized by a suspicious newness; and their final destination was a somewhat obscure village, with an absurd name. Where they went, however, was evidently not a consideration with either, so long as they went together.

When a favorable opportunity presented itself, I ventured to ask the Doctor if the railroad clock really was fast on the eventful day that seemed to be made up principally of doughnuts.

"Yes," replied the gay deceiver, "by just one minute!"

LOVE'S SPRING-TIME.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

I will not ask if in the tree
  The ring-dove singeth to her mate;
For Spring is come; such things must be,
  They will be with us soon or late.
I will not ask if branch or vine
  Are greener as the days grow long;
Some ears are listening, if not mine,
  To catch the first wild wood-bird's song.

And it is sweet to rest, and know
  That Winter nights must wax and wane;
That tedious days must come and go,
  Until the birds are here again.
Asleep, awake, where'er thou art,
  Oh! best beloved, I only see
Eternal Summer for the heart
  Which is in turn beloved by thee.

And now I ask, that by-and-by,
  When fields are white with clover frost,
To gaze, sweet, in thy tender eye,
  And there to read if I have lost.
For what are roses, white or red,
  Or clover tips, or brooks, or bees,
When in his grave love lieth dead?—
  How fruitless, then, are all of these!

And could the heart wherein I dwell,
  E'er close to me its inmost door;
Could eyes that love to look so well,
  Forbear, and never see me more?
Oh! now remembrance sweet appears,
  And with a genii's magic power,
Breathes on the spot where fell my tears,
  And lo! there springs the lilac flower!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, in the front of the number, the front and back of a striped cambric costume, suitable for the season. The material is pink and white striped cambric, but any neat design, in calico or percale, may be used. The skirt is trimmed with ruffles cut on the straight and edged top and bottom with patent Valenciennes edging. These ruffles are put on with a cord, forming a heading an inch and a half deep. Cut the ruffles six inches, including the heading. The Polonaise is trimmed to correspond with the skirt; it is Princess in form, and is slightly draped at the back, where it is caught up by a bow of ribbon to match; two-inch wide ribbon, made into a long looped bow with ends. The sleeves terminate in two deep ruffles, to match. A corresponding ruffle, gathered in the centre, ornaments the front, from the throat down. The waist belt is of ribbon, same as bows. Sixteen yards of cambric, or percale, which is a yard wide, or eighteen yards of ordinary calico. We would not advise the lace edging, if calico is used; simply hem or bind the ruffles, in that case, with Lonsdale cambric, (white.) Price of pattern, fifty cents.

A Princess robe, for a little girl of six years.

Is of gray bege, dark blue or white bunting. The lower edge of the front is finished with a narrow knife-plaiting of the material; above, the robe is ornamented by two rows of narrow galoon or mohair braid, separated by a row of small buttons down each front; the buttons further ornament the pockets and cuffs of the sleeves. The back of the garment forms an elongated waist, at the end of which a kilt-plaiting is attached, forming the back of the skirt, and joining the narrow plaiting in the fronts. A sash from the side-seams is tied in a larger bow, and short ends at the back. Six to eight yards of material will be required. Bege and bunting cost eighteen or twenty-eight cents per yard for all wool. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

For a boy of six to eight years, we have a kilt-plaited skirt of navy-blue flannel or bunting; the

latter will be very much used for both boys' and girls' suits. There is a long Louis XIV. vest, with over-jacket, simply trimmed with one row

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of mohair braid, in black, or else use white Marseilles braid. This is also very pretty for pique. Price of pattern for this little boy's dress twenty-five cents.

We also give a pretty little suit, in gray linen, for a boy of three to four years. It has a kilted

skirt at the back, and gored fronts, buttoning either at the left side or down the front, as may be preferred. The little cut-away jacket is trimmed with a wide and narrow brown, black or white braid. There is a wide, turn-over collar. Also, trim the edge of skirt, sleeve and collar to match. Price of the pattern, twenty-five cents.

Next is a striped muslin. The skirt is trimmed with three cross-cut gathered flounces, hemmed at the edge; Princess Polonaise forming an elongated waist at the back, terminating in two pointed ends; a frill, sewn on with a heading, edges it. There is a cascade of bows down the front, with a muslin frill interlacing them. The sleeves are finished off with a double frill, and bows to match. Sixteen yards of lawn or organdie will be required. This is a particularly elegant costume, draping the figure in the most stylish manner. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

We give, also, a pretty and simple costume, suitable for any wash-goods, chintz, madras, gingham, or the beautiful, soft finish foulard chintz, known as toile d'Alsace. The under-skirt has two bands cut on the bias, one three inches deep, the other two and a half, simply stitched down by the machine. The Polonaise is cut double-breasted, and fastens all the way down the front with a double row of white or smoke-pearl buttons, slightly looped on the left side, where the seam of the side gore is left open for about twelve inches. The fullness of the back breadths is looped up here, as may be seen. A band, an inch and a half wide, cut on the bias, finishes the edge. The over-jacket, which

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is optional, fits the figure loosely, double-breasted in front, and with a rolling collar, the edge

finished to match the skirt. Pockets and cuffs cut bias, as may be seen. Sixteen to eighteen yards of chintz, for the entire suit. If yard-wide goods, sixteen yards. Price of pattern of Polonaise and jacket, seventy-five cents.

Next we give a traveling paletot. The material is a light water-proof dust cloth, or linen, if preferred. The trimmings are of braid of a deeper shade, and the buttons to match in color. The form is that of a long, loose paletot, buttoning the entire length of the front. The collar is square on the shoulders, and the sleeves are pagoda shape; the pocket on the right side terminates with loops of ribbon to match the braid.

This, as well as all the other costumes here given, are just from Paris. They are all the latest styles. Our subscribers, when they look at our patterns, do not see old-fashioned dresses, but the very best and newest French fashions. We seek to enable American women, in this particular, to rival the French. We have no interest in any dry-goods, mantua-making, or millinery establishment; no articles of our own to dispose

of; and therefore no temptation to recommend anything but the very latest and very prettiest fashions. In this respect we stand alone. No other magazine can say exactly the same.

Patterns of every-day dresses, or for costumes on colored fashion-plate, children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to.

All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents.

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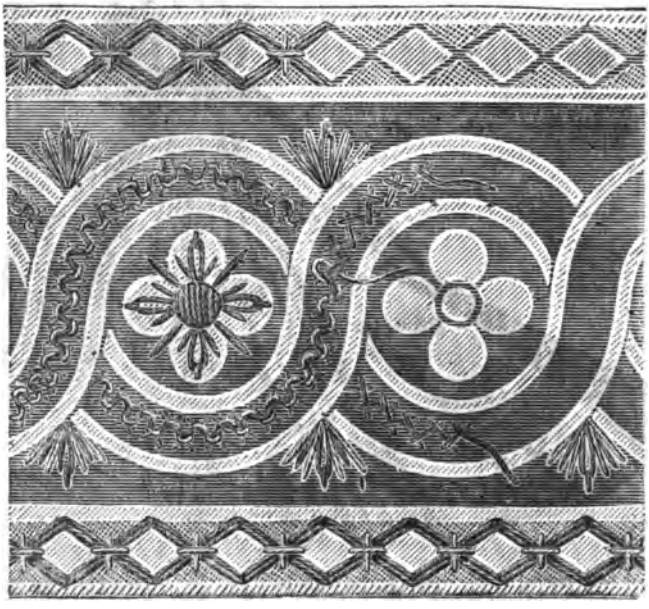
TABLE-COVER IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, designs for a butterfly and flower, in applique. We also give, in the front of the number, a page of butterflies, birds, etc., in outline, to be cut in any colors it may be desired. These are to be used in making one of those applique table-covers now so fashionable, and which can be so easily made, and yet with such very little expense.

Make the foundation for the cover of coarse linen, bleached or unbleached, or unbleached sheeting, the size desired. Ornament with birds or butterflies in cloth applique, or use both, alternating them. These are to be carefully tacked upon the foundation, and then button-hole the edges with colored silks. Gold-colored silk looks best for the edge; and then use them in various colors for the different linings upon the wings, etc.

We also give a stripe in damask work, which is now so fashionable. This might be added for



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the border of the cover. It may not be easy to purchase the exact pattern shown in our design, but the mode of working will give the idea to be employed in any similar design.

The material is damask linen, such as is used for stair-covers. Cut off the border, and work in these different stitches with the odds and ends of the silks left from doing the applique. Silks of only three colors are needed for this pattern, and the introduction of working through the herring-bone stitch with silk of two colors, is a novelty, simple and easy to copy.

These borders look well, done in colored zephyrs, and of course are much less expensive, and the mass of color so given is certainly more effective. Finish with a fringe of the different colored silks, or wools, and with a ball heading.

SKIRT, WITH TRAIN BALAYEUSE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a very useful skirt, with a train, and also a diagram, showing how it is to be made. In the "Chit-Chat" we describe how to enlarge these diagrams.

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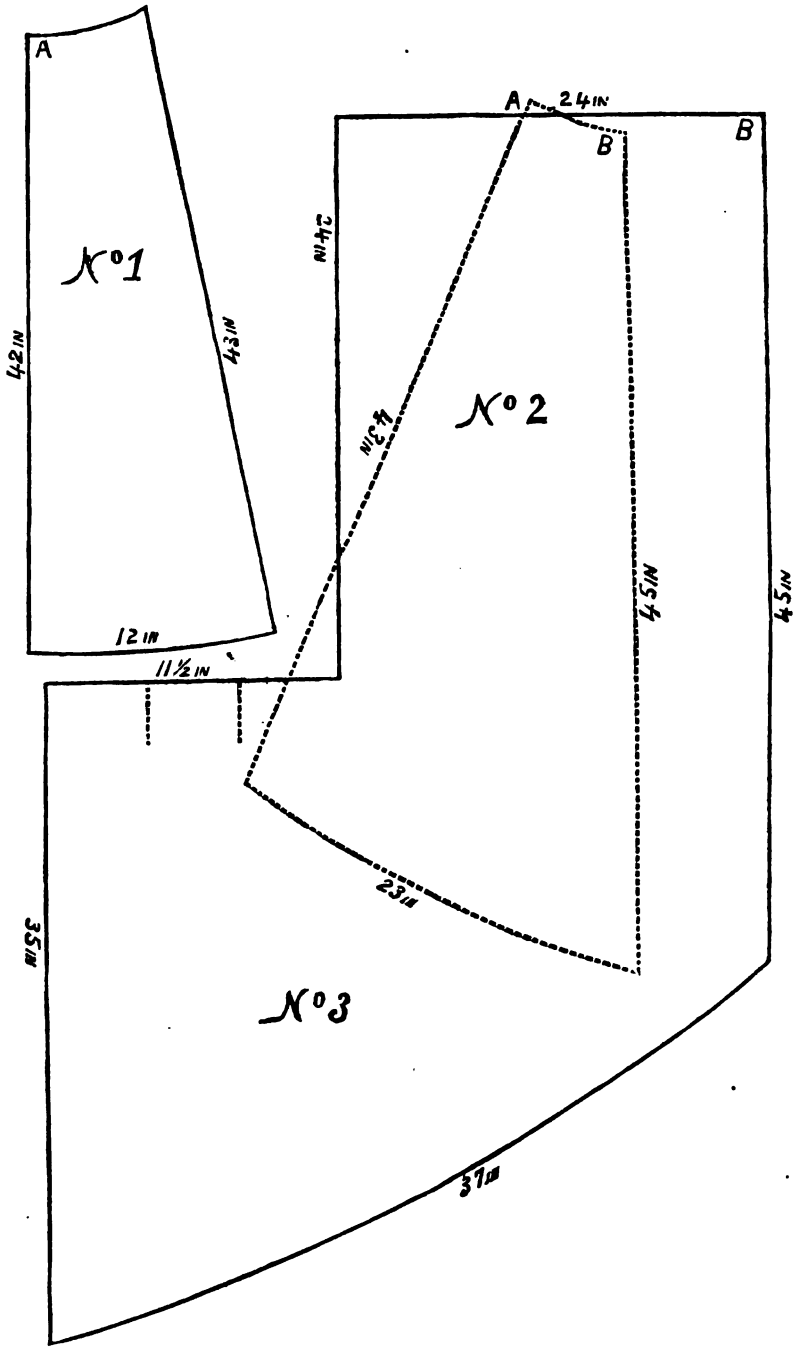

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF SIDE GORE. (See dotted lines.)
No. 3. HALF OF BACK. Dotted lines at the back show where the box-plait is put. Begin to sew at the top—the letters, A to A—B to B.

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KNITTED LACE IN IMITATION OF THE TORCHON LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This lace, if worked with fine crochet cotton, and very fine steel pins, is an exact imitation of the fashionable Torchon lace. Worked with knitting cotton No. 8, and pins No. 16, it is suitable for a border for counterpanes; it will also make a pretty border for Shetland shawls.

Cast on thirty-four stitches on one needle.

1st Row: Slip one, knit three, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, take two together, make one, purl three, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, make one, take two together at the back, * make one, take two together, Repeat from * five times more, knit one.

2d Row: Slip one, knit twenty-three, purl five, knit three; in the next stitch both knit and purl a stitch, knit one.

3d Row: Slip one, knit five, make one, take two together at the back, knit one, take two together, make one, purl five, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit two.

4th Row: Slip one, knit twenty-four, purl three, knit five, knit one, and purl one both in the same stitch, knit one.

5th Row: Slip one, knit seven, make one, knit three stitches together, make one, purl seven, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit one.

6th Row: Slip one, knit twenty-five, purl one, knit seven, knit one and purl one both in the same stitch, knit one.

7th Row: Slip one, knit six, take two together, make one, knit three, make one, take two together at the back, purl three, take two together, make one, knit three, take two together, make one, knit one from the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * four times more, knit two.

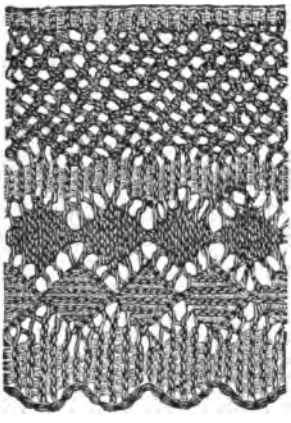
8th Row: Slip one, knit twenty-four, purl three, knit six, take two together, knit one.

9th Row: Slip one, knit four, take two together, make one, knit five, make one, take two together at the back, purl one, take two together, make one, knit three, take two together, make one, knit one at the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit one.

10th Row: Slip one, knit twenty-three, purl five, knit four, take two together, knit one.

11th Row: Slip one, knit two, take two together, make one, knit seven, make one, knit three together, make one, knit three, take two together, make one, knit one at the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit two.

12th Row: Slip one, knit twenty-one, pur seven, knit two, take two together, knit two. Repeat from 1st Row.



NEW DESIGN FOR PILLOW-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the first of the number, we give a new design for a pillow-case. Make of fine linen. Insert the edge, slightly full; button-hole it with French embroidery cotton. Finish with band to button. This end slips under the sheet, and is hid. Place the monogram in centre, if preferred.

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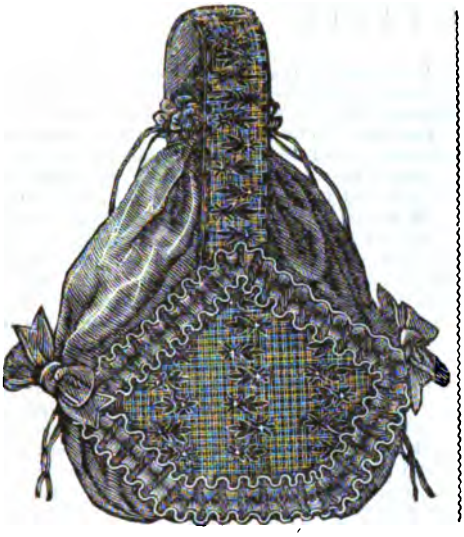
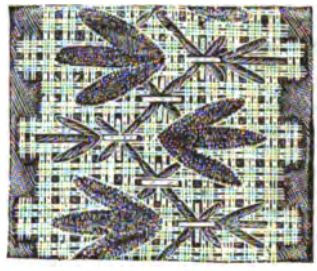
FANCY WORK-BASKET.

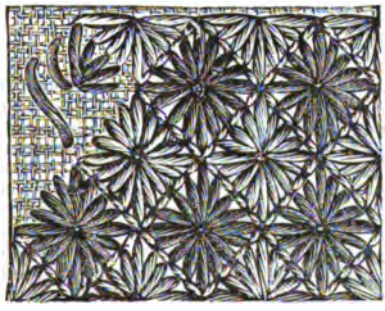
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Basket and handle of card-board, covered with gilt jardiniere canvas, embroidered with claret-colored chenille. Filoselle of the same shade and gold thread. We give a bit of the design in the original size. The basket is then fitted with a claret-colored silk bag, drawn up with a cord, and round each section of the canvas is a box-pleated ruching of claret-colored sarcenet ribbon. Rows of the latter are placed as shown in the illustration.

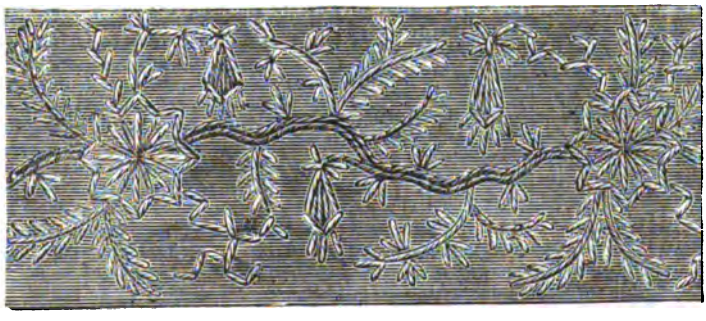


DESIGN IN BERLIN WOOL.



In two shades of wool, worked entirely in long stitches, suitable for mats, bags. slippers, etc,

EMBROIDERED GALOON.



This embroidered galoon is for dress-trimmings, and is in feather-stitch, in colored silks.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

UNDER "BLUE GLASS."—The newspapers have been filled, for months, with articles on "blue glass," some argumentative, some humorous, some statistical: some advocating it, others pronouncing it a "humbug." But there is an aspect of the "blue-glass" question, on which none of our cotemporaries have as yet touched.

Ever since the panic of '73, the country, in our opinion, has been under "blue glass" entirely too much. In other words, needlessly gloomy views have been taken of the future. People, as a rule, have retrenched more than was necessary. Economy has been carried too far. If nobody spends, nobody earns. It is all very well to stop buying, and think it a saving, but if, by so doing, you prevent others buying of you, how much better off are you in the end? And this is just the condition into which the country has reduced itself. It has made a bugbear of resumption; has retrenched and hoarded, right and left, to be prepared for it; and now finds itself with business everywhere depressed in consequence. It is the old story of feeding the horse, on less and less, till he was reduced to a thimbleful of oats a day, and then, just as the owner began to compliment himself on his success, lo! the horse died.

Now we call this one way of living under "blue glass." Another is to go about "croaking." The whole nation, for three years, if the plain truth must be spoken, has had a fit of the "blues." Instead of taking hopeful views of the future, people have taken desponding ones. Even the brave and cheerful have, in a degree, succumbed to these depressing surroundings. They could not help it. We are all, more or less, influenced by the atmosphere about us. Just as a despondent husband, or wife, affects the spirits of those in the household, so the tone of the public press, and the talk of private circles, have made the entire nation morbid.

Isn't it quite time to have done with this? People have, as a class, got out of debt long ago. Long ago has the community at large ceased to be extravagant. What we now need is, that money should be spent more freely. Don't be afraid. Indulge yourselves in a little bit of liberal living once more. Nothing else is needed to set the wheels of business going everywhere, and to inaugurate a new era of prosperity, and lasting, substantial prosperity at that. We have all been like cowards in the dark. Let us stop being afraid, and go boldly forward. The spectre will vanish at the first step.

TIDIES IN CROCHET.—In the front of the number, we give a pattern for a tidy in crochet, which, however, may also be worked on Java canvas, if preferred. We likewise give, on the same page, a pattern in crochet, which can be repeated, indefinitely, in any direction, so as to make a tidy of any shape. Sometimes long and narrow tidies, for example, are wanted for the backs of sofas; and for such a purpose this pattern will be found just the thing.

"AS A SPRING ROSE."—The Newport (Pa.) Ledger says of our last number: "Just received, and as fresh as a spring rose. It is astonishing to what perfection this publication is coming. This number far surpasses all others in beauty and taste."

ENLARGING OUR DIAGRAMS.—We have received various letters, from new subscribers, asking us how to enlarge our diagrams. We gave directions in our May number, but repeat them again for the benefit of these new subscribers. The best plan is to take some old muslin, and then, with the help of the tape-measure, begin to lay out the garment the size needed, following the diagram. First cut the front, measure the number of inches the diagram indicates down the front. Cut the required length straightwise of the cloth; next, make the slope for the neck; next, shape the shoulder, according to the number of inches given; then shape the arm-hole, (here it would be well to take the measure of some garment in use, of a good fit, and fit its measure across the bust; adapt this to the pattern you are cutting;) next, make the slope from the arm-hole to the end of the side-seam, according to the measurement, observing the proper curve; then cut off the required length, observing carefully the width indicated. On this mark off the darts (if any) with a lead-pencil, and the front is complete. Proceed in this manner with each of the several pieces given. This forms one-half of the entire pattern. Duplicate all the pieces, baste carefully together, and then, of course, the garment must be accurately fitted to the person, before cutting into the new material. A few trials, we are sure, will enable any one, with even little experience, to cut readily from any diagram, observing always to be particular about the measurements given, for all the parts are cut to fit accurately, inch for inch.

AN IMITATION.—Ground glass may be successfully imitated in the following manner: Cut from tissue-paper or white muslin, fancy figures, and then, with transparent gum or paste, fasten the paper or muslin on the glass. Glass doors and windows, covered in this way, need no other screen to keep out questioning eyes or unpleasant sights. The same end may be obtained by applying to the windows, with a brush, a hot saturated solution of sal ammoniac, or of Glauber's salts, or of Epsom salts. The crystalizations, in the first instance, will be in straight lines, diverging from a point. The Epsom salts will form four-sided prisms, and the Glauber's salts six-sided prisms. A perfect and beautiful screen may thus be obtained.

SUCH AN ARRAY of contributors as "Peterson" monthly exhibits, no other lady's-book can show. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," the author of "The Second Life," etc., etc. Very few ladies' magazines spend as much, *in a whole year*, on original novelets and stories, as we spend on a single number. We are constantly, also, adding writers of originality and freshness. It is not only in our steel-engravings, and colored steel fashion-plates, that we claim to excel, but in our literary contents, also. In a word, in everything we give, we seek to give the best.

"A NECESSITY."—The Colfax (Ind.) Enterprise says of this magazine: "After the first visit, 'Peterson' not only becomes a favorite, but a necessity, in the household, and besides being a medium of fashion without a rival, its pages are replete with other useful and interesting knowledge."

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EXTRA COPY FOR A PREMIUM.—A lady writes to ask how many subscribers, and at what price each, she must send us, in a club, in order to be entitled to an extra copy of the magazine for her premium. The Prospectus would answer her, if she would consult it; but we will reply here also. Our terms, when we give an extra copy, and that only, for getting up the club, are—

4	names at	$1.70	each,	or	$6.80	in all.
5	" "	1.60	"	"	8.00	"
8	" "	1.50	"	"	12.00	"

We will add that, when an additional name is sent, in either of these clubs, at the price paid by the rest of the club, then a premium engraving in addition is given to the person getting up the club: the "Cornwallis," if none is selected, or, if another is preferred, then any one that is asked for in place of the "Cornwallis." But read carefully the Prospectus, on the second page of the cover.

A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, but prefer to commence with the July one. But back numbers, from January inclusive, can be supplied, when desired. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to add to clubs. *Additions to Clubs* may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If additional subscribers are sent, enough to make up a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Specimens sent, gratis, to canvass with. *It is still in time*, we repeat, to get up clubs. Nowhere else will you get so much for your money.

"WITHIN REACH."—The Southern (Miss.) Herald says of "Peterson," that "its low price places it within the reach of nearly every household. A more acceptable present could not be made to wife, daughter, sister, or lady-love, than the year's subscription to 'Peterson,' and we are sure that by no other investment would the same sum of money procure an equal amount of pleasure and profit."

"TOO MANY ANGLES."—We once heard a shrewd observer say of another, that "he had too many angles about him, ever to get along." How true that is! People don't like to be running against sharp angles; they prefer civility, good temper, and liberality of opinion.

"CHERRY-RIPE."—This is after one of the best recent pictures of the celebrated Meyer Von Bremen. Where do you see such steel-plates as in "Peterson?"

FOR A PHILOPŒNA, anything is suitable to send, which the sender can afford, and thinks pretty. It is a matter of taste entirely.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Annals of A Baby. By One of Its Slaves. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*—The success of "Helen's Babies" has led to a perfect flood of books in the same general vein. Of these, the present is one of the most popular. It must not, however, be considered an imitation. On the contrary, it is quite original and fresh. The story tells how the baby was weaned, how it was nursed, how it was a tyrant, and how its nose got out of joint; also, about its aunties, grandfathers, grandmothers, and other relations; all graphically, and with humor. The volume is neatly printed.

Dot and Dime. By One Who Knows All About Them. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—This is a story, as the title-page says, of "two characters in ebony." It has considerable interest, and will help to while away an hour.

A Modern Mephistopheles. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is another of the "No Name Series" of novels, recently begun by this enterprising firm. The idea of publishing a series of anonymous fictions, so as to keep curiosity alive as to the probable writers, was an excellent one, and has been quite justified by the results. Every new book that comes out re-awakens discussion, as to whether it can be attributed to this or that well-known author, and keeps alive the interest in the series, to an even greater extent than the literary merits of the works deserve, though that is by no means inconsiderable. For our own part, we think we recognize a familiar hand in "A Modern Mephistopheles." It is not easy for an author of established reputation, and positive manner, to disguise his or her style. It would not be fair to the publishers, however, to indicate our suspicion.

The Wife's Trials. By Miss Julia Pardoe. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of a novel that was extremely popular, when it first came out, and that ought to be just as popular with the new readers of this generation. It is a love-story, as all novels should be, in a greater or less degree, if they are to be read at all. We have no patience with the would-be subtle bits of analysis, which, under the name of fictions, are now poured in such floods on the public. When we sit down to read a novel, we do not wish to be taken into a mental dissecting-room; we want something more healthy and cheerful, and, we will even confess, more romantic. Hence it is we recommend "The Wife's Trials."

My Son's Wife. By the author of "Caste." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the second of the "Dollar Series" of novels, recently begun by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and intended to furnish works of accepted reputation, in good style, at little more than half the old price. For instance, this volume, as well as that which preceded it, originally sold for a dollar and three-quarters, but is now published, with the same type, with equally good paper, but very much more beautifully bound, for one dollar. The story, too, is a superior one, even better than "Country Quarters," which we noticed recently. The book, at its low price, ought to have an enormous sale.

The Man With Five Wives. By Alexander Dumas. 1 *vol.* 8 *vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Everything that the elder Dumas wrote was at least vivacious, even if sometimes over-strained, and this is no exception to the rule. It is just the book to keep one from stagnating on a sultry summer afternoon. The interest of the story does not flag for a single moment.

How To Teach. By Nelson Seger. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—A work that undertakes, from the standpoint of phrenology, to show how children should be taught, giving proper attention, for example, to temperament, mental development, etc., etc. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, and adorned with a portrait of the author.

A Hand-Book of Fruit Culture. By Thomas Gregg. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—A very excellent guide to the proper cultivation and management of fruit trees, and of grapes and small fruits. The work also gives condensed descriptions of many of the best and most popular varieties. The text is illustrated quite fully.

The Flirt. By the author of "The Gambler's Wife." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A well-told story, of the good, old-fashioned kind, that pretends only to amuse and interest. It is a love-story. The volume is an octavo, and handsomely bound.

Will It Be? By Mrs. Helen J. Ford. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—A pleasant little story, published in a neat style, in paper covers; a very convenient form for railway travelers to buy.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—Certainly no other magazine ever received so much, and such sincere commendation, from editors generally, as "Peterson." Said one, from a distant state, who dropped into our office recently, "Why, twenty years ago, when I was a boy, my mother took 'Peterson,' and we all thought, even then, it had the best stories in the world; and I have known it ever since, and it gets better and better, and I am glad to see you personally, and tell you so." Says the Frankford (Pa.) Gazette: "The last number is a superb one. We do not see how a lady can do without this magazine, for it combines more attractions, and for a less price, than any other. Such pleasant stories, splendid engravings, handsome fashion designs, and acceptable poetry, can be found in its pages, that we only need tell our lady readers that the book is out, to set them a longing for it." The Milan (Mo.) Republican says: "Peterson's Magazine is universally regarded as one of the finest magazines in the country, and decidedly the cheapest, taking into consideration its beautiful illustrations and large amount of reading matter." The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says: "Peterson's Magazine is more attractive than ever. It is something that every household should be in possession of. It is useful in every department." We could quote hundreds of similar opinions. We give these few as samples only, and to show our fair subscribers that their good taste, in preferring "Peterson," is endorsed by the newspapers, the public at large, and in fact by everybody.

THE GREAT MILLINERY and Fancy Goods Establishment of E. Ridley & Sons, Grand, cor. Allen Sts., New York City, contains fifty-nine different departments, and each department is replete with fresh and seasonable goods, comprising a variety that cannot be enumerated, except in a catalogue, which is sent free on application. Orders by mail receive special attention.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

DOES IT INJURE THE SKIN?—This delightful Toilet Preparation, Laird's "Bloom of Youth," has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health, and declared in no way injurious to the skin or health.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

VII.—QUALIFICATIONS OF THE NURSE.—CONCLUDED.

ECONOMY.—Sometimes the general management of the domestic affairs of the family devolves entirely upon the nurse, whilst the maternal head is confined to a bed of sickness.

In such cases, which are by no means rare, especially among the middle and poorer classes, habits of ECONOMY, as well as those of industry, on the part of a nurse, constitute a recommendation to the toil-worn husband, of no trivial importance. Here is a position in life, in which we see the beauty, as well as the value, of proper education of daughters in early life; for when thus taught to set a proper value upon frugality, they cannot readily divest themselves of this early-implanted habit in after years. A nurse, therefore, possessed of a proper moral sense, will scrupulously guard her employer against wasteful extravagance, when his household affairs are surrendered into her hands or keeping. And she, who is not fully alive to the responsible trust, and to the confidence placed in her at such times, is unworthy of the name of nurse—nay, more, of WOMAN.

The writer, who has visited the sick-room, professionally, for over thirty years, has very frequently been mortified and pained to see this carelessness, or want of thought, manifested on the part of the nurse. And in scores of instances has he been obliged, unwillingly, to listen to complaints from the distressed, care-worn, and debt-burdened husband, that his increased household expenses are far more serious considerations than the incidental "doctor-bill."

DISCRETION may be held to be the last, but by no means the least, of essential qualifications appertaining to a nurse. Addison certainly had a proper conception of this quality of mind, when he wrote, "If a person wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world"—really an axiomatic truth when applied to woman in the sacred capacity of nurse, to whom family secrets, and private domestic concerns, become necessarily more or less patent. Such being her position, and relation to husband and wife, she is frequently made, through force of circumstances, a confidant of the patient, and unhappily, too, sometimes becomes acquainted with many of her private and domestic affairs, which she would fain conceal, or maybe most reluctantly imparts. Under any and all circumstances, the nurse should ever be discreet enough to hold such involuntary or constrained information inviolate—to bury such knowledge, thus obtained, deep in the abyss of secresy, and be most guarded and prudent in her communications with others. *She must positively have no confidants*—not even one *dear* friend, to share these privacies with. There is, perhaps, no situation in life where this trait of character can be shown more conspicuously for good or for evil, than in the capacity of nurse.

Discretion is the helm of a Christian's life, by which we are enabled to steer our little bark safely over the tempestuous seas of human affairs, into a haven of safety, success, and happiness.

A paper or two will next be devoted to the "Duties of the Nurse in General," when this part of the subject will close, to be followed by more practical details.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SANITARY AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose. Whatever promotes a comfortable and harmless state of mind, promotes health.

Men consume too much food and too little pure air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

Very many diseases are laid at the door of "the weather." It is the want of weather which brings multitudes in our large towns to untimely graves.

In small quantities, and occasionally, many things may be eaten with advantage, which, if eaten continuously for weeks and months, or in inordinate amounts, would occasion serious results.

Persons may outgrow disease, and become healthy, by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise men may become strong in limb and muscle.

Pads and supporters are all pernicious, and worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without an unnatural strain on some other part, and to that extent tend to disease that part.

To all young persons, to the student, to the sedentary,

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and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life; without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, in the morning; it is a barbarity. Let them awake of themselves.

Relative to changing the clothing, we consider it hazardous to lessen its amount after dressing in the morning, unless active exercise is taken immediately. No under-garments should be changed for lighter ones during the day ordinarily. The best, safest, and most convenient time for lessening the clothing is in the morning, when we first dress for the day.

FLOWER-TALKS FOR JULY.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

Garden-Work for the Season.—I have said nothing about the arrangement of garden-beds, because I consider that the planning and arranging of them is one of the pleasantest parts of garden-work, and is best left to the good taste of the owner of the garden. And then, any directions that might be given would necessarily have to be so modified to suit different garden-plats, that it is much better to let the amateur arrange her beds to suit her own fancy. If she does not choose to do this, the directions in the catalogues are so explicit, that there is no need for any here.

Bedding-plants, which have been sent by mail or express, should be shaded for a few days after setting out, and well-watered. If any branches have been bruised in the transit, it is better to cut them back to where the wood is sound and healthy. After the beds have been arranged and planted, there will not be much work required except in keeping the ground loose and clean, and cutting back straggling branches. Geraniums are apt to be awkward-looking plants, unless well trimmed, and made to grow in good shape. This can be easily done, if you keep watch of them, and promptly check any tendency to lopsidedness, by pinching off the branch. Other branches will start at once, and the plant will not only be of better shape by the pinching-in process, but will bloom more profusely. Verbenas should be made to grow where you want them, by fastening the new branches to the ground with little sticks or bits of wire. Never attempt to make a verbena in the garden climb on a trellis, as I have sometimes seen attempted. The natural inclination of the plant is to creep, and it will bloom well in other ways; and if allowed to do this, it will soon cover the ground completely.

Plants raised from seeds, need rather more care in the garden, in the early stages of their growth, than bedding-plants. You must see that all sickly plants are promptly replaced by healthy ones, and you must stir the soil about them carefully, until they get well to growing, and have plenty of roots. If planted too close together at first, cut out, and let the thriftiest have plenty of room.

Soap-suds I find to be a good pulverizer for garden-plants, but prefer to have the soil made rich enough at first, to require no additional stimulant to growing plants. Too much richness has a tendency to produce rampant growth and fewer flowers.

The ricinus, which may be planted in June, makes a fine tropical effect on a lawn, either singly, or in groups, when well grown. It has immense leaves, of a rich, metallic lustre, and of a dark color, and will grow to eight and ten feet by fall. To grow it to perfection, make the soil very rich and deep, and give it all the manure it can absorb. As its flowers are of no account, the faster its growth can be encouraged, the better satisfaction the plant affords. But it must on no account be planted until after frost, and is very tender.

HORTICULTURAL.

Artificial Water, and Plants.—Whoever is fortunate enough to possess what our English friends term "a bit of water," has an effective element of beauty which the larger portion of our finer places lack. Many a "pond-hole" or streamlet, looked upon as a nuisance by its owner, might, with a little good taste, be transformed into an attractive feature. We need not go beyond our own native flora to find the necessary material for decorating the margin of water, or for forming what has been very properly termed the "bog-garden." In the water itself may be grown, with little trouble, the *Nymphæa odorata*, which will abundantly repay us with its wealth of deliciously fragrant white flowers. Along the borders, where the soil is wet, the Side-Saddle Flower or (*Sarracenia purpurea*,) will always prove an attractive object, with its broadly-winged, pitcher-shaped leaves, and dark purple blooms. The rare *Helenias bullata*, with its smooth, bright-green foliage, and purple flowers, arranged in a dense raceme on a stem one or two feet high, is very beautiful. Even the common Arrow-Head (*Sagittaria variabilis*,) with its many unique and attractive forms, is an excellent plant for the bog-garden, thriving with very little care. These are only a few of the many interesting and valuable aquatic and sub-aquatic plants to be found in most situations.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

Hunt The Ring.—This is the more possible form of Hunt the Slipper. A circle is made, and a piece of tape or string is obtained, sufficiently long to reach all round on the inside. A ring is then slipped on to it, and the two ends are tied together. Each of the players takes hold of the tape or string with both hands, and the person whom lot or choice has marked out for the victim, standing in the middle of the circle, is next made to turn round three times, (without shutting his eyes, or submitting to any other disadvantage,) and is then let loose to hunt for the ring. The object of the rest of the players is, of course, to prevent his catching it, and they pass it from one to the other, covering it with their hands as rapidly as possible. If a constant backward and forward motion of the hand is kept up, it will be found extremely difficult to discover where it is, so as to stop it before it disappears. As in the fairy tale, it will often be seen to gleam, but only to disappear when an effort is made to grasp it, and the victim's only chance is the greatest rapidity in opening and shutting every hand round the circle, to each of which he has immediate access so soon as he has touched it. It is unfair to pass the ring from under a hand after it has been touched, and before it has been opened, and the player in whose possession it is finally found becomes in turn the victim. This is a very merry and most entertaining game.

Blind-Man's Wand.—This is a quieter form of the old game of blind-man's buff. The blind man is placed in the centre of the room with a short wand in his hand, and the rest of the players form a circle, and gallop round him to a lively measure. When they have gone round two or three times, the music ceases, and the blind man then extends his wand in any direction he pleases. The person toward whom it points must take it, and the blind man then makes three noises, such as the crowing of a cock, the squeaking of a pig, and the braying of a donkey; or he may pronounce three vowels or three words, which the person designated must imitate; or else, as is sometimes allowed, may ask three questions, which must be answered. If from the lights obtained in either of these manners, the blind man is able to guess the name of the person

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holding the other end of the wand, they change places; but if he fails, the game proceeds in the same way until he is more fortunate. Of course, those to whom the wand is presented must disguise their voices as much as possible, in making the requisite answers or imitations.

SHADOW BUFF.—The victim in this game is seated on one side of a sheet, held or fastened perpendicularly. On the other side, at some distance, is placed a single lamp, and each of the players passes in succession before it, so as to throw the shadow of the profile on to the sheet, from which alone the name of the person is to be guessed. A great opportunity is thus given for deception of the most varied kind. Hats, wigs, and disguises of every description, are allowable, and the players can in this manner render themselves quite undistinguishable, the one from the other. The different effect which may be produced by a mere change in the arrangement of the hair, or the adoption of the slightest form of head-dress, is something quite startling; and the victim must be clever indeed if he does not beg to be replaced in a very short time. As the quality of mercy is to be encouraged, such a petition should not be always rejected, the more so as a change of victims adds to the interest of the game, by producing a necessity for fresh disguises.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, JAMS, ETC.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put two quarts of ripe raspberries in a covered vessel, and pour upon them one quart of vinegar. Let it stand for a day and a night; then strain it through a sieve, and be careful not to press them. Then pour the same vinegar over two quarts of fresh raspberries, and repeat the same process; then to each pint of this vinegar put one pound of sugar. Let it stand so that the sugar can dissolve gradually. Put it into a stone jar, in a kettle containing water; let the water boil for an hour; skim it well. Cork and seal it.

Blackberry Jelly.—Put the fruit in a stone jar; set the jar in a pot of cold water; put a few small sticks on the bottom of the pot, to keep the jar from breaking. When the water boils around the jar, and the fruit is soft, take it out and squeeze out the juice by putting the berries in a bag. To each pint of juice put one pound of sugar; put it in a skillet, and when it comes to a boil, watch it that it does not burn. Let it boil until it jellies. It takes about twenty minutes.

Blackberry Cordial.—Two quarts of blackberry juice, one pound of loaf-sugar, four grated nutmegs, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, quarter of an ounce of ground cloves, and quarter of an ounce of ground allspice; simmer these all together for thirty minutes in the sauce-pan, tightly covered to prevent evaporation; strain through a cloth, when cold, and then add one pint of the very best French brandy. Bottle and cork tightly.

Raspberry Jam.—Weigh equal quantities of fruit and sugar; put the fruit into a preserving kettle; boil and mash it; let it boil very quickly, and stir constantly. When most of the juice is wanted, add the sugar, and boil it to a fine jam. Jam made in this way is of a finer color than when the sugar is put in first.

Blackberry Vinegar.—To three quarts of berries put one of vinegar; let it stand for three days; then strain it; and to one pint of juice put one pound of sugar; put it into a kettle over a slow fire; skim it as it boils. Let it boil for half an hour, and bottle for use.

DESSERTS.

Custards.—Take a pint and a half of new milk and half a pint of cream; beat the yolks of fourteen or sixteen eggs; add the milk and cream to them, a little at a time, then strain, and add three ounces of loaf-sugar. Put all into a sauce-pan, and keep stirring it one way all the time, until it thickens. It must not boil, or it will turn to curd. Pour into a jug; add five drops of almond flavoring, and add a little brandy. A pinch of isinglass put in the sauce-pan with the ingredients, makes the custard firmer.

Rice Souffle.—Boil two ounces of rice in milk, add the yolks of two eggs, a little sugar, and some candied orange-peel; boil it again, and make a wall with it round the edge of a pie-dish. Have ready some apples, pared, and the cores scooped out; stew these apples in a little lemon-juice and sugar, filling the apertures with candied sweetmeats. Fill the pie-dish with the apples, and cover them with the whites of eggs beaten to a froth, with white sifted sugar. Harden it in a cool oven.

Pancake Pudding.—Make a few thin small pancakes, fry them a light brown, spread them with currant and apricot jam alternately, and roll them. Place them all round a mould, make some custard, and pour into the middle, strewing it with the bits of the pancakes cut off in fitting them round the mould. Cover the whole with a small, thin pancake, and steam it for two hours.

Junket.—Heat three pints of milk in a sauce-pan till slightly warm; sweeten to taste; then add three large teaspoonfuls of essence of rennet; stir well; add a claret glassful of rum or brandy; stir again, and at once pour the mixture into your junket-bowl, and leave it undisturbed for about two hours. Just before serving, grate nutmeg over the top.

To Make Apple Dumplings.—Roll a crust large enough to cover an apple; have the apple peeled and cored; put a little sugar and cinnamon in the place of the core; roll the crust round the apple; tie it in a small cloth. Put the dumplings into boiling water, and boil one hour. Serve with sauce made of flour and sugar, and a little butter.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BROWN SILK AND BLUE DAMASK GAUZE.—The front of the dress is of the gauze, with bias folds curved across it, of the silk; the train at the back is made of the brown silk only; the deep cuirass basque is composed of both the brown silk and blue gauze, and finished with a trimming of blue gimp; the sleeves are of the brown silk, with gauze cuffs. Bonnet of chestnut-brown straw, trimmed with full wreaths of forget-me-nots.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF PERCALE.—The lower skirt is of plain pink percale, trimmed with percale, striped in white, blue, and pink, the over-dress and basque are of the blue, white, and pink-striped percale, trimmed with bands of the plain pink, and a ruffle of the striped; deep umbrella-shaped pocket of the pink percale. Coarse straw hat, turned up on one side, and trimmed with pink ribbon and cock's plumes.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF DELICATE GREEN DAMASSEE GAUZE, OVER GREEN SILK.—The green silk skirt has a narrow-plaited ruffle in front, and a deeper one at the back; the gauze skirt is really in one, but is trimmed to look like three skirts, with silk embroidery and white plaited organdy ruffles; it is looped up with deep crimson roses. The deep basque waist is trimmed with white embroidery and organdy ruffles, and a long trail of red roses. Red roses in the hair.

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FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TULLE OVER WHITE SILK, with an over-dress of light-blue damassee gauze. The under-dress has plaitings of the tulle, edged with the blue gauze; the over-dress is shawl-shaped, and deep in front, and is fastened under a large bow, and bunch of flowers at the end of the coat-basque at the back; this coat-basque forms a rounded basque in front, has a wide plait at the back when it is laced the whole length, and is trimmed all around with a plaiting of tulle; tulle berthe and sleeves. Crimson roses in the hair.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF YELLOW BATISTE, trimmed with an embroidered ruffle of the same material. The right side of the dress folds under the ruffle, which is set on in a square slope at the bottom of the deep basque waist; the dress is trimmed with cardinal-red ribbon bows. Hat of coarse straw, turned up on one side, and trimmed with a plume and cardinal-red silk.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, BACK.—This is described at length in our "Every-Day Department," to which refer.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FRONT.—Same dress, described at length in our "Every-Day Department."

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with a black, figured gauze train and basque. The basque is lengthened out at the back in long widths, that form the train. This basque is cut in a turret shape just in front, and is trimmed with black satin and a profusion of white blonde lace; white tulle ruffle around the neck, and crossed on the bosom. A bunch of violets is placed on the left side, just above the satin bow.

FIG. IX.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK-BLUE BUNTING.—The over-skirt is finished with a wide galoon around the bottom, and is buttoned all the way down the front; the deep jacket is shorter at the back than in front, is nearly tight-fitting, and is trimmed with a wide galoon; the large collar is also trimmed with the galoon. A bow, with long ends, ties the jacket just below the collar. Many rows of braid, put on by a sewing machine, would make as effective a trimming as the galoon. Yellow straw hat, trimmed with dark-blue silk, and a large bunch of buttercups.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give two hats, the first of coarse straw, trimmed with leaves, scarlet berries, and flowers, and suitable for garden and undress wear. The second hat, for traveling, is of black straw, trimmed with an ecru or gray gauze veil, loosely twisted about the crown, and having a black and white wing on one side. Also a straw bonnet, turned up in front, trimmed with pomegranate-red silk, and a long yellow plume.

The head-dress is suitable for evening; the front hair is arranged in waved bandeaux, intermixed with light loops. The long curls at the back are tied at the left side of the nape of the neck; on the right side, at the top of the head, are two ostrich tips, which match the bow in color.

The thin fabrics for summer dresses are innumerable. They are of all qualities and colors, figured, striped, and plain, and are usually made in a Polonaise or Princesse dress, draped over a silk skirt, or combined in some way with silk in scarf style, etc. The organdies are unusually beautiful, and can be made up over silk, or over chintz or percale, of the color of the dress.

Pockets are still worn, but are suppressed in many of the new dresses, as they got to be so exaggerated in size and style, and have become so common. Belts or waist-bands are very much worn, but sewed on at the seam under the arm, not reaching all the way around the back. These belts are made of the same material as the waist of the dress usually, though sometimes the skirt material is used. They are fastened with any large, old-fashioned looking buckle.

MITTS of black mohair, in the old style, are seen on the street, in the place of gloves. They are quite expensive at first, but are much more durable, and much cooler than gloves. The very long mitts of silk, in various colors, are only worn for evening dress.

BONNETS have been so overloaded with flowers, that some of the most stylish ones are appearing with much less trimming, and prove a relief. Velvet strings are most fashionably worn with straw bonnets. This is positively a freak of fashion, for during the winter months light lace strings were *de rigueur*. But these simple bonnets are by no means the rule; there are bonnets all flowers, and others all feathers. A wreath of forget-me-nots, with a tuft of ripe cherries and garnet velvet strings, composes one bonnet; blue feathers and pompons of yellow narcissus another, and so on.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE.—It is made quite without fullness in front, but has deep kilt plaits at the back; the jacket has a large, square collar; is cut up to the waist at the back, and is trimmed like the skirt, with three rows of white-figured trimming braid. Brown straw hat, turned up at the side, trimmed with a bright ring, and brown cord and tassel.

FIG. II.—LITTLE BOY'S SUMMER OVER-COAT OF LIGHT-GRAY ALPACA.—It is quite long, buttons all the way down the front, and the collar, pocket, and cuffs, are trimmed with gray alpaca braid. Round straw hat.

FIG. III.—BRETON SUIT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The jacket and skirt are both made of dark-blue percale; the skirt is quite plain, but the jacket is trimmed down the sides, around the bottom, and across the vest front, top and bottom, with a band of blue and red figured, striped percale. Mother-of-pearl buttons ornament each side of the jacket.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE, CUT IN THE PRINCESS SHAPE.—It is plain, and buttoned down the front; a wide insertion passes from the shoulders down the sides, and around the lower part of the skirt at the back; the dress fits almost close to the figure at the back, and has a pocket on the left side. White straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon and plume.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE BUNTING.—The under-skirt is quite plain; the over-dress is also plain, cut to fit the figure at the back, with points in front, and it buttons across from the right shoulder to the left side, and then down the front; it is edged with a bias of dull-red bunting. Bonnet of white pique.

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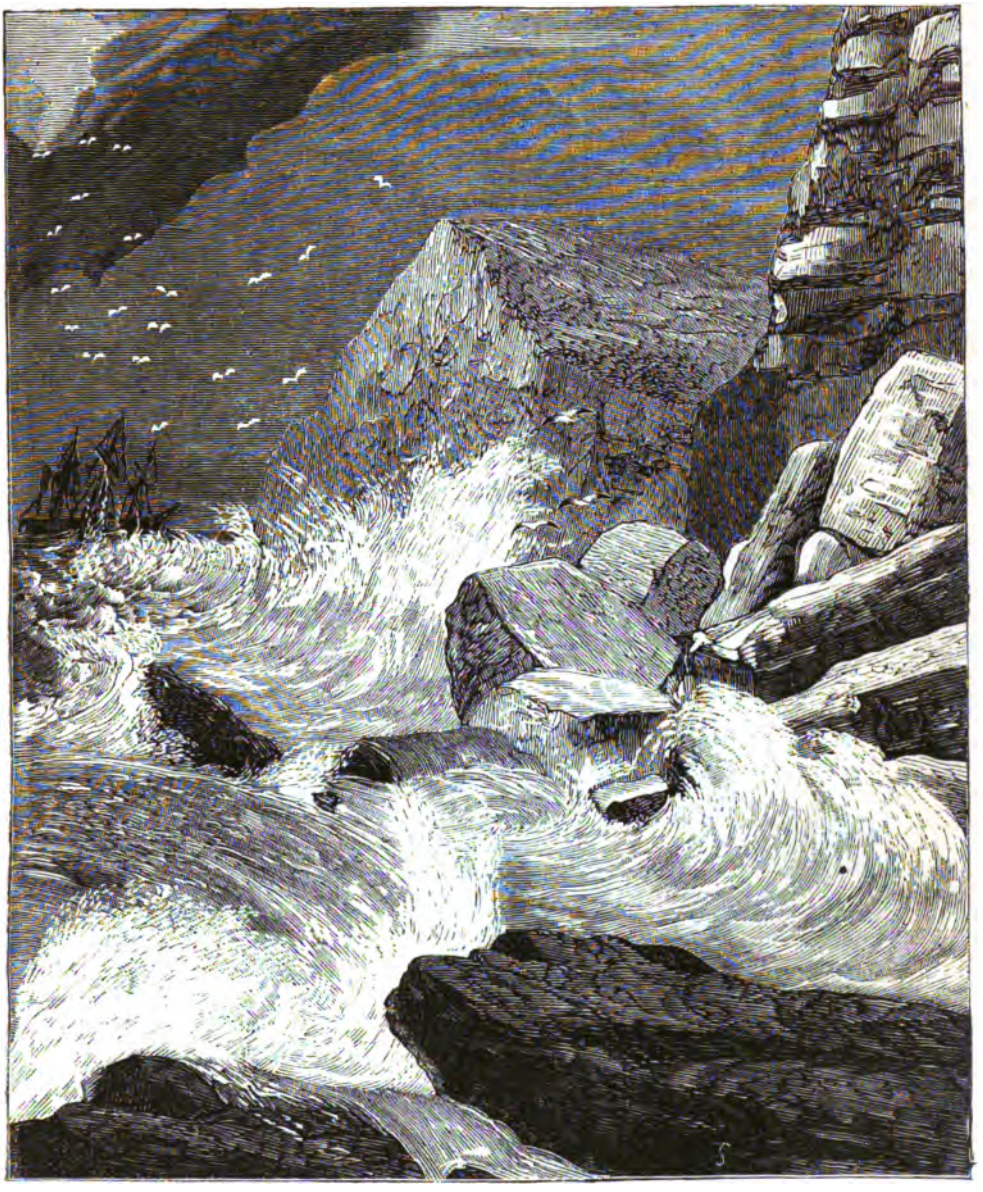

THE WRECK. [*See the Story, "My Love-Story."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. DOUBLE BOW.

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WATERING PLACE COSTUME. SUMMER BONNET.

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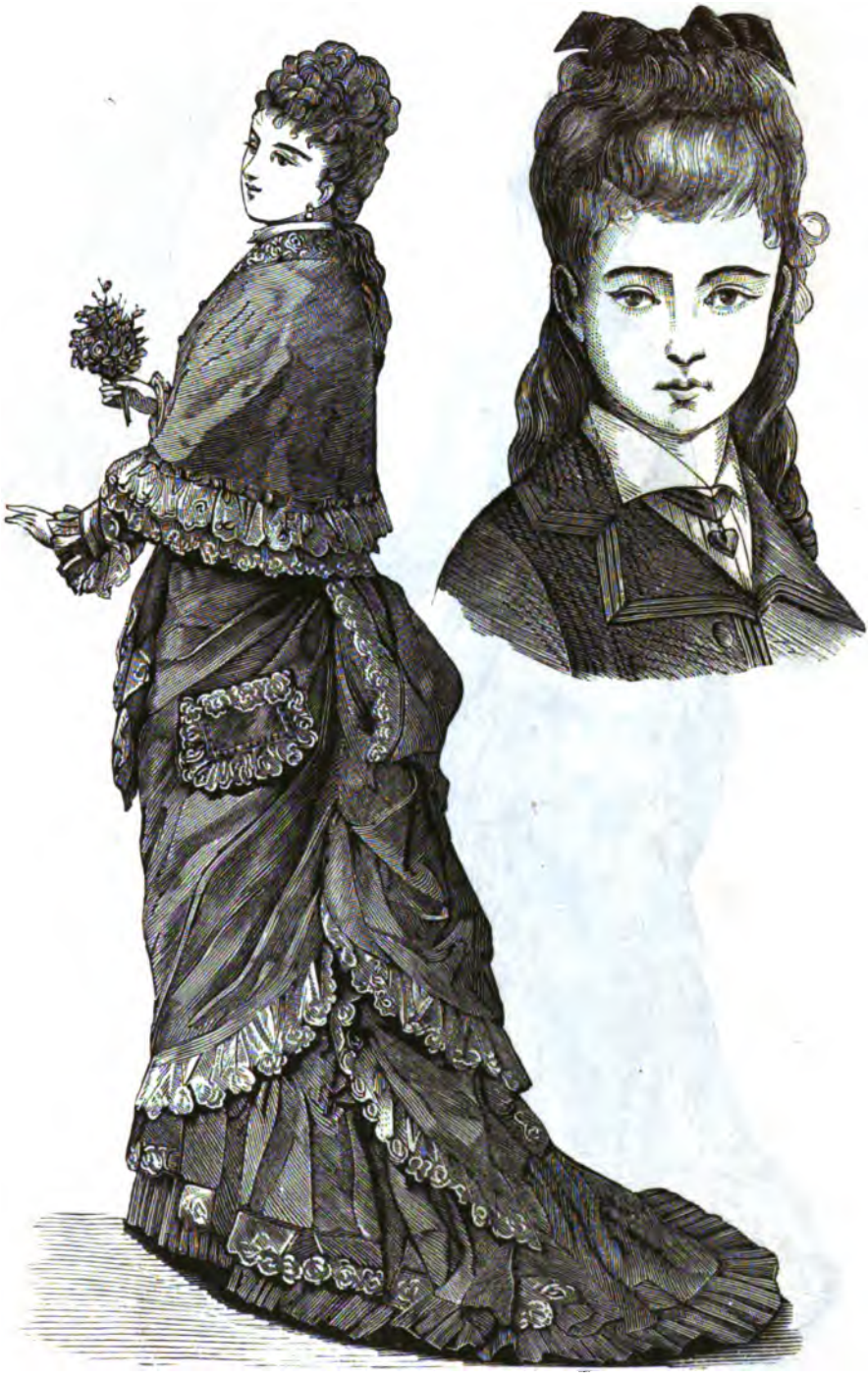

CAMBRIC DRESS. YOUNG GIRL'S HEAD DRESS.

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WALKING DRESS OF LAWN. MITTS.

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WALKING DRESS. LINEN SLEEVES.

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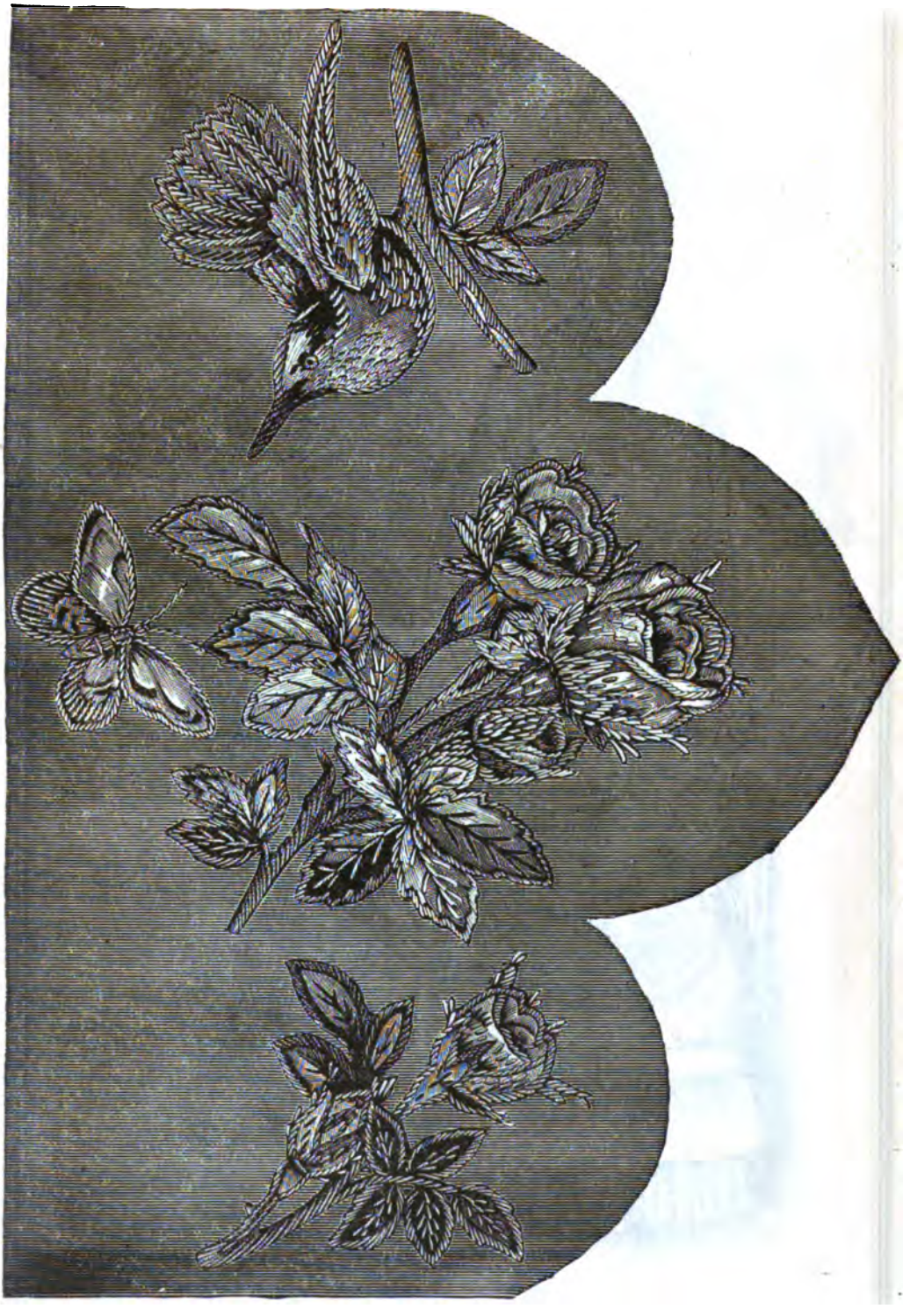

LAMBREQUIN FOR BRACKET.

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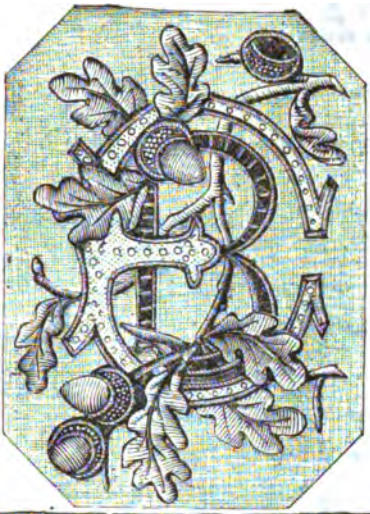

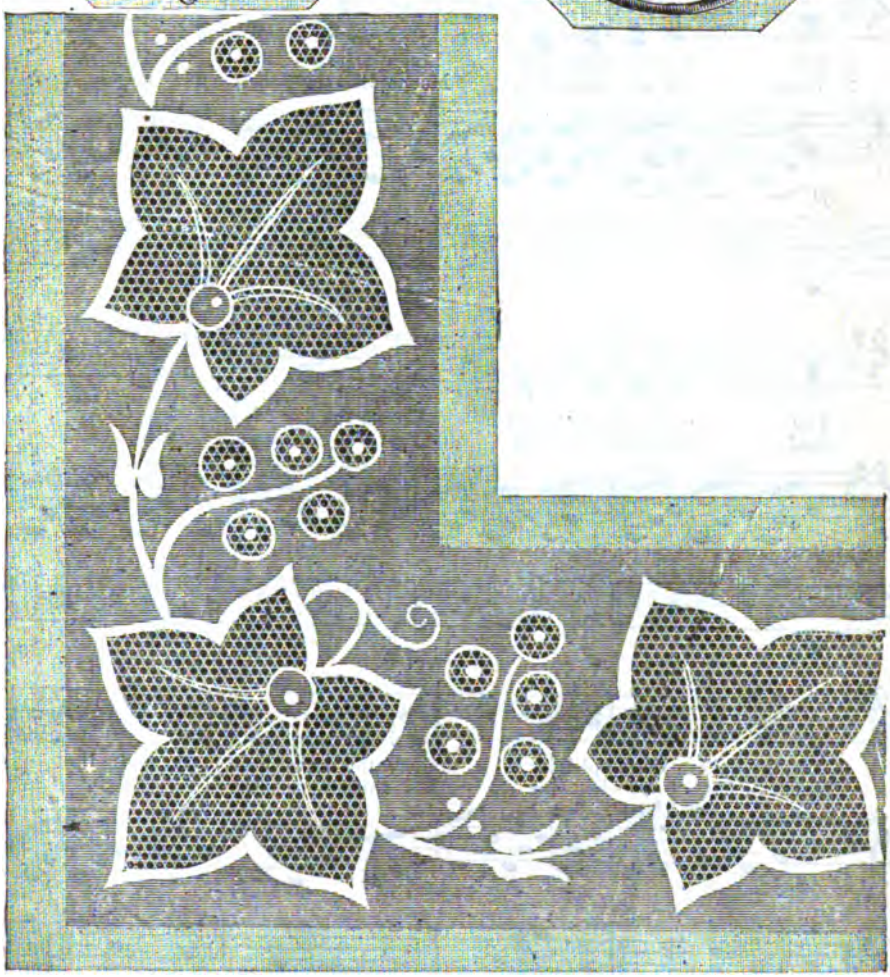

COVER FOR PILLOW CASE. MONOGRAMS.

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*JUANITA.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Phila.

A Spanish Ballad. By Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Piano.

Allegretto. *mf*

p

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain Ling'r - ing falls the south - ern moon;
2. When, in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

p

Far o'er the mount - ain Breaks the day too soon!
And day-light beam - ing Prove thy dreams are vain,

In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

*Pronounced "Waneta," placing the accent on e.

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Slower.

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by?

Slower.

A tempo.

Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me ling - er by thy side!

A tempo.

p

Ni - ta! Jau - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Ni - ta! Jau - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

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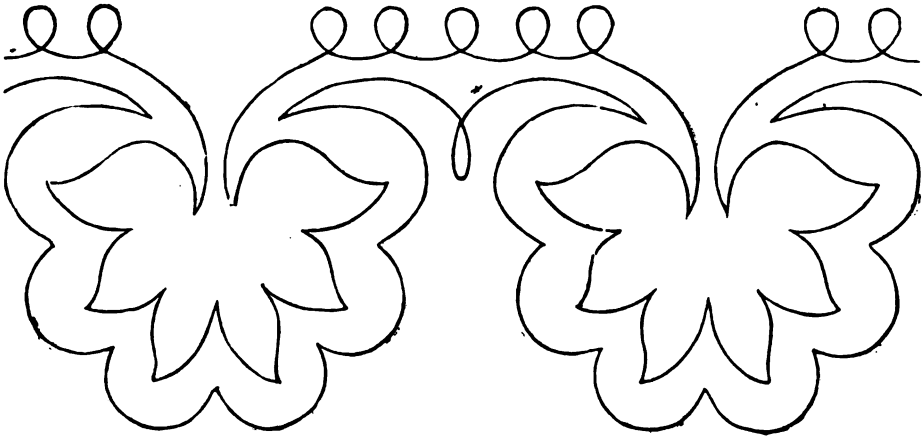
Lucie Laura



NAMES FOR MARKING. FIGURE IN APPLIQUE. BRAIDING PATTERN.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1877. No. 2.

MISS MINNA AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE HYACINTH."

I WONDER if a dog ever before turned author. I never heard of one. But somebody must make a beginning. And as I have a story to tell, I might as well tell it.

We live in a brown stuccoed house, with broad windows, Miss Minna and I. The window sills are very broad, so that I have a nice place to sit when the sunshine gets warm, and I want to look up and down the street.

Things are pretty comfortable here, though not all that I could wish, in some particulars. The rules respecting meals are rather arbitrary. In the first place they (the meals) are too far apart; then, I am requested to eat my dinner in the area, to be stared at by all the hungry cats in the neighborhood. Every one of a candid mind must allow that this is far from pleasant.

Now my idea of a comfortable dinner is this: I would bring what I have to eat up stairs into the warm parlor, and eat it at my leisure, on the rug, in front of the fire; then, if I had anything left over, say a bone or two, I could just save it away behind the sofa cushion for lunch.

I have never yet proposed this plan, for, though I know Miss Minna would agree to it directly, the old lady and Miss Judy might not, and the discussion would just bring my mistress into trouble.

Besides there are worse things than having to eat in the area, as I have learned to my cost. At first I disliked it so much that I resolved to make my escape. I would go out into the world and seek my fortune, I said to myself, and having achieved it, would eat as I pleased, in spite of the old lady and Miss Judy.

The longing to do this, to be free, came upon me so overpoweringly one fine morning that, watching my chance when no one was looking, I slipped out, and running as fast as I could for fear I should be pursued, soon put countless streets between me and our own.

When I paused for breath, and began to look about me, I found myself in a part of the city quite unknown to me. In all my walks with Miss Minna I had seen nothing like it. The houses were small and shabby, and the people were shabbier and dirtier than the houses even. I was beginning to be afraid, for some big, nasty dogs were prowling about, when a little girl came along and called to me. I was glad to make friends with anybody, by this time, for I was hungry as well as frightened, so I trotted after her, she looking back, every now and then, to see if I was coming.

This went on nearly all day. Occasionally the girl would beg of some passer-by, and get a few pennies, which she spent in cakes; but she never offered me any, though I was hungrier than ever. I began now to wish I was back in the area, but I did not know how to find it; and besides my companion constantly kept her eye upon me. My longing for home, my repentance, culminated, when somebody having given the little girl part of a watermelon, she sat down on a step and began to eat it. Oh! what would I not have given for a single bite. The melon looked so cool; it was so red and crisp; it would have refreshed me so wonderfully after my long, hot tramp. I whined and supplicated, but all to no purpose. She ate and ate, and ate—I never saw anybody eat with such gusto—till the last morsel had disappeared.

"You little Greedy," I said to myself. "I hope you'll, sometime be as hungry as I am, and that nobody will take any notice of you."

It was not very good morals, I suppose, to say this; but you see I was hungry and cross; and I do really think, don't you? that my companion was the least bit selfish.

Well, not to tire you, night came at last, when I was sure I would have a good supper and a nice bed. But the girl took me to a miserable cellar, where the people were smoking and drinking, and where I had to sleep on some damp straw, and got nothing but a few crumbs I picked up in a corner.

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In the morning I jumped up early, intending to make my escape, but a big, coarse man, who had been among the noisiest the night before, saw me, and gave me a kick that sent me howling into a corner. Then he came up and tied me fast. I thought my last hour had come, and that he was going to drown me, or take me to the dreadful pound, of which I had heard my mistress talk, where dogs are beaten to death with clubs. But he only swore at me, and then left me to get his breakfast, though he took good care not to offer me any. After he had eaten, and smoked a pipe, he went out and bought a penny paper, and then carefully read the advertisements. At last he cried, "here it is, good for a fiver, at least," and lifting me in his arms, went out. I was sure now I was going to the pound. But how my heart leaped for joy, when, after awhile, I found myself instead, in front of my own house.

He rang the bell, and we went into the house. Soon my mistress came rushing down stairs, and went almost wild with delight when she saw me. She and the man talked for a minute or two, and then she took out her purse and paid him some money, when he left. She ran, caught me in her arms, and almost killed me with caresses. You don't know how ashamed I was. To have been away, and then to be received so kindly, quite went to my heart; I thought of the story of the Prodigal Son, which I had heard them read; and from that hour I loved Miss Minna more than ever, and resolved to die for her, if necessary.

"You naughty little fellow," she said, looking severely, but hugging me tighter than ever, "to desert your dear, kind mistress. To think that I had to advertise for you, and to pay that nasty man ever so much money to get you back. But you'll promise never to do so again."

I whined in answer, and looked up appealingly into her eyes; and we were better friends than ever, after that.

But not so with Miss Judy. Miss Judy is Miss Minna's sister. Her elder sister, people say; but I don't mince matters. I call her Miss Minna's old sister. I don't like her a bit. She is near-sighted, and she is always stumbling over me. Then she gets so excited about things, and scolds at my mistress sometimes, and calls her "little chit of a school girl." "Chit of a school girl" indeed! Miss Judy'd be glad enough if she had Miss Minna's bright blue eyes, and her long yellow plaits of hair, and her beautiful red cheeks. The young man who lodges up in the third story, *he* thinks as I do about it.

I don't think much of the old lady, she does such curious things. She never calls me anything but "the dog," which shows great stupidity, I think, as every body else in the house knows my name well enough.

In my opinion, hardly anyone knows how to behave like a lady, and treat a dog, except Miss Minna and the young lawyer who lodges upstairs. I think *he* admires me and understands my character. Whenever he meets Miss Minna and me in the passages, or going up-stairs, he pats me and makes a great fuss over me. But I get tired of all their patting sometimes, unless a nice piece of cake comes with it, or some confectionery.

Especially, I can't always be patient with my mistress. You know girls *will* be troublesome, once in a while with their demonstrative ways. My mistress' visitors, for instance, who call me "dear little doggie," "cunning little midget," and such trashy names.

The other day, I was dashing through the hall, in the greatest hurry, for I *knew* it was the ragman ringing the area bell, and I wanted to get to the door before Mary, (I noticed, too, that the young lawyer was coming down-stairs) when what must Miss Minna do, but take that inconvenient time to catch me up in her arms and begin to pet me. I was *so* put out! I struggled violently and barked and went on so, that she had to put me down. I had good reason to be vexed, for after all, when I got to the area door, Mary had just shut it, and the ragman was gone.

That evening, I went up-stairs, as I occasionally do, to wander past the young lawyer's door, hoping, that if he was at home, he would hear me and call me in. He *was* there, and the door ajar, so I went in without ceremony.

He was sitting in his leather arm-chair, in front of the fire, reading; but directly he saw me, he put his book down, and spoke to me.

"What, Foss, my little friend, is that you? I suppose you think it is cake day?"

I suppose I looked as if I did, because he brought me a splendid big slice.

He generally makes me go through all sorts of horrid gymnastics for every mouthful; I have to jump over his foot, stand on my hind legs until I ache; sit up in the corner, etc.; but this evening he just gave me my cake all at once, and looked at me very hard while I ate it (to tell the truth, I gobbled it up pretty fast, because I was afraid he would suddenly remember that I had not been through any evolutions.)

"O, Foss, Foss," he said at last, in such a reproachful voice, "what a naughty little dog you were this morning, to treat your lovely mistress in that ungracious way! Almost as naughty as when you ran away!" Here he seized me and held me high up in the air.

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"O, Foss, Foss. If she took my face in her little white hands, and rested her cheek on *my* head. O, Foss, Foss, what an unappreciative wretch you are!"

As I was still suspended in mid-air, and as he accompanied each sentence with a shake, I was far from easy, in body or mind. I couldn't do anything but look miserable, so he took compassion on me and let me down, and as soon as I was free, I slipped away.

Miss Minna goes on in that funny way too, sometimes. I can't imagine why each one of them seems to think my behaviour to the other of so much importance. They must take a great interest in my manners.

Now that very evening, when I was taking a nap on the sofa, Miss Minna came, and put her face down on mine and began whispering to me; and though I fidgeted and turned my head away, to show that I did not want to be disturbed, she *would* go on murmuring in my ear. It was just such stuff as *he* talked; for example:

"Foss, Foss, you went up-stairs to see him this afternoon, didn't you Foss? O my sweet little puppy—I hope you behaved politely—and stood up in the corner, and turned summersaults, and did whatever he told you! What did he say to you, Fossy, Foss? Whisper it close in your little mistress' ear, so that Grandma and Sister will not hear. Did he tell you that he ever thought of your mistress, and wishes he could come in and see her without Sister Judy sending her off to the dining-room to study her lessons? O Fossy, Foss, I wish I were you—and then when he came in the evening, I could just creep behind the sofa and look at him while he talked, instead of having Sister Judy hurry me off with those hateful, hateful books."

How long Miss Minna might have kept this up, I don't know. To my great relief, the door opened, and the young gentleman himself was ushered in.

Miss Minna started up, and dropped behind the arm of the sofa, on a little brioche cushion, but so quickly that nobody saw her.

Miss Judy stepped forward, as smiling as you please. *She* was dressed up for company, you know, with all sorts of chains and bows and things strung 'round her neck.

Miss Judy was so delighted, she could hardly sit still, but *he* looked around in a dissatisfied way and gave Miss Judy some mighty rambling answers. *I* thought he hadn't the manners of a puppy that evening in my opinion, but she was so glad to get him in for a visit on any terms, that she saw nothing amiss.

At last they began talking about New York, and Mr. Lewis asked Miss Judy if there was any commission he could execute for her, as he was going there shortly.

All this time, Miss Minna had been sitting behind the sofa arm, as quiet as a mouse, looking and listening as much as she liked. When Mr. Lewis said he was going away, I looked at her. She was pulling and twisting at a locket that hung round her throat by a slight chain. She gave one pull too many, when snap went the chain, and away went the locket spinning out on the carpet! Miss Judy jumped, she was so startled.

"O my, what could that have been! It must be a stone, thrown through the window!"

"O no, Miss Judy, nothing of the sort! I think I see something shining on the floor."

He sprang forward and stooped to pick up the locket, when what should he see but Miss Minna there behind the sofa, the picture of mortification.

"Miss Minna!" he cried, and looked as confused as she did.

Up rushed Miss Judy. She was mad.

"Minna, child, is that you? What are you doing down there on the floor behind the sofa."

"I'm not on the floor, Sister Judy. I am sitting on a brioche cushion."

Miss Minna was blushing like everything when she came forward, and she tried to look as though she did not care; but I could see that she was almost ready to cry.

Miss Judy thought she had better turn it off pleasantly, so she gave a little laugh.

"There—don't be teased, Minna—Poor child—I ought not to scold you for going to sleep in the parlor. I used to do it regularly when I was a child."

"I was not asleep, Sister Judy."

"Well, never mind. Run away now. But I would not stop for lessons to-night, dear."

The young lawyer had not spoken a word, until Miss Minna was about to leave the room.

"*Don't* go," he said, looking at her as if he wanted her to stay, ever so much. Miss Minna hesitated a moment, then shook her head, and went. But I noticed that he did not give Miss Minna back her locket.

One of the things my mistress has to do every day is to go up-stairs and dust the rooms after Mary has made them up, and she has, among the others, Mr. Lewis' sitting-room to "put to rights," (*he* don't know that, and thinks no doubt that it is Mary who keeps every thing so neat, without putting a single book or paper out of order).

I usually accompany Miss Minna, and prowl

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around on my own account, while she whisks a little feather concern. She takes a long time about it, and always rigs herself for the work in a long, gingham apron, with a blue cotton handkerchief tied over her hair, to keep the dust off.

One morning I did a fearful piece of mischief. Miss Minna was slower than usual that day, in fact she was not dusting at all, but resting her elbow on the mantel piece, and looking into the fire. I had exhausted my stock of amusements, and looked around for something new.

The young lawyer's leather arm-chair was close to the table, so I first got up into that to see all that was on the table. There were lots of queer things. The table cover was lovely; it was cloth-worked like that cover Miss Judy put on my chair, (the one she took away from me). Then, there were his papers, and his pens, and his great big ink bottle. I was perfectly *sure* that I saw the picture of a dog I used to know in New York, peeping out of a portfolio, so, as my mistress was not looking, I stepped up on the table, to find out certainly. Yes, those were Jack's very features. I was about to take a nearer view, when, unfortunately, my tail knocked down the topmost of a pile of books—away went the whole pile—slap, bang! carrying every thing before them—dreadful to relate, against the bottle of ink, and out poured the ink, rushing over books, papers, table-cover and all. Miss Minna screamed, and then there was a turmoil! Miss Judy came running up-stairs, scolding my mistress loudly; Miss Minna was so agitated she began to sop up the ink with her apron, until Miss Judy's cross words made her cry.

Miss Judy's back was to the door, and she was haranguing so that none of us noticed footsteps on the stairs. The first thing I saw was Mr. Lewis himself, standing in the doorway, very much astonished at the hubbub in his quarters. He took the matter in directly—at least, he took in that Miss Minna was crying, and he was around the table in quick time.

"Don't scold her, Miss Judy—I'm sure she has done nothing wrong—Minna, don't cry—There's no harm done!"

"You may well say that, Mr. Lewis—when she and her dog between them have utterly ruined your beautiful cover, and all the books and papers too."

At this enumeration, Miss Minna sobbed afresh. Mr. Lewis looked furiously at Miss Judy. "Hang the books and papers! don't you see it was an accident!" Then he bent over Miss Minna and whispered to her until she looked up and smiled.

Miss Judy hurried us down-stairs, and for the next few days, I tell you Miss Minna and I got hard words and cross looks; but somehow my mistress did not seem to mind it as she used to Mr. Lewis must have told her something uncommonly pleasant that day—what it was I don't know—I suppose I shall hear at some time—Miss Minna cannot keep anything from me. Mr Lewis went off to New York the day I spilled the ink—that was what brought him home so soon My mistress sat on the brioche cushion all that evening, and held me in her arms, and once, when I turned my head around suddenly, a big tear dropped on my face.

Since I wrote this, we have had a sensation—thank fortune it's over now, and my mistress is not going about as white as this piece of paper.

About five days after Mr. Lewis went to New York the old lady was reading the morning paper, while Miss Minna was gathering up her books, and Miss Judy washing the tea things, when suddenly she made a loud exclamation—"My soul, Judy, what do you think of this! Here's John Allston Lewis arrested for a bank robbery!"

"What, *our* John Lewis! It can't be, grandmother."

"Well, here it is in black and white—John Allston Lewis—that is surely his name. Here, take the paper and read it out—here's a long account."

Miss Judy read ever so much, I could not understand half of it—I made out this, that our Mr. Lewis, Miss Minna's and mine, had done something dreadful about some money, and that he was to be sent to prison. While Miss Judy was reading, Miss Minna stood like a statue, with wide open eyes gazing at her.

"Well," said the old lady, when Miss Judy stopped, "that beats everything I ever heard! Think of our lodging a check raiser in this house—That comes of your notions, Judy—I told you not to rent those rooms—but you were bent on bringing that man into the house."

Here Miss Minna burst forth, trembling.

"Grandmother, how *can* you talk so! you *know* it is not true—there's not a *word* of it true—not a word—not a single word. It's all some dreadful, dreadful mistake!"

"It reads as if it were true," said the old lady. "I don't know what other 'John Allston Lewis' there can be—'gave his name, John Allston Lewis,' just this man's name." Miss Judy, who had been very much shocked at first, began to recover her tongue.

"Well, well, well, just think of it! carried to the penitentiary!"

"Sister Judy—how mean you are—how cruel to talk so. You *know* it's not true!" Miss Minna's voice choked with indignation and fright.

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"I'm sure I don't want to *make* it true, Minna, any more than you do—but you can't fight against actual facts. This man comes from Maryland, and the description sounds like him, 'dark eyed,' 'prepossessing appearance'—I'm sure *I'm* greatly surprised."

"It's a mistake," repeated my mistress bravely, though her face began to quiver. "I don't believe it—I wouldn't believe it if—if—if a thousand papers said so."

"O *you*—what *you* believe makes no manner of difference," answered Miss Judy scornfully.

"She is right," said a quiet voice. We all started. How he got in so quietly, I don't know, but it was Mr. Lewis, not arrayed in striped clothes, but looking as neat and natural as possible.

"She is right," repeated Mr. Lewis, "it is a mistake. There is another John Allston Lewis in the world, Miss Carew—a certain poor, worthless fellow named after me when his father kept my father's garden. John Allston Lewis, indeed, but John Allston Lewis *Baxter*. Minna, (ah, how the young man's face changed when he turned to my mistress) *you* did not believe it. Don't cry, darling, for it makes me so happy." Here he held out his arms, and what *do* you think! My mistress just ran right into them.

Miss Judy rushed from the room, while the old lady and I, astounded by this extraordinary conduct, gazed and stared in silence.

Miss Minna is going away. She is to marry Mr. Lewis. But I am going with her, to live with her always, she says. I hope I won't have to dine in the area ever again.

That reminds me that I saw "little Greedy," the other day. I was out with Miss Minna when the girl came down the street. She knew me at once, for when I ran and snapped at her heels, she turned and hurried down a side alley, as if she was afraid of being caught.

That's the last I saw of her; I am frank enough to say, I never wish to see her again. I have done with seeking after freedom, if freedom means falling into such hands, and being starved. No, I've had enough of running away, and of "LITTLE GREEDY.

WAVES.

BY MADGE MAPLE.

GREEDY, grasping and cold as ice,
Fierce and cruel as hate's device,
Harsh, unfeeling as hearts of stone,
Deaf forever to prayer or moan,
Ever and ever they sweep their way,
Dallying only as beasts of prey—
Dallying only as deeper spite,
Deepened torture to add with might,
More for the hopes like prisms swung,
Near to the prayers too deep for tongue.

Dark, deceitful as sin or shame,
Vacillating as childhood's aim,
Unrelenting against our trust,
Firm forever as zest of lust;
False forever as sand to faith,
True forever alone to death,
False forever to soul and life,
Servile ever to soulless strife—
Ever and ever they bear us down,
Ever and ever they crush with frown.

Ever and ever their mad-sea rush
Whirls us under with glee to crush.
Ever and ever they lure with smile,
Veil with dimples a soul of guile,
Bend and eddy to draw us in,
Bow and beckon to woo and win;
Kneel as lover at feet to plead,
Ever and ever they bend to lead—
Ever and ever with whirlpool hate,
Win and woo to the shoals of fate.

Waves of sorrow and waves of pain,
Waves of tempest and heat and rain,
Waves of battle and waves of scorn
Whirl us under to leave forlorn.
Toss and tumble above our dead—
(Hopes in vision to glad light wed)—
Whirl and tumble o'er graves of thought,
Seethe with hisses o'er wealth unwrought,
Mount with triumph and gloat with pride,
Over our dead which bravest died.

Waves of trial that leave us old,
Waves of shadow from night untold,
Waves of darkness from deeps none sound,
Draw us under and gulf us round.
Gloom hangs over our heart of hearts,
Faith's pure struggle but cloud-waves parts,
Ever the clouds hang o'er our sun.
Never, never the storm is done,
Ever at noon the night comes down,
Ever our morn doth hide a frown.

Waves of madness from fainting trust,
Blackest gurgling from life in dust,
Swiftest flowing from coldest steel,
Gulf in galling that cannot heal.
Down forever our sad lives go,
Thicker, deeper above us flow,
Time's cold billows that will not feel,
Grief's hot scalding for passions leal—
Down forever to sleep of death,
Down forever from life and breath.

Trust we only the Sun to draw
Up from the deeps by Love's pure law,
Out of the cold to warmth of day,
Out of the night to light's pure way.
Trust we only the light to bear,
Up on the pain of life's last prayer,
Into the boundless waves of strength,
Over the night of grief's long length.
Trust we only the Sun of Truth,
Over our death to give us Youth.

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BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 31.

PART II.

"GASHLY? Yes, you may well say so, gashly as a corpse, ever since that hot day last week, as I left her in them rooms, and came back to find her white as a ghost, and a-trimlin all over, and the scaredest look out of her eyes as ever I did see. Don't tell *me!* She seed the first Mrs. Temple's ghost, broad daylight though it was, and that's what has made her look so bad ever since. Just look at them black rings round her eyes, and not a bit of color in her cheeks, and her eyes gone away into the back of her head, as one might say. Headaches? Folks don't have headaches for four days hand-running; no, not the headachiest of them. Don't tell *me!* Here, Sarah, isn't that tea ready yet? Not a bite did she eat at dinner, so she shall have a comfortable cup of tea in her own room. Here, give it to me—I'll take it up myself."

Mrs. Temple lay on a lounge, in her bed-room, with her face turned from the light. Though it was late in the afternoon, she still wore her morning dress, and the loosened masses of her disarranged hair were pushed back from her temples, as though the heat and pain there had become almost insufferable. Her eyes were closed, but even in repose her features wore an expression of intense suffering; and though Mrs. Higgins spoke to her more than once, before she either answered or stirred, her heavy eyes and languid movements, when at length she was aroused from her seeming lethargy, told neither of rest nor of refreshing slumber. She drank the tea, dismissed the kindly but officious old woman, who would fain have lingered to gossip a little, and after a brief pause, rose and walked listlessly to the window. The heated term of a few days before had been broken up by a series of storms, and a steady north east wind was driving the clouds before it, and sending torrents of rain in a slanting, heavy downpour, over the land. The old elms creaked, and sighed, and tossed their dripping branches to and fro, while in the garden below, the flowers hung wet and quivering in the blast, or else lay prostrate on the muddy beds. Pools of yellow water stood here and there along the gravel walks, and every separate rut in the carriage roads was a tiny river, that threatened each moment to overflow its banks and mingle with the rest in a general freshet. Mrs. Temple leaned her burning brow against the window pane, and gazed out with dreamy, unseeing eyes, that took no note of the drenched landscape or the falling rain.

"My husband," she murmured, "my noble-hearted, generous, high-souled husband! I *cannot* believe that he would—and yet the words of a dying woman."

Her hand instinctively sought her heart, and closed on the paper hidden there.

"I dread his return," she mused, shuddering. "How can I ever greet him with this vile suspicion hidden in my soul! I wrong him by even thinking of it—I know I do—and yet I cannot help myself. Oh, if I could but tell him of it. But that must never be. What a life! What a life!"

She shivered again, and drew her shawl closer around her. The old housekeeper had not exaggerated the change in her appearance. Pale, wan and worn, with dark rings around the heavy eyes, whose drooping, reddened eyelids told a tale of sleepless nights and frequent tears; such was the visage that was reflected from the mirror, to which Mrs. Temple turned to adjust her shawl.

"I look miserably ill," she thought. "Fortunately no visitors will come, in such weather as this, to inspect my appearance and to marvel at my languid looks."

Yet at that very instant, the crashing of carriage wheels, and the plashing of horses feet on the wet gravel became audible. She looked out. A carriage had just drawn up to the door, and from it alighted a female figure, shrouded in a waterproof cloak. A glimpse of a bright, cheery face was visible beneath the combined shelter of a thick veil and a huge umbrella, and almost immediately a lively voice was heard in the hall.

"Drenched? Not a bit of it. Here, Sarah, take my cloak and umbrella, and you, Lizzie, just help me off with my overshoes—that is right. Ah, how are you Mrs. Higgins, and where is Mrs. Temple? Up-stairs—sick?—I thought as much; this old house and the country and a north east storm combined, are enough to drive a woman wild, if she chance to be all by herself. No, I'll go right up, you need not call Mrs. Temple." Then a light, active step sounded on the stairs, a preliminary tap was heard at the

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door, and the new comer made her appearance on the threshhold.

"Anne—Anne Mannering? How glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, rising to greet her visitor.

"You poor, dear thing! What *has* been the matter with you? You look like Fatima might have done, when she took that unlucky peep into Bluebeard's closet. Well, here is Sister Anne ready to watch from the window for you, to see if anybody be coming. But seriously, Margaret, what does ail you? You look far from well."

"Nothing but a nervous headache and the sudden change in the weather, I believe. But how is the Doctor? And where are the boys?"

"Oh! the Doctor has gone off to Newport to attend some old fellow, who has eaten and drank himself into a fit of the gout, and who wants forty-two doctors to help him get out of it; and George and Edmund are off visiting a school-fellow at Stamford; so I thought as you might feel rather lonely, this dismal weather, I would come down here and pay you a little visit. Tell me frankly—shall I be a nuisance? If you would rather not have me, just hint it to me mildly, and I'll go home to-morrow, and not be offended the least in the world. I know some persons are fond of solitude, even on a rainy day in the country."

"No, indeed—on the contrary, your visit will do me good; and I am enchanted to see you." And Mrs. Temple, glad of anything which would distract her mind for a moment from the torturing thoughts that filled it, embraced her sister-in-law with renewed *empressement.*

Anne Mannering was Edmund Temple's only sister, and a few years his senior. She was strikingly unlike him, being of a fair complexion, and possessing sparkling blue eyes and animated countenance, and a disposition all gaiety, cheerfulness and energy, which were in marked contrast to his dark eyes, serenely outlined features and quiet and somewhat reserved manners. Yet a strong mutual attachment subsisted between the brother and sister, and they were as devoted to each other as a pair, linked by fraternal ties, should always be, yet very seldom are. She had already testified much affection for, and a warm interest in, her new sister-in-law; and it was owing to her hard exertions and unfailing energy, that the Staten Island house had been found in good repair, and comfortably arranged to receive the travellers, on their unexpected return.

"Well, then, here I am, and here I mean to stay for as long as you want me. Don't ring for Suzanne. Let me be your waiting-maid for this once, for I saw Bertha West the other day with her hair put up in an astonishing new style, and I have been wild to try it on some one ever since. Sit down—there—and are the hair-pains in that drawer? What a lovely ivory brush, and your monogram on the back too—Dieppe for a dollar—English fingers never executed that carving, I am sure. Now the braids; it is a perfect delight to handle such hair. You got it in Paris, did you not? but—O you extravagant thing! Whoever saw such a chignon as this! Why it is superb, so long, and so thick, and with all your own hair, too; it is no wonder you get headaches."

The coiffure was quickly completed, Suzanne's aid was called into requisition for the rest of the toilette, and the two ladies soon descended the stairs together. Mrs. Higgins had caused a tiny fire to be lighted in the library grate, and they repaired thither to enjoy the genial warmth, which the damp and chilling atmosphere rendered peculiarly agreeable.

"And now, what can I do for you, Margaret, till tea is served?" asked Mrs. Mannering," "shall I read to you, or shall we talk? But I am afraid your head aches too much for conversation. You look pale still—are you in much pain?"

"Not much, and I want you to talk to me, I want you to tell me something."

"Tell you what, dear? I will, with the greatest of pleasure, if I can."

Mrs. Temple half raised herself in the low easy-chair into which she had sunk.

"I want you to tell me all about Edmund's first wife. What was she like? Did *she* love him. And—and—how and where did she die?"

Something in the repressed eagerness and excitement of the speaker's tone seemed to strike Mrs. Mannering very forcibly. She looked at her with an enquiring and intelligent glance. "H'm," she thought, "sits the wind in that quarter? Here is the secret of the white cheeks and the headaches. Well, a story half told is always worse than a story fully known."

But she made answer in her usual frank, pleasant manner.

"You know, then, that there is something to tell. My dear, you shall know the whole truth. I hate mysteries, and if there be any one on earth who should be told the correct version of the affair, you certainly are the person."

She spoke gravely, and with a tone that differed widely from her usual liveliness of speech, while Mrs. Temple listened with anxious and painful interest. She was seeking for evidence, for some clue by which she could trace out the truth or falsehood of the horrible document which had caused her so much suffering.

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"I think, Margaret, there is no form of folly to which young men are more prone than to the disastrous process of choosing a wife merely because she is pretty. But, unfortunately, they want housekeepers, and companions, and sympathizers, and Heaven knows what; and neither the Venus di Medici, nor a Raphael Madonna would be worth very much in that line. A man might just as well try to satisfy his hunger, by buying a bouquet of camelias, as to seek for any real womanliness or wifehood, in half the pretty, dainty creatures that are so charming to look at, but good for very little else. But that is the way Edmund married his first wife, intelligent fellow though he is; but at twenty-five he had no sense whatever, where the question of matrimony was concerned.

"He went out West, on business one autumn, and before he had been gone six weeks he wrote me word that he was engaged. The lady was a Miss Rivington, a girl only eighteen, but a great beauty and already a tremendous belle. They were to be married very soon, as neither his Mary nor himself were fond of long engagements, and moreover, he wished to bring his bride to New York before the gay season commenced. He knew she would create a great sensation, she was so perfectly lovely. And then followed a glowing description of her personal charms.

"Well, I cannot say that I was enchanted at the prospect of possessing so exquisite a sister-in-law. It did not altogether suit my old-fashioned notions about the choice of a partner for life, that Edmund should have nothing to tell about his except praises of her beauty. I knew, of course, however, that I could do nothing to prevent his marrying as he pleased; and I had sense enough to keep me from trying. So I merely wrote a letter of congratulation to him, and sent her a polite little note, and in the due course of time forwarded a suitable wedding present. They were married late in November, and arrived in New York a week before Christmas. I must say, Margaret, that even his love-dictated rhapsodies respecting Mary's beauty had given me no adequate idea of it. She was simply the prettiest creature I had ever seen in all my life. She was rather below the middle height, but her figure was exquisite, and she was grace itself in every movement. She had the loveliest large eyes, of a soft clear azure blue, without a tinge of gray about their color; and her hair was like floss silk, the only real gold hair I have ever seen. But her complexion was her chief beauty. I never saw such coloring, at once so brilliant and so delicate. Her cheek was like the petal of a moss rose, and this vivid rose tinge was shaded away, to the pearly whiteness of her throat and brow, in most delicate gradation. So transparent was her skin, that I have often, when looking at her dressed for a ball, been reminded of the legend of the lovely body, through whose snowy throat could be discerned the ruby tinge of the wine she drank.

"Well, you can imagine how much she was admired, and what a success she was in society. Everybody was raving about the beautiful Mrs. Temple, before the season was half over. But long before that time, I had made the discovery that my charming new sister was not only very silly and very vain, but a perfectly heartless, unprincipled woman, who cared nothing about any thing, or any creature in the world, except Mary Temple and the admiration she excited. Now I think it is possible to get along with a fool, if kind-hearted and good-natured, nor is it impossible to put up with a knave, if that knave be only sensible and intelligent, but the combination of fool *and* knave is fiendish, and calculated to drive poor humanity to despair.

"I do not mean to say that Mary was really wicked, or that she would have done anything wrong in the world's acceptation of the term. She was simply a heartless as well as a brainless woman, and one who would pause at no violation of propriety, if by so doing she could secure a greater amount of admiration and attention. And oh! she was so tiresome, so wearyingly silly, so exhaustingly foolish. If she had had more intellect, she might have been a worse woman, but she would not have been half so disagreeable a one; and if only Providence had bestowed upon her a soft, womanly heart, she might have settled down into a quiet, average sort of a wife and mother, and Edmund's eyes might never have been opened to her imperfections. But as it was, he found out his mistake, before they had been married a year. He never said much to me on the subject, and he was too loyal in heart and soul, ever to mention his wife with the condemnation she merited, even to me; but when more than usually tried, some expression would escape him, some casual phrase, that would reveal the depth and extent of his unhappiness. He had not a particle of influence over her. If he denied her money, she ran up bills he was obliged to pay; if he refused to go anywhere with her, she went without him, and often in very objectionable company. Once he was dangerously ill, with ulcerated sore throat, but she never troubled herself about him; she went out just as usual.

"Things continued in this way for three or four years, when, one day in June, Edmund

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came to see me, looking even more depressed and gloomy than usual.

"'I have come to ask a favor of you, Anne—of you and of your husband,' he said, when the first greetings were over.

"I was only too glad of the opportunity to be of service to him, in any way; and so I told him. He then proceeded to tell me that an eruption had broken out on Mary's white forehead, greatly to her distress, as it spoiled her beauty to an extent that necessitated a total seclusion from the world. A doctor had been called in, who said that the greatest care was necessary in the applications used, as were the eruption suddenly driven from the surface, the malady might attack the hair. But as a few days use of his medicines did not result in the removal of the disfiguring spots, Mrs. Temple determined to take the matter in her own hands, so she went to a quack doctor, who gave her a salve which he promised would effect a cure in twenty four hours. A liberal application of the new remedy resulted in the entire disappearance of the eruption, but in a few days other and more alarming symptoms manifested themselves Mary had become moody, sullen, suspicious, full of strange fears and wild fancies. At one time she refused to eat for fear of being poisoned, at another she fancied that her servants were leagued together to murder her; and though she had never been a very affectionate wife, she had never before shown such hatred of, and malice towards, any being, as she now displayed towards her husband. The doctor, on being again summoned, declared that his worst fears had been realized, and that her brain was decidedly affected. He also recommended as a means of cure perfect quiet, seclusion and country air.

"'Now, Anne,' concluded Edmund, 'I am going to take Mary to Staten Island, to-morrow, and the request I have to make of you is, that you and Dr. Mannering will come also, and spend the summer with us. I will place my unhappy wife under your husband's care; I have every confidence in his skill; and we will avoid the gossip which a knowledge of her condition would create.'

"The Dr. and I consented, of course, and the next day found us domiciled in this house. Edmund had had Mary's rooms re-furnished and put in complete order for her and the Dr. and I occupied your present apartments, while the boys had the whole west wing to themselves. I never saw any one so changed as Mary was in so short a time. She was sullen, hollow-eyed and thin, and her great blue eyes had a wild, restless expression, that was wholly unnatural. She was usually very quiet, but as I soon found out, she had plenty of cunning. Edmund and I took the sole charge of her, as we could not bear to admit a hired nurse into our confidence; and we had to watch her every moment in the day. She developed a singular mania for suicide, and one day, chancing to find a bottle of laudanum, which had been brought to the house for her use, she drank the whole contents of it, and was only saved from death, by the largeness of the dose, which produced vomiting, and so saved her life.

"Two days after this attempt upon her own life, I chanced to go to her escritoire, to write a note; and there, neatly folded between the pages of the blotting book, I discovered a paper inscribed 'To the finder.' I opened it, of course, and to my utter amazement, I found it contained a most circumstantial account of how her husband had forced her to swallow the laudanum, what threats he had uttered, and what coercion he had used. Now, it had so happened that Edmund had gone to New York on the very day she had attempted to poison herself. He had gone to get some apricots for her, as she had expressed a wish for them; and she had taken advantage of his absence to steal out and get possession of the laudanum. I cannot tell you how incensed I felt at this, crazy and irresponsible though I knew she was. I took the paper to her, and asked her how she could find it in her heart to try to blast her husband's reputation, and possibly endanger his life, by such lies; but she only went off into a fit of laughter. 'I mean to succeed in making way with myself some day,' she cried, 'and then he will be hung for murdering me. I have written twenty such papers.' And, sure enough, when I came to search among her possessions, I found five or six of them.''

"And did she kill herself at last?" asked Mrs. Temple, breathlessly.

It was the first time that she had spoken, since Mrs. Mannering had begun her tale; but her burning cheek and eager gaze betrayed the attention with she had listened.

"You shall hear. The summer passed, and Mary seemed a great deal better, so much so that Edmund began to talk of removing to the city. But I dissuaded him from doing so, and begged him to remain on the Island as late as possible. One stormy evening, late in September—"

"September?" interrupted Mrs. Temple, and speaking in an interrogative tone. "I thought that she died in the summer."

"Good gracious, no! Margaret! There is the

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date on her tombstone, at Greenwood, I am sure—'September 29th,' and moreover, as I was here all the time, I can speak positively about it. The evening was very dreary, and Mary had been unusually trying that day, full of whims and fancies, and complaining of everything. Finally, she took a fancy to a wide, scarlet, India scarf, which I used sometimes to throw around my shoulders in cool weather. To keep her quiet, I gave it to her. She seemed much pleased with it, put it on at once, and wore it all the evening

"About ten o'clock, she said that she would go to bed, and rang for her maid. The girl came, and they went up-stairs together, but I did not feel quite satisfied, so I followed them in a few moments.

"Mary was walking about the room, in a restless kind of way, when I went in; and presently she announced her intention of taking a bath. I knew it was all prepared and ready for her, so I helped her to undress and put on her dressing gown. Just as she was about to enter the bath-room, she turned and picked up the India scarf.

"'You must not part me from my new scarf,' she said, in a childish kind of a way, and then she ran into the bath-room, shut the door and bolted it. I dismissed the maid, and sat down to wait till Mary should come out.

"O Margaret! how can I tell you the rest? How can I ever bear to recall the scene that followed? I waited and waited for her to come out, but she did not open the door. At last, I went to the door, and knocked. There was no answer. Then I called, still there was no answer. I listened, but I could hear no sound. All was silent. Thoroughly frightened now, I went down stairs and called to my husband to come up. He is, as you know, a very powerful man, so he easily forced the door: but the instant it flew open, and he could catch a glimpse of the interior of the room, he started back, caught me in his arms, and drew me away.

"'Don't look, Anne, don't go there!' he cried, in a tone of intense horror.

"'What is the matter?' I gasped.

"He did not answer, but rushed into the bath-room. There was a moment's pause, then a heavy fall, and then my husband came out, bearing the lifeless body of Mary in his arms.

"Her face was livid and discolored, and the India scarf, torn into strips, and twisted into a rope, was knotted around her neck. She had hung herself to the brass rod, that supports the curtain of the shower-bath.

"The Dr. tried every means to resuscitate her, but in vain. She had succeeded in her purpose of self-murder, but she had failed in contriving to lay the deed on the shoulders of her generous, patient husband, my own dear noble Edmund. But who, Margaret, who, could suspect him of such a deed, even for a moment?"

"Ah, who indeed?" And Mrs. Temple, leaning forward, dropped into the fire a folded paper which she took from her bosom.

"And can you wonder now that he shrinks from ever alluding to the wife, whose life made him so wretched, and whose death was so dreadful? Happily we have been able to hush up the story of her frightful end; but from you there should be no secrets. So I have flung wide open the door of Bluebeard's closet, and you have seen all that it contains."

She paused a moment, and listened. The roll of far-off wheels sounded on the carriage road without.

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" said Mrs. Temple, laughingly.

"I do not see, but I hear. I did not tell you, Margaret, that Edmund reached New York this morning, for he begged me not to tell you of his arrival, as he had business to transact in the city, and feared that he might not get through in time to reach the Island to-night. But there is a carriage at the door—and here comes Bluebeard himself I declare. What a spring you made, Margaret, and how you blush! Never mind *me*, good people—I'll look the other way. Why, you two make as much fuss, as though you had been parted for six years, instead of half as many weeks."

AN EVENING PRAYER.

BY A. MATHESON.

Say, "Peace be unto thee,"
O heavenly guest!
Enter, and sup with me,
To give me rest.

Rest to the fluttering heart,
Rest to the restless will,
Till cloud and storm depart,
And all is still.

Give me Thy peace divine,
Thy clearer sight;
Make me Thine, only Thine,
Eternal Light!

So when night's shadows fly,
And I have died,
Seeing Thy face, may I
Be satisfied.

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THE RESULT OF A BLUNDER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I HAVE always been a very methodical person; it has also been my habit to regulate my actions according to fixed rules—I mean the rules which the course of centuries has rendered so plentiful, and which will usually fill any case when regarded by a well-regulated mind.

I am proud to admit that in the matter of which I mean to tell you, I violated *in toto* this (if you will permit so to call it,) guardian stay and guiding star of my life. As I have told you that it is my habit to be methodical, I had better tell you something of myself, so that you may understand the circumstances which led to an adventure befalling me—*me*, who have ever abhorred adventures and held in slight esteem, those of my sex to whom such accidents occur.

I had been a governess from early girlhood; I was educated to that intent, and I hope I did my duty; I tried at all events. When I reached forty—or very nearly—I thought the hard work of my life had ended. A relative left me ten thousand dollars well invested, and I proposed to live on the income. I do not know whether my inactive existence would have proved happy or not, for before I had time to grow accustomed to the change—I had not yet decided how or where I would make my home—a female with a growing family arrived from the Bermudas, laid claim to being my deceased relative's widow, established that claim, proved him insane, upset the will and took the money.

Not to be tedious, I shall tell you only that for several years after—we need not, in a matter like this, be particular to a day in regard to dates—I taught in a young ladies' school. The mistress was a French woman, and I am afraid not so honest as she might have been. At least I know this; I had in the course of time saved a few hundred dollars; she persuaded me to enter into a partial partnership with her. The school broke up, and I lost my money. And you can understand how it happened that I put myself in the hands of the well-known agency in New York of Wakely & Sons. It was weary waiting; my funds were running low; matters were complicated by a fire that burned up half the books and papers of the establishment. At last I was informed by the new clerk, that a gentleman who wanted a governess for two children, and with whom the House had held (before the fire) communication in regard to me—sending on my certificate—had grown impatient by waiting. If I desired the place I must start at once.

To accept a position in a family with whose head I had held no personal correspondence, was the act to which I referred, when saying that I violated not only a rule of my life, but a rule of society. But I was harassed—afraid of finding myself penniless, and I decided to depart. I was going to Sheldon, Pennsylvania—to the house of a person named Lothrop—I knew that, and I knew very little more.

It was afternoon when I arrived at my destination; we were still early in June, and as we had had a shower in the course of the morning, the journey had been sufficiently pleasant.

I felt somewhat fluttered when the train stopped, and the conductor called out Sheldon, but I collected my little packages and descended, trying to encourage myself by repeating some of the moral axioms, such as I had set so often as copies to my pupils, that they had remained in my memory.

Only a few people alighted; I had no difficulty in persuading one of the railway officials to listen to me, when I asked for directions how best to arrive at Pine Hill.

"The omnibus goes by the house," he said, "you will have to wait half an hour though, because the 'bus does not start till the up train comes in."

"I could walk," I suggested, "if it is not too far, and let the omnibus bring my trunk; that is if I could find some one to show me the way."

"Oh it is not far—straight down High street—just outside the town—why, there is Mr. Moulton," and he broke off to beckon a gentleman who had come out of the station, and who approached at the sign he received—looking surprised. "Mr. Moulton," began the hurried, but pattern official—since he preserved his politeness and good nature even in the midst of his haste—"this lady is going to Pine Hill. She does not want to wait for the omnibus. Give me your checks, ma'am—I'll attend to your baggage," and he seized my checks and off he dashed, and there the unfortunate gentleman and I stood looking at each other, and at first I thought nobody in the world was ever so much embarrassed as I. I discovered that he was still more confused.

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He was such a dainty, dapper person—he looked about seven and forty—that you could have told at a glance he was a bachelor. Disturbed as I was, I knew that one of us must speak, and as he did not—though he opened his mouth several times, and I thought he was about to say something, and grew more embarrassed because he failed so to do—therefore I said:

"I beg your pardon, sir! I could not think of troubling you, if you would kindly direct me the way I must take to get to Pine Hill."—"I am going," he interrupted, "I can show you. Pray let—let me carry your wraps and satchel, and—and things."

I had very few—only my shawl, my waterproof, my umbrella, my satchel and my luncheon basket—he tried to take them all, but he made such bad work of it, dropping one article as fast as he attempted to take another—he stooping and I stooping to pick up the articles, and twice knocking our heads together, that by the time I consented to let him carry the satchel and basket, we were both as red as possible, and so confused that I really do not believe either of us could have told our names if anybody had asked them suddenly.

We walked quite a distance through the busy part of the town; turned into broad, open streets lined on either side with pretty old-fashioned residences, and passed on quite into the suburbs. At last we reached a large, rambling mansion, standing on a little eminence; not far back from the street, but with the grounds so thickly shaded by pine trees that one could only catch glimpses of the roofs and gables; and back of the house rose a considerable height covered with a dense pine grove.

"This is Pine Hill," said the gentleman, suddenly.

"Who shall I tell my—Mrs. Lothrop wishes to see her?" he added, nervously.

So there was a *Mrs.* Lothrop—the mother no doubt of this gentleman who had engaged my services; that was not pleasant hearing: speaking as a governess, accustomed to the charge of children, I must be permitted to say that grandmothers are usually a disturbing element in a growing family.

"I am Miss Howell—Miss Mary Howell," I said; "the governess Mr. Lothrop engaged, through Messrs. Wakely, for his children."

"Governess—children!" the bashful man groaned, then seemed utterly dazed by his own words. He turned round and round like a top for some seconds! I should be sorry to have any person suppose me capable of exaggeration, but I think I am not over-stating the matter.

Then he suddenly opened a door and motioned me to pass; I did, and found myself in a large room—quite dark to me coming in from the sunlight, because the curtains were drawn.

"Annabella!" called my eccentric conductor, "Annabella!" There was no answer; a third time—and now his voice was almost a shriek—he cried despairingly, "Annabella!"

In the dimness I saw a female figure start up on a sofa and this figure exclaimed in angry accents:

"Good Lord, is the house on fire!"

"That is Mrs. Lothrop," moaned the bashful man, turning to me. Then he danced toward the sofa, and quavered; "Annabella, here is Miss Howell, and I am afraid there is some mistake. She says—she—children—governess—I—"

"Children—governess!" boomed the other voice—and it sounded like an alarm bell in my ears. "Miss Howell! John Moulton, you are mad—you were always cracked—but now you are mad—raving!"

The unfortunate gentleman spun round three times with greater velocity, and then absolutely ran out of the room—ran out and shut the door—and then I was alone with that base-voiced lady. I could see her plainly now; a tall, gaunt woman, who had once evidently been a great beauty of a haughty, imperious sort; was handsome still, though she looked in poor health, and was far past middle age, and had cap ribbons of a more vivid hue than I could think fitting, and—I do not wish to be censorious—but if I ever saw rouge in my life, I saw it in the hollows of that elderly lady's cheeks.

There she sat and glared at me; I can employ no other word; glared at me with her great black eyes, and I felt as if I had the nightmare. Then she waved her hand.

"Now what in the name of goodness does all this mean?" she cried.

"Madame," I said, as firmly as I could speak, "I am the person engaged by Mr. Lothrop as governess for his two children—"

I stopped, for I heard her mutter; "So, John Moulton was not so mad as I thought—then the woman must be! Somebody is mad, I know!"

A speech, which any unprejudiced person will admit was not an encouraging one for me to hear, under the circumstances. Then she added in a tone meant for my ears—"In the first place there is no Mr. Lothrop in this house—nor anywhere else that I know of, short of heaven—at least I hope he has gone there—though I can tell him one thing, his dissenting, Calvinistic ideas of the place wouldn't suit me—but that is

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not to the point! There are no children—as how should there be, unless John Moulton is a profligate under all his meekness—so there can be no governess—unless he wants one—I am sure I don't."

By this time I was so completely unnerved that I stammered; "Oh, I don't know what it means! I am Miss Howell—sent from Messrs. Wakely—I have made a long journey—I—"

Well, I am sure I cannot tell how such a thing could have happened—I have always had a horror of scenes—but I found myself sobbing. Then I tried to sit down, and the chair seemed to slip away; I heard the old lady cry out; then I knew nothing more—I had fainted. When I came to myself I was lying on a sofa; the curtains had been drawn aside; the windows were open; the old lady was standing near me; an elderly servant woman was holding hartshorn to my nose, and that very extraordinary Mr. Moulton was waving an anti-macassar about three feet above my head—I do not know why, and I don't think he did.

I pushed away the bottle of hartshorn and sat up.

"She is all right now!" cried the old lady. "John Moulton, what are you doing—you buzz like a crazy hornet! Martha, give her some brandy and water—a good deal of brandy and very little water! Miss Howell, don't you try to speak yet or I'll shake you! John, go out of the room or I'll throw my slippers at you! Martha, you've spilled the brandy on my worsted work! The house is worse than a mad-house, and I'll burn it up in three minutes if you don't all come back to your senses—if you've any to come to!"

After a little, I found myself again alone with that formidable elderly personage. I was still a good deal shaken and frightened, but I had at least recovered sufficient self-control to be quiet; able to listen, to speak, and to feel shocked at having been betrayed into such weakness as I had shown—though I could realize my situation—understand there had been some strange mistake, and that if I had twenty-five dollars left in my purse it was as much as I had, and where any more was to come from I could not tell.

Then the old lady was speaking.

"There has been some very unfortunate blunder," she said, and now her voice really sounded kind and pleasant. "I am sorry—I fear I did not behave well to you. I suffer a good deal, and to-day I am upset from a sleepless night—and that brother of mine—I mean John Moulton—is always blundering."

I did not see how Mr. Moulton could possibly be considered to blame in the matter, but wisely held my peace.

"I am afraid I have behaved very foolishly," I said. "I was tired from my journey and, finding myself in a strange place—in the wrong one——"

"There are no excuses necessary," she interrupted. "I have no doubt you are a sensible woman—I can be on occasion—so now the first thing to do is to try and understand the matter."

"Yes—that——"

"Wait! We will be formal, and legal, and all the rest of it," said she, and I could see she had much ado not to laugh, and that gave me courage. I did her justice enough to know that she was trying to be serious for fear of distressing me, though the ludicrous side of the business had struck her strongly. "Just give your version of the story—where you thought you were coming—why you came—and all about it."

I related the circumstances as clearly and as briefly as possible. I will say for her that she was good-natured; when she perceived that in my nervous state, the keen glance of her black eyes disturbed me, she pretended to be busy folding up some fancy-work that lay on the sofa beside her—just nodding now and again to show that she was listening and understood.

"Now it is my turn," she said, when I finished my explanations. "I had sent to Wakely, and oh, won't I give it them well for their stupidity—don't talk to me about fires and mistakes—they have no business to indulge in either, the idiots!"

I suppose my face betrayed the discomposure which her sudden violence (she had begun speaking quietly and burst out like a tornado in less than a minute) caused me, for she added in her soft, pleasant voice:

"I needn't frighten you to death though for their misdeeds. Well, the case is this! I had been ill, ordered quiet, and so came here—to my brother's place—the kindest, best, most bashful creature (I mean my brother, not the place) that ever breathed. He is dreadfully afraid of me, and no wonder, for I am a dragon, and I persecute him in the most awful way—being henpecked by a wife would be nothing in comparison."

I tried, as well as I could, to say something polite—it seemed only decent—but she stopped me.

"Yes, I do! But no matter—that has no concern with our affair. Well, my niece could not come, or would not, so I wrote to Wakely to send me a young lady as companion—to

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read me French novels, and so on. I would have told them I should like an actress, a fast girl, but I was afraid of shocking them—as I see I have you. Well! There has been an outrageous blunder—you are here—you would be miserable with me—I should tease you to death. But all that we can talk about later. At present, you are tired; you must rest. Go and lie down, and don't get up till dinner-time—we dine at seven."

She rang the bell, and before I could say anything, the maid, who had attended me during my fainting fit, came into the room, and I was out of it—up-stairs, in a comfortable chamber—in my bed—and though I had thought I should never sleep again, I was so exhausted by these unlooked-for adventures, that in less than ten minutes I was sound asleep, and never woke till sunset. The maid was in the room—my trunk was there, and she told me I had just time to dress for dinner.

I arranged my hair—I hope it is not silly to take this opportunity of telling you that, though I am nearly four and forty, I have still a great quantity, soft, dark brown, with a natural wave through it—and I put on my best dress, a dark silk, trimmed with some handsome old lace, that belonged to my grandmother, and I went down stairs.

It was dusk, but the lamps were not lighted in the hall, or in the drawing-room, which I entered. I stood waiting, not certain where to go, when I heard Mrs. Lothrop's voice in the room beyond.

"Don't be a goose, John!" it said. "I shall not allow the elderly swan to suffer for what is no fault of hers. She would not want to stop—and I should not want her—but she must stay here till she gets a place."

I passed quickly down the apartment, and moved a chair in passing to make a noise, which would give token of my approach; then I heard Mrs. Lothrop call:

"Is that you, Miss Howell? come in—dinner ought to be ready—come in? John, draw back the curtains—what an old muff you are—you act as if you wanted to run away!" But the draperies were drawn aside by Mr. Moulton, and I walked into the dining-room. The servants appeared with lights—soup was served, and we sat down at table. Mrs. Lothrop had changed her dressing gown for a more becoming attire. She welcomed me cordially, though in a very abrupt fashion, and we dined in comfort; even Mr. Moulton, in a measure, putting aside his timidity, upon which I must admit his sister rallied him cruelly. But she was very good to me, and I could not help liking her, in spite of her odd ways and her paint—for she was painted dreadfully.

Before the meal ended, the servant brought her a telegram.

"It is from Wakely," she said to me, as she laid it beside her plate after reading it. "They had made a mistake—they have written me—I shall get the letter to-morrow afternoon—we need not think more about the matter until then."

We passed a very pleasant evening. I can, at least, play the piano, and not in a merely technical fashion. At length, Mrs. Lothrop scolded her brother into singing, while I accompanied him, and very nicely he sang.

To have French novels read alone to her was Mrs. Lothrop's delight, and I was able to gratify her in that respect. When I made the offer, I could see she was frightened at the idea of my accent, but I had lived several years in France—my aunt, by marriage, was a Parisian—and I was able to satisfy madam, though I must say, my sense of decorum was shocked by the books she gave me to read, and after I went to bed I was still more shocked, as I thought about it—shocked, to find how much the wicked story had fascinated me.

The next day, Mrs. Lothrop received a letter from the agency people, explaining how the mischance had happened. A Mr. Lothrop, in Maryland, had sent to them for a governess—a middle-aged lady—they had forwarded him the young person intended for the lady upon whom I had intruded, through their negligence.

"The matter might be set right," I said eagerly; "it only involves a journey for me and the young lady."

Mrs. Lothrop burst out laughing.

"You blessed innocent!" cried she. "The man, Lothrop, has telegraphed to Wakely that he is perfectly satisfied, and would not have any change made for the world."

At first I could not think why she laughed in such a very wicked fashion; when I did understand, I turned red, and sat silent—I had already discovered that Mrs. Lothrop's free and easy conversation, and very liberal habit of thought, was not a little embarrassing to a quiet, old maid, like me.

"Here you go," cried she, "blushing like fifteen—you are as bad as John Moulton! Bless us, I'll warrant me that my young woman, whom my namesake has stolen, would not blush so furiously at every trifle!"

It might be easy enough for her to indulge in badinage, whether proper or improper, but to me (setting aside all notions of decorum,) it was rather difficult, when I remembered that I was without a situation, and had barely money enough

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to pay a week's lodging and board, after returning to New York. I could not waste time; I must take some action at once. I tried to say this, but my hostess (I call her that since I could not call her my employer, being under her roof by mistake,) stopped me with the startling abruptness on which, short as my acquaintance with her was, I had already discovered to be one of her strongest characteristics.

"I know what you mean," said she. "Now see here—do you think you could endure me for a few months! Take time—tell the truth—though you are a woman, and moralists (I mean misanthropists, the male ones,) say that we cannot. While you laugh, I will explain the case. I have told you what and whom I expected; here I really am obliged to remain, partly on account of my health, partly a law-suit till October, then I am going to Europe."

I tried again to speak, but once more she checked me.

"You have not finished thinking,' said she. Now during the summer we shall have oceans of leisure to see about a better place for you. It shall be my duty to make sure, when I go, that you are provided for in such a way that you will have no reason to regret the delay."

"I—"

"One moment more! About the duties—if you will read me to sleep afternoon and night—play the piano sometimes in the evening, and take care that I do not tyrannize over poor John till he becomes a mummy, that is all you will be expected to do. I should like you to stay, and I would not have believed I could so quickly have taken a fancy to any feminine creature past twenty—now do try to tolerate me and stop."

It did not take me a great while to make up my mind; I decided to remain, at least till such time as I could find a permanent situation.

Before the week was out Mrs. Lothrop had one of her bad attacks—I think she suffered from some internal disease—and she kept me and the whole household busy enough. She was very exacting, and sometimes very cross, but almost always in a whimsical fashion, which made her words pardonable, and I do believe—it was wrong, of course—but I do believe, she would have jested and been sarcastic on the brink of the grave.

Much as she tyrannized over him, she was fond of her brother. He liked society, she said, though he was so bashful, and she insisted upon my taking my meals with him, driving out with him, and playing the piano for his benefit in the evening, for he was devoted to music, and played the flute in a really marvellous fashion.

Mr. Moulton and I were thrown so much together—as it seemed unavoidable, I thought it would be foolish to vex myself about any questions of impropriety—that we gradually got acquainted, and he quite recovered from his shyness. He was, I discovered, a very cultivated man, fond of books, especially metaphysical works, and, as I liked the same authors, we always had plenty to talk about. He owned a large farm, and was enthusiastic over that; I had my duties, my pleasures; chief among these latter, permission to work in the flower-garden, and I found myself happier, more content, that I had been in a long time.

The weeks went by; much faster than I was aware, for in the quiet of my life, I took less note of the flight of time than I ought, as a sensible and methodical person, to have done.

I am bound to say that I found Mrs. Lothrop—after I grew accustomed to her peculiarities—a much easier person to live with than I had expected. She liked her own way—indeed she would have it—she was masterful and tyrannical, but never petty or ungenerous—and after all, if a person is free from those vices, you can always manage to get on. Even after her recovery, I was thrown a great deal into Mr. Moulton's society, and I found it very pleasant, as we grew perfectly at ease with one another—pleasanter perhaps, than was exactly wise considering our mutual relations.

I have no time to tell you a story, and I have no story to relate, if I had both leisure and talent for the task. The summer went by. I had known from the first, that in the autumn I must lose my present situation; Mrs. Lothrop had no need or desire to take a companion about with her. During the earlier weeks of my sojourn in the house, she and I had often talked of the matter—she was so confident that I should find a place among or through some of her numerous acquaintances—was so very decided about it—that perhaps I was more inactive than I ought to have been—though I must say, in self-defence, that I did not fail to use every means in my power, only they were very small.

As for Mrs. Lothrop, the weeks grew into months and she talked less frequently about the matter. I thought perhaps she was weary of my old maidish anxieties, and I ceased to disturb her by mentioning them. Indeed, she and her brother made my residence under their roof, so pleasant that often I forgot the future myself, and floated on in a more dreamy, inconsequent fashion than was wise or right. Now and then I woke up to remember that the time was approaching when this quiet—a real holiday to a long over-worked spinster like me—must be

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disturbed; nay, disappear utterly, and I be flung back into the rude, sharp experiences of every day life; but I was very weak and shrank from the idea.

So it came upon me like a positive surprise—a real blow—when the end of September arrived, and one morning, Mrs. Lothrop entered the room where her brother and I sat at breakfast—a most unusual proceeding on her part, for as a rule she never left her chamber before noon—and with her usual abruptness, said as she came in:

"I am not ill, John, and I am not mad, so don't stare! I have received letters from my niece. They sail earlier than they expected; I shall be in Paris in less than three weeks."

I said nothing, though she looked at me as if she thought I would. Mr. Moulton began to exclaim, and she nipped him at once.

"Now don t say 'oh, and dear me' " she cried; "a goose could do that! The thing I am thinking about is this—I have been shamefully negligent! I have found no place for Mary Howell, though I have been a brute not to do so, and the question is, what becomes of her when I go."

I felt suddenly sick and faint, but I was determined not to behave like a fool, so I said:

"Do not mind about me; I shall go back to New York. I have no doubt I can get a place in a school."

"To be abused by the head of the establishment—worried to death by the girls!" cried Mrs. Lothrop, quite in a fury without warning. "It is dreadful to think of—disgusting!" Then she turned suddenly on her brother: and cried, "John Moulton, aren't you ashamed of yourself!" He had looked miserable enough—I happened to have glanced at him—before this outburst, but now he sat the picture of wretchedness.

"My dear Jane," said he, "I am very, very sorry, but what——"

"Don't Jane and what me!" she boomed, more furiously than ever. "Now I tell you that——"

"My dear Jane," he began again, but she would not hear a word. As for me, I was sufficiently occupied in keeping back my tears, and could think of nothing to say.

"Look at me, Mary Howell!" suddenly exclaimed this dreadful woman.

"Yes," I said faintly.

"You like chickens—gardening—haying—mowing—ploughing—all the rest of it—and you like pigs—now don't deny it!" cried she. I was so near crying that I scarcely knew what I answered—quite frightened too by her manner.

"May be, if they are very young," said I.

"Good!" she pronounced. "John Moulton, you like all that trash also, but I'll tell you what or who you like better—and that's Mary Howell! I'm not a bat, whatever else I am! You have been in love with her from the day she set foot in this house—you can't deny it! So don't sit there like an overgrown peony and let her go away, when you know you would be the most miserable wretch in the world, if she did!"

Before either of us, her listeners, could move or speak, Mrs. Lothrop was gone, and there we sat staring at one another. Then I remembered that I ought to go. I tried to get up. I felt so dizzy and faint that I was afraid to stir. The next thing I recollect, John was beside me; but I believe (though he began sentences enough to fill a book) all he said was:

"Could you—would you—do you think you would not mind?"

Well, I married him in a fortnight! I was unmethodical from first to last in the matter, but I have never regretted it, and he always says he has not either.

Mrs. Lothrop came back from Europe last year, and paid us a long visit. She laughed at us for a pair of ancient turtle-doves, but I think that in her odd fashion she fully enjoyed the sight of our happiness.

DEAD.

BY HECTOR BERTRAM.

Oft, oft, do you ask, why my footsteps are feeble,
Why, the white wreathes of winter are decking my head,
Why, society's pleasures all fail now to charm me,
And I shrink from the world, with a shuddering dread;
'Tis because my poor heart is crushed, now, and bleeding,
All love for vain trifling, forever hath fled;
For the pride of my manhood, the being I worshipped,
Has been torn from my bosom—lies senseless, and dead.

Well, well I remember the sweet breath of spring time,—
The air heavy laden with fragrance of flowers,
A lifetime of joy, then, seemed stretching before us,
Instead of a few, fleeting, love laden hours—
When she nestled close down to my bosom and murmured,
While I waited, scarce hoping to hear such reply,
"I love you—will love you, for ever and ever;"
How I suffered when later I heard she must die!

Can you wonder again, why I sadly, am waiting
For the snowy-clad guide, who shall lead me above
To the bright, verdant fields where my darling, my Ida,
Is beckoning me with a finger of love!
Still urging me on to the home that's eternal,
Where weary man, never hath cause to complain;
For mortals, once safe in that harbor, shall suffer
No sickness, no dying, no shadow of pain.

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MY LOVE STORY.

BY HENRY W. NORTHCOTE.

I was about to break the shell of my second egg, when my eye fell on the following paragraph in the Times, which I always read at breakfast.

September 10th. The Rev. John Gilchrist, Rector of Mosbey, Nilts, aged sixty-seven.

I did not go to my office that day. I took a turn in the Park instead. I wanted time to collect my thoughts.

Six hundred a year was little enough to keep a wife on, especially in my station in life. But then I was a barrister, and my friends said a rising one. In a year or two, the six hundred might become twelve hundred.

Besides I was in love with Kate. She was beautiful, accomplished, high-bred, everything desirable in a wife, except that she had no money. Now that her father was dead, what was to become of her? The result of my cogitations was that I went home, threw some things into a valise, and took the first train to Mosbey Park, the residence of my uncle, where I was always, I flattered myself, a favorite guest. It was while at Mosbey Park, the preceding July, that I had fallen in love with Kate.

My uncle was delighted to see me. The cloth had scarcely been removed after dinner, and the servants departed, when my uncle said:

"I owe this visit, I suppose, to the death of poor Gilchrist. It was kind of you to come down to the funeral, considering how often you had met him at my table. I hope it will not be misunderstood in a certain quarter. It is very sad about poor Kate. She will have to go out as a governess. What little her father had was invested in some American railroad, that smashed up last week. When Gilchrist heard it, he had a fit, and never spoke afterwards."

"I had hoped some good fellow would have asked for Kate's hand, before this," I answered, trying to look and speak carelessly.

"Oh!" replied my uncle, "there's the rub. Kate's pretty, but she was no heiress, even before this loss, and sensible men don't marry penniless girls now-a-days. They can't afford it."

"It's all the fault of our hot-house civilization. We're too extravagant," I replied. "Perhaps, if we were contented with less, and married for love, we'd be the happier." I threw this out as a feeler.

"Stuff and nonsense," said my uncle, tapping his snuff-box. He had always been a bachelor, and a cynical one at that. "It's money, after all, that is the real foundation of happiness. Mosbey Park is a fine estate, eh! my boy?" And he looked at me keenly.

"Yes! and you have greatly improved it. Floxton tells me the young timber is now saleable. Planting, in the way you did, forty years ago, was most judicious."

"And introducing drainage has doubled the value of the farms. The income, I may tell you confidentially, is twice what it was when I inherited it. It ought to have the Beechy estate added to it," he continued significantly. "Laura Beechy is plain, but then heiresses are never beautiful. I should like to see the man who will have Mosbey adding Beechy to it."

I winced at the suggestion.

"You see, sir," I stammered, "a fellow likes to see a pretty girl at the head of his table. Why didn't fortune give Kate Gilchrist the Beechy Manor?"

"The heir of Mosbey ought to marry Laura Beechy," said my uncle, decisively, "were she Muckle-mouthed May herself."

'Certainly, sir," I replied, assuming a perfectly unconscious look, "and if she refuses him, I will get him an introduction to the Pig-Faced lady. She has no end of money, they say, got by exhibiting herself."

"All very well for chaff, my boy," said my uncle, "but you're no fool, and you'll ride over to Beechy, to-morrow, and see Laura. By the way, tell Netley and Nelson I shall want them, as witnesses, to a document, when you return. Good-night."

After breakfast, next day, I asked my uncle if he had any commands for Beechy Hall, before I visited my home.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled. "Ask Mr. Beechy about that poaching rascal, Norton; and hark ye! don't come here till its all settled."

He stood watching me down the park. At the lodge, I turned in the direction of Beechy, but after I had gone about half a mile, I struck into a cross-road, and so made my way to the Rectory.

Kate and I had exchanged divers love-passages, the past summer, though I had never asked her directly to be my wife. I had been, in fact, waiting for better times; I had had that much

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prudence about me at any rate. But now she was in trouble. Come what would, I would marry her. She must not go forth into the world to earn her bread as a governess.

I led my horse to the well-known stable myself, crossed the lawn to the drawing-room bow-window, opened it, and entered. Kate was sitting in the half darkness; but rose, startled at my intrusion.

"Pardon me, Miss Gilchrist," I said, "but I could not ring, and disturb you, to-day. I am not going to sympathize or condole with you as an ordinary friend might do. I have come down from London to see, as something dearer than a friend, in what I can help."

"Oh! Mr. Mordaunt, what can I say to you at such a time. Yours is true kindness," and she turned away, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. After a pause, she said:

"You have heard from your uncle, perhaps, of my father's losses, nay! his ruin. The furniture, however, will pay for our few personal debts, but I grieve not being able to meet the dilapidations, which will be heavy for this old house. As for myself, I shall seek employment, and hope in time to liquidate everything." And Miss Gilchrist proudly faced her lover.

"Kate, I have three hundred pounds lying idle at my banker's; borrow it; you can pay interest, if you will."

"How can I thank you for your generosity? But—oh! no, no—I cannot take it."

"Then take me with it, Kate, if that will reconcile you to it," and I took her hand firmly, which struggled to be free. "You know how long I have loved you. I came from London, on purpose, to say this. Kate, my own Kate, look up, speak to me—"

She paused a moment, and then said: "It is almost too happy; but your uncle, he would never forgive me. Oh! Mr. Mordaunt, Alan, it cannot be. Do not ask me further." And she sat down, pale as death, on the sofa.

I begged and implored, but to no purpose. She shook her head mournfully, she would give me no hope. Nothing was so abhorrent to her feelings, she said, with averted face, as to enter a family where she was not welcome. I grew warm, almost angry, and blamed her pride. She confessed she deserved my reproach, but she remained unmoved. I railed at my uncle. She put her hand on my arm, and said:

"Nay, do not speak thus, with him above yet unburied. Your uncle is not to blame. You shall hear, after awhile, from me, if that will content you. I promise you, if ever I am in difficulty, to write to you, and trust you as a brother. Do not grieve. Forgive me and forget me," and she turned her earnest eyes on me, in a last appeal.

I caught her, for one moment, in my arms, and kissed her on the forehead. She yielded for an instant, and drew herself away. "Farewell," she whispered. In a few moments I was galloping down the road.

I had intended, when I set out, to go to Beechy Hall, after leaving the Rectory, so, as at least, to keep the letter, if not the spirit, of my promise to my uncle. But I was in no mood now for a formal visit. At one moment I blamed Kate, for what I called her coldness; at another I censured myself for doing so. "For, after all, she loves me." I cried. "That, at least, she could not conceal, though she tried hard to do it."

A gallop of an hour somewhat calmed my excited feelings. But I felt that I could not meet my uncle at dinner. He would be sure to catechise me about Laura. So I turned my horse's head to the village, and alighted at the inn, wrote a note to my relative, pretending to telegram for London, and sent it, with the steed, to the Park. Then I took the next train to London.

A month passed, during which I heard nothing from my uncle, or from Kate. I was surprised at the first, but not at the last. One morning, however, I found two private letters on my breakfast table. One was from the Park, and I give it first. It was written in my uncle's crabbed, half-indistinct, hand-writing, now more crabbed and indistinct than ever.

"Dear Alan," it began, "I thought you would like some news from the old place. Miss Beechy is to marry young Pettigrew. He is but little better than an ass, at least in ordinary affairs; but he had sense enough to know where there is a fine fortune. Miss Laura seemed quite surprised, after the poor, dear, rector's funeral, to hear that you set out to call on her, and somehow never got there. But sometimes the men who think themselves the smartest, are the biggest fools. My sister Jane's boy has been here; he is very fond of a country life; and we get on admirably. I must close, for I have just had a little document altered, and they are waiting to witness my signature. Ever, your affectionate uncle, C. H. Mosbey.

I threw the missive indignantly into the fire. "Let him make his will in favor of John," I cried, "what do I care? My cousin is a mere lout." But I sighed, nevertheless, to think I should never see Mosbey Park again; for I was fond of the dear old place for itself.

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The other letter was written on black-edged mourning paper. The hand-writing was firm, yet delicate, and lady-like. The missive ran thus:

SHIP EUPHRATES, GRAVESEND.

My Dear Mr. Mordaunt.

After your kindness to me at Mosbey, and my promise to let you know what my plans were, you will not be surprised to hear that I am going out to India, as governess, to the Hon. Sir R. Pryrme's daughters. We sail in an hour. You will soon learn to thank me for sparing us the bitterness of saying farewell to one another. You carry with you my disinterested affection and best wishes for your happiness. A kinder fate might have saved me from signing myself, your most sincere and sisterly friend, K. G.

I threw a few things into a valise, while I told the clerk of my chambers to call a cab. Then I said I should be absent for a few days; but did not say where I was going; and drove off.

I reached Gravesend, only to hear that the Euphrates had sailed in the night. To my eager enquiries, if she would stop anywhere, for later mails or passengers, the agent replied that she might call at Plymouth, but it was uncertain, it would depend on the weather.

I went down to Plymouth by the next train, reaching my destination early in the morning. I called, at once, on the ship's agent there. He informed me decisively, but courteously, that there was not the slightest chance of the Euphrates touching at Plymouth. She had discharged her pilot at Folkestone, the telegraph had just informed him. "She is now making her way down the channel," he said, "with a favorable wind, as you can see for yourself, a stiff breeze, in fact."

What was to be done now? It was certain I should not see Kate again. The despair at her loss, quite unfitted me for business, at least at present; so, after smoking a cigar or two, I resolved to go on to Cornwall. "I have never seen Tintagel, on the Lizard, but here is a good chance," I said.

The little omnibus, that met the train, deposited me, with two other passengers, inmates of the little village, in an open courtyard of the only inn in the locality. It was dusk, and beyond two or three squalid cottages, and the cheery radiance of the kitchen window before me, I could see nothing, save moon and mist. There was not a tree, not a bush, not a thing, nor had we passed one for the last two miles. Heather, swept by the keen breeze, and a vast cloud-curtain, that overhangs the cliffs, facing the sea, made up the entire prospect. I shivered, and went in, glad to forget the dismal scene without, in a good supper, eaten before a blazing fire.

I slept well, except that, more than once, as I half woke, I heard the surf thunder on the cliffs; and every time I heard it, it seemed to be louder than before. As soon as breakfast was over I went down to the shore. There was a magnificent sea rolling into the little bay, under a brisk south-wester, turgid and swollen on the horizon, and breaking here and there into angry foam, and growing whiter and whiter as it approached. The coast was composed of serpentine rocks, cruel and sharp, like wolf's teeth, where they receded from the shore, but split into a hundred jagged, reef-like masses, where the sea roared, and leaped, and chafed in sheets of surf before me. A lurid glare over head, athwart which dirty, yellowish cloud-drifts were driven fiercely, and then were swallowed up in the wild mist, boded but ill, I thought, for mariners who should be caught near the iron-bound coast. It was a splendid spectacle, with a sort of horrible fascination in it, and I remained gazing at it for hours. With the old light-house keeper I watched sail after sail reach the offing. By nightfall a tremendous gale was raging. The wind howled, the rain hissed down in torrents, and the scud from the surf was sent flying in white sheets far inland. The old salt finally shrugged his shoulders, wished me good-night, and went in.

About midnight I was roused by the shouts of men running under my windows. I could hear their anxious inquiries over the roar of the storm, which now raged wilder than ever. The landlord came to the door, knocked hurriedly, and said:

"There's a large ship on the rocks off the Old Head, sir. Would you like to see the life-boat go out?"

I did not wait for a second invitation, but hurried on my clothes, adding a boating coat to it, and a sou'-wester tick well on my head, which I borrowed from the landlord.

We were almost carried off our feet as we came out on the cliffs by the Head. It was an awful sight. By the light of a struggling moon, now half hid behind the driving clouds, now fighting its way out, we beheld, away at sea, lit by a couple of blue lights, a large vessel, broadside on to the waves, that howled around her, each surge striving to out-top its neighbor. You could hear them boom and hiss as they flew over, and almost buried her in their foam. Every now and then a gun was fired. Every now and then the sea, cumbered with topmasts and wreckage, was wildly lit up for an instant; but only to pass

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into thicker darkness than ever, as the flash died away, and the sullen report reached our ears.

We ran down the zig-zag path to the cove. The life-boat was already being hauled out by her men. One man, however, was wanting to fill up her quota. Perhaps, at any other time, even the stirring desire, natural to every true man, in such a crisis, to lend his hand, to peril his life, if it may be, would have been insufficient to tempt me to volunteer. But to this strong physical impulse, was added a sort of despair, a feeling that I had little to live for. And this was intensified by a sudden suggestion that, perhaps, Kate might, sometime, hear how I had died in the attempt to save others. I stepped to the front, and offered to take the vacant place. The crew hesitated, at first, and seemed disposed to wait for their lagging mate. But the storm was blowing in more furious gusts than ever. No more guns were fired from the ship, the waves evidently driving the men below. It was plain that not a moment was to be lost.

"I have served in the Oxford crew," I said, addressing the coxswain.

"Will you obey orders?" he answered, scrutinizing me, critically, from head to foot.

"Yes! and do my best," I replied. "Drown with you, if we fail."

"Hurrah!" cried the crew. "Let him put on the jacket and take his place."

"Now then, easy, lads; shove her off," shouted the coxswain. "Now's your time."

The willing arms of the crowd pushed us down the slips, and ran us out well into the surf, some getting knocked down, and all thoroughly drenched by the operation.

"Bend to it, lads! Stick to your oars, and we'll soon reach her." These were the last commands I heard. A huge roller swept over us, before we could clear the surf, filled the boat with water, and half stunned me.

"Hold hard, mate," said the man who shared my bench. "We shan't ship any more."

Nor did we, at least for some time. The difficulty was to keep one's seat, as the boat shot up some mountain wave, to dive headlong, a moment after, in its trough; and then to be knocked about in the broken water, before the next swell came, and our previous experience was repeated. It was desperate work, too, laying hold of the waves with the oar, such was the swiftness with which they flew by, such the force with which they beat upon the blade. I was nearly exhausted, before we had made half the distance. But my companion, long habituated to such scenes, so different from the comparatively smooth water to which I had been used, chewed his quid and pulled away with supreme indifference.

"What ship is she?" I said to him.

"I thought her a collier at first," he replied, "but Bill tells me it's the 'You-fear-at-ease.' We can't abide them foreign names. She's an Indiaman."

My heart stood still for a moment, the oar almost dropped from my nerveless hands. For, in this odd name I recognized the Euphrates, the ship, as the reader knows, in which Kate had sailed.

But in a moment I rallied, and my strength returned, returned augmented ten-fold. Kate in danger. The thought lent new might to my arm. With clenched teeth, and set face, I pulled at my oar, my neighbor looking at me wonderingly. "You Oxford chaps," he said, "after all, have the true grit."

He had hardly spoken, when I saw a huge wave towering above us, on the starboard.

"Look out," roared the coxswain. "Hold on for your lives."

Down came the roaring avalanche, snapping two oars, and overturning the boat amid a whirlwind of foam.

It seemed ages before I rose to the surface, for, like all the rest, I had been flung from my seat and submerged. But I had a fast hold, as the others had, on the safety-lines. At last I struggled up from the confusion of ropes in which I was enveloped, seized my oar that still hung by its lanyard, took a long breath, and once more gave way, with the rest of the crew, the water running out of the false bottom of our cork-like craft, like hill-torrents after a thunder-storm.

A few vigorous strokes more brought us up with the Euphrates. We ran as close to her, as we dared, in the boiling cauldron of surf around her. A few sailors were visible on the deck, holding fast by the rigging, and on the poop we saw several women, whose wails we heard, as sea after sea swept over them, every now and then carrying off one of their number. I strove in vain, however, to recognize Kate among them. Meantime our coxswain was endeavoring to throw a rope aboard, as we lay off and on, but as yet unsuccessfully. All the boats, bulwarks, and deck lumber had been swept away, and most of the crew also apparently. The end was now at hand. Three immense rollers, in quick succession, came rushing in out of the gloom ahead; poised, for a moment, high up, overhanging the doomed ship; and then, one after the other, broke upon her, ton after ton, in cataracts of whirling waters. There was a loud cracking, and then, amid the shrieks of the women, the

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Euphrates heeled over, and went all at once to pieces. We drew out, as quickly as we could, from the confused surges and dangerous proximity of the wreckage. It is a marvel to me, looking back on that fearful night, how we survived.

We did our best, in this awful whirlpool, to save the poor creatures from the wreck. Eight men and three children were picked up. Then we steered right into the heart of the wreckage, and got in two ladies; but neither, alas! was Kate. The moon had now come out, and shone calmly down on the wild waste of waters, as if mocking us and them with its calm, ineffable face. Round and round we rowed, in hopes to save still one more; but not a soul was seen; and at last the coxswain, reluctantly, gave the word, "home." Still unwilling to give up to despair, I peered into every trough, and looked eagerly for the crest of each wave, in hopes of seeing Kate. Ha! what was that? Again the moonlight fell on it, as it floated on the water: it was Kate's upturned face, drifting by. In a moment, I had dropped my oar, leaped into the seething abyss, and with two strokes had gained her side, and grasped her long, flowing hair. A surge flew over us, buried us, whirled us away. But I held fast. I was stunned, smothered, lost all consciousness. But still I held fast.

When the sun was high in the heavens, and the sea-gulls were wheeling above the still sullen waves that chafed around the Lizard Head, I awoke to consciousness. My cork-jacket had buoyed me up, and I had been dragged out of the water, by the crew, as soon as I rose to the surface. I still held fast to Kate, and she was saved with me, and was now, in another chamber of the inn, I was told, fast recovering her strength.

I have little more to tell. Kate's pride had now broken down completely, or rather her gratitude quite overcame it. When I urged a speedy marriage, now that we had been so miraculously reunited, and now that she was more than ever alone in the world, she put her hand frankly in mine, and said, "You saved my life, do with me as you will. I have always loved you, and I love you now more than ever."

Thus it came to pass that we were wedded, in a quiet little Cornwall church, with no pomp or display, and with only the humble villagers as spectators. We were the heroine and hero of the hour, with them, however. A carriage was waiting, at the church door, to take us to the nearest railway station, when, as we came out, a messenger on horseback, rode hastily up, and inquired for me. I stepped forward.

"A telegram, sir," he said, "from London."

I opened it, wondering what it was, and how my locality had been discovered. It was from my clerk, and ran as follows:

"We have been trying to trace you, ever since you left London. We found the cab-driver, who took you to Gravesend, and thence traced you to the Exeter & Plymouth Express, and from thence to the Lizard. A telegram came for you, the morning after you left, saying that your uncle had just died. He was taken with a fit, at dinner, and never recovered consciousness."

"Poor uncle!" I said. "He was always kind to me. And he died alone. Poor, poor, solitary man."

Kate burst into tears. "He did not like me," she said, "at least of late; but I wish I had been there, in his last moments."

We hurried, of course, to Mosbey Park, arriving just in time for the funeral. After that mournful ceremony, I went back to the house, at the lawyer's request, to hear the will read, though, after what my uncle had wrote, I expected nothing, unless, perhaps, a small legacy. My cousin John, I was fully prepared to learn, was to be the heir. But in this I was disappointed. My uncle, it seems, had never made the threatened will; but his letter to me had only been an idle threat. I came in for the entire estate.

I flatter myself, too, that, even if he had lived to hear of my marriage to Kate, it would have been the same. For surely no one could have long resisted her virtues; she who has been the light of my life, my solace in sorrow, my partner in every joy. God bless her!

IN STORE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

True to the best within,
Most free from cumb'ring sin,
To live we do desire,
Forever reaching higher—
Yet so unlike are we
To what we will to be,
We see our aim from far
As one would see a star.

That for this sordid life,
With dust and mold so rife,
That e'en ourselves we scoff—
When we have put it off—
There is another sphere
More sure than this, where clear
May wind our peaceful ways,
Dear Lord, we give thee praise.

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THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

SHE could not easily have been a prettier girl than she was; but she might, very easily, have been a happier-looking one. There was such utter desolation and discontent on her face, and it was such a very young face, that its misery seemed unnatural. And it was not only her face; but her very figure and posture, told of low spirits and inward rebellion.

She sat upon the hearth-rug, her hand clasping her knee, school-girl fashion, her pretty forehead wrinkled and frowning at space. Few girls of seventeen have borne as sharp an ache in their hearts, as it was her lot to bear at this moment; but few girls have lived the life Philippa Fairfax had. Life had begun for her at a time when most children are in the nursery, and it had been a life full of hard, and often bitter, experiences. And here was an experience more bitter than the rest—more stinging—more conclusive to that stubborn ache, and worse, still more humiliating

"I have had a good many things to believe in my time," she said alone to the empty room "And I have taught myself to believe them; but somehow I never thought I should have to believe *this* And yet," she added, with sudden sharpness, "why didn't I think so! What reason had I to have faith in him—or any one like him? What real honest good was there about him, that I should trust him? There wasn't any!" passionately. "I never respected him, when I loved him most. I don't see what I loved him for. There must be something wrong in *me*, too, or I could never have loved him at all. He never loved *me*. I am a weak, shallow, little fool, a week, shallow, sentimental little fool!"

She shook her small, clenched hand, fiercely—at her own weakness, and shallowness, and sentiment, it may be supposed, as there was nothing else to shake it at.

"I hate and despise myself," she cried. "I hate and *despise* myself!" And then her childish tempest ended on a rush of tears. "Ah!" she said, her voice dying down into a whisper, almost as if she was pitying herself. "How unhappy I am!"

She had hidden her face in her hands, and her tears were dropping fast. But suddenly, there came to her ear, the sound of a latch-key, turned in the front door, and then some one entered in a hurry, and ran up the staircase, and into the room, almost before she had time to spring to her feet, and pretend to be looking at something on the mantel-piece.

"Phil, my dear," said the new comer. "You will have to go down and see that diabolical scoundrel, Hibbert. I have just given him the slip. I am afraid he saw me. Tell him I am in Paris—anything will do. Nobody manages those unmitigated ruffians better than you do, my dear."

He passed through the room, into the adjoining sleeping apartment, giving the girl the gayest and most delightful nod possible. Men are not usually graceful with a creditor at their heels; but the time never was, and never had been, when that adorable rascal, Philip Fairfax, was unamiable or ungraceful.

The daughter, in obedience to her father's command, went down stairs, and, after an angry altercation, on the part of the creditor, finally succeeded in getting rid of him. Poor girl! it was not the first time, nor the last, that she had to play this part.

When she returned, her father, sitting on the most comfortabte chair in the apartment, greeted her with a smile.

"Thanks, my dear," he said amiably. "Now, will you be so good as to bring me my dressing gown and slippers?"

Phil brought them without a word—a handsome dressing gown and an equally handsome pair of slippers, both of which articles she had purchased herself, furnishing the sum which paid for them out of her own poor little annuity. She had worn many a shabby bonnet for the sake of this lovable incubus of hers, but luxuries were so very becoming, and so absolutely necessary to him, that it was impossible to begrudge any sacrifice made to obtain them.

Her father drew a cigar out of an embroidered case, and lighting it, gave himself up to the enjoyment of it. His posture was languid grace itself. The small, long-fingered hand, holding the weed, was simply an incomparable hand. The high-bred face, with its large, tranquil blue eyes, was simply incomparable also. He looked

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like a man who had never done a wrong, or felt a pang, in his life. It is quite certain that he had never felt a pang

"It has been very fortunate for me, that I found you at home, Phil," he remarked.

"I suppose it was," said Phil, dryly.

The conciseness of the reply, and something in the tone of it, attracted Philip Fairfax's attention. His smile died away, and he looked tenderly disturbed—so tenderly disturbed that it would have been hard to believe that he was not the most affectionate and unselfish of fathers.

"My dear child, you are out of sorts," he said. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," Phil answered, coloring up to the roots of her hair.

"Nothing," he repeated, forgetting his little breath of disturbance immediately; and, egotist as he was, coming back to himself. "Ah! very well. By the bye, what is there for dinner?"

"You will have to go to the restaurant," said Phil. "There *is* nothing to-day."

"Ah! I shall have to go to the restaurant. And you?"

"I shall do very well. There is enough for me. There is a bit of that cold grouse, and I can have coffee—and besides, I am not hungry."

"But that won't do. If there is not enough for me, there is not enough for you. I must send you something—though, to be sure, I am terribly out of funds"—drawing out a limp purse. "You must have something, you know."

He was so earnestly impulsive about it, that Phil forgot to be gloomy. She was so fond of him, and his charms, that his irresponsible amiable readiness always took her by storm. She stepped forward, and taking the purse from him, closed it, and slipped the band over it with an imperious little snap.

"If you send me anything, I will do as I did the last time," she said. "I won't touch it, and I will save it for your supper, and sit up until you come home to eat it. I am not hungry—in the least. And see how strong I am. I am not like you. You coughed all last night, Governor, darling."

This odd sounding title was one she had given him long ago, in her childhood—almost in her babyhood. Nobody knew how she had lighted upon it. Her pretty, girlish mother had laughed at it, and encouraged her fancy for it. Phil was only a fantastic episode to her, sometimes amusing, often troublesome; a puppet to be dressed and played with when there was money in the house, to be neglected and kept behind the scenes when funds were low. Certainly she was not regarded as a responsibility. Nobody controlled her, in fact nobody troubled themselves about her, as a rule, though the fortunate accident of her beauty won some attention for her upon occasions. The men who came to the house to play games of chance, and talk nonsense to Philip Fairfax's foolish, exquisitely pretty little wife, alternately laughed at and teased the child. They were boisterously jocose over her precocity, and boisterously fond of drawing her out. As to Lilias Fairfax herself, without being a fortunate woman, she was still far from being an unhappy one. At sixteen, she had run away from a select sea-side "seminary for young ladies," to marry a man who was a selfish idler, a gambler, a rascal; and to the end of her brief life (she had died at twenty-two of consumption) she had never been disenchanted. She had adored Philip Fairfax with unquestioning simplicity. She had lived with him in a debtor's prison, and begged money to obtain his release; she had used all her pretty powers with the ill-natured ones, she had coaxed, and cried, and smiled. There had never been an hour, even at the darkest, when she would have left this lonesome scamp for any easier life—even for the careless joy of her girlhood. She had been pathetically faithful and loving, and at last she had died with her head upon his arm, and her worn little hand on his breast.

"I've never been sorry I ran away with you, Phil," she had said. "You have always been good to me. I would rather die here than at Cousin Emily's—though she was good enough." And Philippa, who had been sitting, round-eyed, and not greatly disturbed, on the foot of the bed, always remembered how her mother looked, when, a few minutes later, she nestled closer to the supporting arm and died with a smile on her lips.

There was something else which the girl remembered too, and this something else was the cough with which the last illness had begun—the tiresome, hacking little cough. She remembered its sound so well, that when she first heard it one night in her father's room, it chilled her very heart. She had grown accustomed to the knowledge that he was not strong. His physical beauty was of a dangerous, perishable order. More than once, she had seen an ominous flush on his delicate, feminine face, an ominous tremor in his fine, fair hands.

"You were coughing all last night, Governor, darling," she said, and she said it with an anxious pang.

He smiled the faintest of smiles, and one holding a strong but unconscious expression of trouble.

"Did I?" he said. "Yes, really, I think I

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did. The fact is, I think, I caught a trifle of cold, when I crossed the channel, on my way to meet Harker, and—and I don't seem to get rid of it. But there is no need for anxiety, of course." And yet his rapid glance at Phil seemed to ask a question secretly. "Nothing to be anxious about—is there?" he added.

"I hope not," Phil answered. "But I wish you would stay at home, at night, during this damp weather."

By this time he was regarding her with actual restlessness.

"My dear child," he broke forth. "You speak, as if you were not sure, and that is absurd. I could not stay at home, you know. How could I? And then what possible reason could there be—Faith! Phil, my dear," breaking off, and rising with a short, light laugh, "you almost make me uncomfortable. Cons—— That sort of thing is a special horror of mine. Your mother, you know—Poor Lilias! Poor girl!

To Phil it seemed as if he was seized with a sudden, momentary fear, and did not like to give the matter even a passing thought. Was he afraid? She knew that death and pain always unnerved him—did he feel terror at the mere fancy of their possible approach? She could not help wondering, and feeling uncomfortable herself. And then she wished to reassure him.

"The medicine *you* want, Governor," she said, "is money."

"It is medicine a good many of us want," he put in.

"Yes, but you want it more than the rest of us. If you had money, and rest, and luxury, and—well, the rest of it, you would be well enough—I think."

"I am sure," he answered, "I should like to try it, Phil." And he half sighed, half smiled again.

Phil nodded.

"So should I." But her sigh was not half a one. "If old Miss Emily Roscoe had left me her money," she said, after a pause, "how nice it would have been."

"Ah! if," said Fairfax. "But she never forgave your mother, and so Wilfred Carnegie got it."

"And we have only one poor straw left to cling to." Phil proceeded: "If old Mrs. Oswald would die—but she wont."

"I am afraid not," said Fairfax, with perfect composure and earnestness.

"Phil, is not that the door bell? You had better go, perhaps."

CHAPTER II.

PHIL went out obediently. But it was not another creditor. In a short time, she came back with a companion—a young man who followed her, as if he was quite at home—a young man who had a picturesque, dark, aquiline-featured face, and who was so evidently dressed up to, and moulded upon the Philip Fairfax model, that his likeness to him was a kind of marvel, though the two had no other form of resemblance than the same order of tall, willowy, graceful figure.

"It is nobody but Ernest," said Philippa, and marched back to her old place, with a darkened face.

Ernest laid aside his hat, and took a seat. He had a cigar in his hand, but he did not lay that aside. Her father's friends rarely stood on ceremony with Phil—particularly, such friends as Ernest.

"I have some news for you," was the newcomer's first remark.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," questioned Fairfax.

"Bad," was the answer. "Mrs. Dorothy Oswald has announced her intention of leaving her possessions to Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil turned round with flashing eyes and clenched hand.

"It's a shame!" she cried. "It's a burning shame!"

The young man smiled at her, as if he had been used to smiling at her all her life.

"Yes, it's a shame," he said. "But I am not Mrs. Dorothy Oswald, after all. I am not going to leave my money to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil shrugged her shoulders, and turned her back upon him. She was not prone to ceremony either.

"When did you hear it?" Fairfax asked.

"Only this morning. There seems—" sardonically, "to be a sort of fascination about this Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. I rather fancy he is what one might call a 'nice' young man. Old ladies invariably become enamored of him, and I have even heard of young ladies who were not utterly free from the same amiable weakness. Mrs. Oswald met him by accident—had never given him a thought before—only knew him as a thirty-second cousin to whom Miss Roscoe had left money—but she had not known him six months, before she began to meditate upon the discreetness of leaving him her fortune, instead of building lunatic asylums with it, or letting it drift into the hands of disreputable relatives. She says he will use it to some good purpose, and she can trust him with it. Being the young man he is, it appears he did not want it, and requested, as a special favor, that she would give it to somebody else. But she prudently resisted his importunities, and sent for her lawyer, and made it over to him, with all due form and

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ceremony; and there the matter stands. They are such friends, I hear, that he has consented to take up his abode in her household, since he has no family of his own."

"He lives with her?" interposed Phil.

"So report says. What a delightful thing it must be to stand in the shoes of Mr. Wilfred Carnegie!"

Fairfax shrugged his shoulders.

"Our straw has floated past us on the current, you see," he said to Phil. "And it was the last straw, too."

But he was not very much disturbed, disastrous as the affair might seem. It was not his habit to allow anything to shake his composure to any very great extent. It must be confessed that he had not relied much on Mrs. Dorothy Oswald. His wife's relations did not regard him with unqualified admiration. Some of them even went so far as to apply certain hard names to him.

But Philippa's mood was not a resigned one by any means. She was more intense and less tranquil. She had never seen Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, but her feeling for him had always been one of dislike, and now it amounted almost to detestation.

While her father and his companion talked, she remained silent. She would have been glad to have been able to shut her ears to the sound of the young man's sweet, rapid tones. There had been a time when she had been well content to listen, but that day was over. If she disliked Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, whom she had never seen, she despised Mr. Ernest Duval, whom she had seen too often for her own peace of mind, and her contempt was not as unreasonable as her dislike.

"You were at the Farquhars, last night," her father was saying.

"Yes," was the answer.

"And Miss Farquhar—?"

Duval waved his hand a little emphatically. "Isobel?" he said. "Oh! yes, of course. Well, matters are very much as usual."

"But the climax will come," returned Fairfax.

Duval smiled a peculiar, quiet, irritating smile.

"I think so. Isobel is the girl who believes."

"Ah!" said Fairfax. "You are a fortunate fellow."

He left the room, shortly afterwards. He had an unpleasant letter to write, and wanted to have it off his hands.

"When I have finished it, we will go out, together," he said to Ernest.

After the door closed behind him, there was a silence. Philippa leaned against the back of her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her face dark and scornful. Her moods were never well regulated, and just now she was full of intense wrath and contempt. She looked at her companion, from under her dropped lashes, and her glance was in a small way quite withering.

"You say Miss Farquhar is the girl who believes," she said. "Does she believe *you?*"

"She has led me to infer," he answered, "that such is the extent of her weakness. At any rate, she believes in me a shade more than you do."

"It would be very easy," broke forth the impetuous little Tartar; "it would be very easy for her to believe in you a *thousand*—a *million* times more than I do."

"Ah!" said Ernest, "that means you do not believe in me at all—which is cruel."

"You never had yourself any beliefs," hotly answered the girl. "You were never innocent enough to have them. And it is you who do all the harm. It is only such people as you that are safe."

His soft, well-sounding voice broke in upon her, as he rose carelessly from his chair.

"Have I ever done *you* any harm?" he asked her, looking down into her poor, little, passionate face.

He used the last fragments of his power over her so well, and he was so near to her, that she trembled, and sudden, emotional tears rushed to her eyes. It was a final throe; but she beat it back, notwithstanding.

"Yes," she said. "I thought I had learned to despise you as much as I could; but you have taught me to despise you more."

"My dear Phil"—he began, with almost insolent serenity.

She drew back from him, with a half shudder, and her tears ran over.

"I am thinking of Isobel Farquhar," she cried. "She is a girl, too, and—and I despise you more for her sake."

Singularly enough, he had the grace, to color, faintly.

"You think that, in marrying her, I am not making a love match."

"Love?" exclaimed Phil. "It is not you who should even speak of it! You do not know what it means."

"Perhaps I have my own translation of it," he answered. "I think I must have. For my way—I have been more deeply in love with you, than with any other woman."

The tears were dried that instant. Phil regarded him with eyes steady and bitter. She was not a sentimental little fool, though she had called herself one.

"Have you outlived it?" she asked. "I hope

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you have. Don't you know better than to talk than kind of nonsense to me—*now*."

He was so far a selfish, utterly unprincipled scamp, that her very spirit piqued him into being more daring.

"No, I do not," he said to her. "And it's so, because I have not outlived it even, though I am going to marry Isobel Farquhar."

He bent forward, as if he would have touched her caressingly, but on this he ventured too much. Phil stopped him, with a voice clear and ringing, notwithstanding its low, tense pitch.

"If you so much as touch my hand," she said, "I will call my father. I have done with you forever and ever."

"Forever and ever?" he echoed.

"Forever and ever."

"Amen," he said, shrugging his shoulders, and went back to his chair.

He had not counted upon this, somehow. In one respect he had not spoken falsely. As far as it was possible for him to love a woman, he had loved Phil. Her unusual type of beauty, her pure and high spirit, even the very impetuousness of her temper, had held attractions for him. If he could have afforded to indulge in luxurious whims, he could have made up his mind to marry her, and there was no other woman whom he had ever so far honored. As it was, he had exerted himself to his utmost to win her heart, without deciding what to do with it after it was won. And having won it, he rather regretted the necessity of sacrificing it to Isobel Farquhar. Phil had been a figure in his everyday life for years. As a spoiled scape grace lad, he had been a disciple of her fathers, and he had matured into something very much worse, under the same praiseworthy tuition. He had squandered his small patrimony, and earned an unenviable reputation, and at last had turned to the final resort of making a good marriage. Then he had met Isobel Farquhar, who was a Scotch heiress, without unpleasant parental incumbrances, and who had beauty and generous faith enough to have touched a better man's heart. And the end of it was, that he was to marry Isobel Farquhar; and Phil, with her hot temper, and dash, and lovable oddities, was to be sacrificed.

He tried to feel as sardonic as usual, but the pretty, scornful face, resting against the chair back, disturbed and annoyed him. It was so evident, that she had "done with him" in very truth. Miss Farquhar had eyes like wild hyacinths, and the "fair" hair of most fair Scotch women; Phil's eyes were the tawny brown, that one sometimes sees with dense, black lashes and hair—a tint far more tawny than brown, they were such eyes as one may well remember a lifetime, after having seen them. Phil was not the typical woman of any country, she had an obstinate, rare type of her own. As she sat in the old creaking chair, it became a kind of shabby throne. Her exquisite little chin was thrown up, her eyes looked as black as their lashes, her cheeks were warm with color. Notwithstanding his selfish worldliness, the man who had given her up, found her beautiful, tantalizing, vexatious.

But he knew better than to speak to her again. During the few minutes which elapsed before Fairfax returned to the room, each remained silent.

When both the men were ready to go out, Ernest gave Phil a farewell glance—a stealthily questioning one. He rather hoped that she would have the grace to relent.

"Good-bye," he said.

She did not flinch, however. She raised her eyes to his without even a momentary hesitation.

"Good-bye," she answered.

She knew that it was a sort of absolute farewell, but she did not hold out her hand, though he made a slight gesture as if he would have extended his.

"Good-bye," she repeated, coolly. So he was obliged to turn on his heel, biting his lip, and follow her father out of the room. And that was the last of him.

CHAPTER III.

THREE months later, there came, a fine morning, upon which father and daughter sat at breakfast together, in a mood not altogether untinged with excitement. Philip Fairfax appeared to his greatest advantage. Phil's wretched little savings had once more enabled him to make an elaborate and truly artistic toilet. Upon this occasion, in fact, he wore a "wedding garment." He was prepared to share in the festivities attendant upon the marriage of his friend, Mr. Ernest Duval. All at once, however, a sharp, unpleasant cough interrupted him.

Phil glanced at him anxiously. The ominous flush was on his cheeks; his eyes were too exquisitely bright and clear; his hands too frail, and fair, and tremulous.

"You are not well, Governor," said Phil; "Your cough is troubling you again."

"It always troubles me of late," he said. "It is odd how it sticks to me—even though it is such a trifling affair."

"I have been thinking," he said, shortly afterwards, and he smiled more sweetly than ever, as he said it. "I have been thinking that

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it is a pity we do not know Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil's heart gave a sudden, hard beat; but her face told no tales.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why;" lightly. "Well, my dear, because—of course you have lived long enough to be conscious of the fact, even without my reminding you of it—because you are such a very pretty and interesting young person."

She did not smile back at him. She was almost sternly grave as she met his eyes, and said:

"You have seen Miss Farquhar. Am I handsomer than Miss Farquhar?"

"You are ten times—twenty times handsomer," he replied, with a certain tinge of seriousness. "And yet Miss Farquhar is a handsome woman. She is handsome as fifty other women are. You are—yourself."

Philippa finished her breakfast in silence, and Fairfax had time enough to half forget what they had spoken of; but after they had risen from the table, and he was making preparations to leave the house, she returned to the subject, unexpectedly.

"He must have a great deal of money," she said; and then, seeing that her father did not quite understand her meaning, she added: "I mean Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Fairfax shrugged his shoulders.

"The Roscoe money was a pleasant little matter in itself," he remarked. "And then comes this Oswald affair—and he had money of his own."

"It is a shame," said Phil, just as she had said it before.

"Suppose," said Fairfax, "that you go and tell him so, and persuade him to relinquish his right to half of it, at least. As I have said, you are the sort of young person to succeed."

He spoke lightly still, but the next instant he gave her a rapid side-glance. She was twisting her fingers together nervously, and looking down.

He put out his hand and patted her shoulder, laughing.

"Think over it," he said. "I must go. Good morning, my dear."

When he had gone, Phil did not move for some minutes. A dark flush had risen to her cheek, and her eyes were at their blackest.

"I have heard of people being tempted to do such things," she said, at length. "Am I being tempted? Is this a real temptation? Or am I only so far hardened that I do not much care?"

After a while, she went into her own room, and began to dress to go out. She was going to see Isobel Farquhar's marriage, too; but this was her own secret. Her father had been invited because the family knew nothing of him, but that he was a friend of Duval's, and a wonder of thorough-breeding and good taste. "A Bucleuex—Fairfax, I have no doubt, my dear," Isobel's guardian had said. "Really a charming fellow." But of Phil they had not even heard, and so if she would see her false lover play his part, Phil must creep into a dark corner of the old church of St. Androsius, and watch from afar off.

And this was what she intended to do. She had a bitter wish to see the worst, and suffer as much as she could. It would be the sooner over, she told herself. She wanted to despise him to the utmost.

She found her dark corner in the crowded church—a shadowy nook not far from the entrance, where she could see without being observed. And there she seated herself and waited. But it was not necessary to wait long. A merry clangor of bells rang out from the tower, and an expectant rustle made itself observable among the audience. "They are coming," Phil heard people saying, and drew back into the shadow.

It was a little hard to see them all pass her, on the stream of sunlight the open door let in. The glow of color and flash of jewels dazzled her eyes. And there was her father, with a majestic, slow-moving matron, in purple, on his arm! And there was Miss Farquhar with her guardian! And Miss Farquhar was so fair and winning a creature, and looked so innocently happy, and girlishly pink and white under her lace veil, that Phil felt more bitter than ever, and clenched her small, gloved hand.

"It will be worse for her than it was for me," she said, inwardly. "She does not know the world at all. And he has injured her beyond reparation—he has married her." She sat and watched until the end—until the ceremony was over, and everybody had passed her again, and the carriages had rolled away, and even until the lookers-on had dispersed. Then she came out of her pen, and went into the churchyard. It was empty, save for a dirty old sexton, who was digging a grave, and grumbling to himself the while.

Phil drew off her glove, and held her hand in the sunlight. There was a little amethyst ring on her smallest finger—it was a ring Duval had given her, when she was a child of eight years old, and she had worn it faithfully until she heard the whole truth about Isobel Farquhar. She pulled it off now, and held it for a few seconds, and then flung it far from her among the graves. It fell at some distance and rolled

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away, until it stopped against the mound of fresh earth, and the sexton's next spadeful was thrown upon it, and hid it from sight.

"They will bury it, to-morrow," said Phil, an obstinate lump rising in her throat. "I wish they could bury all the rest with it."

And then she turned away and went home.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING her absence, some one had been up-stairs, and laid a letter upon the table; and this letter was the first thing she saw, when she entered the room. She walked over to it idly, and looked at the envelope. It was directed to her, but in a hand she was not familiar with.

She tore it open, full of curiosity, and turned to the signature.

"Believe me, my dear Philippa," she read; "Yours most sincerely, Dorothy Oswald."

Something—almost like a chill, fell upon her. Why had Mrs. Dorothy Oswald written to her—of all people in the world?

She did not stop to take off her hat. She carried the letter to the fire, and stood there to read it; and when she had finished reading it, she let the hand that held it fall at her side.

"I wish it hadn't come," she said. I wish she had never heard of me."

For Mrs. Dorothy Oswald had written, asking her to come to Brackencleugh, and give her an opportunity of learning to know her young kinswoman.

"I am fond of young people," she wrote, "and blame myself for knowing so little of you. My young kinsman, Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, is with me now, and makes the old place so much brighter by his presence in it, that I find myself anxious for more youth still."

It was late when Fairfax came in, that night; but Phil had not gone to bed. She was waiting for him; and Mrs. Dorothy Oswald's letter lay upon the table.

If he had looked his best in the morning, Fairfax looked his worst now. He was haggard and worn, his eyes were hollow, his skin quite deathly in its waxen pallor.

"I am very tired, Phil," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "Fearfully tired!"

Then he saw the letter. "Is it a dun?" he said. "Who is it?"

Phil picked it up, and opened it for him.

"It is not a dun, Governor," she said. "It is an invitation from Brackencleugh—from Mrs. Dorothy Oswald."

He started, and held out his hand for it, quite eagerly.

"From Mrs. Dorothy Oswald," he repeated, after her.

Phil watched him, rather curiously, as he read the letter, and was plainly excited, and his face flushed. When he had finished, he looked up, with a smile.

"You are very lucky," he said.

"Lucky!" Phil answered, somewhat constrainedly. "Why?"

"For a variety of reasons," he replied. "You are young—you are handsome—you are invited to Brackencleugh—you are to share its hospitalities with Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil colored hotly. She had not expected he would say quite as much as this.

"I do not think I shall go," she faltered. "I don't want to go. I would rather stay here."

He shrugged his shoulders, impatiently.

"That is foolish," he said. "And you are not often foolish."

"You think I ought to go?"

The fit of coughing, which attacked him just at that moment, prevented his answering her at once; but when he could speak, his reply was a very decided one.

"You *must* go," he said. "The last straw has been whirled towards you again on the current, and it must not pass you this time."

But Phil scarcely heard him. She was looking at the white handkerchief, he had held to his lips, the moment before.

"Governor!" she cried, with sharp dread in her voice: "What is that stain upon your handkerchief?"

He was leaning back in his chair, breathless, and shaken with his unavoidable exertion; but he managed to give her one of the smiles he was always so ready with.

"It is blood, my dear," he said. "Only a little—but blood, nevertheless. And it is not the first time, either."

The girl burst into tears, and flung herself down upon her knees, beside him.

"And you want me to go away and leave you," she exclaimed. "Oh, Governor, darling, it isn't fair?"

His answer struck her to the heart.

"You must go for my sake as well as your own, Phil. I am beginning to find out that my day is over."

She looked up at him, in sudden horror.

"Over!" she said. "Over! You mean to say—"

"I mean to say that I must give up," he returned. "I mean that I—that I think—that I know I am a dying man," and he turned paler as he said it.

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"My strength has failed me," he went on, after a pause. "I have been obliged to give up play of late, because my hand is unsteady, and my nerves are unstrung. I am becoming weak and useless. I can do nothing. Yes! I have given up. Duval's wedding has been my last festivity, Phil, my dear."

He laid his hand upon her hair. She had hidden her face upon her arm, which rested on his knee, and she was weeping passionately.

"If I was a rich man," he continued, "as rich as Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, I might afford to be an invalid. I might linger on to the end, in a comfortable, luxurious way; but, as it is—Don't cry, Phil, my dear."

But she did cry—piteously—tempestuously—despairingly. She cried until she was worn out, and then she lifted up her pretty, impassioned, tear-stained face.

"If you will go to bed, I will write to Mrs. Dorothy Oswald. As long as I am at Brackencleugh, I shall need no money, and—and I am going to Brackencleugh."

CHAPTER V.

MRS. DOROTHY OSWALD looked up at her young kinswoman, with the least possible shade of anxiety in her scrutiny.

"You are not a Roscoe, Philippa," she said. "Are you like your father?"

Phil, still in her travelling wraps, was seated in a large carven chair, opposite to her relative, and she saw the anxious expression, and rather resented it.

"No," she answered. "Governor—my father, is the handsomest man I ever saw—and I have seen a great many men."

"Have you?" said Mrs. Dorothy, gravely. "Yes, I remember hearing it said that you must have seen a great deal of life for one so young."

Phil laughed bitterly. She wondered who had said so, and if Mr. Wilfred Carnegie had heard it, too, and if he did not consider it rather an unenviable sort of reputation, for a girl of nineteen to have.

Mrs. Dorothy's next glance had sympathetic tenderness in it—almost pity.

"If you have rested sufficiently, I will take you to your room myself," she said. "You must be very tired."

Phil rose and followed her. She was tired,—almost too tired to observe her surroundings. Brackencleugh impressed her with a sense of antiquity and vastness. It was quite a journey from one end of a room to the other; the ceilings seemed at an enormous height from the floor; and there was nothing modern anywhere. There were cabinets and chairs and mantel-pieces of black oak, grotesque in carving; there were dingy pictures and massive doors, tall Indian jars and innumerable old weapons and pieces of armor.

Mrs. Dorothy led the way up the staircase, in silence. Then she passed down a long corridor, and opened a door at the end of it.

"This is your room," she said. "I chose it because you can look down from your window upon the Loch. Wilfred is so fond of the Loch, and I am so fond of it myself, that I could not help fancying that you would like it, too."

When she was alone, Phil went to the window. The Loch was so near, that she was sure she could have flung a pebble into it, from where she stood. Hills covered with heather rose up beyond it, and there seemed to be bracken and rowan trees everywhere. A misty rain was falling, and a light gray vapor trailed itself over land and water; but even in this discouraging mood, outer Brackencleugh pleased her. She had never been in Scotland before, and had spent the greater part of her life in cities. She was accustomed to smoke, and noise, and dinginess of all complexions; and the solitariness, and silence, were a new experience for her. She could imagine, as she leaned upon the broad sill, and felt the fresh cool air on her face, that there was no London, or Paris, or Vienna, in the world. It was not easy to realize any phase of existence, so utterly beyond the influence of solitary stillness.

Everything was so quiet, that a certain faint, weird sound, which floated to her from somewhere indefinite, a short time afterwards, quite startled her. She was not prepared for sound of any kind, and felt impatient at being disturbed. She listened for an instant, and then, when she heard it repeated, recognized its nature, and shrugged her shoulders.

"It is some one touching a violin," she said. "And I should think it could be nobody but Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. Is *he* a violin playing man, I wonder?"

Thus she was brought back to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, and earthly things. She closed the window, and reminded herself that she must dress for dinner.

"It's a bit queer, by the way," she said to herself, as she turned to the toilet table; "it's a bit queer, that I have never formed even an atom of an idea of him. But if he's a violin-playing man, I shall be sure not to like him at all—at least, if he is the kind of man who is usually an amateur. I always detested amateurs of any kind—particularly musical ones. They

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always bore you so. They are constantly hopping on one leg—and they never do anything but hop; and they are so absurdly satisfied that their hopping is better than ordinary people's respectable, sober walking."

It was rather a gloomy and severe view of the matter, but her mood was a misanthropic one. She hardly vouchsafed herself a glance, as she made her toilet. The result was a mere matter of chance, and was only happy because it was impossible to destroy the effect of youth, and bloom, and unusual beauty. But with all her scorn for amateurs, it was not long before she found herself stopping, with a ribbon in her hand, to listen again. The sweet, weird tone stole up to her again, less faintly and more continuously. There was no more light touching of the strings. The performer had begun to play in earnest, and as she heard, it gradually broke in upon Phil's mind, that whoever he might be, he was very much in earnest indeed, and knew what he was doing. He was playing softly, almost dreamily, and he was at some distance, but he was playing as no ordinary amateur plays—as if every note was a thought, and he was moved by a kind of rapt tenderness. It made Philippa open her eyes in wonder.

"Oh!" she said, "that is altogether a different matter. Nobody suspected him of that."

She began to be curious at once, and even hastened to finish dressing.

"I should like to see his face, when he is playing like that," she thought. "One would be sure to understand him a little."

It is not improbable that she had some vague hope of seeing it, when she went down stairs, though certainly she had no definite idea of how such an end was to be accomplished. Chance favored her, however. Reaching the foot of the stairs, she found that the sounds came from the room she had, not long before, left to go to her own, and a few steps took her to its threshold.

She stood at the open door, and looked in.

What she saw was a handsome, charming, young fellow, with an air of such freshness, and youth, and grace, as was sheerly wonderful. In fact, it was almost impossible to find fault with him, he had so much of physical beauty and rare attractiveness. His figure was light and lithe, his dark eyes were almost womanish in their softness, the brightness of his face made Phil feel as if her own nineteen years had suddenly become ninety.

It was not many moments before he saw her, and then he looked brighter than ever. He laid down his violin, and came towards her, putting up his hand to push aside the few stray locks, which had fallen forward, carelessly, upon his forehead—a gesture Phil afterwards observed as being a habit with him, and, as he advanced, the girl looked at him, feeling oddly uneasy, and beginning to think that she had made a mistake.

"It is not—" she hesitated. "It is not Mr. Wilfred Carnegie?"

He laughed a gay, happy-sounding laugh.

"Yes, it is," he said. "It is Wilfred Carnegie. And why not, Cousin Philippa?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AD ASTRA.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I forevermore aspire,
To be lifted higher, higher,
From the groveling and the groping,
From the fears that quell all hoping,
From the sicknesses of souls
Which this atmosphere controls;
From the ashes on the fruits of our desire!

I forevermore aspire,
With a strong intense desire
To reach up and grasp the beauty
Of the starry realms above:
To embrace some perfect duty
Which may harmonize with love.
For a spark of heavenly flame
Which may burn around my name,
And may take away all grossness,
And all sense or need of shame.

I forevermore aspire,
Like the upward reaching fire,
To leave the sodden mould below,
And, like the trees and flowers, to grow.
With my face for aye uplifted,
And my feet no longer drifted,
Like hulks upon a dark and lonely sea.
I aspire, mighty Father-God, to Thee.

I forevermore aspire,
Heavenly Father, higher, higher,
Till my soul may rest forever,
Where Thy fair and lovely river
Ever flows, ever flows,
In a calm and sweet repose;
And where bright and blooming flowers
Deck the fragrant, restful bowers;
And where love, sweet love,
Finds its perfect home above.

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THE STOLEN NOTE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHARLIE WILSON paused before his wife's pretty writing desk, with a wistful look, taking mental note of its contents.

"One glove—two soiled envelopes—a watch and chain—a tiny handkerchief—a pocket-book—a fruit knife—a thimble and an apple."

"Poor Kitty!" he sighed, "she will be careless in spite of all my efforts. I wonder if she realizes that these things annoy me? Here is her pocket-book with money in it, left for the inspection of servants, who should not be tempted, and everything but the right thing on this desk. She promised me she would be so careful!" and he sighed, as perhaps so methodical a man had a right to sigh, over the short comings of the wife he loved so dearly.

"Charley," sounded a soft, sweet voice, "O, there you are! I can't think where I left my pocket-book, and—" she followed the direction of his sternly-pointed, dexter forefinger, and laughed and blushed, while she avoided his eye.

"Dear me, yes, how careless of me;" she said, securing the little brown article—"now Charley, you know we came home so late last night! and I really lost my other glove, so this is of no use, you know; why should I have cared to put it away? O, I know what you mean, you are giving me one of your silent lectures, and I need it, badly enough. There!" she had rapidly assigned things to their proper places—"does that suit my fastidious husband. If you knew how hard I have to try, you would not look so serious over it. Give me a little time, dear."

"My darling, I wish you would be careful!" He had opened his arms, and her sweet face was resting on his shoulder—"we have been married almost two years, and that pernicious habit seems as powerful as ever. I know I am fastidious, as you put it—orderly I should say—and I cannot help it, that these things offend my eye. But I am sure you will keep trying,"

"That I will, Charley," and the beautiful blue eyes, veiled softly with misty tears, smiled into his, "you shall see now, how hard. See if you have cause to speak to me again, well—say for a month."

"All right, my precious;" and a kiss sealed the compact. After all, how few faults she had, this sweet woman, who had given her life into his keeping. Always correct in her dress—her faultless taste kept her from lapsing into carelessness, because no one saw her but her husband—always happy, and singing round the house, like a bird, deferring to his judgment when a point had to be decided between them, quick to resent an injury, but as prompt to forgive and forget, beautiful, helpful and tender, this man, whose chief fault consisted in giving the reins to an exacting nature, was wise enough to appreciate the jewel he had won, though not sufficiently so to overlook, or to ignore the little imperfections that no eyes saw but his.

That day, Kitty's bluff sailor uncle came to call on her, on his way to his ship.

"I declare, Kitty!" he said, holding her at arm's length, after bestowing, what he called, a 'buss' on her white forehead—"how you are improved! I'll forgive Wilson all the hard things I said against him, when you were married, for I am sure he must treat you well."

"Did you say hard things against Charley, uncle?"

"Didn't I? Called him a prig, a bunch of self conceit, a walking dictionary, a martinet—I didn't remember, in fact, half I did say. It always seemed to me that he had a hard, pitiless way with these—"

"Uncle"—said Kitty, her cheeks crimson, and her eyes shining—"I can't hear such things—I am astonished at you—Charley is my husband;" and she lifted her head with the dignity of an empress.

"O, no offense meant, my little lady," was the laughing reply—"you are under sailing orders, now, and I won't say a word against the captain. By the way, how are the Baileys? A man must ask after his poor relations, I suppose."

"As usual," said Kitty, her face growing grave: "Cousin Jack is out of work again; his little factory was anything but a success, and almost ruined them. Poor Sally is sick, and the eldest girl has had to go into a store. I run over there quite often."

"And never empty-handed, I'll be bound," said the gruff sailor, plunging his hand into a capacious pocket.

"Charley is so kind!" was the gentle reply.

"Which means that he allows his little wife to dispense of his bounty as she pleases; that's good of him. Now see here, Kitty, I can't go

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there, my time is so precious short just now, but if you'd just slip that into Sally's hand—poor Sally! what a pretty tender creature she was!—you'll do me a favor; and sav her old uncle sends lots of love."

"Why, uncle! a fifty dollar bill! how good of you! how kind! it will quite set them on their feet again, for a time. I'll go over there early to-morrow; I would go to-night, but Charley went to New York this noon, and I am to stay with one of the neighbors to-night. You remember my old school guest, Nelly B——. Her little boy has been dangerously sick, but he is better now. O uncle, I do thank you so much in poor Sally's name, for this money."

"Never mind, child, I only wish I could do more. Say to Jack, unlucky fellow that he is, I'll try and put him in the way of something when I come home from my next voyage. And now, good-bye, I must hurry off. Give me a kiss for luck;" and he was gone.

Kitty ran up to her room, flushed and happy, the money in her hand.

"To-morrow early—yes, the very first thing, I can just see Sally's pale cheeks flush when I put this bit of paper in her hand. How nice it is to carry help to the unfortunate! and how kind of uncle Hal—but then, uncle Hal is always doing kind things. Let me see, where shall I put this money? For the present, there;" and she placed it on her desk, under a chrystal letter weight, which, by increasing the size of the printed denomination, made it seem at the same time of more value. Alas! how little one can foresee the consequences of a trivial act, concerning which one has no idea as to its moral bearing. It was not exactly doing wrong to place the note in sight for her gratification, but she only half remembered that she had promised her husband, not to leave on the desk for a moment, what did not belong there. The door was opened. Kitty turned her sunny face to encounter a distortion of feature in her Hibernian help, that sent her to her feet, with the cry:

"O Molly, what is it?"

"It's trouble, missis—they've sent to say as our little master Dart is took in agonies and can't live from hour to hour,"—and up went Molly's apron, for the beautiful boy was everybody's pet.

"O Molly, wait—give me my hat and shawl—I must go there at once. Poor, poor Nellie! And you are going away, too;" for Molly was also attired for a walk.

"It's my night out, missis, and me mother is sick, and I'll be back by ten," replied the girl.

"O, of course—that's all right, only I was thinking about the key. I will give it to you, as I shall stay all night with Nellie." Then she gave particular directions as to the doors and windows, going down herself to inspect the premises, and see that locks and bolts were all right.

She had quite forgotten the note, in her sudden anxiety and sorrow for her friend—and, perhaps, if she had thought of it, no suspicion of danger would have crossed her mind. As for Molly, she might be trusted with thousands. An hour after, Mr. Wilson ran up the steps of his house, and as no one responded to his ring, he let himself in. The gas was burning dimly in the hall. Some business had detained him, so that he found himself obliged to take the night train, and he had come back for important papers, which were needed in the matters he was transacting. He knew that Kitty had intended to pass the night at her friend Nellie's, but O, how cheerless looked the pleasant house without her beautiful presence.

He turned up the gas in his wife's room, and glanced at her desk, as usual. Something caught his eyes: he drew nearer, and slowly slid the bank note from under the heavy paper-weight.

"How careless of Kitty, how very careless!" he muttered, in a vexed tone; "and that after her solemn promise. Will she never reform these habits? I've a great mind to give the child a lesson she won't forget very soon. I'll do it. How in the world she became possessed of a fifty dollar note, I can't imagine, unless—ah! her uncle Hal has been here: that's the secret. But dear, dear, what a thoughtless creature! Yes, I'll give her a good scare—she shall just imagine it is lost or stolen." He thrust the bill in his pocket-book, chuckled to himself, turned the gas down, and went away without leaving a line in explanation of his return, as he had at first intended.

Molly let herself in later. She had called at the place where Kitty was stopping; learned that the baby-boy was dying; had sympathized with the sorrowing inmates, but with her mistress most of all; "crying the eyes out of her, in the way she is," she muttered, as she went to rest in blissful unconsciousness of the trouble that was brewing.

With the coming dawn, Kitty, chilled and sad, her eyes red with weeping, crept back to her home, and laid down to snatch an hour of repose.

The little child was dead. For the first time in her life she had seen a human creature die; and the sight, with the mother's terrible sorrow, and the father's speechless agony, had unnerved her. Even as she slept, the cold white light falling on her pallid face, she sobbed pitifully in

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her dreams. Her first thought, on waking, was of the dreary hearthstone, so near, the little rigid form that would never again dance into her room, all glowing and beautiful;—her second thought, was a kind of self-pitying resolve, that she would try to master her own sadness, born of such intense sympathy with the dearest friend she had, outside of her own family.

"I'll go over to Sally's, at once," she said, gathering her long braids together, and starting for the mirror; but, on the way, her eye fell on the table, and she stood still, her arms extended above her head, her eyes fixed and staring. The bill—it was not there. There stood the paper-weight, in exactly the same place, but no fair picture, in green and white, gleamed under its chrystal clearness.

"O, I know I left it—just how I left it—just how it looked the very last thing before I left the room. O heaven! poor Sally! O what shall I do? where is it? who has stolen it? Could Molly have seen it last night? I'll have a detective here—but no—dear, good Molly, who has been with us so many years! impossible. But where is it?" She looked slowly, almost like one in a trance, about the room. Rats—they never could have pulled the bill from under that heavy weight. Thieves! there was every safeguard against them—and, besides, it was evident that no one had been in the room. Everything was in exactly the order she had left it. Hastily pinning her hair up, she flew down stairs. Molly, just setting down a hod of coal, turned at the unusual sound, so early in the morning. To her astonished "O missis!" Kitty responded almost incoherently.

"Molly—I've lost fifty dollars—yes, a fifty dollar bill! It must have gone last night. Could any one have got in? O Molly, what shall I do? I don't know where to look—and I am so miserable! I left it on my writing desk—O I am quite sure; it was the last thing I saw as I went out of my room."

Molly stood pressing her thumbs along the seams of her coarse apron, staring at her mistress, her broad face growing more and more highly colored.

"Indade, missis—it's very quare; and sorry enough am I, ma'am—there's been no one here but me."

"O, of course, Molly, I didn't mean—that is, I didn't think that—that *you* knew anything about it—but it is gone—it surely is gone."

"Mightn't you be afther having put it somewhere away!" asked Molly.

"O Molly, I wish I could think so, but I am so sure! I remember so well! But I'll look; I'll look everywhere. You see it was not mine; if it had belonged to me, I shouldn't have cared so much." Again, she was up-stairs, searching boxes and baskets, and drawers, till she was thoroughly exhausted. Molly helped.

"O it must, it must be stolen!" she exclaimed at last, bursting into tears. "There's no use looking; I know where I left it."

"Then you'd better have me things searchted!" said Molly.

"Molly, you know better, you know I didn't think it was you."

"There wasn't nobody but meself here!" said Molly, stolidly—"a policeman would be best—beside, which, I wouldn't stay now, no longer, least ways without searching."

This threat, which, indeed was not meant to be such, put the climax upon poor Kitty's woe. With one low, heart-breaking cry, she fell back in a dead faint. Molly's hands were full then, and her heart, brimming over with love for Kitty, for whose mother she had sewed many years, failed her. She used all the restoratives of which she was mistress, but to no effect. Still, cold, lying like one dead, there was no response from lips or bosom, and the girl became frightened. Fortunately, a neighbor came in to learn news about the little child's death, and Molly thankfully delegated her office to her, while she ran to fetch the doctor.

That day, at sunset, Charley Wilson came home quite elated, for his mission to the city had been a prosperous one. He ran up the steps, whistling an opera air under his breath, and rung the bell. Surprised at hearing no sound, for the bell had been muffled, he was searching in his pocket for his night-key, which, as it was somewhat complicated, he used as seldom as possible, when the door was opened, and Molly met him with a blank stare.

"Well, Molly, here I am!" he said, then fell back, as she lifted her finger warningly. A little chill touched his very heart at that motion, and something seemed to warn him, that for him happiness was over.

"Why, Molly!" he exclaimed, in an awe-struck whisper—"what—is—it?"

"It's very quiet we has to be, sir—she's that ill—an attack on the nerves and the heart, sir, though the doctor says as he has some hope."

"Some hope," murmured Charley, through closed lips—"some hope! you don't mean that, my little Kitty."

"Yes, sir, along o' the death of little master Dart, and the scare she got afterward."

"Scare!" repeated the man, in a dull tone.

"Yes, sir—some one stole a note her ould

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uncle give her for a poor family, as well as I can understand. It were fifty dollars, and it upset her so, jest coming on the death of the dear little boy. She looked and she looked, and cried and grieved, till at last, sir, she just dead fainted away, and poor soul, she's suffered enough since Doctor's been gone only an hour; he's been here all day—and Miss Green, over the way, she's with her now, and orders is for nobody to see her, not even you, sir."

He sat down pale and silent, like one stunned. O, what misery had fallen upon him! The doctor hoped—only hoped—she was out of danger—his little wife, whose blue eyes had answered so merrily to his but yesterday. How he hated himself for what seemed now premeditated malice. If it had only been a jest—but no—he was wretchedly conscious that it could by no possibility take that color; he had done it to punish, to frighten her—he had given her a lesson—a lesson, alas! that brought with it a frightful remorse, remorse that might gnaw at his heart as long as he lived.

Molly called him to supper. No, he wanted no supper—he could eat nothing—only walk back and forth, reproaching himself for his wicked act, repeating again and again, that she might leave anything she pleased anywhere—he would never, never again reproach her, even by look, if only the merciful Father would spare her to him. Later he made his way noiselessly up the stairs, and entered the room of his wife, like a ghost. Not even the watchful nurse knew of his presence, till a stifled sob startled her. Then she left her post by the pillow and beckoned him away. She had hardly the heart to look in his face, it was so changed, but she answered his questions, and gave him all the encouragement she dared.

"It seems some money was stolen," she said, in conclusion—"money that did not belong to her."

"The money was not stolen," he said, falteringly; "I took it—thinking it was careless in her to leave it;" his voice broke, and there were tears in his eyes, as he turned away.

It was many weeks, nay, many months, before Kitty moved languidly about the house, very unlike her old, merry self, and it was touching to witness her husband's solicitude, his new tenderness, born of self-reproach.

"I shall never be careless again, I think," she said, softly, as he drew her desk up to the invalid chair, one day.

"And if you were, my darling, you would never hear a word of reproach from me," he made reply. "Such a prig as I was! such a bunch of self-conceit——"

"Hush!" said Kitty, laughing, the merry old ring in her voice; "I wouldn't let uncle Hal say that, and I won't let you."

But he kept his word.

SKY AND SEA.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

How boundless looks the cool wide sea!
  How limitless the azure sky!
It is a glorious thing *to be*,
  To live, and love, and smile, and sigh.

All things seem dwarfed as years go on;
  The roads are shorter than of old;
The rivers narrow one by one,
  The mountains seem less high and bold.

The cities, once so large and full,
  Of all that was, or *was to be*,
Grow small and common-place, and dull;—
  All disappoint but sky and sea.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY JEAN CURRIE.

Unworthy to be called Thy son, I stand
  Before Thee now. Time has unfitted me
  For the high place that was prepared by Thee.
The choicest gifts fell from Thy bounteous hand
On my mean soul—while yet Thy least command
  Seemed irksome—blinded I could not see
  Their use or beauty; so they slipped from me,
And left me naked in a foreign land.
  Father, my spirit yearns to do Thy will!
    Oh give Thou unto me the meanest place
      Among Thy servants, ministering to Thee!
  If I, in some small measure, may fulfil
    Thy purpose, and catch glimpses of Thy face,
      No work shall seem too great nor low for me!

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.

CHAPTER XXVII.

At last, La Costa was alone in her dressing-room; she sat down on the couch, crushing a rich costume that had been flung upon it, with indifference, and, taking the roses from her bosom, held them lovingly between her two hands; then, over her face, came an expression of pathetic tenderness that transfigured her beauty.

"The dear flowers—the precious, little flowers; how sweet they are! I saw them on her bosom—that fair bosom—and so longed for them. They have been close to her heart—so close that I can almost feel its pulses stir the leaves. When I saw her, mine beat so that it took away my voice It might have been a failure, a miserable failure, and I should not have cared much. I wonder what possessed me—why was it that I could not sing that song—she seemed to enjoy it. Her eyes were full of glee, her smile—that beautiful smile—shot through my soul like an arrow. What possessed me? If there is anything to be ashamed of in that song, I have never felt it till her eyes were upon me. It was my pride—the glory of my triumph; but I could not sing it with those eyes looking on."

Then the door opened softly, and Sarah Weed came into the dressing-room, with her arms full of flowers. La Costa looked up, and made an impatient gesture with her hand.

"Take them away," she said. "I only want these."

"But they have notes in them—and rings hidden among the stems," said the dresser, casting hungry glances at these rich gifts. La Costa pointed at a wax candle that burned on the toilet table. "Set fire to the notes, and turn the rings into money for yourself," she said. "I will have no gifts but these to-night."

Mrs. Weed sat down, with the flowers in her lap, and tore the jewels from their fastenings—her hands trembled, her face was pale, with intense excitement.

"Do you know what you have done, Lucinda," she said.

"Yes, I know. Why don't you burn the notes at once! Such things are like insults to a woman who has these. Burn them!" Mrs. Weed burned three notes, one after another, in the wax light. La Costa watched her and smiled, as the flakes of blackened paper fell to the floor.

"Now toss the flowers into the passage—some of the ballet girls will pick them up, and carry them off as trophies. I did that myself once." She said "be quick, they drown the perfume of my roses."

Here the woman lifted her open hands, and kissed the flowers they held softly—almost reverently.

Mrs. Weed tossed the richer burden she had carried into the dusky passage, and came back with a locket and some rings in her hand.

"These are enough to take me and mine into a more comfortable home," she said; and a look of intense wistfulness came into her haggard eyes. "Did you really mean what you said."

"Mean it, yes! why not?"

"But the value is so great."

"So much the better for you, Sarah Weed."

The woman spoke seriously, looking down at her flowers. This indifference disturbed Sarah Weed, who said to herself:

"She will wake up presently, and demand the rings"

"Lucinda!"

The actress looked up, muttering:

"Yes, they called me Lucinda then—Well, what is it, Sarah Weed?"

"Only this—are you dreaming?"

"Yes, a sweet, pure dream."

"But do not make my poverty in your dream. That is a fearful cruelty. You told me to keep these rings."

"Well, I say again, keep them—I am glad that such things can make any one happy to-night. I would not give this little handful of flowers, for a bushel of them."

"The flowers will fade, but these—these won't," said Mrs. Weed, who wondered why the actress should single out these red roses from the great masses of flowers that had been lavished on her

"I know it—my poor flowers—they will fade, like all the rest."

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"But these," said the dressing woman, holding up the rings, "these are bread and home for my children, if you give them to me."

"And these, answered La Costa, looking downward, with swift-running tears, came from *my child.*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of all the parties that awaited La Costa's first appearance, there was none in the city that regarded it with such keen importance, as Olympia Weed and her friends To them the days that intervened seemed interminable.—Hooker's conscientious scruples had melted away as the effect of that cigar went off, and he panted for an opportunity to show off his new dress, with a degree of eagerness that surpassed that of Saunders himself.

As for Olympia, nothing could exceed her enthusiasm, or the efforts she made for a grand display. Under her bed, where Elistina and her mother also slept, was a rickety wooden chest, in which Mrs Weed kept the remnants of old theatrical wardrobes, that various actresses had, from time to time, left with her, as too worthless for use. These had dwindled down into mere fragments, but among them was a faded gaze-de-chambry skirt, with a pink satin bodice, that Olympia had long coveted, and with much persuasion, won from her mother, who was induced, beyond that, to sit up all night, after a weary day's work, to fit and complete the dress.

The whole affair was a success, which filled the girl with delight. Mrs. Weed understood the art of such transformations well, and threw her whole heart into the work. The sleeves were puffed sumptuously, the skirt was gathered and looped up behind with wonderful effect, and the satin bodice fitted beautifully.

Among the other odds and ends in the old chest, Olympia found some scraps of lace, and a few flowers, which she had done her very best to crush back into shape. With the lace her dress was edged at the neck, and her straw hat turned up at the side, with a dash of color that Rubens would not have despised for one of his jolly females. She also found a dilapidated fan, which a little paste made quite magnificent; but, alas, no ribbons sufficiently splendid for her hair. She had been too deep in that old chest often before, and this lack of ribbons made her heart sink. The morning-glory of Olympia's toilet would be wanting, if those braids of long hair drooped down her back, without a full compliment of butterfly bows.

Ah, how anxiously she searched that old chest, over and over again, for the desired ribbons. Scraps of silk, bits of velvet, broken ostrich plumes, that the moths had loved too well—lengths of tarnished gold fringe, odd gloves, torn play-books, loose letters, written before envelopes came into fashion, yellow papers—indeed everything, or a fragment of everything, presented itself, except the ribbons she searched for. In that particular, its resources had been exhausted long ago; for Olympia's vanity had developed at an early period, and she felt poverty-stricken indeed, without plenty of gay ribbons fluttering in her hair.

"If I only had them blue, now, to set off the pink—all fresh and so fluttering—there wouldn't be a girl in the hull gallery to compare with me. Susan would be nowhere, and that young gentleman as lives on his own premises, and thinks nothing of enviting folks to dinner, would see style for once in his life. I wonder if Mar, now, couldn't skimp out enough for a yard or two. No, I reckon not, that old pocket-book of hers hadn't a cent in it this morning; I went through it from end to end; nothing but pawn-tickets. There's no use thinking of that. She's a good soul, but short—always short. There's grandpar, but he gives every cent of his earnings to her—still, he might!"

Here the girl brightened into a little hope, and ran to meet the old carpenter who was coming in from work.

"Grandpa, dear grandpa, just tell me, now, havn't you got a trifle of cash hid away—I want some awfully."

The old man shook his head with gentle despondency.

"Not a cent, my child—not a cent!"

Olympia drooped again, but she was a girl of wonderful resources, and would not despair. Since the opening of the opera house, her mother had been occupied in the property room, and the meagre household cares, with such money as could be got from day to day, had been left with the girl, who was strictly enjoined to purchase food with it, for the grandfather and little Celestina.

This money, trifling as it was, held forth a severe temptation to the girl. It might be transmuted into food for the family, or turned into ribbons for the hair. Was it possible to accomplish both these objects? Olympia decided this by giving a scant dinner, and "just a piece" for supper, going without both herself, with great heroism. Everything worked well for her object. The old carpenter took his scant meal without a murmur, and Celestina consented to be put to bed an hour before the usual time, with a great vermillion and white sugar kiss in her hand.

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Thus, in the full glory of her pink dress, with butterfly bows nestling among her braids, and her Rubens hat set jauntily over all, Olympia sat down with a craving apetite, to wait for the party which was to escort her to the opera.

Susan Beach came first, quite ready, and breathless with excitement. A glance assured Olympia that her friend had acted quite honorably regarding her adornment. The blue dress made a humble contrast with her stylish pink, and the straw bonnet, borrowed from an elder sister, asserted no pretentions whatever to the Rubens style.

It was scarcely dark, yet both girls were restless as birds with a laden cherry tree in sight. What had become of the gentlemen? they questioned of each other, with suggestions that those persons might be called to a separate account, for keeping them in suspense. Three times, in fifteen minutes, they ran down stairs to the room of a woman whose clock was in order, to make certain of the time, and to inquire if anyone had seen Mr. Saunders and Mr. Joseph Hooker come in up the alley.

These young gentlemen came at last, looking sheepishly superb. They had been detained a little in various ways. Saunders had a young friend in the blacking line, who had promised to give their new boots a polish that any girl might dress herself by, but regular customers had crowded up to the stand just at the critical moment, and they had been compelled to wait for a shine, acknowledging the rights of business before friendship. Then a great deal of time had been wasted in arranging those stand-up collars, and Hooker had kept his friend waiting at least five minutes, before he was satisfied with the position of that great gilt scarf pin which shone like a star in his bosom, and distinguished him rather too much for his friend's entire satisfaction. All these reasons for delay were accepted at once, and in half an hour, the party, radiant with satisfaction, found themselves in front of the gallery, watching the crowd, as it swarmed in, admiring the chandeliers, the frescoes and the great chains of grand cross shades, that turned the gas into half circles of moonlight, from parquette to ceiling. The height from which these four children looked down, would have been appalling to a timid person; but Olympia Weed and her companions gloried in it. There was something grand in this elevation above a sea of smiling faces, waving fans and gorgeous draperies. The great drop-curtain was to them a marvel of art—a wonderful gate of flowers, that would soon open into fairy lands.

Olympia did the honors of the occasion, as if she owned the whole house, and put herself on victim at terms with every aristocratic party that entered it; but Susan was so overwhelmed with the magnificence of this great crowded building, that admiration held her speechless. If she spoke at all, it was in a timid whisper, when Saunders kindly stooped, to bestow information upon her. Indeed, the poor girl was scarcely more surprised by the splendor of the scene, than she had been by the elegance of her companions. All at once they seemed quite lifted above her.

Susan started and held to her seat, when a burst of music broke from the orchestra, and her blue eyes opened wide as the great curtain rolled up, revealed the stage, which seemed far off and vague, like some vast dream taking positive shape.

It was no dream to those boys, however. They had visited minor theatres too often for any very evident surprise at the magnified splendors around them. It rather intensified the glory of their experiences When La Costa came out looking, from that height, like a figure seen through the small end of an opera-glass, they both set up a lively—hi hi, stamped their new boots with furious enthusiasm, and added to this, the shrill blast of a whistle, that cut through the storm of applause like an arrow.

Hooker drew breath first, and, bending toward Olympia, whispered:

"Isn't she a stunner?"

Olympia lifted a battered opera-glass from under her handkerchief, where she had kept it as a grand surprise, and, quite unconscious that the glass had rattled out, and lay in the bottom of the old chest, examined the actress through it, with critical observation.

"Yes," she said, "when you look at her through an opera-glass, as is worth the name, she stuns one more than I calculated on. Though I did mean this to be a treat to you all. Take my glass, Miss Beach, I've turned the screw for you, being younger than I am. You've no idea how grand it makes her look."

Susan Beach took the glass carefully, with both hands, and lifted it to her eyes—but her arms soon tired, and she handed it, with a sigh of relief, to Saunders, whispering timidly, that it made the lady twice as splendid as she was before."

Saunders screwed and unscrewed the old glass, and went into ecstacies over its wonderful powers; after which it passed through the hands of Joe Hooker to the proud owner, who attempted to wipe the glass with her handkerchief, and felt a vacuum, that puzzled her a little.

"Does she do it all up singing, Limpera?"

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questioned Joe, who had expected something grand in the tragic line.

"Of course, Mr. Hooker. What are you a thinking of. This is the opera. Don't you see what a difference there is."

"Yes," answered Joe, dejectedly. "Only I can't make out a word."

Olympia put up her renovated fan, and laughed behind it.

"That, 'cause you don't understand French, Hush now!"

"French! what, that," questioned Joe.

"Why the way people speak, over where she came from."

"Do they all sing out their talk like that?" questioned the boy, with a dash of alarm in his voice. "Golly, but they must have a good time understanding one another!"

"Golly!" repeated Olympia, under her breath, yet with severe dignity.

"Please to remember where you are, Mr. Hooker, and who was the means of your coming here. Golly! I hope to goodness nobody heard you speak sich a word!"

Joe's face was scarlet in an instant; but Saunders came to his relief.

"What *are* they up to now?—she's struck—she's broke down—just scared to death. Out with your whistle, Joe. Nothing will bring an actor to, like that—get your foot ready. That's the way to support the drama."

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was all over at last. La Costa had swept from the stage. The audience had crowded its thousands into the streets. Mr. Cameron and the ladies had, long before, entered the well-appointed carriage that awaited them, and were driven away. Dana had walked on alone; but Cole lingered behind.

Among the last, came Olympia Weed and her friends. Joe Hooker carried her opera glass—Saunders had been entrusted with her fan, for both her own hands were occupied in holding the gase-de-chambry, up from the clumsey feet, that rushed down the stairs with her.

"I wish to goodness I could see Mar," she said; but I 'spose she'll be kept waiting on the Primer Donner a hull hour yet. If it wasn't for that—but it's no use!"

Olympia spoke with feeling, for she was getting fearfully hungry, and had been thinking of something nice and comfortable when she got home. It had soon dawned upon her that a supper, to which she could invite her friends, would crown the hospitalities of the occasion, with satisfactory eclat.

All at once the girl broke from her companions, and ran up to a carriage, which seemed to be waiting for some one.

"Oh, Mar, Mar!" she cried, addressing a woman, who was speaking with the coachman, as if giving orders. "Mar!"

Mrs. Weed turned a bright and beaming face on the girl

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh, Mar, I am so hungry, and there isn't a morsel in the house. I gave little sis the last mouthful."

"Hungry, are you—now, that I think of it, so am I; there, run home and get something nice by the time I get there."

Olympia took the money, so promptly given her, and, stepping under a street lamp, counted it eagerly.

"Two whole dollars. Oh, Mar, do you know how much there is?" It was not often that Sarah Weed laughed, but her face broke into a broad smile now.

"Yes, I know—dear—get something nice with it?"

"But Mar!"

The girl was out of breath with astonishment.

"Well, Olympia, be in a hurry, or she—the lady you know—will be coming out."

"But Mar, just for this once, might I ask Susan Beach and the young gentlemen."

"What, Hooker and Dave?" said the woman, laughing outright; yes, ask them, ask—no, its too late for that, but be sure and have father set up."

Olympia flung back a promise to obey this last direction, as she ran toward her companions.

"Come," she said, grasping the money tightly in her hand. "You're all going home with me to supper."

"To supper," repeated the boys, with glistening eyes, for they had exhausted their finances on the stand-up collars and neck-ties, that adorned them so comfortably, that the day had been one of fasting to them, also. "Supper!"

"Yes, supper," answered Olympia. "What makes you look so 'stonished. Don't people as invite other people to theatres, take em to Delmonacers afterwards. It's rather late for that; but, if one would be acceptable at my own residence say so, and we'll finish up this night with something worth while."

"Won't we," responded the boys, cutting pigeon-wings on the sidewalk. "Won't we, oh no!"

"Gentlemen," observed Olympia. "Please to remember that you're in the presence of unprotected ladies, and act according. This gentle

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rebuke sobered the hungry boys, who indulged their exhuberant joy in pinching each other, and making gleeful faces whenever they came to a street lamp.

There was no delay in reaching home that night. Along the dark alleyway—up the dark stairs and into a room, where a miserable lamp was smoking its life out, the young people rushed, bringing a breeze of cheerfulness with them into the solitude and midnight of that tenement house.

Olympia opened the bed room door, and there, sitting patiently in the dark, keeping guard over the sleeping child, was her grandfather. She shut the door, and sat down on the bed.

"Grandpa, you hav'n't had much to eat since morning, aint you a hungry?"

"A little, my dear," answered the gentle old man; "that is, I might be, perhaps, if there was anything convenient."

"Just so," said Olympia. "Well, grandpa, it is convenient. I saw an oyster saloon open round the corner, as we came along."

"An oyster saloon, Olympia! Oysters!"

"Yes, oysters. That's what we're bound to have for supper, if you'll only take this two dollar bill, and go straight round for 'em. I'll have the smallest tin pale out in the hall, and you can set it down there, when you bring the oysters in They needn't know but what we keep a general supper, always in the house. What's the use?"

The old man arose, but Olympia pursued him, with directions.

"Wait in the hall till I get a chance to slip the pail out," she said. "Slip through the other door, no one will see you."

The girl did not wait to see her orders carried out, but hurried back into the house-room, where her company was huddled about the stove.

"Not a spark of fire; just as I expected. The servant girl gone off to bed, and left things every which way—but never mind. We can make out for once. Mr. Saunders, what do you say to making a fire? There's plenty of kindling wood in that closet, and matches on the mantel-piece —Paper—Wait a minute; just hold the light, Susan."

Susan held the light, while Olympia hauled the old chest from under the bed, and, seizing a handful of yellow papers it contained, brought them out, and gave them to Dave, who had a match ready lighted in his fingers. Then, in the confusion, that smallest tin pail was noiselessly passed outside the door, and Olympia appeared among her friends again.

"Supposing you take the coffee-mill, and grind out a good, strong drawing, Mr. Hooker. Mar'll be tired out, and nothing rests her like coffee, to say nothing of grandpa. Miss Beach 'll preside over that, while I stew the oysters."

"Stew the oysters!" whispered Joe, gleefully, giving Saunder's coat sleeve a sly jerk. "Oysters, do you hear?"

"There is the coffee-mill," said Olympia, bringing out a square, wooden box, with a small, iron hopper in the centre, into which she poured some burnt coffee from a paper. Joe seized the handle of this machine, and began to grind with all his might; while Saunders fed the stove with kindling wood, and disposed of one or two of the old papers, which had become unnecessary, by flinging them into a corner, where his cap lay

Meantime, Olympia went in and out, from the bed-room to the hall, and from stove to closet, superintending everything with her usual activity. She brought out the old tin coffee pot, smoked half way from the bottom, complaining that the mythical servant girl had locked up the silver—presented a sauce pan, and a paper bag full of crackers, at the same time, and at last took a tin pail down from the topmost shelf, and poured a slow cataract of oysters into the sauce pan, which she shook up, beaming with hospitality, and placed over the fire.

"My! only see what a lot of 'em!" whispered Hooker, winking at Dave, over his coffee-mill.

But Dave seemed preoccupied. His fire blazed up satisfactorily, and he stood gazing at the stove, without returning Hooker's signal.

Olympia was wonderfully busy now; she brought milk from the closet, and poured it lavishly into the sauce pan. She dropped lumps of butter into the seething compound, and, crushing crackers in her hand, showered down thin, white dust, till a joint, rich bubble of sound, coming up from the sauce pan, proclaimed the stew complete.

"Now," said Olympia, covering the sauce pan, and removing it to the top of the stove, where it might keep warm, without being over-done. "Let the coffee have a chance to steep, while you and I set out the table, Susan Beach. I don't suppose that girl has left out one of the damask table-cloths, and the best china I know she has locked up, but so late at night, it can't be helped. This will have to do."

Then Olympia spread a dingy cloth over the table, that had not been drawn from the wall in many a day, and proceeded to furnish it with such odd fragments of china and delf, as her closet contained. Two soup plates, two saucers, that had once belonged to coffee cups of generous dimensions, and a white bowl, were placed to the best possible advantage. Then came a tureen, with both handles broken, and an array of odd

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cups and saucers. Hardly had they been placed on the table, when Mrs. Weed came in, with an India shawl wrapped over her calico dress, and her face all aglow. Ten years seemed to have been taken off her age, since she had left the house that morning.

"Ah! supper is almost ready, and I am very hungry." "Where is father?"

"In the bed-room, taking care of sis," answered Olympia, lifting the lid from the coffee-pot, and letting out the warm fragrance of its contents. Then, in haste to do everything at once, she seized the sauce pan with both hands, emptied the oysters into the tureen, and carried it to the table, and set it steaming, like a little volcano, in the centre.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Come, grandpa—come, Mar! the oysters are steaming hot," cried Olympia, bringing such chairs as the room afforded, down by the table, and seating herself at the head.

There was a merriment in the next room, the clamor of Celestina's small voice, pleading against the gentle protest of the old man, which prevailed was evident, when the carpenter appeared, carrying the child in his arms, with her curly head in his bosom, and her rosy little feet dropping low from the scant night-gown.

"I'll hold her on my knee, and she won't trouble any one! will you, darling?"

"I want some of that," said the child, sitting up on the old man's knee, and pointing at the tureen, with her tiny finger, "a whole lot."

"You shall eat out of grandfather's bowl," answered the old man, making a desperate effort to cover the child's feet with her night-gown, but failing in that, he tucked them under the skirt of his coat, and began to feed her, without a thought of himself, while Mrs. Weed sat smiling by, and the young guests huddled up to the hospitable board.

"Grandpa, you forget to bring chairs from the other room," said Olympia, speaking as if the poor bed-room were crowded with costly furniture. "But never mind; carrying in Celestina, it wasn't to be expected. Mr. Saunders, would you mind taking half a seat with Miss Beach? Mr. Hooker, here is lots of room."

Susan Beach drew back to the further edge of her seat, and Dave Saunders shily took possession of the space that was left, while Joe crowded close to Olympia, and settled both feet on the side railing of her chair quite comfortably.

"These are spoons," observed Olympia, handing one to each of the boys, and pushing her soup-plate toward Joe. "So many dishes crowd the table dreadfully, and we aint afraid to dip spoons with gentleman, are we Susan?"

Susan giggled, played with her spoon, and looked shyly at Dave, who began to eat with decorous slowness, without waiting for her to begin. Hooker pushed all the large oysters on Olympia's side of the plate, insisted that she should try them first, and then gave way to his own ravenous appetite.

There was not much talking after this. Mrs. Weed drank a cup of strong coffee, but seemed to forget her hunger, in some bewildering dream. The old man had fed Celestina until she fell asleep in his arms; then he carried her off to bed, and, coming back, sat meekly down to his half cold oysters, not caring to remind Olympia that no coffee had been served to him.

It was after midnight, when this unique supper party broke up. Then Susan tied on her bonnet; the boys took their caps, and Olympia, grand to the last, held the lit lamp from the upper flight of stairs, while they passed down, talking over the glorious night they had spent. This the girl took as an ovation to herself, and returned to the room triumphant.

There she found Mrs. Weed, leaning both arms on the table, and talking to her grandfather, in a low, eager voice.

"Real," she was saying; "not a stone of them worth less than two hundred dollars, and so many in one cluster. Oh, father, I cannot realize it. I am afraid to go to sleep—dreams have cheated me so often. What if this should prove one?"

"I can understand that Sarah. How often I have had my son back in these old arms, to awake and find them empty."

"You mean my husband," questioned the woman, with unconscious sharpness.

"No, I do not often dream of him. His case was not so hard—but of that other one, who died of a broken heart years ago. It is strange, Sarah, but I am always thinking of him now. It seems as if his spirit were in the air, moaning sometimes, but, as you say, such dreams, waking or sleeping, are unwholesome. They haunt one."

A sudden cloud gathered upon the woman's face, as that old man was speaking, with such sad gentleness, she thrust something that had been clasped in her outstretched hand into her pocket, and rose from the table.

"Yes, some dreams do haunt one. Realities, too. But all that was so long ago, that we might forget, I should think."

The old man shook his head.

"*She* never forgot. To her dying hour, that young man's fate preyed upon her."

"My mother-in-law you mean!"

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"Yes, your husband's mother; his mother, too: she was never the same woman after he died. Worse than ever, when she gave up the child."

"I know it, but why rake such things up?—especially to-night," answered Sarah Weed, with what seemed unreasonable impatience.

"I don't know," answered the old man, dejectedly, "but somehow those jewels seemed to bring him into my mind. They quite took away my appetite."

"And mine. I think joy feeds one like bread and wine—are you going to bed, father?"

"Yes, if you don't want anything more of me. I'm getting to be an old man, Sarah, and feel it a little."

Sarah Weed watched the old man, with a strange expression, as he left the room, hesitating in his walk, bent in the shoulders, and looking more than his age. When he had crept into the dark closet, which was all he could claim for a bed-room, she shook off the sad impression his words had made, and followed Olympia into the bed-room, where that young lady was taking off her pink dress.'

"Olympia."

The girl paused with her arms uplifted, and the gauze skirt, floating like a cloud over her head. Darting a sharp look from under it, she said:

"Well, Mar, what is it? If you've got any fault to find, out with it, for I'm awful sleepy."

"Only this, my dear. We, that is all of us, are going away from this house."

"Going away! What for?"

"Because we can afford to do better."

Olympia dropped her arms, and the pink skirt floated downward to the floor.

"Have they raised grandpa's wages?"

"No, no. He is more likely to lose his place, being so old."

"Poor old grandpa. That would nigh about kill him. He's been so proud of taking care of us since my own pa died. You don't say that they mean to get rid of the old man?"

"Not yet, I dare say; but they cut his wages down last year to nothing, or we shouldn't have been so poor as this," answered the mother, casting a glance around her.

"Well, then, if nothing has happened, what are we a talking about—this time of night, too."

"But something has happened. You saw that shawl."

"Yes, no great shakes after all. Colors mottled up till you couldn't tell which was which. The one you had, blazed out worth a dozen of it," answered Olympia, disdainful in her ignorance, as most self-sufficient people are.

"It is worth a great deal of money, Olympia."

"Why don't you sell it, then? I shan't begrudge it to anybody."

"I am going to sell it. I asked permission to-night. Then I have other things—look here!"

The woman opened her hand, which had been tightly closed till now—held it under the lamp, and there blazing, in the palm, Olympia saw the rings and casket La Costa had rejected.

'Oh, my! Where did you get them? Are they the real thing?"

"They are diamonds—real precious diamonds," exclaimed the woman, pressing the gems to her lips; "and mine, every one of them, no matter what happens."

"Oh, Mar! Real, real diamonds, and yours. I hope you haven't gone and done—Mar, Mar, tell me, you haven't. I shall just die if a perliceman comes in here and asks—oh! do send 'em back, Mar. I'll go out to days works, scrubbing or anything, if you will!"

The woman was too happy for anger, but she sat down upon the bed, and laughed till sparkling tears stood in her eyes.

"What a goose you are, Olympia; did you think I had stolen them, foolish child?"

Olympia fell down upon her knees, and, burying her face in her mother's lap, sobbed away the anguish of her sudden fright.

"Oh, if you had—if you had, Mar, I should a died right here, at your feet, and so would grandpa. But you didn't—you didn't, and I'm so happy."

"And I am happy, my child, very, very happy. Now we will take a whole floor."

"Oh, Mar!"

"And you shall go to school."

"Mar, I'm almost as happy as you are—and grandpar?"

"Shall have a new suit of clothes."

"Good enough to go to church in?"

"Yes, and shall have a bed-room, with a window in it. He must be taken care of at any rate. I have promised that solemnly."

"I'll make up his bed for him every day. He never complains, when I forget it; but I will, see if I don't? Celestina must have a crib all to herself!"

"No, no, not that; she has never slept out of my arms," cried the mother, throwing herself down by the sleeping child, and pressing her face, her bosom, and the smooth, white shoulder, that broke through a slit in her night-gown; but she shall have a new carriage, and a doll, and——"

"Mar, hadn't you better cut off there, and count up what them rings will come to. Then agin, mebby you can't sell 'em, and then agin, where did you get 'em, anyway?"

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The woman was disturbed in her passionate kisses by this rational question. She sat up on the bed, and looked at the girl, wonderingly. Such a compound of feeling, self-sufficiency, and hard, common sense, fell like cold water on her enthusiasm.

"Besides, what have you done for them diamonds. Actress women don't give such things for nothing, do they?"

"What have I done? Nothing, as yet."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Nothing wrong, Olympia. Nothing that an honest woman has not a right to ask God's blessing on."

"Mar," said Olympia, with sudden emphasis; "when you was with that Primer Donner the other day, I looked in through that silk door.'

"You did. Ah, now I remember. It was a mean thing."

"Well, I don't know. There was no one but me to watch that you didn't get into trouble. People will impose on you, Mar, and I have to be on the watch. That woman has got a secret on her mind that she can't shake off, drink out of that gold cup as often as she will. That woman wants your help about something, and that's why she wanted to swop shawls, and gave you them dimons. It may be all right. There aint no doubt you think it is, but I'm your own, born daughter, and mean to make sure of it. There, I'm in bed; now, you just creep in, and tell me all about it."

Mrs. Weed did creep into bed, but she did not tell Olympia all about it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Madame, the gentleman is waiting."

La Costa did not answer. She was looking earnestly at the card, which her servant had brought in, while he stood with the pretty mosaic tray in his hand, waiting for an answer.

"Are you sure it is the man himself?" she asked, at length.

"He took the card from his own case, Madame."

"A tall man, rather stout?'

"Yes, Madame."

"Bald?"

"A little, Madame."

The woman had been asking these questions in a vague way, as if she wished to save time. The card had evidently startled her, and she hesitated how to act.

"Show the gentleman in, Gaston.'

La Costa crossed the room, drew the lace curtains together, and shook down the silk draperies, thus excluding much of the light. Even then she was thinking, with a pang, of the change that had come upon her beauty, since the man who claimed admission had seen her last.

She stood near the chair she had left when Mrs. Cameron came in, and turned her large eyes upon him, with a wild, questioning look, as he advanced toward her, holding out his hand

"Lucinda."

The woman trembled all over, and a quick pallor deepened the rouge on her cheek, with a most painful contrast.

"You know me, then," she said, dropping her cold hand into his.

"Yes, I was at the opera, last night."

"You and the woman who once called herself my sister—I saw her there. Saw you, but hoped that my memory had died out among you; with her it evidently has; I am glad of that."

"Why, Lucinda?"

"Why, because vipers should become torpid as they grow old," answered the woman, with intense bitterness, "and there is no viper like that which has been warmed on the same hearth with you."

"Lucinda, remember that you are speaking of my wife."

"I forget nothing, Oliver Cameron."

"And forgive nothing?" questioned the banker, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

The woman smiled bitterly.

"The women of my profession are not given to all the Christian virtues, holy men will tell you, and among the most difficult is forgiveness of an injury that has distorted a human life—a human soul."

Cameron was greatly troubled; she saw this in his face, and was touched by it.

"Still," she said, stretching out her hand, "victims do not rend each other. Were it not for that cold blooded serpent that crept, like any other reptile, into your bosom, I could forgive all the pain—all the woes that you have brought upon me."

"Lucinda, Lucinda, spare me, and, in my presence, spare her. Remember she is the mother of my child, and the benefactress of yours."

"The benefactress of mine? Oliver Cameron, I saw a pale young face behind the curtains, last night, that told a different story. Always a tyrant—always selfish—always insolent in her meanness, the woman you married has left her marks on that young life I saw them. I——"

"No, no, Lucinda, you are wrong there. My own Hester has not been more tenderly brought up than your child. They were educated at the same school, and, in my home, there is no differ-

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ance between them. There, at least, I have been master."

La Costa looked in the man's sincere face, in blank astonishment. She would not believe him, ignorant of much that she had gathered from Sarah Weed.

"Do you believe this, Oliver Cameron?" she said, at last. "Can you be ignorant that this poor girl is worse than a slave under your roof? That her very existence is made miserable by a sense of dependence, that the duties of a servant are put upon her in your absence."

"No, no, this cannot be."

"I tell you it is the truth. Had the child been your heiress, you would have found it out long ago. Love makes a man keenly alive to what goes on in his own household."

"If love could have made me keen-sighted, I should have known every feeling of Edith to the heart; for to me that girl is the dearest creature on earth."

La Costa stepped back, and gazed at the man in amazement. Truly it seemed so. His eyes were full of tender light, his face flushed and his voice thrilled her, through and through, with a strength of feeling that made her tremble as of old. Only now the sensation was keen and bitter as gall.

"You love her so—you love her so!" she exclaimed; "and that other; the heiress of your wealth; the beautiful creature who bears your name. What of her? What of her?"

"Hester is dear to me; I love her with great indulgence; but God forgive me if I am unnatural, not with the entire fatherly love that I give to Edith."

"You say this, Oliver Cameron. Is it—tell me—is it because you once loved her mother?"

"I cannot tell, Lucinda. Such feelings are not to be analyzed; for that girl I feel a tenderness of affection, a depth of pity——"

"Pity!" interrupted La Costa, stamping her feet. "Yes, you gave that to me once. So did she—so did she. I remember the very words of it! 'Of course we can't help pitying you,' she said, with her cold blooded smile, 'an attachment that has always been on one side is a deplorable thing. We both pity you extremely.'"

"Did my wife say that?"

"That—that—why, such words were the balm of flowers, compared to things she did say to me. Do you think that anything less than stings of insult, added to the perfidy of falsehood that won you from me, could have driven me to that marriage. I wanted love so much—so much—that it seemed as if his could shelter me. It was a grand, beautiful love, but I had repulsed it always—repulsed it with reckless indifference—but then, then, her falsehood and your treason made me compassionate. I knew what his agony had been, and my own drew me towards him. He was a poor man. What did I care for that! He was a good man, and, poor fool that I was, it seemed to me that his goodness might help me to love him, that sympathy with a nature like his might lift me out of my despair. Instead of that, my mad anguish, the fits of bitter passion that wrought their will upon me, poisoned the atmosphere about him. I thought that marriage with a man who loved me so devotedly would be a safeguard, but it was torture. The poverty that had seemed sublime, dragged me into the gutter. His studious tasks, for you know the good carpenter—his father had deprived himself of everything, and worked like a slave to educate his youngest son for something higher than his own hard life—irritated my restless spirit. The very beauty of his character reproached me. I had tried to love my husband, and could not. You and yours had made me recklessly hard-hearted. I told him the truth, and, with the iron in his heart, left him—left him to die."

La Costa's voice broke here; she covered her face with both hands, not to conceal her tears, but to darken their burning pain. Mr. Cameron did not speak, but grief, and in some way, surprise had locked his features.

"You had never encouraged the man you married, before—had not secretly craved his love, while my wealth tempted you in another direction?" he questioned, in a low, hoarse voice. "It is too late. The past is the past with us both. It is better, perhaps, that I should not know; but let what will follow, I must know the truth, though it uproots my whole household."

"I had repulsed him always, cruelly, cruelly," answered the woman, dropping her hands, "and she knew it. Money never had the power to tempt me. Your wealth I never cared for till she used it to scourge my pride with; till she taunted me with its loss, gloried even in the falsehood that had won it for herself. Then I did give it vital importance; then I resolved to win it for myself at any cost and at all hazards."

Cameron cast his eyes around the sumptuous surroundings of this woman, thought of her appearance on the stage, on that opening night, and a sickening sensation crept over him. Had he plunged her into the path she had trod in search of this wealth?

La Costa read his countenance, and broke into a hysterical laugh.

"If you have scorn to give, take it into your own home!" she said. "All this was not bought

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with slander. I did not steal it with the very breath of her soul, from my own sister, and taunt her while I stole. Save your contempt until you get home, Oliver Cameron."

"Spare me," said the banker, lifting up both hands, as if to ward off her hot words. "I was ignorant of much that you have told me. Spare your sister. Do not, by another word, drive her from the respect which a husband should——"

"Spare her? Did she ever spare any one that stood in her way? When she stole into your confidence, with her silky sympathies—for she can be soft as thistle-down, when it so pleases her—when, by slanderous insinuations, deprecating excuses, and covert falsehood, she filled your mind with suspicions, which I was too proud to guess at—had she the heart to spare you or me. She tore up the first love of my youth by the roots—tossed me out upon the wide world, to become what I am—and now you ask me to spare her, to spare you, her dupe, her husband"

The wild emotions of the actress swelled into a storm now. She flung up her arms—great, fiery tears, leaped down her cheeks, and her whole form dilated with a weird grandeur of passion.

"Lucinda!"

The woman's clasped hands fell apart, a deep breath hissed through her teeth.

"Well, Oliver Cameron, well!"

"The past is the past between us two."

Mr. Cameron spoke mildly, but La Costa flashed out upon him like a game bird.

"Can you think I want it otherwise? Have you an idea that I would take up the old love, even in the decorous way you would think right, feed on the husks, from which my gracious sister has torn the corn—no, no, the finest steel rusts under time, mine has gone back to iron. I have no love for you, to hide, or be ashamed of. Nothing so pure will ever enter my soul again. I did not seek you. I shall not seek her. She was my only sister once. I loved her dearly. We were two poor girls, without much prospect in life, being the daughters of a man who worked one of your farms, nothing more. I have often wondered that you should have noticed us—more than wondered, that you should have selected me, the youngest and the wildest, to grace with your preference; but you did—you did, and I was fool enough to think you loved me—I was, indeed."

"I did, I did."

"I thought so Sometimes I think so yet," said La Costa, with a tender wail of the voice; "but how long did it last? till my elder sister saw the dawning of great fortune in your love, and snared me in the meshes of her falsehoods, as a poor bird is hampered with lime, while singing among the leaves. The carpenter's son was the only human being that ever loved me."

"I will not let you say that," answered the banker, gently.

"The only one—the only one. But he died. Such love kills, or makes earth a heaven. It killed him, and his mother gave my child to the mercy of your wife. I loved the child. It was all I had—loved it so much, that I gave it to him as a sacrifice. But she got it at last, swept me completely. Love, wealth, character, child, everything went to her. I permitted it. Through one faithful person, I kept watch of the child they said I had abandoned. So I did; but it was as a woman leaves her heart behind, and flies, like a wild bird, into the wilderness. They little knew how often my arms were stretched forth in longing, when at midnight, I felt for her at my side, and grew proud with the thought that an ocean divided us. How should they?"

"I knew this. I felt that your child was left behind from no hardness of heart. It was my wish that she should come to us, when her father died. If it will give you pleasure, Lucinda, let me tell you that the husband you left wanted for nothing. I cared for that myself."

"You saw him, then," questioned La Costa.

"Every week, almost every day. We had loved the same woman—he more worthily than I—it was a bond between us."

La Costa choked back a sob.

"After that, the child was taken home with my own."

"Did she consent, knowing who was its mother?"

"She consented; but to this day I do not know that she has any idea of Edith's parentage. I could not bear to enter upon that subject."

"She knows—she feels it, or the old spirit is dead within her," said La Costa, bitterly. "Yet she did not remember me—no wonder if I have changed so much as she has—no one would fancy us the two beautiful Warner girls."

La Costa laughed with bitterness, as she said this Breaking off, with tears in her eyes, she said, with a childish sort of grace: "But I was the youngest and handsomest always, if you did marry her. The best, too, singer and dancer, as I am, I dare you to place her above me, even in the poor matter of goodness" Cameron smiled. There was a dash of the old wild grace here that wore upon him.

"Tell me, Lucinda," he said; "what is your object in coming here? Not Edith! you do not mean to claim her?"

"Not yet; perhaps never—I found the heart to leave her for his sake. Now I will do it for her own."

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A look of infinite relief came into Cameron's face, and his voice faltered in expressing his gratitude.

"You are kind—magnanimous. Ah, Lucinda, you have relieved me from a great apprehension."

La Costa looked at him keenly. She was wounded.

"Was it only to make sure of this that you came?"

"No, I could not have kept away. The first sound of your voice brought the old times up so vividly—so painfully."

Tears came into La Costa's eyes, the sobs in her throat were broken into a hysterical laugh.

"I almost wished your wife had recognized me, her aristocratic dismay would have been delightful. Her sister an actress—a singer—nay, given to dancing, now and then. How she would have trembled with dread, that her set might know it. Do not wince, Oliver—if this calamity should happen, tell her that the actress is married to a nobleman, with a title that runs back among the old monarchs of France, and an estate about twice as large as the farm her father worked, when he was your hired man. You see I am determined to keep up the dignity of the Warners. Tell her this, convince her that I am only earning gold, that it may gild my rank, and she will forgive the stage—even me, perhaps, for the wrong she has heaped upon me, though human nature seldom goes so far as that."

"Oh, Lucinda, how bitter you have grown," said Cameron, regretfully, as the woman paused for breath.

"What would you have?" she rejoined. "Is that woman to have a monopoly of evil?"

The scorn in La Costa's face was superb. Cameron saw by it how deep was her hatred—how intense her contempt for the woman he had married. If any kindred feeling lurked in his own breast, he gave no sign, but prepared to take his leave.

La Costa seemed startled by the movement, and laid her hand on his arm; then drew it away timidly, for he trembled under its touch.

"You are here, and I thank you for coming It would have been harder, had fate compelled me to seek you out. Oliver, I have a great favor to ask of you."

"A favor of me, Lucinda. This is kind."

Cameron took her hand between both his, for in her softened voice and tone of gentle entreaty, he recognized the woman he had once loved, but she shrank back in embarrassment, at a loss for words, and drooping before him; at last she spoke.

"There is a man named Massieu, a prisoner ——"

"I know, Lucinda, a foreigner, working out his sentence in Philadelphia, for uttering forged bills. They were drawn on our house; a colder, keener knave, than this Massieu, does not exist."

"Still, it is his pardon I wish you to obtain," said La Costa, suddenly erecting herself, while the blood flowed up to her face, as if she had received a blow.

"His pardon! That is impossible. It was on our branch house his crime was perpetrated. Through us it was traced out."

The hot color left La Costa's face, her mouth was set, her eyes had the glitter of steel in them.

"Then it was you—you, Oliver Cameron, who hunted him down!" she said, in a voice so hard and dry, that it sounded like a menace.

Cameron looked at her pale, locked face, in wonder, but his answer, though gentle, was firm.

"It was I who brought him to justice, perhaps a little earlier than might have been, but his fate was certain. To set a man so adroit in fraud at liberty, would be an injustice to the public."

La Costa struggled with her bitter rage, as strong men wrestle with each other.

"Oliver, I never thought to ask a favor of you, but this one I do ask. You are a man of power. The very fact that your influence, call it sense of justice if you will, cast this unfortunate man into prison, will avail to take him out. You are so well known, that no governor, no pardoning board would deny you. Let this unhappy prisoner free, and, from this hour, I forgive you—and what is harder yet—your wife, all the wrong that has been done me. Refuse me, and—"

The woman broke off, with this unfinished menace locked in her white lips.

If Cameron had inclined to her entreaty for a moment, the threat conveyed in her last words swept the impulse away. He took up his hat.

"No, Lucinda," he said, with quiet firmness; "I cannot, even for you, cast such a mockery on justice."

She let him go without a word. He had held out his hand, but she did not see it—had left the room, and she did not yet feel that she was alone. All at once her face blazed out, and her hand clenched itself.

"Be it so," she said, "be it so. I have nothing to withhold me now. He who is so sensitive to crime shall find it close to his bosom—coiling around his proud name—hissing its shame through the haughty circles that hold him in reverence. He might have saved himself, but would not. So be it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a costume suitable for either house or street, the material of which may be either stripe beige, percale, or any of the pretty madras cloths; these latter are mostly in plaids, but some stripes are to be found.

Select some plain foulard cambric for the trimming, to correspond with the prevailing color of the material. If the dress material is of beige, or any other summer woolen fabric, the plain trimming may be of either silk or cashmere to correspond. The lower skirt has simply two narrow-plaited ruffles, two and a-half inches deep—headed by a band cut on the bias, three inches wide, piped on the edges with the plain material. The tunic is cut very long and round in front, and gathered, as may be seen, into the plain piece forming the front trimming, which is cut straight-wise of the plain material, and ornamented by a row of buttons (white or smoke pearl) on either side. For a percale dress, linen buttons may be used, if preferred. The edge of the tunic is trimmed with a bias band of the material, two inches wide, piped to correspond with the one on the skirt. Two breadths of the material, if narrow, are put into the back of the tunic, and the looping is quite low. The jacket bodice is long and evenly shaped all round—finished on the edge like the tunic: cuffs and collar of the plain material ornamented by buttons. Three rows finish the front of the bodice. Eighteen to twenty yards of beige—fourteen to fifteen of yard-wide percale will be required, one and a-half yards of plain for trimming. Price of pattern, tunic and jacket, sixty cents.

For a boy, we have navy blue linen, trimmed on the back, and edged on the skirt, with a narrow Hamburg trimming—two edges put together for the back. The front is double breasted, trimmed on the edge, and a double row of but-

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tons. Laid on pockets on the skirt. Belt at the waist with a wide ribbon or cashmere; the latter are very much used for both boys and girls for every-day wear. Trim at the ends with knotted worsted fringe. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

For a little girl of six years, we give a Holland frock, trimmed with colored twill. The skirt is

bordered with three folds of the crimson twill, known as turkey red, also the square-cut bodice, and waistband, pocket and cuffs. This is worn over a chemisette of embroidered cambric; but this is optional, as the bodice can be cut high, and the trimming put on square. Dark blue or white bunting would look well made in this style, and be both a serviceable and stylish costume, at but little expense. Cost of bunting, thirty-five cents per yard. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Next, is something quite new and pretty for an afternoon dress, of white nainsook and Hamburg embroidery, which is now so cheaply manufactured as to be within the reach of every one. The skirt of this costume is trimmed with alternate flat and box plaits, the latter being ornamented with a band of the embroidered insertion, (select an open pattern, both for the inser-

tion and the edge, the wheel pattern is always effective). This plaited flounce, which is cut straight, is to be nine inches deep. The tunic is just long enough to cover the top edge of the flounce, trimmed with lengthwise bands of the insertion, which bands are pointed at the ends, and fall over the embroidered edge, which finishes the tunic. There is very little fullness in this tunic, and no looping at the back; but it is open up the back, and trimmed with the embroidered edge, and tied together with ribbon bows. The bodice has an under vest, ornamented with narrow insertion bands—the jacket cut away, as may be seen, to display the vest—and trimmed to correspond. This is a very becoming style to a slight figure. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

Next, we give a simple design for a summer evening dress of white Swiss or tarletane. The

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skirt is bordered with a narrow frill, headed with six small puffs, terminating in a narrow standing frill. Above this there is an over-dress of the muslin, looped up on the right side to the height of

the knee, and falling to the left into three curves, each edged with a narrow plaiting like the bottom of the skirt. There is a low-necked and short-sleeved curiass bodice; but one cut high, and heart-shaped in front, with sleeves to the elbow, may be substituted, and be equally dressy, and quite as fashionable and elegant. Trim the neck and sleeves of either style, with puffs and plaiting to match. The trimming at the side is of dark crimson ribbon. The back of the over-skirt is not looped, but falls into a demi-train over the short over-skirt, or it may be looped, if preferred. Price of tunic fifty cents.

Next, we give a favorite style for soft woolen fabric, suitable for cool summer days, or sea-side wear. There is, first a ribbed skirt, quite plain; over this a blouse, plaited into a square yoke and belted at the waist. This is trimmed with a darker shade, or a contrasting color, laid on in a flat band two inches wide. The blouse is open at the sides. The front has one wide box-plait,

and two side plaits turning back. Coat sleeves with turned-back cuff. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

For a little girl, from two to four years, we have a pretty embroidered pique, cut in the Princess shape in front, extending into a short

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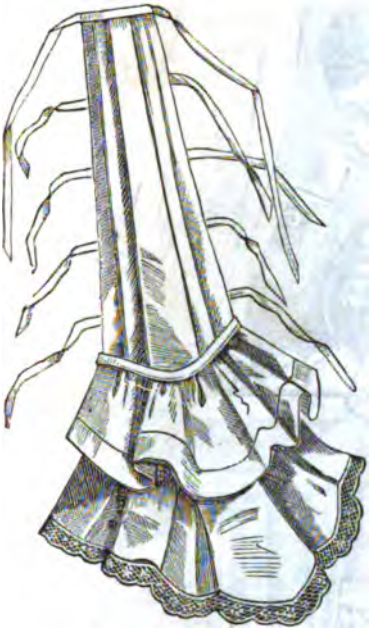
basque at the back, when it is buttoned. A ribbed skirt fills in the back, fastened to a petticoat waist. Either braid the front or trim with Hamburg insertion, and edge. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

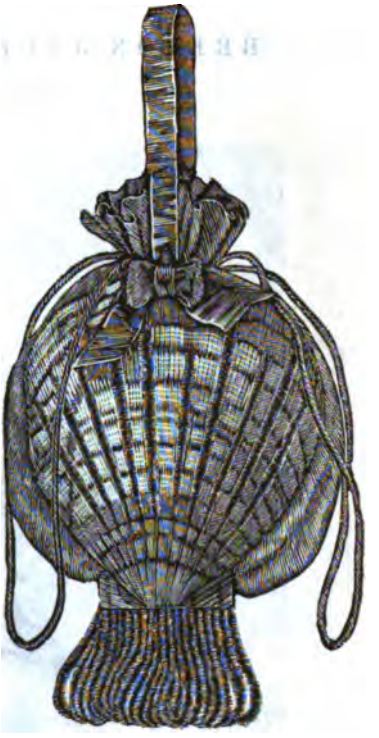
We also give the latest novelty in Parisian tournure. It is made of muslin, the top laid in



a deep double box-plait, perfectly tight-fitting, to which is added two flounces, very full and stiffly starched. This is simply to keep the train out at the bottom. No tournure is worn near the waist, perfect flatness is the present prevailing style.

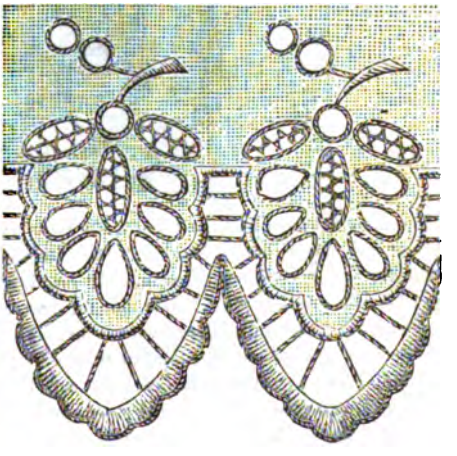
PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantels, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

WORK BAG.



WORK BAG of blue silk, or merino inserted between two mussel shells, through which small holes have been drilled. Bows and ends of blue ribbons, and a fringe of dark blue chenille are arranged, as shown. Handle of silk, with a stiff lining of buckram. Finish with silk cord to draw.

EMBROIDERED EDGE FOR PILLOW-SHAMS.



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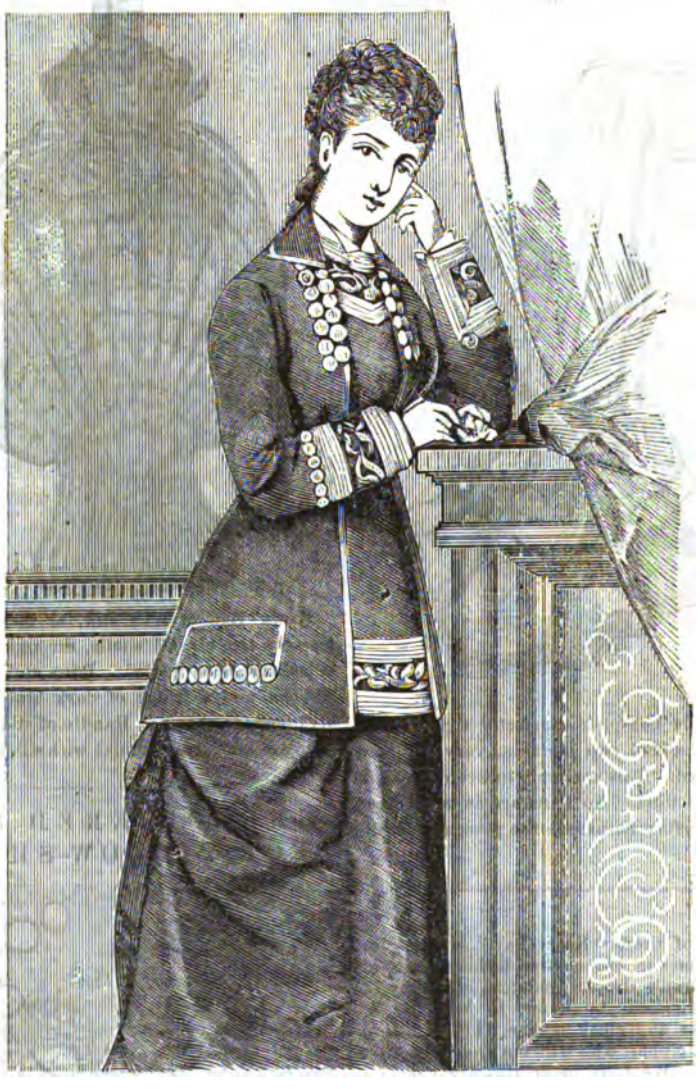
BRETON JACKET AND DIAGRAM.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The material used is Vicuna cloth, the foundation of the embroidered band is white Indian cashmere. For ordinary wear mohair braid is used for ornamenting these bands, but for dressy occasions they are embroidered with color. The sequins are mother-of-pearl, and they are sewn on the jacket so as to overlap each other. The jacket fastens at the side upon the waistcoat. A perforated line on this waistcoat (see the diagram) shews where the jacket is to fasten; an inside flap, with button holes, is added to the inside of the jacket, buttons being sewn to the waistcoat. The top of the waistcoat is square, and the widest part of the collar is the front; it is sewn on so as to meet the waistcoat. On the next page we give a diagram, by which to cut this jacket out. In our July number, in the Chit-Chat, we gave directions how to enlarge these diagrams.

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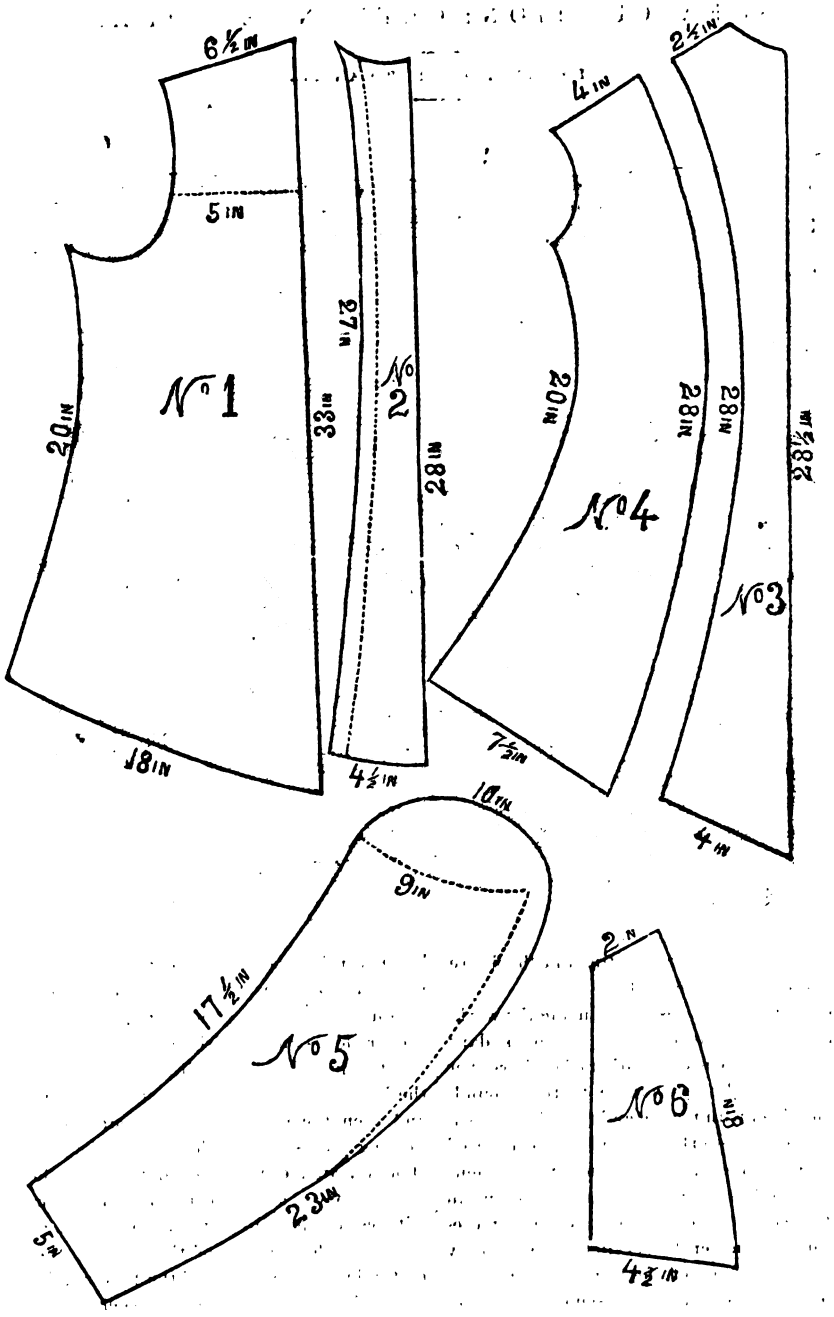

No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Simulated Waistcoat.
No. 3. Half of Back.
No. 4. Half of Side Back.
No. 5. Half of Sleeve.
No. 6. Half of Collar.

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SOFA CUSHION: CRETONNE WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE ground-work is black satin, and the figure of the heron is in white cloth.

There are various modes of producing the work. Some use a black satin ground, others a dark cloth ground; some use a solution of india rubber for making the flowers adhere to the ground, others line them with muslin and tack them down. In some cretonne work the flowers are covered with silk embroidery, while in many specimens only long stitches of unequal length are put in round the edge of the design. Designs of cretonne work can never be servilely copied—they serve rather as types of the work—for it would be difficult to find, in promiscuous pieces of chintz, the exact flowers and animals, etc., found in an engraving. The best plan is to purchase a stock of small remnants, and to cut out closely the flowers, leaves, birds, and other subjects. When you have a quantity cut out begin to compose the *motif*, whether it be a garland or a bouquet. When the groups, etc., harmonise well, the branches and tendrils and small details are painted in. The composition once satisfactory, the leaves and flowers are pasted down in place, and then the edges of the cretonne are worked in long and short stitches. The shades of silk should match each flower and leaf. When the flowers, etc., are worked round, embroidery stitches are put in to mark the veining of the leaves, or the features of the animals, the wings of the birds, the hearts of the flowers; but they should be lightly introduced as mere indications, otherwise the character of the embroidery becomes satin stitch, instead of applique, and the brilliant coloring of the cretonne is lost.

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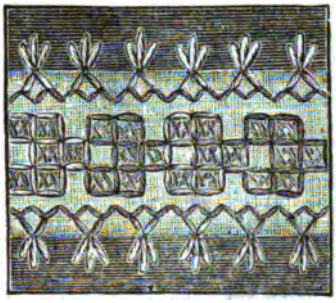
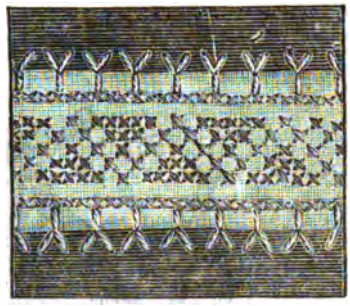
BORDERS FOR TRAVELING DRESS, TABLE DOYLEYS, LUNCH CLOTHS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





WE give two of these new designs in cross-stitch, now so popular, for embroidering lunch cloths, and the napkin to match; also, suitable for linen or pique washing dresses. For the lunch cloth and napkin, use coarse, unbleached linen, fringe out the edges, four to five inches deep for the cloth, two inches for the napkin; then work the border in red and dark blue working, cotton or black silk with red cotton. Two shades or colors are needed for each pattern. The stitches are so clearly shown in the design, that further description is needless. For apron or dresses, the same material for embroidery may be used.

CHAIR-TICKING EMBROIDERY: WITH DETAIL OF DESIGN.

THIS fancy chair is a favorite shape for garden, or any other place, where an occasional seat is wanted. The wood of the frame may be either ebonized or light, and the arm bands of silk or leather, according to taste. The design for the embroidery is given, full size; the herring bone stitches at each side, are put in with scarlet embroidery silk, the perpendicular lines in blue, and the rest in gold color. This design may be repeated in different colored silks, or a row of flowers be added for the other stripes. We prefer the ticking entirely covered—with these fancy stitches in a variety of colored silks, or else make alternate stripes of black velvet ribbon.

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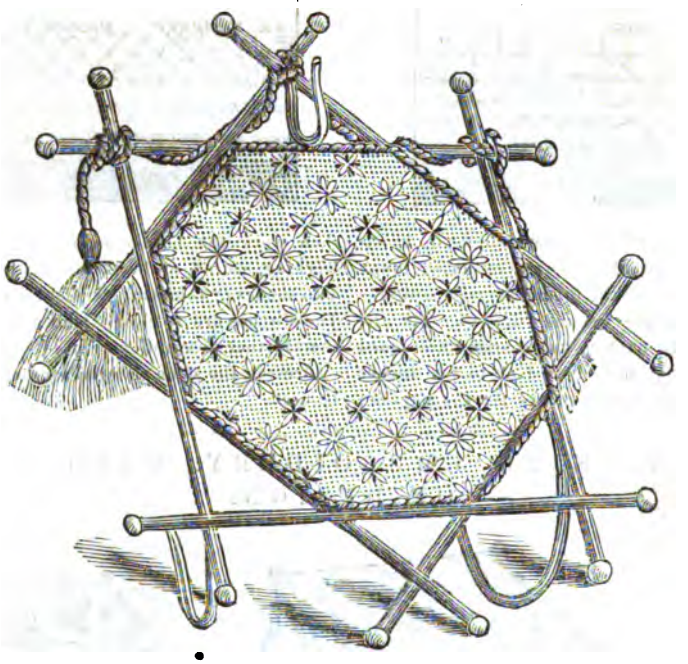
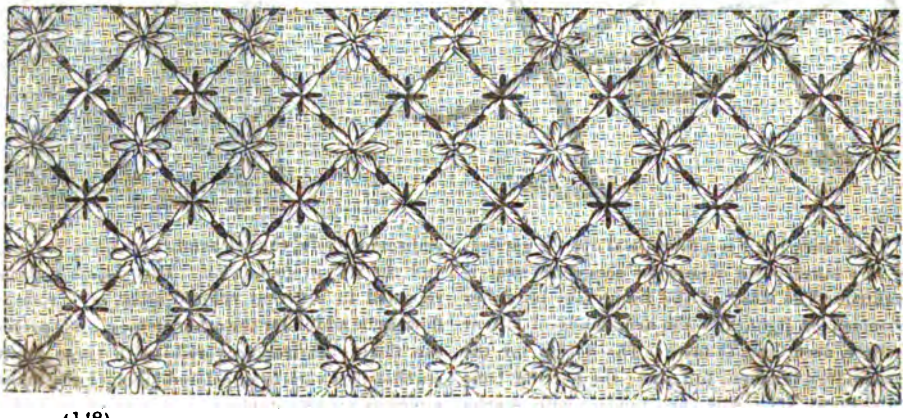
WATCH-STAND—WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This stand consists of an octagonal piece of Java canvass, mounted in a bamboo frame, and ornamented with silk cord, which terminates in heavy tassels. The watch is suspended from the centre hook, the hook on the left side being intended to support the chain and key. The crosses and stars, which compose the design, are given in full working size, and done in navy-blue and cardinal-red floss silk. The cords and tassels are made to match. If bamboo cannot be obtained, wood nicely smoothed and cut will do.



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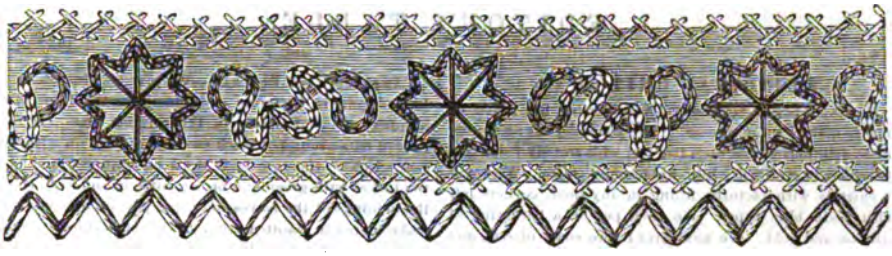
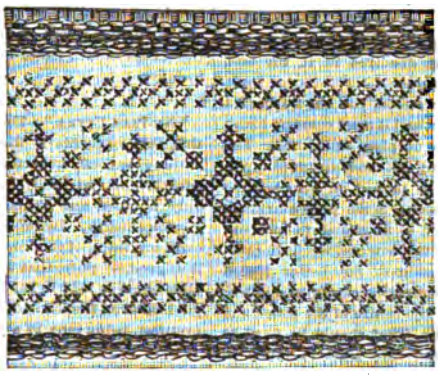
EMBROIDERY IN BRAID.



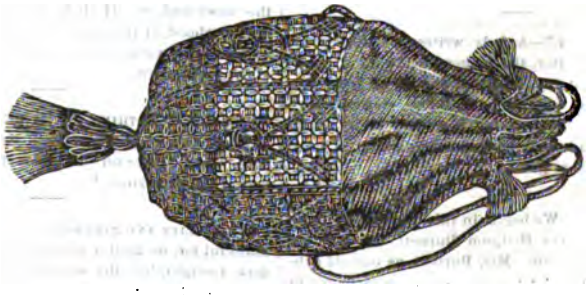
TOWEL EMBROIDERY.



The design is worked in cross-stitch, with scarlet or indigo-blue working-cotton. Black silk is also very effective, and washes well.

BAG FOR SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The lower part of the bag is made of silvered perforated card-board, embroidered with two shades of rose-colored sewing-silk; each section of the card-board (six of which are required) measures eight inches in length, and four in width; each section is pointed at the bottom, and sewn together to form the bottom of the bag, as shown in the design. The card-board is lined with rose-colored silk, which is cut sufficiently long to form the upper part of the bag, and is drawn together at the top with a rose-colored silk cord and tassels. A handsome tassel is also placed at the bottom of the bag, which finishes it off complete.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MAKING "SCRAP SCREENS."—A subscriber has asked us how to make "scrap screens." We generally take a frame, made with four wings, each two feet wide and six feet high, on which is strained white, unbleached calico. We cover it entirely with pictures, filling in any small corners left with plain blue paper. We then put on a bordering of crimson and gold. We next give it two coats of size, and lastly varnish it, putting it in an unused room, until quite dry. Last winter we covered our nursery walls in the same way. We put an oak paper for about one yard from the floor, then a strip of bordering, and the rest we filled with pictures, finishing all with size and varnish. These latter can be bought at a paperhanger's. We found ordinary paste, with a little gum arabic dissolved in it, the best medium for sticking on the pictures.

If you wish to make a folding screen, you should have a foundation of black glazed paper, and it must come up to the edge of the screen, so as to leave no place uncovered. The pictures should be carefully cut out, and arranged upon the surface, only they should be pinned on before being fixed, that the effect may be seen. Some people arrange the pictures one over the other, so as almost to hide the foundation; but, after making two screens, we have come to the conclusion that pictures look far better placed separately, only they must, of course, be carefully selected. It is best to have a large one in the centre of the panel, and smaller ones arranged round it. They should be fixed to the foundation with starch, and care must be taken in making it, that no lumps are left in it, or they will get under the pictures, and remain there.

There is nothing so suitable for the bordering of a screen as stamped leather, or paper that imitates it; this should be about an inch and a-half in width, and scalloped round the edge, with a brass-headed nail placed in each scallop. Maroon or green leather are the colors that look best with the pictures, and, of course, this bordering must not be put on the screen until it has been varnished, and has become quite dry.

"COMBINES SO MUCH."—A lady writes: "I like your magazine better and better, the longer I know it. If only one periodical is taken in a family, it should be yours, for it combines more than any other. Fashions, stories, work-table, steel engravings, everything is perfect of its kind. I am not surprised to hear of its large circulation. I only wonder it is not twice as great."

OUR NEW NOVELET.—We begin, in this number, the new novelet, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the best, we think, she has ever written. Mrs. Burnett, as our old subscribers know, has been, for years, a favorite contributor to "Peterson." The critics are now pronouncing her the "coming novelist of America;" but we and our readers found out her powers as a writer long ago.

PATTERN FOR TIDY.—We receive so many requests for tidy patterns in crochet, that we give another this month, in the front of the number. This is a pattern that can be carried out, indefinitely, in any direction, and can, therefore, be made of any shape, or size, that is required.

LAMBREQUIN FOR BRACKET.—We give an illustration of a Lambrequin in Cretonne embroidery, in the front of the number—the embroidery in the original size. It is arranged on a ground of black cloth, and sewn on with over-cast stitches; the rose buds sewn on with red and pink; the leaves with green and brown silks, in different shades, the veinings of the leaves and inner part of the buds being embroidered in knotted stitch. The butterflies are edged with over-cast stitches in point russe, with various colored silks. The bird done in the same manner. This kind of embroidery is very effective, and if the flowers, birds, etc. are arranged with care and taste, the effect produced will be almost equal to painting—particularly if done on silk and with fine pieces of Cretonne. Some of the beautiful roses, cupids, etc., found on the fine satinet Cretonnes, for instance.

"NE PLUS ULTRA."—The Dresden (Tenn.) Democrat, says that this magazine is the "*ne plus ultra*"—that there is nothing beyond, or better. "Again," it writes, "is beautiful, bright and lovely Peterson on our table. It is the July number, and bears all the flowery beauty of that glorious month. Its indescribably beautiful Fashion plates excel anything of the kind we ever saw; its reading matter is so good, so pure, that it deserves a place on the centre-table of every lady in the land. It is the *cheapest* magazine published in the United States, besides being one of the prettiest, being only $2 a year"

THE CHEAPEST THING you can invest your money in is a good magazine. It costs but little, and comes every month, brightening all in the household. In families of refinement it is indispensable. Twenty times its cost is often spent on things of no permanent value, whereas a good magazine, like a perennial spring, remains to cheer, amuse, instruct and delight.

BACK NUMBERS, for 1877, 1876, 1875, etc., can be had of the news-dealers. If there are no news-dealers in your neighborhood, or the news-dealers have not the number or numbers you want, we will send them, post-paid, on receipt of the retail price.

"THERE IS NOTHING, for its price, that gives so much pleasure as a good magazine." So writes a lady, and she adds, "And 'Peterson' is undoubtedly the cheapest and best of the magazines."

WHILE LIFE AND STRENGTH remain, we have much to be thankful for, no matter what happens. The skies may be dark to-night, but the sun will shine to-morrow. Be of good cheer!

IT COSTS NO MORE to dress in good taste than in bad. If ladies make frights of themselves, it is their own fault, when elegance is so easy to be attained.

"THE BEST WE RECEIVE."—Says the Central Baptist, of St. Louis, "For the price, we regard 'Peterson' as the best ladies' magazine we receive."

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A NEW VOLUME began with the last number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, but prefer to commence with the July one. But back numbers, from January inclusive, can be supplied, when desired. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to add to clubs. *Additions to Clubs* may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If additional subscribers are sent, enough to make up a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Specimens sent, gratis, to canvas with. *It is still in time*, we repeat, to get up clubs. Nowhere else will you get so much for your money.

MUTUALLY TO BEAR AND FORBEAR is the great secret of happiness. We are all so involved with each other, we all differ more or less from each other by temperament, organization, etc., that charity to one another and kindness are not only good policy, but are also the right thing to do.

NEVER TALK GOSSIP, but discuss things, not persons. But if you have to speak of others, do it kindly, never maliciously. Perhaps, if you knew all, you would do exactly what those do, whom you condemn.

"LITTLE GREEDY."—This is after an original picture, by J. G. Brown, one of the most eminent of our younger American artists.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Norston's Rest. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Of the many powerful fictions, which this popular author has written, the present is one of the most powerful. The story turns on a secret marriage, between the heir to an English baronetcy, and the pretty daughter of the steward, and the interest is heightened by the fact that a high-born girl, and an heiress as well, is also in love with the hero. Both the female characters, the wife, as well as the other, are drawn with wonderful skill; and both are noble, earnest, lovable women, who divide, strangely, the sympathies of the reader. The descriptions of the old manor-house, of the game-keeper's cottage, and of the sylvan scenery about Norston's Rest, are in Mrs. Stephens' very best manner, and we do not know that we can say more than this in its praise. The marriage itself, with the lonely surroundings of the little church, and the prophetic shadow of all that seemed to envelope it, is one of the most effective chapters in the book. The pictures of English life are as graphic as they are true; while there is just enough romance in the story to make it perfect as a novel. We spoke of the vigor with which the two principal female characters are sketched. But we can say the same of nearly all the characters: the Duchess, Sir Noel, young Hurst, the father, etc., etc. It appears to us that there ought to be a sequel to the tale, as here told, however: for the fair girl and heiress, whom the young heir neglected, should have a future, and a happy one. We have learned to love her, even more than her successful rival, and we cannot bear that she should suffer a wasted life.

The Latimer Family. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This story depicts the career of an intemperate, and with its force heightened, as it is, by the illustrations by Cruikshank, is a powerful warning against "the death that lies in the cup." The evils, the horrors, the sin of drunkenness, cannot be too highly depicted. The volume appears at an opportune time, and ought to do a great deal of good. No household should be without it.

Ariadne. By "Ouida." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—We consider this the best story that this lady has yet written. She had, from the first, a vivid imagination, great fertility of incident, unusual vividness in description, and very considerable dramatic powers. Her earlier novels were more or less disfigured by a turgid style, an apparent disbelief in any human excellence, and an occasional freedom that, to say the least, was in questionable taste. But, as she grows older, the wine, to speak in metaphor, clears itself. Her last novel was a very decided improvement on her earlier ones; and this shows an advance even on that, both in style and in character. The story is a real one, but one alas! too often true: it is the story of a selfish, handsome man, and of a devoted, neglected woman. Few recent characters in fiction are as lovely as the heroine; few are as destestable, and yet natural, as that of the hero. The scene of the novel lies principally in Rome, of which this author writes with a fervor and an appreciation, which shows how she loves it, and which will recommend the book to every admirer of that wonderful city. In this respect, nothing, since "Barbara's History," has been so true. When one reads Ariadne, one is back on the Corso, or driving out on the old Flaminian way, or idling on the Campagna, or watching the snows on Soracte. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Etiquette. By Mrs. E B. Duffey. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—This professes to be, to quote from the title-page, "a complete manual of the manners and dress of American society." An examination of the context shows that the description is correct, so far, at least, as there can be any written code of good manners. Numerous forms for letters, invitations, acceptances and regrets are given. A copious index is added. The work goes into very great detail, much of it, one would think, quite unnecessary; but it is impossible, we suppose, to tell how ignorant some people may be; and certainly, to minute directions, even if they call in question people's common sense, are better than none at all. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Afterglow. "No Name Series." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Very many persons consider this the best of the remarkable series to which it belongs. But where all are so good, it is difficult to draw a line. The scene of the story is laid in Europe, opening at Dresden, that favorite resort of Americans. We have fancied that we could detect more than one of the anonymous authors, who have preceded this one; but here we are entirely at fault; and yet we hardly think that "Afterglow" is by a new hand. Get it, and read it, however.

A Family Feud. After the German of Ludwig Harden. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Whenever we see a new translation announced, as by Mrs. A. L. Wister, we are sure, not only that the translation is good, but that the story itself has been well selected. The present fiction is no exception to this rule. Few novels, recently printed, are as interesting as "A Family Feud." The volume, like all others published by this house, is exceptionally well printed.

The Heiress in the Family. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A pleasant, healthy novel, distinguished by good taste, good feeling and good sense; in marked contrast, in these respects, to many of the fictions of the day. It forms one of that astonishingly cheap "Dollar Series," now being published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Phyllis. By "The Duchess." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This novel is by an anonymous author, and one with whom we are quite unfamiliar. We take the writer to be a new aspirant for fame. The story is cleverly told, and promises to be a "hit:" we are sure that it deserves to be. The volume is handsomely printed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT IS SAID OF "PETERSON."—The newspaper press is unanimous, in according to this magazine the merit of being, for its price, the best published. Says the Ridgeway (Pa.) Advocate: "How so elegant a magazine can be published so cheaply, is only to be explained by its enormous edition, which is the largest of any lady's book in the world. 'Peterson' has long been celebrated for the superiority of its stories, and the present number fully sustains this reputation. Now is just the time to subscribe. Undoubtedly 'Peterson' is *the best and cheapest* of its kind." The Morgan (Tenn.) Dispatch says: "It combines more attractions, for a less price, than any magazine of its character in the country. Its fashion plates and descriptions are plain, and can be adapted to the simplest styles of dress." The Le Roy (N. J.) Gazette says: "It gives some of the best stories and poetry that are published. Its exquisite engravings and double page colored fashion plates and general patterns for almost everything, has made it an indispensable family monthly." The Evansville (Wis.) Review says: "'Peterson' is always ahead in everything. This number, like its predecessors, is filled with lively, entertaining reading, beautiful illustrations and choice fashion plates. The July number is a marvel of beauty and merit." Hundreds of similar notices testify to the fact that this is the cheapest and best of the lady's books.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

THE THOUSANDS OF LADIES who use Laird's "Bloom of Youth" keep their own counsel, and all their admirers suppose that complexions so beautiful and perfectly natural in appearance must be nature's own. Ladies, try it; you will be delighted.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LIVESEY, M. D.

VEIL.—DUTIES OF THE NURSE IN GENERAL.

A general diffusion of intelligence among all classes of the community, in this generation, has cleared, to a great extent, the pathway of the nurse of the rubbish of superstition and ignorance, with which it was, in times past, so much encumbered. The fields of her labor are planted by common sense, while the road to duty now lies open to the plainest understanding, with friendly guide-boards, at every turn, to direct her in the proper course.

Time was, and not a century ago, when the sudden and unaccountable howling of a dog; a peculiar mewing of a cat; the crowing of a hen, or the attempted entrance of an affrighted bird into a room or house were ominous of some dire calamity to a member of that household. If, perchance, any one were lying sick at that time, the patient would be the unfortunate victim, in a certain specified time, or odd number of days from the appearance of the token.

Now, if it is possible that any of these preposterous notions of a distempered brain have so far outlived the age of their past reign, and are still in existence in some benighted places beyond the pale of the *schoolmaster*, and are yet lingering around the ruins of their ancient haunts, so to speak; we fain would hope that a copy of "Moll Pitcher," a poem by J. G. Whittier, might fall into their hands and be read, and thus banish forever from their minds such absurd follies. The nurse, if worthy of the name, will find quite enough to engage her attention and occupy her time, in fulfilling the requisitions of her profession, without delving into the dark regions of sorcery or witchcraft, there to seek for spectral objects to affright her own imagination, and, at the same time, disturb the peace and tranquility of her suffering charge. Common sense, reason and judgment, and the wants of the patient will not fail to direct her in the path of usefulness and duty.

The nurse should ever manifest a lively regard for the comfort of her patient, and neglect no effort that comes within her proper sphere, to hasten her recovery, regardless of self, or any selfish or pecuniary considerations. She should, therefore, promptly remove from the presence of the patient all objects that are loathsome or unpleasant to her senses, everything that may emit odors disagreeable to her, whether it be flowers, extracts or the like, and care should be exercised to exclude the scent arising from the kitchen or culinary operations. Many of these little things which may appear so trifling to the nurse, and considered mere "notions" of the patient, are grievances of real moment, and are prone to operate to her serious disadvantage, if not promptly abated or removed.

The nurse must not arbitrarily set herself up as umpire in these or any matters, when it is evident to the plainest understanding, that a continuance of the thing complained of, will militate against the best interests of the patient. The nurse who "won't yield to the whims" of a patient, has often caused her to pass a restless, sleepless, feverish night, and the doctor has been deceived the next morning as to the true cause of an unexpected change in his patient in the wrong direction.

FLOWER-TALKS FOR AUGUST.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

SUMMER CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

It is much better to keep house plants out of doors, in some airy and rather shady place, during summer, than in-doors. Some writers recommend "plunging" them, that is, sinking the pots in the ground up to the rims, and some advocate planting them in the garden beds. Neither of which plans I have found to succeed as well as leaving them in their own pots. Give them all the water they need, and keep them well cut back. If you let them blossom all summer, you can expect but few flowers in winter. Rose Geraniums, Apple Geraniums, Ivies, and the various kinds of foliage-plants, which are not expected to bloom, can be encouraged to vigorous, healthy growth, without cutting back, only sufficiently to keep them in good shape. But Geraniums that are expected to bloom in winter, Lautanas, Heliotropes, Primrose and the like, should have all flower buds cut out, and made to grow into compact, symmetrical plants, by pinching off the ends of any shoots which are inclined to get the start of others. Fuschias can be allowed to blossom, if they are given a season of rest before winter. Callas do best in winter, by being put out of doors during the summer, and left to themselves, with their pots turned up on their sides. Give them no water, and meddle with them in no way until September. Then bring them in, give *warm* water, and plenty of it, and they will soon start into growth, and the leaves and blossoms will astonish those who have been in the habit of keeping their Callas growing all summer.

ARRANGING BOUQUETS.

There is chance for the exercise of a great deal of taste in arranging bouquets for the decoration of the house. I

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remember reading in Scribner's Magazine that Roses should be arranged in a flat bowl. I do not agree with the author at all. Roses should be cut with long stems, and plenty of leaves, and not more than half a dozen for a rather tall vase, quite wide at the top, and the flowers should be left to arrange themselves; in other words, put them carelessly into the vase, and let them adjust themselves to it. You will find this much more satisfactory, I am sure, than bunching them up together, or putting them in a bowl. The pink Geraniums and Heliotrope combine exquisitely for small vases, and any white flowers work in beautifully with the pink Geraniums. Fuschias look best by themselves, and should be left to droop at their own will. Oleanders and white Clematis make most lovely bouquets for the parlor or the table, and if there is anything that vases combine with better than another, it is this Clematis. Baskets of flowers I never admired particularly. Gladioli are fine for tall vases, as are Lilies. For autumn, the Golden Pod and wild Aster can be made into exquisite bouquets. In arranging any kind of flowers, always be careful to put them together as much as possible like their habit of growth. Never crowd them, nor twist them into unnatural positions. One little flower, with a few green leaves, may make an elegant ornament, when a bouquet of ten times as many, by crowding, and unskilful arrangement, may be a most unsatisfactory piece of work.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, ETC., ETC.

Peach Cordial.—In preserving, there is generally more syrup than is required for the preserves; to every pint of syrup add half a pint of good brandy; stir this well together, and bottle and cork tightly; this is very nice, diluted with water, for summer.

Fox Grape Shrub.—One gallon of grapes; put them in a skillet, over a slow fire, until soft; press them through a hair sieve, until all the juice is extracted; to this quantity put one pound of white sugar, one pint of French brandy; and when it is cold, bottle it.

Grape Wine.—Take the small wild black grape; press them to extract the juice. To one gallon of juice put two pounds of white sugar; put it into a cask in the cellar until spring, when it will be ready to bottle.

Stewed Pears.—Cut a number of pears in halves, peel them, and trim them so as to get them all of a size; put them into an enamelled saucepan, with just enough water to cover them, and a good allowance of loaf sugar the thin rind of a lemon, a few cloves, and sufficient prepared cochineal to give them a good color. Let them stew gently till quite done Arrange them neatly on a dish, strain the syrup, let it reduce on the fire, then pour it over the pears.

English Guava Jelly.—Two parts apples to one of quinces; stew the apples and the quinces separately, as the latter being tough, require longer cooking The apples should be of an acid nature; those known as Sour Johns are the best Put them together, with an equal quantity of loaf sugar; boil till all the fruit will mash against the side of the stew pan, then strain, and put them into pots, with brandy papers over them.

MEATS.

Lamb's Fry.—Boil the fry for a quarter of an hour in three pints of water; take it out, and dry it in a cloth; grate some bread down finely; mix with it a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a high seasoning of pepper and salt. Brush the fry lightly over with the yolk of an egg; sprinkle over the bread crumbs, and fry for five minutes. Serve hot, on a napkin, in a dish, and garnish with plenty of crisped parsley.

Calves' Feet Friasseed.—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones, in good sized pieces. Dip them in yolk of egg, cover with fine bread crumbs; pepper and salt them; fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

Meat Pie.—Season mutton chops (those from the neck are best) pretty highly with pepper and salt, and place them in dish in layers, with plenty of sliced apples, sweetened, and chopped onions; cover with a good suet crust, and bake. When done, pour out all the gravy at the side, take off the fat, and add a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, then return it to the pie.

Pishpash.—Wash a breakfast cupful of rice in two or three waters, drain. Get a small knuckle of veal, stew the veal slowly until half done, then add the rice, and an onion, sliced, a blade of mace, a few white peppercorns, and, if liked, two or three cardamons. Cover close, and cook gently until the rice is done; season with salt to taste, serve very hot.

Roast Leg of Lamb.—Let the fire be moderate, and roast the joint slowly, basting it frequently till done, when it should be sprinkled with salt, and the gravy well freed from fat before serving.

BREAD, CAKES, ETC.

Breakfast Rolls.—Mix one and a-half pounds of flour with three-quarters of a pint of milk and one ounce of butter, a tablespoonful of yeast, and a small quantity of salt. Make the sponge, and set it before the fire to rise. When risen, make the dough up into small rolls, and put them into the oven for ten minutes to bake.

Indian Corn Bread.—Take one quart of corn meal and one quart boiling water; wet the meal, let it stand till blood warm; then add two quarts of wheat flour, and half pint of yeast; let it rise; bake one hour and a-half. This quantity will make two loaves.

Indian Corn Pancakes.—One pint of Indian meal, one egg, beaten light, one pint of milk, a little salt; stir well together, and bake on a hot gridiron, in small cakes, butter, and send them up hot. Equal parts of Indian corn and English flour make excellent household bread and cakes.

Indian Maize Porridge.—Boil some milk, and stir into it gradually some Indian corn meal whilst upon the fire, until as thick as Scotch porridge.

Indian Maize Pudding.—Mix four tablespoonfuls of Indian meal in a pint of milk; do it gradually, so that it be smooth, adding the milk to the meal, not the meal to the milk; then add two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and one egg beaten, put it into a basin, tie down, and boil it rapidly for one hour.

Scotch Shortbread.—Take one pound and a quarter of flour; rub into it half a pound of butter and one pound of sugar; then add half a cup of milk, and rub all together; then put into a shape, or roll it out rather thin, and cut it into shapes, and strew comfits and slices of candied peel upon the top.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF STRAW-COLORED SILK, WITH A THIN MUSLIN OVER-DRESS, trimmed with black velvet bows, and thin embroidered ruffles Straw hat, turned up at the back, trimmed with a wreath of green leaves, and écru gauze veil.

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FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK BLUE AND WHITE-STRIPED GRENADINE, over a dark blue silk; the lower skirt trimmed with two knife-plaited ruffles of the blue silk; the upper skirt has one ruffle of the same, and is elaborately ornamented with wide Smyrna lace; the sleeves are of the silk, and the straight mantilla is of the grenadine, trimmed with lace. Straw bonnet, trimmed with dark blue ribbon, and a wreath of hanging berries and leaves.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN LAWN, worn over a percale of the same color, and trimmed with plaitings of the lawn, and ribbon of a darker shade of green; the very long coat front opens over a dark green silk vest. Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with a light green feather, and dark green ribbon.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS of white gauze over white silk; the bottom of the dress is trimmed with three narrow knife-plaited flounces, the front and sides are gathered; the narrow train at the back is also trimmed with a knife-plaited ruffle, and caught with a twist of the gauze, and long bows and ends of cardinal red ribbon, coat waist of cardinal red silk, the front of the waist extending down the side to the feet; full ruffled sleeves of the white gauze; the waist is made open in front.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PALE YELLOW FOULARD, trimmed with one deep flounce at the back; the over-skirt is very long in front, and trimmed with silk ball fringe, and the ends of the large bow, that loops the dress at the side, are trimmed in the same way. Sacque of black lace, short at the back, and very long in front, trimmed with black lace and black ribbon bows; very deep cuffs of black silk. Straw bonnet, trimmed with pale yellow silk, and feathers and poppies in the face.

FIG. VI.—WATERING-PLACE COSTUME OF EXCEEDINGLY THIN AND SOFT SUMMER CAMEL'S HAIR OF BROWN AND ALMOND-COLOR, worn over a brown silk skirt, which is trimmed with knife-plaitings; the long, close basque is of the camel's hair, with brown silk sleeves, and is ornamented down the front with large steel buttons; the basque and skirt are faced with almond-colored silk, and the skirt which opens in front, and is slightly looped at the back, is trimmed with wool tassel fringe. Brown straw hat, trimmed with almond-colored silk and feathers.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE BATISTE; the under-skirt is trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the batiste; over this falls a deep flounce, trimmed with an embroidered ruffle; the over-skirt, mantle, pocket and sleeves are also trimmed with this embroidery.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-COSTUME OF OLIVE GREEN LAWN, trimmed with Smyrna lace, and insertion, demi-trained skirt, edged with kilt plaiting, decreasing in width towards the front, ornamented with insertion and edging; the round tablier is draped under square lappets, one falling low, and the other forming a kind of pouf; semi-fitting jacket, with trimming to correspond; hat of cream-colored willow chip, trimmed with bows of olive green silk and field flowers.

FIG IX.—WALKING-COSTUME OF GREY LINEN, trimmed with Russian lace, or embroidered insertion and frillings; Louis XV. loose jacket, with pointed turn-down collar; skirt very nearly round, edged with box-plaiting, over which falls an embroidered flounce, headed with insertion; round tablier, draped at the back under a poppy-red silk bow; red parasol, with cream-colored lining, ornamented with a grey Alsatian bow; white straw hat, bound with grey silk, encircled with a wreath of daisies and poppies.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give one of the newest and prettiest of the summer bonnets, of coarse straw, trimmed with a rich wreath of wheat ears and poppies, and tied at the side with poppy-colored string. Also a new style of dressing the hair of a young girl, and tying it on the top with a colored ribbon; this is much newer and more becoming than when drawn tight back from the face. The mitts are of both black and white silk mohair, and are to be worn with sleeves reaching to the elbows. We also give two new styles of trimming dress sleeves, and a pretty bow of soft silk, one loop, and one end of which is of delicate blue, and the other of pale pink.

We are most happy to state that short dresses are being worn again, though as yet they have, by no means, become universal; the long, demi-train is certainly more elegant, but is very inconvenient and untidy for walking, but sensible people have adopted the "round-skirt" for its utility, and the ultra-fashionable wear it because it is a change from that so long in fashion.

Other costumes are made rather short in front and at the sides, and with extremely narrow trains at the back, which are looped up at the side with buttons, when it is desired to shorten the dress.

All dresses are still made as narrow and clinging as possible, and the under-skirts, which are now made narrow also and sewed on to deep yokes, tend to give more slimness to the figure.

An immense quantity of ruffling and plaiting is still put on the skirts of dresses, though its abolition has so often been predicted.

The Breton costume is very popular, even for wash-dresses, as a plain colored material can be made to look very pretty, by trimming it with bands of gay-striped chintz, instead of embroidery.

For other styles of bodies, the wide belt is frequently worn, starts from the seam under the arms. Of course this would be quite inappropriate for the Breton jacket.

Square collars are also seen at the back of some of the new dresses, but these only look well on rather tall and slender persons. Still it is predicted that larger collars and cuffs, worn *outside* the sleeves, will be worn. Beads are still popular as trimmings; but they make the dress very heavy, if used in any quantity; embroidered bands, galloons, etc., are still extensively employed.

The Breton jacket, made of very light cloth, and trimmed with bands of worsted embroidery, is popular as a summer wrap, but mantillas, scarfs reaching only to the waist, some straight, and some rounded at the bottom, and trimmed with knife-plaitings of lace, are all worn.

Bonnets are all close-fitting to the sides of the head, and trimmed entirely according to the taste of the wearer. Hats are of every variety, from the large, wide-trimmed garden hat, and the stylish Gainsborough, wide and flopping on one side, and turned up closely on the other, to the English walking hat, which fits the head closely, is usually turned up on both sides, and looks as if it meant business.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, WHITE BUNTING, made princess shape; the bottom is trimmed with several rows of dark blue braid; the band at the back, the full sack, and the pockets are of dark blue bunting; dark blue and white-striped stockings; straw hat, trimmed with dark blue feathers, and a band of dark blue bunting.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS—TOILE A'ALSACE, STRIPED IN BLUE ÉCRU, PINK AND BROWN; the long, plain basque, under-skirt, tunic, collar and sleeves are trimmed with rows of white braid.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED BUNTING, the under-skirt is trimmed with two ruffles; the over-skirt is cut in one straight piece, from the top to the bottom in front, but on the hips it forms a kind of jacket, and is trimmed with three rows of buttons; at the back the body is close-fitting to the waist, where it is made fuller, and is looped up.

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Peterson's Magazine---Extra.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

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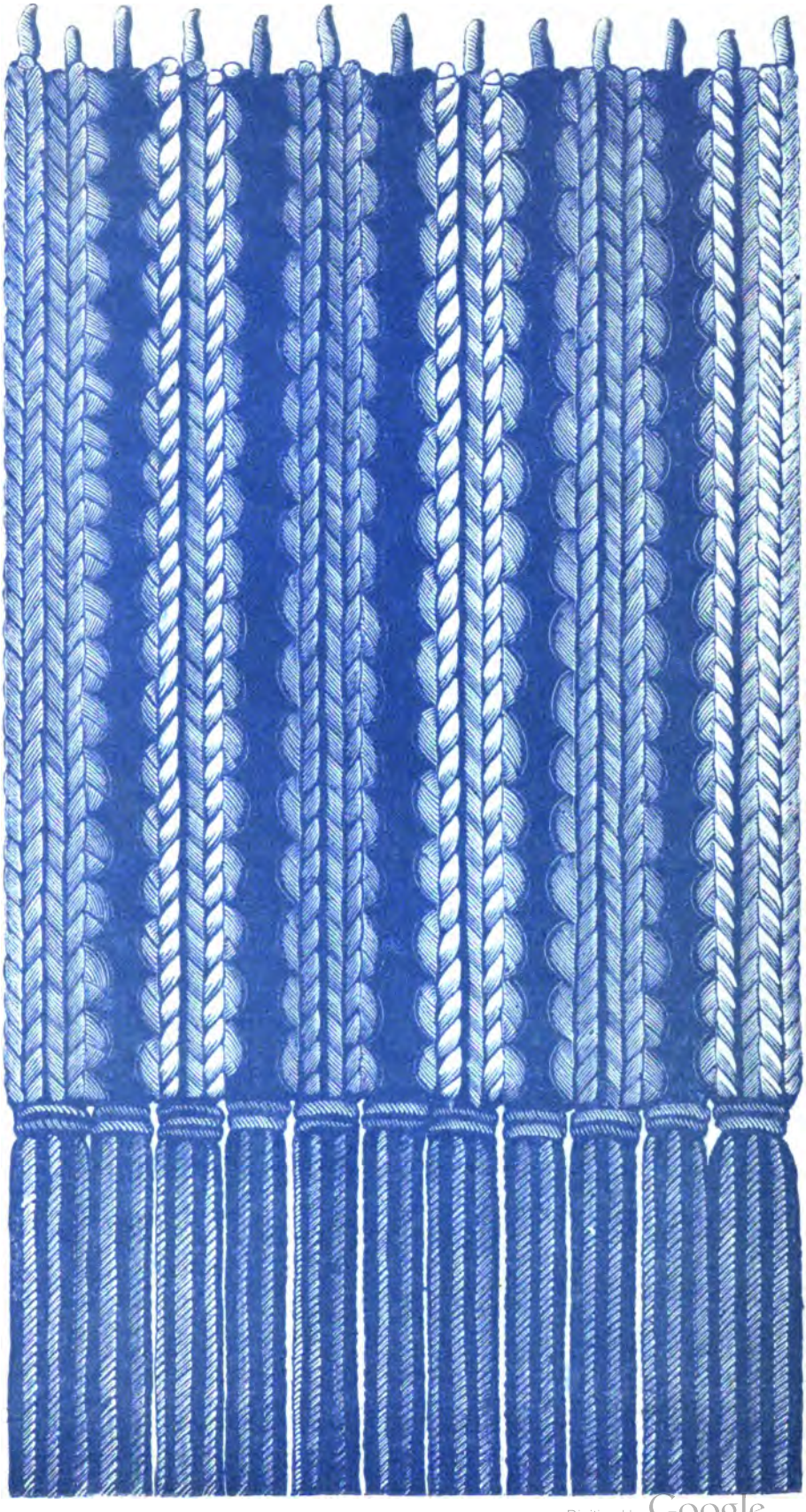

CARRIAGE RUG

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LOVE'S A, B. C. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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BRETON COSTUME—FRONT. EARLY FALL BONNET.

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BRETON COSTUME—BACK. EARLY FALL BONNET.

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MANTILLA FOR YOUNG LADY.

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NEW STYLE MANTILLA.

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YOUNG LADY'S JACKET. EVENING HEAD-DRESS.

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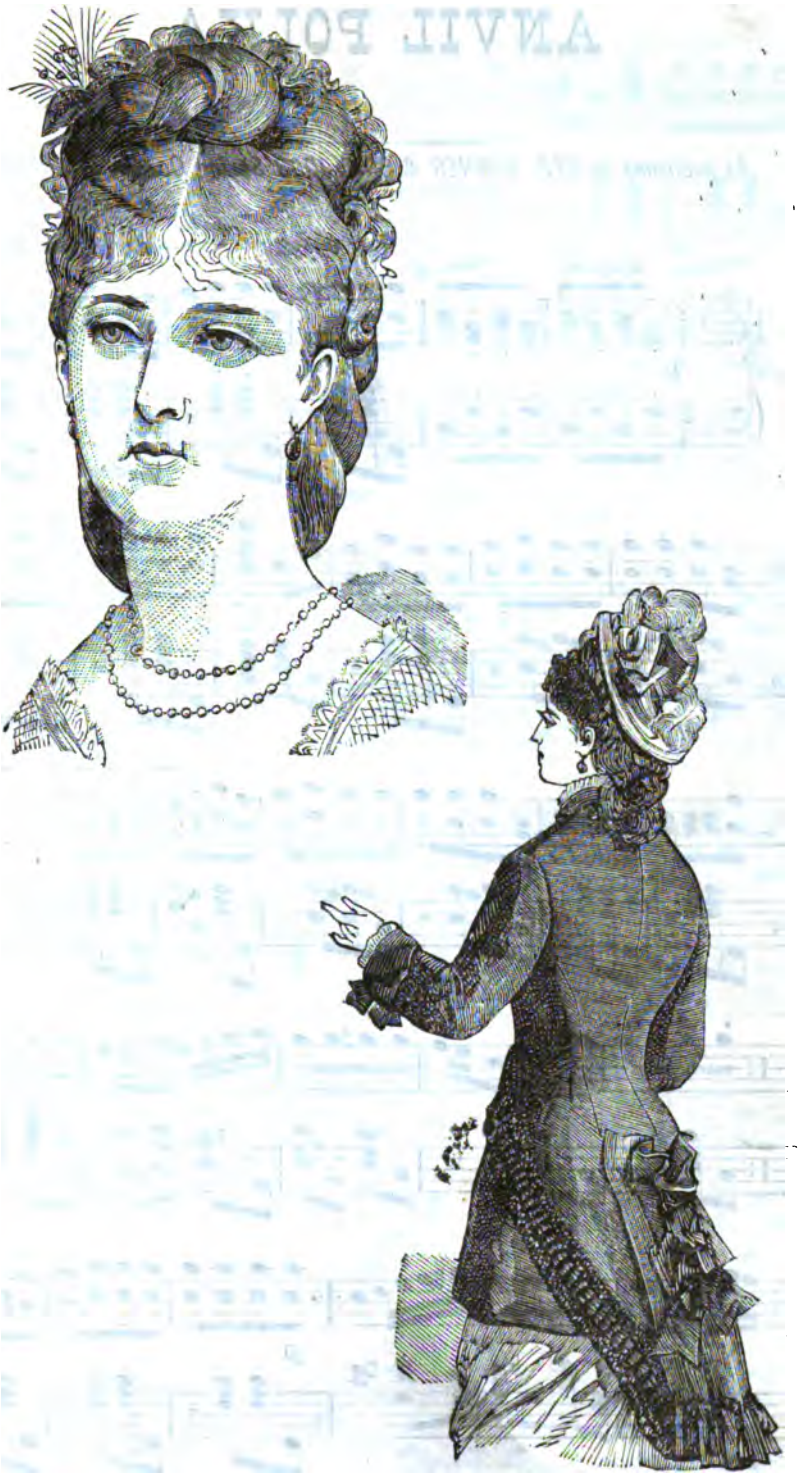

CASHMERE PARDESSUS. EVENING HEAD-DRESS.

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ANVIL POLKA.

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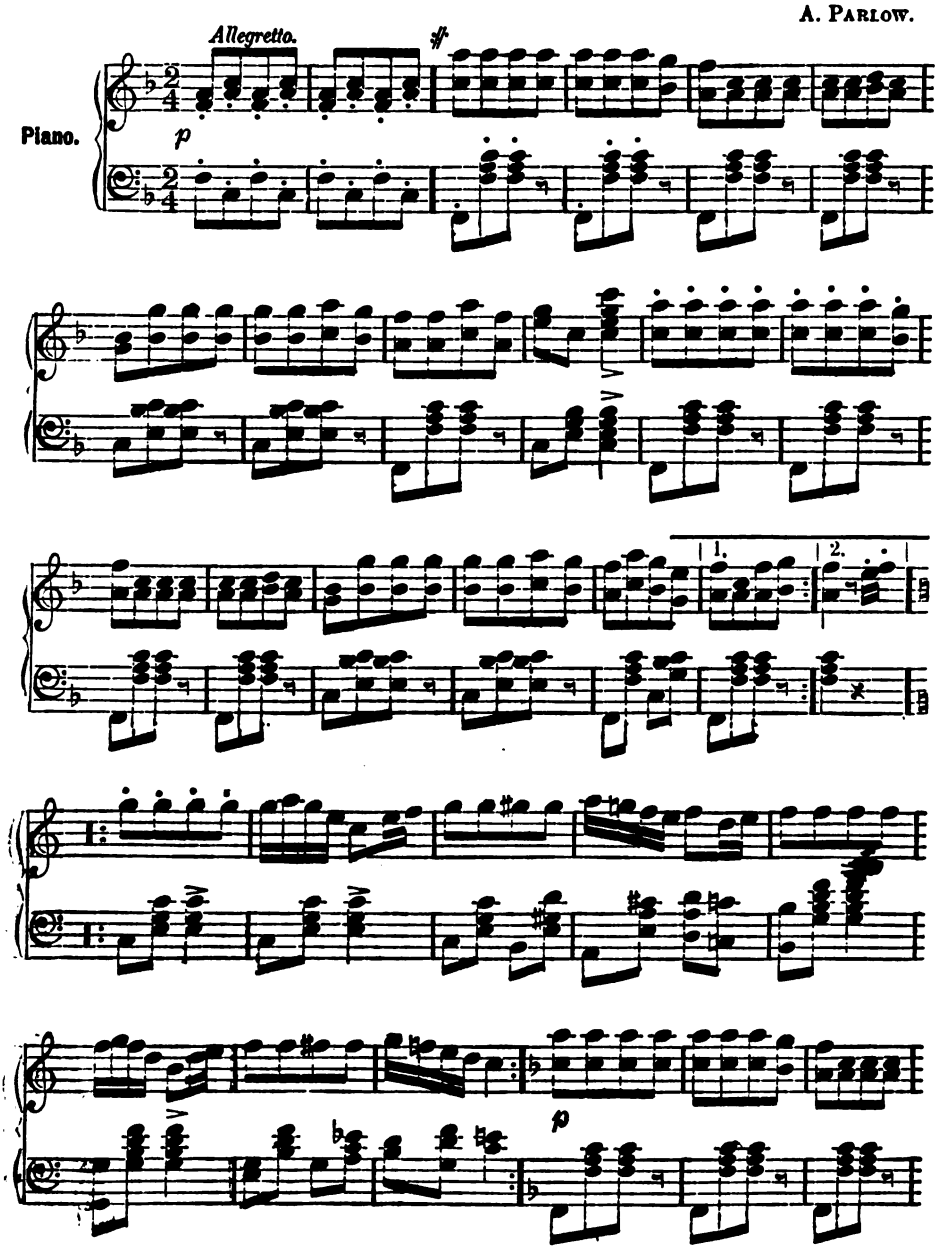
A. PARLOW.



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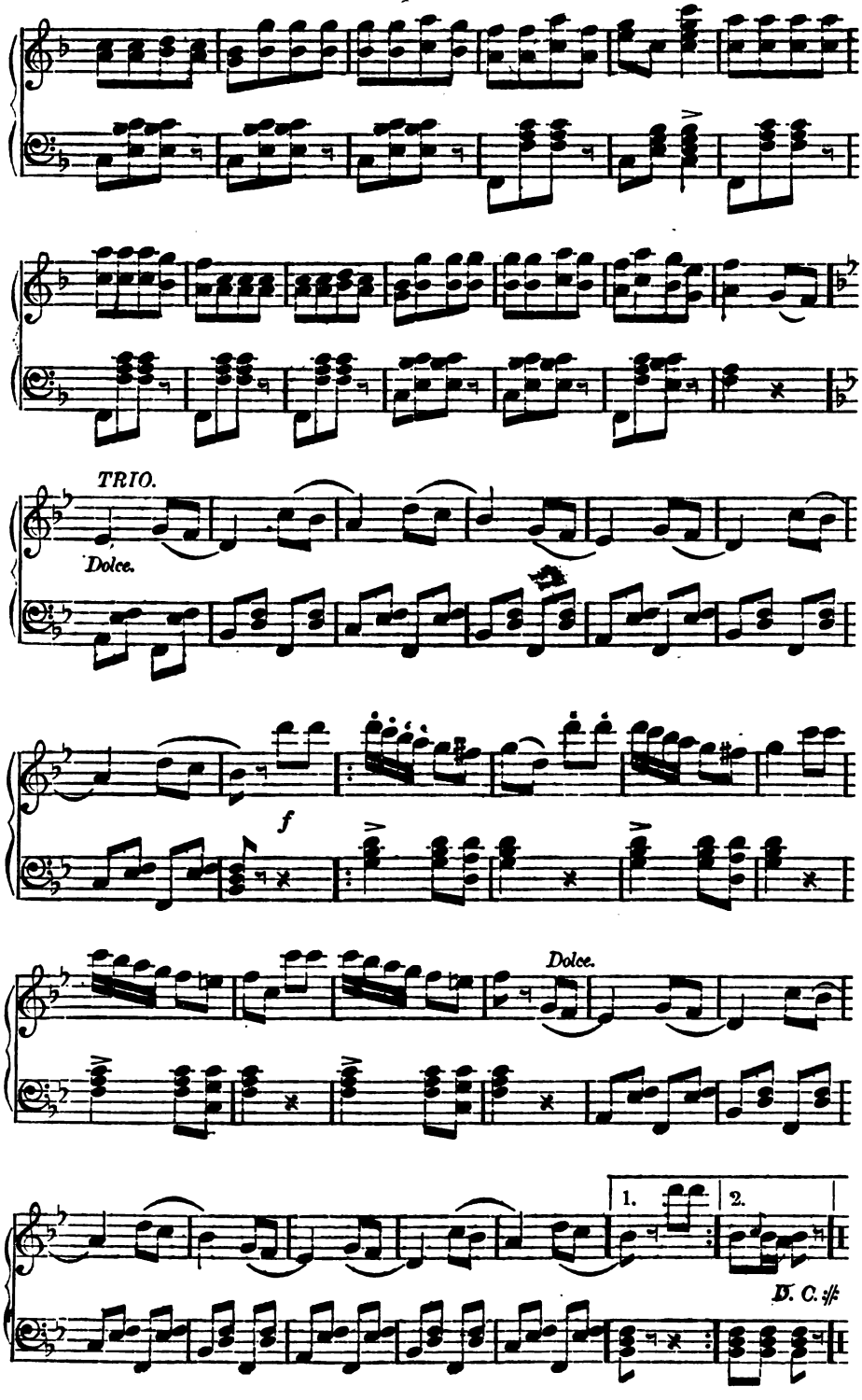

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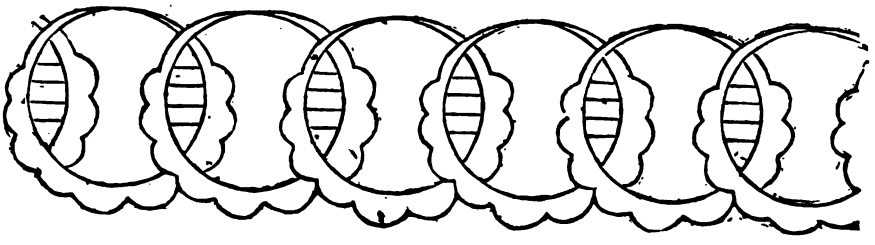

EMBROIDERIES ON SILK, CASHMERE, &c. WHITE EMBROIDERY. INITIALS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1877. No. 3.

LOVE'S A. B. C.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUCH A LOVE OF A MAN," ETC.

"GOING to India!"

The speaker was one of two gentlemen, sitting at an open window, on the second story of the Ocean House, at Newport. Both the young men were smoking.

"Yes! I am going to India," was the reply; "I will be frank with you, Charley, for we were at school together, were chums at college, and have been close friends ever since. I will say to you what I could say to no one else; and I feel I must unburden myself to somebody."

"A woman, of course," said his friend, sententiously, selecting a new cigar.

"Yes! a woman."

"Miss Temple?"

"Isabel Temple."

"Just as I supposed. But look here, Hal, is not she a bit of a blue-stocking?"

Harry Darnley winced. He could not bear that any one should speak disparagingly of the woman he loved; and Charley Rossiter used the phrase, he knew, disparagingly.

"I do not think so," he answered. "She ranks intellect above all else; is fond of the society of men of ability, rather than that of mere boys; likes, in fact, to talk of things, not persons; in other words, is no gossip, as so many women are. If that is being a blue-stocking, then she is one."

"Precisely. Reads Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and ran after Huxley, when he was here. I don't mean to be offensive. But isn't this your half-fledged female lecturer? Before long, mark me, she'll be haranguing from a platform, probably in full Bloomers, with a monkey-jacket and a man's hat."

Even Harry could hardly repress a smile But he replied, warmly:

"You do her great injustice. She is a thorough woman at heart; with infinite capacities for sympathy, self-sacrifice, tenderness, devotion. Only nothing has yet touched her deeper nature——"

"You mean that no man has ever yet won her love," interrupted Charley.

Harry finished, without noticing the interruption. "As she is full of character, she feels the need of doing something; and so throws herself, heart and soul, into all the movements, from the Radical club down."

"Oh! yes, goes to feminine conventicles, where they read poems and essays, admire each other, and listen to transcendental fools lecturing. Faith, Harry, I thought you had more sense than to fall in love with a girl of that kind. Grant she is pretty, charming, fascinating even: I am quite ready to admit the two last, and I know she is beautiful; but for heaven's sake, don't marry any woman, who thinks more of herself than she ever will of anybody else."

Harry took a turn up and down the room to calm his irritation, regretting that he had made a confidant of this cynical Charley.

"You entirely mistake her," he said, at last. "You should see her, in the privacy of her home, as I have; for I first met her, a year ago, at her father's country-seat. Her little sisters fairly worship her. So do all the poor of the neighborhood. A woman, more free from affectation, or who is less self-conscious, never lived."

"And she will have none of you?"

"In every way I have shewn my love. But she will not let me speak. She seems to wish to spare me a refusal; and in that, reveals the delicacy of a true woman."

"Well, old fellow, I'm sorry for you. You're not the sort of man either, that really first-rate women dislike; and that convinces me that you over-rate this Miss Temple. Egad, if she knew you as I do, she'd crawl on her hands and knees to beg you not to go to India, but to remain here, and live for her."

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"Some day," said Harry, with a sigh, "she'll find she has a heart, and then you'll see how you have maligned her. She's the sort of girl to die for the man she loves."

"Stuff and nonsense! She'll die for nobody, unless, when older, she dyes for herself: pardon the pun, I know it's intolerable, but it's good enough for her. I only hope her hair, instead of coming out chestnut color, will come out blue, ha! ha!"

"You may laugh at women who are intellectual, and sneer at them for blues," answered Harry, sternly, "but for my part, I wouldn't marry one who wasn't. Think of being tied, for a whole life-time, to a silly fool. But with one as bright, as full of spirits, as cultivated as Miss Temple, for a wife and companion, one's home would never grow dull.

> 'A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
> To warn, to comfort, and command.
> And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
> With something of an angel light.'

God bless her! I hope the man who wins her, when I'm far away and forgotten, will be worthy of so rich a prize."

"I wish him joy of his icicle. The cold glitter of steel: all brains, no heart. She isn't capable of learning even the A. B. C. of love, and never will be. Forget her, Harry."

"Well, we shall never agree on this subject, so let us drop it, and forget I ever spoke. What say you to a stroll on the Avenue?"

"With all my heart," was the response.

"I shall see her, to-morrow, for the last time," said Harry, in conclusion. "There's to be a pic-nic at Paradise Rocks. After that — well, India."

Little did either of the speakers imagine that there had been a listener to their conversation, much less that the listener was the very lady under discussion. But so it was. Miss Temple had come to call on a friend at the hotel, and finding her out, had sat down at the table, in her private parlor, to pen her a note. Now, this parlor was the next room to that occupied by Charley Rossiter, and as the windows of both apartments were open, she heard distinctly every word that was spoken. It was Harry's voice, Harry's admission that he was going to India, which first attracted her attention.

Going to India! A sudden pang shot through her heart, a spasm of absolute physical pain, so that, unconsciously, she pressed her hand to her side. Harry had been so devoted to her, for more than a year, that she had taken it for granted he would always be so. She had, therefore, had no wish to change these pleasant relations; as Harry had said, she shrank from him, when he became too demonstrative: but now that she found he was going away, she awoke to the consciousness, that he was necessary to her happiness: and it burst on her like a revelation.

She listened, spell-bound, to what followed. It never even occurred to her that she was eaves-dropping. She was too intensely absorbed. While her cheek flushed, half angrily, more than once, at Charley's cynical criticisms, her heart throbbed with strange pleasure, at Harry's generous defense of her, the more generous, she felt, because he admitted that he was without hope. And it began to dawn on her that she had been, unintentionally, a little selfish, in expecting to keep him at her side, on her own terms, receiving everything and giving nothing. She saw, too, that she had misunderstood herself. She had been saying, all along, and her set had said it also, that only weak, silly women fall in love; that men were all alike selfish; that her sex were the victims of their affections, "too emotional altogether," as the high-priest of the Aesthetic club put it. It should be her care, Isabel had early declared, to avoid this weakness. Life surely had enough in it, even for a woman, without the need of love. But now her fine-spun philosophy fell from about her. Now, when one, whose society had, somehow, become essential to her, talked of going away forever, she suddenly discovered what a dreary waste of years lay before her, what a hopeless, purposeless future. And she compared Harry, mentally, with the other men she knew, realizing, as she had never done before, how superior he was to all of them: nobler, truer, manlier, more intelligent, better cultivated, chivalrous beyond words, a Sir Launcelot in all that was great and good. And she blushed, with secret pleasure, as she thought it.

But he was going to India! It was too late to recall the past. Yes! there was one hope, a slender one, but still a hope. They were to meet to-morrow, at the pic-nic, and though she could not take the initiative, yet something might happen. Perhaps—perhaps—.

Suddenly, she roused herself, with an effort, for she had been thus musing for long after the two gentlemen had gone out, and rising, ran down stairs to her pony-phaeton, feeling like some guilty thing, all at once remembering that she had been eaves-dropping.

There was a great dinner-party, that day, where Isabel was a guest, but everybody remarked that she was not herself. She was dull, spiritless, absorbed. Her usual gay sallies, her contagious wit, were absent. Little sleep visited

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her eyes that night. She was thinking, all the while, that she had discovered her secret too late; she called it a secret, now; a week ago she would have called it a weakness. Harry was going, and might go, was almost certain to go, without a word.

She dressed for the pic-nic, next day, with the greatest care. She was in a fever, when she reached the Rocks, till Harry made his appearance, for she feared something might happen to prevent his coming. He did not, for awhile, join her; and she was in a fever of apprehension till he did. When, at last, he came up, she welcomed him with a bright smile; and from that moment, she was the gayest of the gay. Never had she been more brilliant. Half-a-dozen of the most intelligent gentlemen present were about her; she had a retort for each; the ball of conversation never flagged for a moment. But, with it all, she was restless. She was in hopes that Harry would give her a chance to see him alone; but he made no movement to do so. "Why does he not ask me to go for a walk?" she said to herself. The afternoon was rapidly passing; her hopes began to grow faint: she resolved on a decided step.

"How very warm it is," she cried, fanning herself, vigorously. "I wonder if there is not more breeze on the beach."

Immediately, her attendants, one and all, offered to escort her to the shore, Harry among them. She put her arm in his.

"I will accept Mr. Daraley's kind escort," she said, bowing gracefully to the rest. "They tell me he is going to India, and it will be my last walk with him. The rest of you I can see dozens of times yet."

The others took the hint, and bowing, left Isabel and Harry alone. Neither spoke, until they had left the noisy company far behind them, and quite out of sight, and had reached a rocky bluff, with the low, level sands stretching before them, and the long line of breakers whitening in the distance.

"Let us sit down here," said Isabel.

They sat down, and, as the sun was still warm, Harry put up her sun umbrella, and held it over her. Still he did not speak. Something in Isabel's manner began to give him hope; yet he could hardly believe it; and he feared to spoil all by precipitation.

"Are you really going to India?" said Isabel; and her voice trembled a little, in spite of her effort to be calm. "Is it not very sudden?"

"It is sudden. But it is the only thing left for me to do."

"Why?"

There was a tenderness in the tone, now, that was unmistakable, and such as Harry had never before heard. He looked at her suddenly, and keenly. Her face grew crimson with blushes; her eyes fell; she turned half aside. Then, as if hardly knowing what she did, she began to draw lines in the sand, with Harry's thin, bamboo cane, which he had put down, when he opened her umbrella.

A wild, desperate, resolution took possession of her companion. He was no faint-hearted Knight. But, as he had told Charley, never before had Isabel given him even the slightest encouragement to speak, as a lover. At this sudden shyness, on her part, he took courage, and resolved to peril all "on the hazard of the die."

Only those who have been in such straits themselves, hoping and yet fearing, but fearing more than they hoped, can know how he spoke. His earnestness, his passion made him exceptionally eloquent, even for himself. Isabel listened with a beating heart, and with fast-changing color. He told how long he had worshipped her; how her coldness had driven him to despair; how, being about to go away forever, he could not leave, without saying all this, even though he had no hope.

"Some happier man," he said, in conclusion, "will yet touch your heart. I shall not hate him. I love you too purely for that. God bless you both!"

She made no reply. But if Harry could have seen her averted face, he would have seen that tears were in her eyes. After awhile, however, the tears ceased: a look of perfect happiness irradiated her countenance: and then a roguish smile began to play around the corners of her mouth. She stooped, and traced, once more, something in the sand. But what she traced now, were large, Roman letters, the letters A. B. C.

"Haven't you even a word for me?" said Harry, after a pause. "I haven't, at least, offended you."

"I have some letters for you, as you may see, if they will do," she answered, looking up, with a mischievous smile; and then she demurely finished off the tail of the C.

What did she mean? Enigmatical as were the words, the look made his heart beat high. He leaned towards her. She did not move away. He put his arm about her. She did not shrink. On the contrary, she said, in a low whisper:

"Will you—give up—going to India, if I ask you?" And her appealing look was even more eloquent than her words.

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"I will give up my life even," he answered, passionately, pressing her to his heart.

She lay passive, for a few seconds, with her head on his breast: then she made a faint effort to release herself.

"Not yet," he said, holding her fast. "Not till you have told me that you love me. It seems too good to be true. My happiness would be too great."

"You must not hurry me," she answered, with a saucy, bewitching glance. "Don't you see I am only at the A. B. C.?"

The look of those splendid eyes, her sweet head on his cheek, the close proximity of her tempting, inviting lips was too much for him. What could he do but kiss her? I am afraid, reader, you and I, if in his place, would have done the same.

"There, that will do, at least to begin with," she cried, laughingly, but blushing crimson; and extricating herself, with a sudden little movement, from his arms, she asked, "You, at least, understand the A. B. C.?"

He looked at her with such a puzzled air, that she broke into a peal of laughter.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I am not laughing at you. I was in a room, at the Ocean House, yesterday, next to that where you were sitting? It was Carrie Stewart's parlor, but she had gone out, and I was sitting at her table, writing a message to her, when I heard your voice. You understand now. The windows, looking on the Avenue, were open in both rooms, I suppose: you must be more careful, master Harry, in the future. And it was then I heard the talk about the A. B. C. of love." And she laughed, mischievously, again.

"What a veritable sprite you are," he answered, joining in the laugh. And catching something of her sportiveness, he said, "But you must be punished for eaves-dropping." And he caught her once more in his arms, before she could elude him, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh! but you're getting beyond the A. B. C.," she said. "Surely one—is—quite—enough."

"One will be, or I suppose will have to be," he answered. "I am waiting for it."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Waiting for it? Haven't you had—a—a—dozen?"

"Yes! may be. But none from you."

"Oh!"

"Certainly."

"From me."

"Why not?"

She pouted.

"But you love me?"

No answer.

"You love me?"

She looked up, from under her half-veiled eyes, blushing rosily.

"It is not too much to ask," he said, "is it? It's only the A. B. C., you know."

"There then," she said, "that's the A. We'll see about the B. and C. by and bye, perhaps, if you behave yourself," and she glided from his arms again, and stood, like a laughing Grace, full two feet distant.

And there we leave them. But Harry was right. Isabel, once having loved, loved with her whole soul. "She does nothing by halves, she learned the entire alphabet, by Jove," said Charley, speaking of it, many years after, "she didn't stop, as namby pamby women do with the A. B. C."

LIFE'S TRACK.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

BEWILDERING maze! and can it be
This is the path by God designed!
It leads, perchance—I cannot see—
To something it were well to find.

And so, as one who walks in doubt,
And oft from time to time looks back,
I wander on, yet ne'er without
An inward knowledge of the track.

It is as if, in the dim past,
I had upon a summit stood,
And seen my way from first to last—
From infancy to womanhood.

And now, as year by year goes by,
I find some turning point I sought,
Afar I see the shadows lie,
The mist of doubt, the maze of thought.

As one who walks in dreamy mood,
With mind intent, while wholly free,
I gather here and there the good,—
Or that which seemeth good to me.

Bewildering doubts! pray let me rest,
Since I so far this way have come.
Henceforth, O may I be more blest,
And see the steady light of home.

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LUCIOLA.

BY AGNES JAMES.

"WHAT is Lucia doing?" asked Aunt Mercy, looking grimly at Ruth, over her spectacles.

"N—nothing, I believe," hesitated poor little Ruth.

"And you have been helping her, I suppose. Neither of you had the kindness to remember that I might need your services down-stairs. I should think common decency would lead you to *pretend* to a little gratitude, even if you don't feel it, for all I have done for you. Well, remember that you both have your bread to earn, at some future time. It would be well for you to learn all you can about housework. I do not see what else is before you. Of course, at my death, all *I* have goes to my sister," etc., etc. There was a great deal more of it. Aunt Mercy's lectures were always long, and always travelled the same weary road.

But the lecture was over at last, concluding with, "Take these towels to Lucia, and say I wish them hemmed at once." Ruth fled away up stairs, and through the long, dark passages of the old-fashioned, rambling house, and came, sobbing, into the little room that she shared with Lucia.

Lucia was sitting by the open window, her arm on the sill, and her cheek lying on it—her slender, yet rounded figure full of careless grace and suppleness. Flickering rays of sunlight darted through the boughs of the great elm-tree by the window, and made a halo of her waving, golden hair. A pair of eyes dark as night, and "sweet as love and Italy," looked out dreamily on the summer beauty of green leaves and far blue sky. Lucia's face, pure, and pale, and perfect in repose, as a marble Psyche's, was saved from coldness by the bright golden color of her hair, the sweeping ebon lashes and dark, well-defined brows, and the delicate carmine of the sweet young lips. A New England girl she was—the snows of her native land giving her that delicate fairness and perfection of complexion and feature; but something she had inherited from an Italian ancestor.

The warmth of a fervid southern sun tinted the gold of her hair, glowed in the splendor of her dark eyes, and lit up her lovely face with the radiance of pink blushes and dimpled smiles. But who was to know that Lucia was pretty, when Aunt Mercy kept her so close in the dark old house, and so meanly dressed in faded old muslins?

Lucia raised her head quickly, as Ruth entered.

"What is it, little one?" she asked, in soft, tender tones. "What! Have you been crying? Dear little one! Come to *me!*" She stretched out her arms, with a gesture of infinite grace and tenderness, and Ruth threw herself into them, and sobbed on her cousin's bosom.

"There, there, dearest child! I know what it is. Our *sweet* aunt has been scolding. Don't mind her, love!" she murmured, softly, kissing the child. "Be patient but a little longer, and we'll be free. When I can sing just a *little* better, I will go away, and earn money for us both. Listen, dear. It is better than it was yesterday!"

Lucia sprang up, and ran across the room to an old piano that stood there open, seated herself, and began to sing the "Shadow Song," in the "Pardon of Ploermel." She sang it wonderfully! The lovely, airy melody, the fantastic little trills and echoes rippled out on the soft summer air like a child's laugh. The dark old house was filled with the sweetness of those liquid notes. They reached Aunt Mercy's ears, down-stairs, and filled her with wrath, as she listened. She thought it was Lucia's song of defiance to her. She little knew how the soul of the singer had floated away on the music, and how, as Lucia sang, she was standing, in imagination, on the stage of "La Scala," looking over the dazzling foot-lights on a sea of color and brilliancy—a vast, charmed audience, held silent, spell-bound by the witching of her voice! The song over, Lucia sat motionless an instant, a flush on her cheeks, and her eyes filled with a rapturous glow. Ruth's exclamations of delight roused her from her trance. She swung herself around on the piano-stool, and laughed gaily.

"Did I do it well?" she cried. "Now, Ruth, I'm going to take you into my confidence. You are just a silly little child, but you love *me*, don't you? There, don't strangle me, love! And you'll never, *never* tell what I tell you? Very well, then. You remember old Rosita, the queer, dark woman who was my nurse, and died in the little cottage on the hill, two years ago? Poor, dear, old Sita! She loved me dearly, and she told me all this. Years and years ago, oh! nearly

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fifty years ago, there was a beautiful Italian singer, whom they called 'Luciola,' that is, the 'Fire-Fly.' Her voice and her face were bright and beautiful, and wild as the fire-fly's lamp. That is what Rosita said. She had lovers! oh, more than she could count. She loved *one* of them, but one night she had a fatal quarrel with him, and the next day she was hurriedly married to another of her lovers. The Luciola was so proud and quick! Her husband was a handsome man, the handsomest in the world, and very rich, but he was stern, and dark, and proud. He took her and her maid Rosita, and brought them away to his home. The beautiful Luciola had vanished, and no one knew that she was Edward Darracott's Italian wife. Do you see, dear? *She* was my grandmother. He would not let her sing, for fear that people would find out she had been a 'Prima Donna.' She and Rosita were terribly afraid of him. He had found out, you see, that she did not love him, and she was so miserable!

"When my father was born, she was a little happier, but not happy enough to live long. She died very soon, and Rosita took care of my father. But you know Luciola was Edward Darracott's second wife. The first—your grandmother—had left three children, and Aunt Mercy was the oldest and most like her father. She was never afraid of him, but your mother was, and my father hated him.

"When your mother, Ruth, was grown, she married against her father's will, and *my* father did the same, and so Edward Darracott would never see them again. Aunt Mercy and Aunt Patience married to please him, and he left them all his property. So, dear, when we were each left little helpless orphans, Aunt Mercy took us out of 'charity'—to work and slave for her, and make people say 'how good she is.' But Rosita says that when my grandmother was married, Mr. Darracott gave her a deed to this house and all the property round it that is so valuable now. The deed was never found, though, and all I have, that was my grandmother's, is *this*."

Lucia took from her pocket a quaint old key, suspended to a faded ribbon.

"This key unlocks a chest that was my grandmother's, and is full of her rich dresses."

"Oh, where is it?" cried Ruth, her feminine soul stirred within her by this last piece of information.

Lucia laughed, and shook her head.

"It is locked up in the back garret, and Aunt Mercy would never let Rosita have it. She said it would be time enough when I was of age. But I mean to have it *now!*"

"Oh! do you, Lucia?" cried Ruth, with big eyes.

"Yes. And here's another secret, little one. You know how good Mrs. Leslie has been to me—letting me take singing lessons at her house, and keeping it secret from Aunt Mercy. Well, Mrs. Leslie has an invitation for me to go to that grand fancy ball, at Mrs. Trevor's, next week, and, Ruth, I am going! And I know I shall find a dress in that chest that I can wear, and I mean to have it!"

"Have you asked Aunt Mercy to let you go?"

"Oh, yes," said Lucia, supreme scorn in her tone; "and she says I may go, and wear my old white muslin! She thought that would keep me at home! She doesn't know that Rosita gave me this key."

"But how will you get in the back garret?" asked Ruth, anxiously. "It is always locked."

"Never mind. I will find a way," said Lucia, with a confident nod.

And she did find a way, for, the next afternoon, as Ruth sat hemming those dreary grey towels, by the window, in their room, Lucia came flying in, with a radiant face—and the back garret key.

"How did you get it?" asked Ruth, breathlessly.

"I slipped it out of the basket, when Aunt Mercy was busy looking in the glass at her cap. Thank heaven! She is a little bit deaf, and didn't hear the rattle of the keys. Now she has locked the basket in her room, and thinks it's safe, and she has gone out to tea. She left us some dried beef and stale bread for tea! Ugh! Let's run to the garret!"

In a far corner of the garret, was an old carved chest, heavily bound and ornamented with iron! In a moment, Lucia was on her knees before it, and the little key was in the lock! It fitted! It turned! The bolt slipped, and four eager hands raised the lid.

A damask towel, yellow with age, lay smoothly there, where dead hands had placed it, forty years ago! The girls paused, and looked at each other, and Ruth whispered, "Lucia, don't you feel like Bluebeard's wife?"

Then Lucia lifted the towel very softly, and the girls bent lower over the chest.

"What is it?" whispered Ruth.

"A velvet—something—a mantle, may be—it is black! Oh, Ruth, it is a velvet dress!" Lucia sprang up, now, and shook out from the folds in which it had lain for forty years, a robe of black velvet, with hanging sleeves lined with satin that had once been rose-colored—ah, how faded were the roses now! But Ruth's eager hands were

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plunging again into the chest. The next treasure was a crimson velvet mantle, embroidered in tarnished gold. Then came a blue silk dress, brocaded with silver. Then a carefully folded damask towel, which was wrapped around a fortune of filmy laces — yellow, but oh, how lovely! Lucia gave a cry of intense admiration, as she unfolded these, and, when they were looked at, she laid them carefully aside.

"Oh, Lucia! Here, *here* is the loveliest of all!" cried Ruth, holding up the very last dress. It was of rich, unfaded silk, just the color of Neapolitan violets, the bodice cut square, the train sweeping two yards away from Ruth's extended arms. Lucia touched it with reverent, caressing fingers. "I have heard of *this*," she said, softly. "Rosita told me. She wore this the night she quarrelled with her lover—and she never wore it again. That was almost fifty years ago! Yet, see how fresh it is. Oh, Ruth, don't you think, may be, in heaven, she has seen him again, and is happy with him?"

"I don't know," said little Ruth, with a puzzled look. "They say that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels."

"Well, little one! And don't you think the angels love each other?" said Lucia, impatiently. "I believe — I *will* believe — that in heaven Luciola and her lover are happy with each other. He died an old man—single all those years, for her sake!"

Lucia's hands were busy with the soft folds of the dress, but there was a far away dreaming look in her eyes.

"There, Lucia! That is all. What shall you do with them all? Oh, do let's make haste!" cried Ruth, impatiently, and Lucia came out of her dream, with a start.

"I shall take *this*," she cried, "and the lace. Quick, let's put the others back."

"And what *will* you do with the key of the garret?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, keep it in my pocket, and slip it back in the basket. Don't be afraid, little goose," cried Lucia, lightly, and then they ran down stairs and locked themselves and their treasures safely in their own room. In three minutes, Lucia had slipped out of her flimsy muslin, and was standing before the glass, robed in the rustling silk, and draping herself with priceless yellow lace.

"See how it fits!" she cried, ecstatically. "Oh, I know what I shall do! This lace veil I shall drape from my head, and this wide lace in the square neck, and under the flowing sleeves! Oh, what a lovely long train!" Lucia swept back the silken folds, and, as she did so, her hand encountered something hard.

"A pocket, Ruth! And look! Oh, my darling! Here is something in it!"

With breathless haste, she drew out the "something." A lace handkerchief, tied in a tight knot (which it took Lucia's trembling fingers some moments to untie) round a package of old letters! She scattered the yellow old papers on the toilet table, and something slipped, glittering, from amongst them, and lay, in a heap, on the floor. Lucia raised it, and, after one cry of rapture, the two girls stood gazing speechlessly upon it. A necklace of great purple amethysts, set in a filagree of yellow gold, had, for its pendant, a richly chased locket, set round with big, wonderful pearls, their "pure ray serene" scarcely dimmed by the forty years during which they had lain hidden in the old chest. Lucia's slender fingers eagerly sought the spring of the locket. It flew open, and, after forty years of darkness, the light shone upon the face within—a young man's face—frank, brave, generous, with ardent blue eyes, firm, sweet lips, and a fair forehead, over which tossed waves of rich brown hair.

"Oh, who is it?" exclaimed Ruth. "Not grandfather! He was so dark and stern looking.'

Lucia turned the locket over, and there, on the cover, set in little pearls, were the letters, "C. E." She softly laid the necklace in Ruth's hands, and took up one of the old letters. Love letters, so old that both writer and receiver were dust long ago. So old that the yellow paper almost turned to dust, in Lucia's hands, and the ink had faded till the words were scarcely legible, but in every line there breathed the sweetness and warmth of undying love. The one love of a grand, strong, unselfish heart. How well Cecil Elliot had loved the bright, beautiful Italian singer! And he was her accepted, happy lover, trusting in her love, looking forward to the time when she had promised to marry him. Every letter showed this but *one*. One little note, hurriedly written, told of rumors he had heard of her coquetry with Edward Darracott—begged that she would meet him and explain it—and yet, assured her of his deep devotion and his unshaken faith in her love! Lucia knew how that interview had ended—in a fatal quarrel—and Cecil Elliot (Rosita had not told her his name) had rushed away, and Luciola had never seen him again, or known where he was. Lucia looked from the records of this passionate, absorbing love, to the pictured face, so bright and young and brave, of Luciola's lover. "How *could* she forsake him?" she thought. "No wonder she was miserable all her life after."

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The evening of Mrs. Trevor's ball arrived, and Lucia, in her old darned starched white muslin ran over early to Mrs. Leslie's, followed by Ruth. They were met by Mrs Leslie—dear, clever, kind, mischeivous, "Aunt Mercy hating" little woman; and led to her spare room, where there was a great mirror down to the floor, and many bright lights burning In half an hour—oh, what a lovely enchanted Princess, in softest lavender silk, and rich drapery of filmy lace, stood before the large mirror, and looked at herself, with grave shining eyes! Ruth stood with clasped hands and gazed upon her. Lucia! could it be Lucia! This lovely vision, with braided glittering hair, from which flowed away that misty veil of lace—whose white throat was circled by the necklace of violet amethysts, and yellow gold—whose dainty, slender figure, looked so queenlike, in the silken robe, with its falling lace and flowing train!

"There! That is perfect!" said Mrs. Leslie, as she fastened the veil with her own large pearl-headed pins. "That square veil is so picturesque! You might be Lucretia Borgia, or Bianca Capella, but you are too sweet and innocent—and Beatrice Cenci is too sad—no, you are only a 'Venetian lady.' Come, child, let us go."

"I am Luciola." whispered the girl, with a smile, as she bent to kiss little Ruth, and then they were gone from the child's dazzled gaze.

But it was Lucia's eyes that were dazzled as she entered Mrs. Trevor's drawing room, and gazed around, half bewildered, at the brilliant scene—the crowd of gorgeous costumes, the glitter of jewels, the thousand lights, the faces all turned towards her as she appeared! And no wonder every one turned to look at her, for nothing so exquisitely lovely had entered those rooms before.

"*Who* is it?" people asked.

"Only little Lucia Darracott! But what a pretty girl she has grown to be! And what a lovely dress! I daresay it is some of her aunt's finery, she dressed elegantly once." And Mrs. Leslie had to say, over and over, "Introduce you? Certainly, when we have spoken to Mrs. Trevor."

It was all like a dream to Lucia, she scarcely knew she was speaking to Mrs. Trevor, and that that stately, kindly lady, took her hand, and smiled upon her, and then that people crowded around her, and some were faces she knew, and some were strangers; but all gazed admiringly upon her, and all spoke kindly—some flatteringly. *That* brought her to her senses. She could look up, and smile carelessly, and give back light laughing answers to her new admirers. Why, some of these men had seen her almost every day for years, passing about the town, in her shabby dresses and hats, and had never found out she was pretty till now, when she wore a silk dress, and rich lace, and jewels!

The thought gave a little touch of pretty scorn to her manner, and made her wonderfully piquante and attractive. The girl was a belle all at once, and held a little court, as she sat in a great crimson arm chair, and looked like a radiant little queen. The circle was so dense around her, that it was difficult for a new comer to find entrance. But the new comer was very determined, and presently Lucia looked up, at the touch of Mrs. Leslie's perfumed fan, and heard her introducing some one else.

"Mr. Trevor, Miss Darracott!" and there, before her, bowing low, and gazing at her, with all his soul in his deep blue eyes, was—Lucia started, for he was so like that proud, fair young face, shut away in the locket, that rested on her bosom! It was only Elly Trevor who had been away at college, and had just come home, after a foreign tour, with a good deal of tan on his face, and a thick brown moustache. But his eyes, and hair, and forehead, *were* wonderfully like Cecil Elliot's. And what a pleasant "jolly" fellow he was! Not a bit flattering like the older men around her, but nice, and kind and friendly, and talking such good sense, as well as such gay delightful nonsense! Lucia danced with him, (Mrs. Leslie had taught her to dance, and taught her well,) and then afterwards with ever so many other partners, but she could not help being glad when the blue eyes and brown moustache claimed her again for a partner, and after that took her to supper, and after that stole away with her to a quiet corner on a moonlit porch, where they chatted cosily, for "three minutes," Mr. Trevor said, but it was an hour by our stern unromantic earthly clocks and watches.

"You don't think this is the first time I ever saw you, do you, Miss Darracott?" asked that frank young man. "Why I used to look across the church, at your hair and eyes, before I went to college—that is five years ago—and I looked out for you when I came home. Then I saw you going to Mrs. Leslie's and I asked her about you, and last Thursday—now, you must be merciful and forgive us this—I went there when you were taking your singing lessons, and made her tell me who it was, and I basely listened at the door. It was divine, Miss Darracott! Will you ever sing *for me?*"

Then Lucia promised to sing for him, and when Mrs. Leslie came searching for her, and found them at last, Mr. Trevor petitioned for the song now. "What, now! Before all these people!" cried Lucia, with a beating heart.

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But when once she began to sing, she did not mind the crowd or the blaze of lights, but carried away on the wings of music, she sang with all her soul—as she had sung in her room at home, with little Ruth for audience. And when she had finished, she did not heed the loud murmurs of applause, and the exclamations of delight and surprise, but she turned and looked straight into Mr. Trevor's blue eyes, without a word. She must have been satisfied with what she saw there, and with what he said, as he led her away from the piano, and stood by her, fanning her, for she smiled, and looked radiantly bright and pretty.

After this, it was time to go home. But Lucia had stepped into an enchanted world. She was a beauty and a belle, and Aunt Mercy could not keep her hidden away any longer.

There was a fearful tempest in the house when Aunt Mercy discovered, as, of course, she soon did, Lucia's "basely, dishonest conduct," with regard to the old chest, but Lucia cared very little for it. She was too happy, all that long bright golden summer, to care for Aunt Mercy's scolding. And she kept her amethyst necklace, and wore it in triumph, heedless of Aunt Mercy's scowls. She had it on one evening, late in the summer, when Elly Trevor came to call on her. *That* was no new thing. She had seen him every day since the eventful party. They had talked and walked together, and every girl in town had gazed with envy at Lucia, as she rode with Mr. Trevor, behind his fast, swift, shining bays. But in all these meetings, Lucia had never looked lovelier, than she did on this August evening, in her old black grénadine, which she had cut square in the neck, with yellow lace resting against her white throat, and the amethysts gleaming there, with their soft violet light.

And how lovely she was, with her golden hair, and soft sweet dark eyes, and sudden radiant smile! Elly Trevor's adoring eyes, told her all the evening, what he thought of her, yet he was strangely silent and abstracted, and at last apologized for his stupidity. "The trouble is, Miss Darracott," he said "I have been longing all the evening—indeed, ever since I have known you—to ask a favor of you, and I scarcely dare to do it."

"You need not be afraid to ask it," said Lucia, after a moment's glance at his grave and rather anxious face. "I will certainly grant it, if I can. What is it?"

"It is—that you will tell me the history of the dress you wore at my mother's party, and—of this necklace."

"Is that all?" said Lucia, smiling frankly. "I am very willing to tell you that, but it is in confidence, remember." A confidence from those lovely lips, told in Lucia's low sweet tones! Could anything be more enchanting! So it came about that Lucia found herself telling the whole story of Luciola and her lovers, to Elly Trevor, and finally unclasping the necklace, opening the pearl set locket, and placing it in his hand, as she uttered the words: "But it was Cecil Elliot whom she really loved, till the day of her death. This is his picture."

Long and earnestly the young man gazed upon the bright, youthful face, and then laid it softly down.

"Now," he said, gravely, "I have something to show you," and, drawing from his pocket a small morocco case, he opened it, and disclosed to Lucia's astonished eyes a locket, old, yellow, richly chased, and set round with large pearls—the counterpart of her own! He touched the spring, and put the open case in her hand. There, before her, lay the face of a young girl, beautiful beyond description, with all the glowing brunette beauty of a southern clime, and, added to it, a piquante, wilful witchery, that belonged to herself alone.

"Oh, how charming!" cried Lucia, in that first instant's glance. "What lovely eyes!"

Elly smiled, and bent to look at them. "*They* are your own!" he said, softly, and Lucia heard him, like one in a dream, for she saw, now, that the girl's dress was of silk, the color of Neapolitan violets, rich lace drawn in the square-cut bodice, and on the white neck rested a necklace of amethysts and yellow gold, with a pearl set locket as its pendant!

"Is it—*who* is it?" she said, in a bewildered tone. Mr. Trevor silently pointed to a name engraved inside the cover of the miniature. It was "Luciola!"

"It is, indeed, 'Luciola,' the beautiful, wild, bright 'Fire-Fly,'" he said, "and it came to me from my uncle, Cecil Elliot, after whom I am named."

"And have you known, all this time, that I was Luciola's grandchild?" asked Lucia, still feeling as if she were dreaming.

"Ever since that blessed night, when a lovely 'Venetian Lady' came gliding into my mother's drawing-room, and I saw Luciola's costume before me, and looked into Luciola's eyes, and heard her divine voice!" said the young man.

"And—your mother—does she know?" asked Lucia, hurriedly, with beating heart and burning cheeks.

"She has always known—that is, ever since she came to live here, where my uncle knew that Luciola had lived."

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"Then I wonder she did not—hate me—" faltered Lucia, with her eyes full of tears, as she remembered how, that very day, Mrs. Trevor had been to see her, and had been so kind and sweet, not stately and cold, as she was to some people, but talking so gently to her, touching her cheek with soft, caressing hand, and calling her "dear child!"

But that was dangerous ground, from which Lucia hurried quickly, as Elly was beginning, vehemently, "She could not help loving *you*——"

"But is that all you have of Luciola's?" she cried, hastily.

"No," said Mr. Trevor. "There were some letters, written by her. I wanted you to see them, and I have brought them."

Lucia sprang up, quickly.

"And I have your uncle's letters!" she cried. "Let us read them together!"

So, in the soft lamplight, the two bright young heads bent together over those old, faded, yellow "love letters" of Luciola's and Cecil Elliot's.

How quaint and sweet her's were, with their pretty, imperfect English, and graceful Italian phrases, their childish gayety and caprices, and their undercurrent of genuine womanly tenderness! And his, how full of the deep, strong, undying love, with which he held this pretty creature sheltered in his heart!

"Ah, she did love him!" said Lucia, looking up from the last of those tender little letters, her eyes dewy with unshed tears. "I believe—don't you?—that they love each other, now, in heaven."

"I hope so!" said Elliot. He took the little hand, that rested on Luciola's letters, in his, and was looking at her, with grave, anxious eyes.

"Lucia, how could I bear it," he said, "if fate should part *us?* If you do not love me as dearly as I love you. Tell me, Lucia, my darling, do you love me *at all?*"

There was no need for Lucia to speak. One glance of her sweet, shining eyes, one shy, fluttering pressure of the little fingers on his, and Elliot Trevor knew she loved him, as tenderly, as truly, as Luciola had loved Cecil Elliot.

Ah, the "sweet old story" is the same through all the ages! Just so, may Cecil Elliot have wooed the beautiful, bright Luciola, and so, her dark eyes may have given him their sweet answer, through a mist of tears.

"But, Lucia," said wondering little Ruth, when the lovers took her solemnly into their confidence, "I thought you meant to be a great singer, and make a fortune!"

"I like this best, little one," was Lucia's quiet answer. "This *is* my fortune."

"And you were going to Italy!" pursued Ruth.

"We *are* going to Italy," said Mr. Trevor, smiling.

Something in the child's wistful eyes, brought Lucia's face down to hers, quickly.

"Do you think we will leave you behind, dear?" she asked, tenderly, with her arms around her cousin.

Ruth gave a satisfied sigh, and rested her head contentedly on Lucia's shoulder.

"It is almost as good," she said, presently, "as if you had found that deed to all Aunt Mercy's property!"

"Almost!" said Lucia, gravely—and practical little Ruth wondered why Mr. Trevor laughed, just then, and stooped to kiss Lucia's hand, that he had taken! But then Ruth, as yet, knew very little about lovers!

I SHALL KNOW HEREAFTER.

BY ELEANOR LADD LITTLEFIELD.

Why this throbbing, burdened brain,
Why this "Never," and "Forever,"
Meets me, when some good I'd gain;
Flies beyond my best endeavor,—
Why this heart's so thrilled with woe,
Lips can taste small joy from laughter,
I know not, but I *shall* know,
Surely, in the great Hereafter.

Why these eyes, oft filled with tears,
The poor luxury of crying,
Are denied, through lengthened years,
In a sombre shadow lying,
Why my soul's pent agony
Does not from her prison waft her,
I see not, but I shall see,
Plainly, in the light Hereafter.

Why those cords, which bound my heart,
And the lingering hands fond meeting,
Should be rudely wrenched apart,
Almost stifling each pulse's beating—
Why those eyes, that used to shine,
With a joy akin to laughter,
Nevermore must look in mine,
I shall fully learn, Hereafter.

Then, my soul, throughout earth's night,
From the bright, celestial City,
Gleams, for thee, a constant light,
Lit by hand of tenderest pity.
Ever, as that light draws near,
As, on *wings*, this thought shall waft her,
Quickly, o'er life's desert drear,
To her glorious Hereafter.

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A WOODLAND NYMPH.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"A WOODLAND Nymph, as I live. A Greek goddess come back to this nineteenth century. What a lovely face and figure."

Such were the exclamations that rose to the lips of Standish Brock, but which the near presence of the nymph apostrophized prevented him, the thorough bred gentleman that he was, from giving audible utterance to.

Standish Brock had always meant to marry some pretty innocent creature, unspoiled by contact or even acquaintance with the world, who would not give so much as a thought to his money, or better yet, who should not even know that he possessed a fortune. I am not sure that in his dreamy hours (I suppose everybody has such, more or less sublunary) but that he indulged in weaving an old fashioned romance, about disguising himself as a wandering artist, or some other personage interesting and picturesque, and going in search of his Phoenix, then turn into a second edition of Lord Burleigh, when the knot was tied—only, of course, he would have expected his "woodland maid" to be as charming and elegant, accomplished too, as if she had been reared in what moralists term the hot-house of society.

But if it be true, "that whom first we love we seldom wed," it is still truer that if we defer the pleasant madness, till after twenty-five, we seldom select an object in the least resembling our early ideal. So Brock discovered—he was seven and twenty—when he met Clara Vane, and ended by doing, or to speak accurately, began by doing what, when he first learned that he should meet her, had told himself was impossible—he fell in love with her.

This meeting took place at Oakley, a quiet little place up in New Hampshire, and about the last spot where their respective acquaintances would have expected either to go.

It was an unspoiled, unmodernized village, set down in the midst of scenery, about which it had never dreamed of boasting, though I have seen many a renowned summer resort, with far less legitimate reason for being conceited. Miss Vane went there with her aunt, because the physicians had ordered a few months of entire quiet, and fresh mountain air, for the last mentioned lady, and her husband, Mr. Crosby, owned an old house in the outskirts of Oakley, which he had taken good care not to visit, since the days of his boyhood, until he took the partner of his bosom thither, and—left her as quickly as possible.

Standish went, because he chanced to hear of the distant nook, and it was so far beyond the confines of the world, that he would run no risk of meeting acquaintances, and could get out of the reach of three affectionately persecuting sisters, each of whom was determined to marry him to some paragon of her own.

He felt disgusted and injured, when, just after he had been days enough in his retreat to hate to leave it, he heard that the Crosbys had come, the night before. At once, he resolved to run away. He had known the husband and wife, a couple of years earlier, and though they had met but little since, it would be impossible, he knew, to avoid being civil to them, if he remained.

"Can't one ever be let alone?" he said, crossly, to himself. "Just when I have found a safe retreat, must I tumble, in this way, on acquaintances? I will be off by the late train. I'll take a last turn in my favorite haunts, down by the brook, and through the woods, and over the hill, and so back to the hotel. Then I'll make a morning call on the Crosbys, for I can't do less, and tell them my trunk is packed, and I'm so sorry, and all that: and so make my escape by the night express."

But fate is sometimes too much for us; and it was too much for Standish Brock. He had followed the little trout-brook for a bit, and had turned into a favorite wood-path, when, all at once, he came upon such a vision of loveliness, that, almost involuntarily, he uttered the exclamation with which our story opens.

"A Woodland Nymph, as I live. A Greek goddess, come back to this nineteenth century. What a lovely face and figure!"

What he saw, was a fair, young girl, simply attired in white, who, hearing footsteps in this quiet nook, rose startled to her feet, at Standish Brock's approach. She held a book in her hand, as if she had been reading, which was not exactly like a Nymph either; but then Standish Brock liked intelligent, cultivated woman, and not even a Greek goddess would have captivated him, if she had been stupid or unlettered. What it is that makes us fall in love, no one can tell, least

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of all ourselves; and our hero was no wiser than the rest of us: but certain it is, that, from that moment, he was in love, over head and ears, with this fair stranger.

Standish, as we have said, checked the admiring epithets that rose to his lips; but he lifted his hat; and then passed on, without more than a glance at the girl. That hasty look, however, was enough. Never before had he beheld such gorgeousness in a blonde. She was dazzlingly fair; there was not a dark streak in her sunny hair; the very light of her eyes was golden; yet there was something oriental about her, such as is considered the special prerogative of a brunette: she was like a beautiful white lily that has grown and blossomed in a tropical clime.

"I wonder who she can be," soliloquized our hero. "She must be a stranger, and a newcomer, for I have never seen her before. After all, I don't think I'll go, to-night. Perhaps I may, somehow, make her acquaintance, if I stay. At any rate, I'll put off a decision till to-morrow, and merely tell the Crosbys I am waiting for letters to decide my future movements."

Later in the day, he made his call. He had hardly paid his compliments to Mrs. Crosby. when the door opened, and into the room walked the fair stranger of the wood. "This is my friend, Miss Vane, Clara Vane," said the hostess, "who is spending the summer with us. Mr. Brock, Miss Vane. Clara, Mr. Brock."

Then they fell into conversation. From the very first moment, Standish yielded himself up, unresistingly, to the spell of her soft, languid manner; her low, lazy voice; her luminous eyes; the voluptuous witchery of her personality. When he left the room, he had abandoned all thought of prosecuting his travels. He was madly, passionately in love.

And yet he did not like the Crosbys, and was amazed that this divine goddess, this magnificent oriental lily, should be domesticated with them. Wherever the Crosbys lived, it was always in the gayest set to be found. Mr. Crosby called himself a broker—he was simply a gambler. only he played with stocks instead of cards Sometimes he was very rich, sometimes very poor, but in either case the lavish expenditure went on just the same. People told all sorts of dreadful stories about him, and did not spare his handsome wife, but they were immensely popular, notwithstanding, and kept their place in spite of debts and gossip.

Standish remembered, now, that he had heard of Miss Vane, though he had never met her. It was said that she had no fortune to mention, but this did not hinder the fact that she was courted and adored, and might, scores of times, have married title, or money, or both. She was two and twenty, now, and what she was waiting for, no feminine mind could conceive. There was not even the pleasure of thinking that she had waited too long, for she was more beautiful than at seventeen, and looked as fresh as if she had just wakened from an enchanted sleep, instead of having run the gauntlet of elegant dissipation, in every European and American capital that could be named.

Six weeks went by so rapidly, that they scarcely seemed more than so many days to Standish Brock. At the end of this time, he was forced to go away for awhile. This absence lasted a fortnight, and his restlessness and loneliness would have convinced him, had he needed to be convinced, that his meeting with Clara Vane had opened a new era in his life.

The moment he was at liberty, he returned to Oakley; returned almost against his will; for the more he saw of Miss Vane, the less he thought she would make him happy as his wife; and yet the more madly he loved her. Brought up, as she had been, worldly and fond of pleasure and excitement, as her mode of life showed her to be, she was the very reverse of his ideal. The very reverse, except in books; and there she was all-powerful with him. Struggle as he might—argue as he would—he loved her—and he went back to find her more fascinating and bewildering than ever. He was not the first man who has found a woman's personality too much for his philosophy.

Before autumn came. he had sealed his fate—had asked Clara Vane to join her future with his, and she had consented. He was happy—too happy, he told himself; it was rather like the intoxication produced by some subtle drug than the calm, reasoning, reasonable sentiment, which ought to be the basis of mutual affection, in the indissoluble relation of marriage.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs Crosby were over pleased, when they were informed of the engagement. They had wanted Clara to marry Percy Westford, a gullible young ass, possessed of millions, who might easily be drawn into some of the broker's numerous ventures, whereas Standish Brock abhorred speculation, and set his face, like a flint, against the most cautious and insidious whispers. Crosby did not like him, personally, which was natural enough, as no two persons could have been more different in every respect, and Brock felt a positive aversion toward the man, as their acquaintance progressed during the visits which Mr. Crosby made to the village. The wife was young still, excessively pretty, clever and

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amusing, but Standish disliked her even more heartily than he did her husband. The wily lady, when she saw how matters were likely to go between Clara and him, had done her best to inveigle Standish into a flirtation, which might irrevocably ruin his chances with Clara, by rousing the strong pride that lay at the bottom of her nature, and of whose potency her aunt had a more accurate knowledge than Brock possessed.

But she failed, completely, and, of course, the failure did not leave her too kindly disposed toward her niece's suitor; still, both she and her mate owned a great deal of the astuteness of the serpent, and accepted the inevitable with a very tolerable grace.

"He is pleasant, handsome, intellectual and all that, but I think you might have done better," Mrs. Crosby said to Clara.

"In what way?" the young lady asked.

"Percy Westford is ever so much richer——"

"And an idiot!"

"Not a bad thing for a husband to be," returned Mrs. Crosby. "If I had to marry again, I would certainly select a fool."

"If such an event should happen to me, perhaps I should feel so, but for a first venture, I do not feel inclined to try it," said Clara, with a provoking composure, whereby she often irritated her relation. "Tastes differ—I prefer, for a husband, a man with brains, to a fool, especially when I happen to have given him my heart."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Crosby, with a shudder, "if you come to romance, I cannot pretend to follow you, and you must excuse me for saying that you are the last girl in the world I should have believed capable of such folly."

"I think I should not have believed it of myself, a few months ago," Clara answered, quietly. "But, after all, we need not discuss that part of the matter! Even in a worldly point of view, I am making an excellent marriage, so try to be satisfied."

Mrs. Crosby had no mind to offend her niece; it was better she should marry. The broker had managed to get hold of Clara's little fortune, and had lost the larger portion of it, so neither the aunt nor he was in a position to attempt any airs of authority with the young lady—though they knew her well enough to understand that in any case such efforts would have been wasted. But Mrs. Crosby could solace herself a little, by sneering in secret over Clara's attempts at poetical fancies.

"If the man should happen to lose his fortune," she thought, "we should see how fast all her pretty ideas would fly away! Such nonsense—to try to impose upon me, too, who know her so well!"

Oddly enough, the person who shared Mrs. Crosby's suspicions was Standish Brock himself. Even in the midst of his happiness—and he was very happy—he had many dark, troubled hours, wherein he debated, in every shape, that question—would Clara have consented to marry him, had he not been so rich a man?

Careless as she seemed—unobservant even, as a rule, of what was passing about her—few things escaped that young lady's keen perceptions. She read the state of her lover's mind as clearly as if he had put his fears into words, yet she was scarcely hurt by the knowledge, and certainly not in the slightest degree offended by those doubts, which almost any other woman would have considered an insult, and which one, not quite sure of her own motives, would have resented with special keenness.

"It is no wonder that he cannot feel certain," she told herself; "appearances are all against me—and, indeed, am I sure of my own feelings? I have always hated poverty—I have always laughed at love and the follies it causes sensible people to commit! Ah, well, it is of no use to wonder, and it is scarcely within the limits of probability, that my capabilities for sacrifice should be put to the test."

But, admirable as Miss Vane's judgment might be, and clear as her intuitions usually proved, she made a great mistake, in the present instance. Autumn came, and the whole party returned to New York. In the beginning of the engagement, Standish had pleaded for an early marriage, but this was rendered out of the question by the sudden death of Mrs. Crosby's sister. The aunt and Clara were, of course, plunged into the depths of mourning, which a relic of barbaric custom still forces upon us all, though why, when such grief assails us, we should intensify our pain by covering ourselves with constantly reminding sables, and seek seclusion, in order to brood and fret, instead of going forth in search of mental distraction, is more than I am able to understand.

Before spring, Standish Brock was a ruined man. A series of almost inconceivable disasters overtook him, and he woke, one morning, to the agreeable consciousness that, after his liabilities were settled, if he possessed a few hundred dollars to help him on his way to employment of some sort, it was all he had in the world.

His personal plans were quickly formed; one painful duty remained; to acquaint his fiancée with what had happened, and offer her, as he was bound to do, a release from her engagement.

But, nothing flies so fast as reports of such misfortunes: rumors had reached Clara, through

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Mr. Crosby, before Standish came to her with his story.

"Poor fellow," said the aunt, "I hope it is not true, but if so, of course, there is only one kindness you can show him—set him free."

All Clara replied was:

"You need not fear that I shall do anything to add to his troubles."

This declaration Mrs. Crosby interpreted to mean that her niece intended to behave with proper discretion, and free herself from this entanglement (the name Mrs. Crosby at once gave to the engagement), and she began calculating the chances in favor of Percy Westford. Her husband was able to think as rapidly as she, and already had held certain interviews with Clara's disappointed suitor, who was quite willing to be of pecuniary assistance to the broker, as a return for the aid which that gentleman and wife promised, when he should renew his efforts to gain the hand of their niece.

Then Brock came with his revelations. Clara received him so exactly with her customary manner, that he could not suppose any tidings had reached her, though he had hoped some whisper might have done so, and thus made his task a little easier.

It seemed to him that he had never seen her look so beautiful—ah, it was hard to lose her—and he must—he knew that in advance—he must! Yet, knowing this, his great love and pain kept him from feeling any bitterness toward her. He had no right, now, to ask this peerless creature to join her destiny with his. No woman could be less fitted for the privations of poverty, even if her affection were strong enough to prompt her to accept them—and it was not—he knew that, too.

So he tried to tell his news, but, between excitement, suffering, nerves overtasked by sleepless nights, and weary, hopeless plodding amid the inextricable jumble of his business matters, he realized no more what he was saying—calm as he seemed—than if he had been talking under the influence of hasheesh. He thought he was informing her of his ruin—giving her a chance to ease her own conscience, and save appearances, by basing her reasons for breaking their engagement on the grounds that she could not become a burden to him. Instead of accomplishing any such fine sentences, he began several, that had neither continuity or significance, and when he did manage to articulate a phrase that was intelligible, the only meaning to be put to it was, that he had come—not to offer her release—but to demand his own freedom.

Miss Vane sat perfectly quiet, with her great eyes fixed full upon his face—perhaps she grew a little pale, but there was no other show of emotion.

"You wish me to release you," she said; "perhaps it would be better for all our sakes that you should give me some reason."

"Good God, no!" he cried, now more *bouleversé* than ever. "Not for me—you know—you must know that I would do anything for your sake! But it is for you—you—I know you cannot marry me—I am not so mad—oh, be sure, I shall never blame you——"

"One moment," she interrupted. "At least, will you tell me why?"

"Don't you understand?" he groaned. "I have told you that I am ruined!"

"No, you had not told me," she said. She rose from her seat, now, went up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, with a manner more caressing and tender than she had ever shown. "I had heard it, however—I am very sorry for you, Standish! But see, it is only a loss of money! You are young—clever—strong—bad as it seems, it is not quite the end of the world, after all."

"No; at least, I can work," he said, gazing eagerly at her, with troubled eyes, which showed that he scarcely knew what significance to give to her words. She kept her place; her hand still rested on his shoulder, but she did not speak. After a little, he continued: "So much is left me! Do not think I mean to complain—do not believe that I shall ever blame you—"

"Blame me for what?" she asked, when he came to a full stop, though his sentence was not finished. "Really, Standish, I cannot compliment you, this morning, either on the clearness or the correctness of your sentences! I do not in the least understand what you mean, or what you want."

He tried to speak calmly; he was horribly ashamed of his own weakness, but that sensation did not greatly facilitate his ability to explain.

"That you should decide for your happiness," he said; "that you should put me and my feelings out of the question—"

He stopped again; she added, quickly, and with a little bitterness:

"I can easily promise that, being a woman."

Was the bitterness caused by her scorn of her own, and her sex's weakness, or was it a reproach to his suspicious character? Even in the hurry of his thoughts, he asked himself the question, though vaguely, and found no response. Then he heard his own voice, slow and difficult, saying:

"You will do what is wisest, best, too, for your peace, I am sure."

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"*My* peace!" she repeated. "And you, Standish, what do you wish?"

Whatever is for your happiness," he said.

She smiled; her face looked perplexed, even irritated, but a strange tenderness softened it more and more. He did not glance toward her —it was too hard to gaze upon that bewildering beauty, and know that it was lost to him!

"Standish," she said, "you make my part rather difficult."

"I did not mean to—I—"

"You will not say that you don't want me to leave you," she continued, "so I must ask you to let me stay—does that content you?"

He could not credit his ears; nothing in the course of the dream, in which he had seemed living since this trouble struck him, had seemed so dream-like as this assurance, so unexpected, so out of keeping with the judgment which, even while loving her, he had formed of her character.

At first he could not believe; when he did realize the truth, of course he was "the happiest man in the world"—for a little while.

When the Crosbys learned that Clara meant to persist in her engagement, they were quite beside themselves with indignation and horror, but Miss Vane had only one answer to give to her aunt's expostulations:

"I was not engaged to Standish Brock's money —since he is not lost, my engagement holds good."

"But you cannot be married."

"Not at present, certainly; at least he thinks not, though, as for myself, I am quite ready."

"I declare, Clara, such a declaration is positively unfeminine!"

"Perhaps it is, but at all events it is what I feel."

"I consider it downright cruelty on your part to hamper the poor fellow, by keeping him to his engagement."

"I certainly used neither threats or persuasions," returned Clara, laughing; "he was free to cast me off if he chose—I should not have brought a breach of promise suit against him."

"You are about as fit to be the wife of a poor man as you to—to make your living by dancing on a tight rope," cried Mrs. Crosby, becoming absurd in her similes from sheer anger.

"That remains to be proved! But, perhaps, I may not have to try—he may make a fortune."

"In twenty years, say—do you mean to wait?" demanded her aunt with scorn.

"Oh, yes, if it is necessary."

"You are mad—downright mad!" returned the elder lady.

"Everybody is said to be more or less mad," laughed the provoking girl; "philosophers tell us the only difference is in the degree."

"I vow I should like to shake you!" whimpered Mrs. Crosby, forgetting her good manners, and allowing her agitation to assume a dangerously hysterical form.

"I am afraid you cannot, either physically or morally," replied Clara.

"Perhaps we had better not talk any more, just at present, about the matter—you will grow accustomed to it in time."

"I should think there would be time! Why long before he can claim you, you will be a yellow, scrawny old maid!"

"I am more likely to grow fat than scrawny. I inherit the misfortune from my mother's family," returned Clara, rather cruelly, for Mrs. Crosby was threatened with a preponderance of adipose matter, and was obliged to take great pains to subdue it, so naturally this thrust rendered her more angry.

She scolded—one must not say like a fish woman—but as near as a lady could possibly approach. She gave vent to upbraidings and reproaches; they had no more influence than her wrath. At last she tried the effect of tears and sobs, then Clara drenched her with hartshorne, and dosed her with red lavender, regarding her, during the operation, with a patient contempt, which stung the sufferer like pins and needles.

The days passed rapidly. Standish Brock was about to sail for Australia. He had obtained a situation in a house in Melbourne, the partners of which were personal friends.

"I might have had a share in the business," he told Clara, "if I could have raised ten thousand dollars—but that is simply out of the question."

Miss Vane tried to hint that she was still possessed of some money, which she was at liberty to employ in any manner she pleased, but he would not even understand her meaning, so with her usual quiet way of allowing people to take their own course, she dropped the matter, and did not return to it again.

I spare you a description of the parting scene between the lovers—indeed, I am sorry to say that Clara Vane behaved with so much composure that her aunt took heart of grace, and believed that the girl's professed clinging to her engagement was only by way of letting the poor fellow down easily, and Brock himself went away, beset by his fears.

Very soon after his departure affairs reached a crisis between Miss Vane and her relatives. Mr. Crosby had pressing need for money, and wished to lay hands on what was left of Clara's

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—some fifteen thousand dollars. He was informed by the young lady that she had lately made a reinvestment of her capital, and was unable to touch it. The husband and wife were furious, and their anger was increased by the utter failure of a hope they had entertained, that Clara could be persuaded to accept Percy Westford. The young millionaire again laid his heart and fortune at her feet, and was refused with such peremptoriness, that it gave his addled brains quite a shock. She treated him to a lecture, in which she stigmatized his conduct as impertinent to herself, and downright treachery to the man whom he had called his friend, since he knew that her engagement to Standish Brock had not been broken.

So, civil war broke out in the house of the Crosbys—or rather a battle, and conducted in a decidedly uncivil manner on the part of the married couple. They appealed to her heart—her sense of duty—Mr. Crosby was on the verge of ruin—he had no hope, except in Percy Westford, and that gentleman would only give aid on condition that he received Miss Vane's hand as a reward.

"Anything in my power I would gladly do," Clara said, "but I cannot sell body and soul for time and eternity."

Mr. Crosby informed her that such talk was not only indelicate, but downright blasphemy, and she answered him by a look, which revealed such scornful wonder, and doubt of the possibility of his being shocked by either enormity, that he would have liked to torture her through this world and the next, as a punishment.

"All your fine talk only means that you will do nothing!" cried Mrs. Crosby, findipg her mate speechless under Clara's last stab. "You are the most ungrateful creature that ever breathed! We have brought you up like our own daughter—you have been petted—spoiled—every caprice gratified—and this is the way you repay us."

But even at this pass Miss Vane would not be provoked into doing what almost any other person would have done—reminding the lady that said petting had borne somewhat heavily on her own pocket, since twenty-five thousand dollars of her money had disappeared during the spoiling process.

Finally, they told her that they did not even know how the house and its expenditures were to be carried on—a plain hint that they did not know how they were to take care of her. To do the pair justice, I must say, that neither dreamed of sending the young lady adrift, or changing matters in any way—they only hoped to frighten her into accepting Percy Westford.

I am in doubt which is the more astonishing—the little knowledge of our characters, possessed by the people among whom we have lived all our days, or our own lack acquaintance with ourselves. I think Clara Vane was as much surprised at her own conduct as her relatives could possibly have been. Sometimes she felt as if positively face to face with a stranger in her mental colloquies; but she liked the new person better than the Clara Vane she had hitherto known.

"After all," she said to herself, "I always believed that it was in me to be decent and womanly, if I found any motive strong enough. I never did care particularly about riches, even in the days when I prided myself on being hard and worldly. I am two and twenty—I never discovered anything that satisfied me till I was offered Standish's love—I am not going to give up! It is selfish, I am sure, though circumstances make one appear a little heroic—I will not give it up!"

So the result of the attack by her relations, and her meditations consequent thereupon, was very different from that which the aunt and uncle had expected. They turned the cold shoulder upon her; assumed little airs of martyrdom and resignation, which were more unendurable than reproaches, and, in secret, assured each other that a few days of this treatment would bring the recalcitrant young woman to her senses.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Crosby, "she only persists from obstinacy. She knows she can never marry that man; she wants an excuse to be forced into giving him up. She means to lay the blame on us, and we must give her good reason. Have a little patience—it will all end as we wish—I must keep that ridiculous Percy from flying off at a tangent."

Mrs. Crosby was a shrewd woman, but she deceived herself at this juncture. Probably no two people were ever more thoroughly astounded than this pair of mammon-worshippers some three days after their first appearance in the characters of early Christian martyrs for their niece's benefit.

At the close of dinner she informed them that on Saturday she should sail for Europe—it was Thursday evening when she vouchsafed the information. Old Madame D'Espoug was going back to France, and she, Clara Vane, was to accompany her in the character of paid companion.

Her hearers sat speechless.

"So you are relieved from any anxiety on my account," continued Miss Vane. "We have known dear old Madame all our lives, and you can be sure that I shall have a happy home. I am quite able to perform the duties necessary,

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and it is a great relief to my mind to feel that I need not add to your present cares by remaining helpless on your hands."

It was useless to argue or plead; they had told her that they did not see their way clear to taking care of themselves, much less her, and in consequence she had at once searched for some means of livelihood and independence.

Go she would, and go she did; the husband and wife had but one consolation—Madame had made everybody believe that Miss Vane accompanied her as a friend, paying her own expenses, so they were spared, what to their petty minds, would have been an extreme mortification, having the world know that she had gone as a dependent.

So the first news which reached Standish Brock, after his arrival at Melbourne, was the tidings in this new phase of the existence of his betrothed. But with her usual reticence, even to him she did not write the full state of the case; he did not, in the least, understand that she had set out in the world to earn her own subsistence.

The next news that came was of a very agreeable nature. He had left the settlement of his affairs in the hands of a distinguished lawyer, who was one of his intimate friends. Mr. Holden wrote him that, after arranging all liabilities—real or fancied, for in his terribly nice sense of honor Brock had taken upon himself debts, for which he could not be considered accountable in the failure of the firm, whereof he had been a sleeping partner—ten thousand dollars remained, and would be paid to his order by the Pacific Bank in New York.

Standish had perhaps never been so happy in his life. His first letter to Clara in her foreign home informed her that he was a partner in the Melbourne house, and on the high road to fortune.

I will say for him that he worked like a dragon, and setting aside the pecuniary prosperity upon which he entered rapidly, he found in work itself, that pleasure which it is sure to give, when not accompanied by anxiety and care.

Ah, well, I have told you a very poetical story so far as womanly devotion is concerned, now I must pass over a year, and show you what befel Standish Brock on the anniversary of his arrival in the Australian capital.

He had gone to visit an acquaintance, who lived in the environs—an American, like himself, a relative of whose had lately come out to Australia on a visit, and knew the Crosbys. During his stay at the house, Standish saw a letter from Mrs. Crosby, in which she spoke of Clara Vane, and the probability of her speedy marriage. At least, she undoubtedly would so marry, the aunt wrote, if she could be set free from the engagement into which she had foolishly allowed herself to be inveigled, though certain overstrained scruples of delicacy prevented her taking the initiatory steps towards obtaining her release. But the writer of that delectable epistle hoped and believed the man himself would possess honor and conscience enough to take the painful duty upon his own shoulders. Mrs. Crosby added that she was on the eve of sailing for Europe to join Clara, and give the support of her companionship and counsels. Mrs. Crosby's duty was plain, and she meant to fulfil it religiously. She could not remain passive, and see her beloved niece sacrificed to the selfish folly of a man who, among his other sins, had brought a temporary estrangement between the darling girl and her two nearest relatives—a fact which Clara now acknowledged, and resented with exceeding bitterness.

So, that very night, Standish Brock wrote to Miss Vane—a short, curt letter, in which he begged her to consider their engagement at an end—neither referring to the tidings which had reached him, or giving any information that could make his request appear actuated by other than personal motives. When the course of weeks allowed him to receive a reply, the European mails brought a packet to his address—inside he found his own letters, but not so much as a line of Miss Vane's writing; however, any words would have been superfluous—none could have been so decisive as this contemptuous manner of ending their relationship.

Four years went by; years, during which Standish Brock was almost as completely severed from every association with his former life, as if the ocean, which separated him from his native land, had been the tideless sweep of eternity.

Circumstances had made him rich. Certain tracts of land, which the firm had accepted in payment of a debt, proved to contain gold, and became a fortune to each of the partners.

A sudden desire to visit America seized possession of Standish. He sailed under the influence of his whim—at least, he called it so, and sneered at his own weakness, in yielding thereto—landed at San Francisco, and took a through train to New York, as eager to reach his journey's end, as if he had some imperious reason for haste, though all the while he kept reproaching himself for his idiotic conduct.

It was the middle of summer when he arrived in his old home, and he did not find so much as one acquaintance in town. During these later years of absence, he had held no communication even with his friend Holden, but now, he longed to see him again. He learned that the gentleman had married, and was spending a few months in

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Rhode Island. Standish had nothing to do, so he departed without delay.

It was late in the afternoon, when he walked through the streets of the sleepy, old village, toward his destination—a pleasant house in the suburbs. He had sent a telegram, in advance, and it was evident that it had been received, for when he gave his name, the servant recognized it, saying that his master had been called out, but had bidden him ask the gentleman to wait—Mrs. Holden was at home, if he would walk in.

So Standish did walk in; the footman opened the library door, and Brock found himself in the presence of Clara Vane.

She turned pale, but rose and came forward.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, offering him her hand. "Mr. Holden told me that you were coming."

The room went round! Brock cursed his own folly, in a rapid mental parenthesis, and recovered his voice.

"I was not aware that I should meet an old acquaintance in Mrs. Holden," said he, disagreeably conscious that his smile was a mere grimace, and that his voice sounded as if his neckerchief were choking him.

Miss Vane looked at him, inquiringly.

"I beg you to accept my best wishes for your happiness, and that of your husband," continued he.

Miss Vane smiled.

"You must reserve your friendly congratulations," said she, "or rather, here comes the lady who has a claim thereto."

And there appeared a pretty little woman, to whom Brock was duly presented, and this was Mrs. Holden. Her lord and master followed, in a short time. Everybody was glad to welcome the returned wanderer, but before they had talked five minutes, said wanderer lost what little presence of mind remained to him, for he heard Mr. Holden address his lady guest as Miss Vane—she was not married!

When the two gentlemen were alone over their wine, after dinner, Brock could no longer restrain himself, but when he began to ask questions, Holden turned as savage as a bear.

"Who told you she was married?" asked he.

"Her aunt wrote that she was to be——"

"Her aunt be — happy — you know she was married herself again, last year, that brute of a Crosby having good-naturedly died."

"And—and Miss Vane——"

"Has been teaching school since she came back from Europe, three years since——"

"What?"

"Yes! See here, Master Brock, I feel convinced that you have, in some way, been a precious ass! Now, tell me the story, for, intimate as Clara is with us, we have never dared open our lips."

So Brock told about the aunt's letter, and when he had finished, Holden gave him a bit of very startling information — the ten thousand dollars he had received, soon after reaching Australia, had come from Clara Vane.

"So you had better pay your debts," said the lawyer. "There's the lady, now, in the garden, if you like to ease your conscience."

I scarcely think Brock deserved his happiness, for, do you know, that foolish Clara forgave him!

"If you had only written," he said.

"I could not do that," she answered, "but I could wait for your eyes to be opened—have you learned to trust me, at last?"

And Brock—but it is useless to tell you what he said or did—you can easily fancy his state of mind! They were married in a month—that was several years since, and, if complete happiness can increase, it seems to me theirs does, as time goes on. And, to my eyes, nay! to those of most people, his wife is still as beautiful as when he first saw her, the WOODLAND NYMPH!

GATHERING LILIES

BY WINNIE BELL.

Down by the hill where the woodland brook
  Softly babbles its silvery song,
Where the sunbeams fall in a sheltered nook,
  And the birds chant merrily all day long,
'Mid the living green of the mossy dell,
We seek where the lily hangs its bell.

There is Maud, with her eyes of sunny blue,
  And laughing Minnie, tender and fair,
There is Kate the stately, Jennie the true,
  Proud Jean, and Rilla with golden hair.
But gayest of all in the woodland dell,
Is the dainty, dark-eyed, rollicking Nell.

With rippling laugh and song of glee,
  They gather the lily bells so fair,
Then merrily under the spreading tree,
  Weave garlands bright for their shining hair.
But the fairest lily of all the dell,
To me, is the tender, winsome Nell.

Ah, lady Nell! let me whisper low,
  You are the lily my heart would seek.
The blushes that crimson the brow of snow,
  Make answer when shy lips dare not speak,
And queen of my heart in the woodland dell,
I crown my treasure of light, my Nell.

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THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER VI.

THAT was the beginning, and it was such a fanciful, artless sort of beginning, that it was impossible that anything ceremonious should follow. Phil laughed a little herself, as she crossed the threshold, and went to seat herself on the chair he placed for her. Her companion did not sit down. He remained standing near the mantel, and looked down at her, with an admiration so evident, that, in another man, it would have been trying. In him, however, it was altogether a different matter.

"Do you know," he said, "that I was half afraid you would not come?"

"If it had not been for Governor, I should not have come," she answered.

"Governor?" he repeated, questioningly.

"I mean my father," she explained. "I forgot you would not understand. And you don't understand even now," she added, quickly. "You think it sounds like slang, but it is not slang, at all. I began to call him 'Governor,' when I was a little child—too young to know that it was odd—and somehow I have learned to like the name, because I have used it so long, that it seems like an old friend."

"You are very fond of your father," he remarked.

She answered him with quite a proud little air. She was glad he had asked her. It is not unlikely that she had her own vague doubts of certain things, she was always so sensitively eager to defend her father against any breath of doubt in others.

"I am more than fond of him," she said. "Fond is not the kind of word to use. Nobody could help being 'fond' of him—even people who saw him very seldom."

"Cousin Dorothy," Wilfred was beginning, when Phil turned upon him quite sharply.

"What could *she* say to you about him?" she said. She does not know him, at all."

"She knows something of him," he returned. "And she has heard that he is a wonderfully handsome man, and—well, very different from ordinary men."

Phil's face softened. She was rather suspicious of Mrs. Dorothy Oswald, even more suspicious than she had been of Wilfred Carnegie. She had the natural feminine feeling, that she would rather do battle with a man than with a woman.

"I am glad she told you that," she said. "I was—at least—we have been very unfortunate," straightening her pretty figure. "And there are people, who, perhaps, misunderstand him."

Boyish and unworldly as he was, Wilfred Carnegie did not misunderstand. He had heard more of Philip Fairfax than Mrs. Oswald had told him; and the look in the girl's bright, disturbed eyes moved him. He drew a great many rapid conclusions. If she had ever had a suspicion of the man's selfish weakness, she had never acknowledged its existence to herself. She had borne deprivation and humiliation, and had blamed herself for being stung by them. Certainly, she had never blamed Philip Fairfax. Her affection had been as blind and faithful as her mother's

So, being the best of chivalrous young fellows, his heart was more deeply warmed and touched, by his recognition of this fact, than by anything else.

By the time Mrs. Oswald appeared, they had made rapid progress towards actual friendliness, and Phil was beginning to look pleased. Unconsciously, she had been led into making a good many revelations concerning her past, and to these revelations Wilfred Carnegie had listened, with the deepest of interest. He had discovered, too, that this pretty girl, who had seen so much of a queer and questionable side of the world, had not been spoiled by her experience. Hers was not the nature to be easily contaminated. She was impetuous and transparent—too impetuous to be anything but transparent. In fact, she only puzzled him once, and this was, when she spoke, in the course of conversation, of Mr. Ernest Duval.

"Ernest was with us, then," she remarked, and suddenly stopped, as if intending to check herself.

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"Ernest?" her listener repeated, and immediately wished that he had not spoken.

Phil's manner changed at once. Her reply sounded almost hard in its coldness.

"He was a friend of my father," she said. "We have known him a long time."

She recovered her complaisance shortly, however, and was very bright and amusing. She charmed even Mrs. Dorothy Oswald, who, being a discreet woman, had naturally trembled for the daughter of that family bugbear, Philip Fairfax. When chance gave Mrs. Dorothy the opportunity, she laid her hand upon Wilfred Carnegie's shoulder, smiling placidly.

"She is a nice, natural little thing," she said. "Rash and impulsive on occasion, one can easily fancy, but lovable and so pretty—so pretty!"

"Pretty!" echoed Wilfred, looking at Phil, who was at the other end of the room. "She is youth, and bloom, and beauty, and—and the rest of it embodied. I can assure you, Cousin Dorothy, I can feel already that I am falling in love—yes, in love with her," laughing in his brightest way.

The day closed pleasantly enough for Phil. It would not be hard to stay here at least, and Wilfred Carnegie had utterly disarmed her. He had even made her forget things, the remembrance of which would have rendered her miserable. At nineteen it is not difficult to lose sight of one's troubles for a while. Phil forgot almost everything, this evening, but that Brackencleugh was more than she had expected to find it, and that these people seemed actually fond of her.

"If I had been born here how happy I should have been," she said to herself, as she went to her room. "If I had only been born here, and it was ours—Governor's and mine."

CHAPTER VII.

Afterwards, it seemed to her, that she lived for weeks, in a comfortable kind of dream. Stately as the house was, and little as she was used to stateliness, it was not long before she felt more at home than she had ever done in her life before.

"I really cannot remember," said Wilfred Carnegie, looking at her reflectively, one day, "what we did when you were not with us. It must have been deplorably dull, whether we were conscious of the fact, or not."

Perhaps, upon the whole, it was Wilfred Carnegie who made the place seem so home-like. It was one of his peculiarities to fit into places himself. Here, it really seemed to Phil, he must have spent all his life. Secretly, she was of the opinion, that Brackencleugh would have been dull without him. He seemed to drive the shadows out of the house, and counteract the rather silencing influence of its size and grandeur. He filled the rooms he frequented, with pleasant litter and pleasant sound. His ringing laugh was to be heard everywhere. His music was upon this table, and upon that, his violin invaded the most imposing apartment.

The friendship, which was gradually established between Phil and himself, was a very youthful sort of feeling. There was no ceremony about its expression. "He is such a boy!" said Phil, tolerantly, from the heights of her maturness. But she liked him very much, and her liking grew day by day. They took long stretches of walks together, they climbed the hill sides, and exulted in being blown about by the spring breezes; they found picturesque woods in almost inaccessible places, and took possession of them, as two romantic children might have done. Wilfred's boat, upon the Loch, was brought into active service, and Phil took lessons in rowing, and steering, and the rest of it. She learned to ride, and grew fresh, and strong, and rosy. Of course she had her dark days, in which her London letters troubled her, and a certain stinging sense of humiliation took possession of her.

"Ah!" he said, once. "You have had a letter. I see—you are in such a bad temper."

It was a thoughtless speech, and exasperating enough to Philippa, who saw the truth it contained. She reddened.

"Yes," she said, "that is true. I am in a bad temper; but you have no right to tell me so—for you are the only person who is to blame."

"I?" he exclaimed. "Pray, what have I done? Where is the fairness in that?"

"There is no fairness in it," answered Phil—"it isn't fair, at all—it is very unfair." And she turned away, and left him amazed, and was so haughty, and incomprehensible, and unlike herself, for a day or so, that she almost drove him wild, and, several times, wounded him far more deeply than she fancied.

But they made friends again, as they always did; and, in fact, Phil's advances towards reconciliation were of so charming a nature, that Wilfred's heart was stirred quite in a novel way.

"I think I must have a vixenish sort of temper," she said, among other things. "I really believe I have—and I have a great many things to try me. I have had things to try me, all my life. When I am cross, don't notice me. I don't deserve to be noticed, and it only makes me worse. I never liked any one as much—I mean I never had a friend like you, before, Wil, and I cannot afford to lose you."

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"Oh!" said Wil, with a trifle of impatient appeal in his voice, "why couldn't you leave it as it was? It would have been so delightful, for a fellow to think you liked him better than other people—even if it was only in a friendly way."

They were on the top of their favorite hill, Phil sitting upon a mossy rock fragment, and Wilfred stretched upon the thick grass, at her feet: so, when he looked up, he had a full view of her face, saw, at once, the change that fell upon it, the shadow of unrest and pain, that crept into her eyes, as she looked far out upon the Loch, below.

"I never have liked any one so much, in a friendly way," she said. "That was what I meant."

He watched her, for a moment, and then his own eyes fell, and wandered towards the expanse of blue, beneath.

"Then," he said, "I ought to be a very grateful fellow, Phil." And yet, while he meant what he said, he was suddenly conscious of feeling vaguely disappointed. Shortly, Phil spoke again.

"Let us make a kind of agreement," she said. "Let us agree never to quarrel—really. When I am cross, you will promise not to condescend to notice me, and I will promise to come and ask you to shake hands, the very minute I begin to feel as if I could listen to reason."

The whimsicality of the idea struck him pleasantly.

"What a fantastic little soul you are!" he said, laughing. "How could any one help being fond of you?"

"They could help it very easily," she answered. "I am not fond of myself, and I know myself very much better than you know me. Will you promise?"

"Yes, I will."

"And in real, honest earnest, too?"

"In the best of honest earnest."

"Then we will shake hands now, if you please," and she held hers out to him.

He took it, and held it delightedly, touched by her frank air.

"It is a very pretty hand," he said, not flippantly, but with quite a tender deference. "I will kiss it, Cousin Philippa, because I am in such very good earnest, indeed."

And kiss it he did, and I think she liked him the better for it, because it was so kindly and chivalrously done.

She had had reason enough for her mental irritation. It was rather hard, when she had so nearly forgotten her troubles, to be rasped afresh. She had almost begun to believe that there had been no humiliating past, and the future was to be all Brackencleugh, when her father's letter came, and this was how his letter terminated:

"How is it, my dear, that you so rarely mention Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. This is hardly fair, Phil. You give me glorious descriptions of Mrs. Oswald, and of Brackencleugh, and of the Loch, and the heather, and the rowan trees, and a variety of other charming things. Why not a glowing description of Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, who should be the most interesting object of all? A man who is as lucky as Mr. Wilfred Carnegie must necessarily be interesting. Let me hear if this is not so. I, myself, am deeply interested in this fortunate individual."

When Phil's answer arrived, Fairfax smiled over it. He had sufficient experience to find it very suggestive.

"I don't say anything about Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, because I have nothing particular to say," she wrote. "He is very good-natured, and very kind to me. I suppose he is, what you might call, a genius. He plays the violin beautifully, and paints lovely, bright, little pictures; and he sings well, and talks well; in fact, he does a number of things well. Most people admire him. We are good enough friends, though sometimes we quarrel. I think I like him as well as I like Mrs. Oswald."

Reading this last sentence, Philip Fairfax's smile became a laugh.

"'I think I like him as well as I like Mrs. Oswald,'" he repeated. "My charming Phil! How exquisitely young you are—even for your years! I wonder what Mrs. Dorothy Oswald thinks?"

Mrs. Dorothy Oswald thought a great many things. She was a gentle woman, who was prone to quiet reflection at all times. She was becoming very fond of Phil, and she began to suspect that her nephew was also. Her interest deepened, as she gradually learned something definite of Phil's past. It was natural that she should learn something definite by degrees, silent as Phil had chosen to be at first. She was too young not to be talkative, occasionally, and Wilfred was never tired of drawing her out. There were occasions, however, when she suddenly checked herself, in the middle of a story.

"The rest is stupid," she said, impatiently, the first time she was guilty of the inconsistency. "It is all stupid, in fact. I don't know why I began."

The truth was, she had unwittingly been betrayed into beginning a little anecdote, which would have led her into saying what might, she

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thought, lead her hearers to misunderstand Mr. Philip Fairfax.

"Ah!" said Wilfred, to Mrs. Dorothy, afterwards, "I am out of patience with that fellow. I lose my temper whenever I hear his name mentioned. He is a dishonorable scamp—and yet, see how fond she is of him."

"Philip Fairfax?" said Mrs. Dorothy, quietly.

"Yes," he answered, pushing his hair back from his knotted forehead, and beginning to walk up and down the room impatiently. "I had heard enough of him before, but when she begins to talk, I hear more. Because she is only a girl, she tells more than she is conscious of. Do you know what he is—this same Philip Fairfax?"

"A gentleman of leisure," said Mrs. Dorothy, in serene irony.

"Yes, a gentleman of leisure—a fellow who lives by his wits—a professed gambler. He goes to Vienna, you see, and to Baden, and to Paris; he goes here, and there, and everywhere; and he takes this 'Ernest,' (a rascal, like himself, this 'Ernest',) and drags his daughter about with him. Figure to yourself how she has lived, Cousin Dorothy! a beautiful. young creature—nothing but a child—no woman with her—no girl friends—dingy lodgings and questionable hotels—and this 'Ernest' making himself entirely at home, at all times. A desirable acquaintance, Monsieur Ernest, for a pretty, defenceless girl," vehemently.

"You like 'this Ernest' less than all the rest," remarked Mrs. Dorothy.

"Yes, less than the rest," with still more vehemence. "You see it is plain that he is a consummate scoundrel, and an abominable puppy, and—and—." But there he stopped and wheeled round, and met Mrs. Dorothy's eye, with a naive air of recognition; and, finally, he broke into a gay, good-humored laugh. "Well," he said, "and why not? You mean that I am jealous. And why should I not be jealous? Who wouldn't be? I *am* jealous, perhaps. A man is often jealous very early—even before he is anything else." And he laughed again, and looked a little conscious, but not at all ashamed of himself.

"I don't blame you for being jealous," said Mrs. Dorothy. "And I should not blame you for being 'anything else,' as you put it. It would only be natural."

"Yes, it would," he said. "It would only be natural. She is a lovable little thing, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is lovable."

"And, if a man wants beauty," with an air of reflection, "where do you see more of it? Look at her eyes—you must have noticed her eyes, Cousin Dorothy—though I am not quite certain about the color of them. Take the whole of her proud little face—the fire, and the tint, and the—well, the rest of it. Some day, I intend to paint a picture of her. It would be only natural that a man should soon learn to be fond of her. That is why I have such a particular objection to this ubiquitous Ernest. I *have* an objection to him—a rooted objection. I should like—" with charming frankness—"I should like, if possible, to thrash him. I feel as if he had done me an injury."

CHAPTER VIII.

Certainly, Wilfred Carnegie found no future reason for entertaining a better opinion of Philip Fairfax; and, in the course of time, he had the best of reasons for entertaining a worse one. Her father's letters still continued to have a bad effect upon Phil. On certain occasions, Wilfred fancied she had been crying over them.

She had been at Brackencleugh three months, when an epistle arrived, which seemed to disturb her more than any previous one. Wilfred was in the room, when she received it, and, as soon as she had glanced at the first page, she left her seat, and went up stairs, and the glimpse Wilfred caught of her face, as the door closed, did not add to his mental tranquility.

The fact of the matter was, that, at length, one of Mr. Fairfax's creditors had managed to outdo the rest, in vigilance; and the result was, that that ingenuous gentleman was arrested for debt.

He was not much disturbed, however. He treated the matter with his usual whimsical grace, in writing of it, and did not seem at all depressed.

"The truth is, my dear," he said, airily, "I naturally feel that our condition is not, by any means, hopeless, so long as we have friends, like these people at Brackencleugh. One instinctively turns to such estimable and delightfully lucky persons. But, at the same time, I would advise discretion, since indiscretion might be fatal to our future interests. If you feel that you have the kind of influence, which it would be safe to use in the present emergency—use it, but by no means use it rashly. And I would advise that, if you decide to apply to either of our friends, apply to Mrs. Dorothy. Young men—such young men as Mr. Wilfred Carnegie—are apt to be fastidious."

Phil read this affectionately fastidious appeal to the end, and then crushed it in her hand, almost tragically, her cheeks burning with hot blushes.

"I did not think," she said, "I did not think

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it could have come to this. I did not think he would have done it."

She burst into tears, as she spoke—angry tears—tears of indignation and shame. For the first time in her life, she experienced a definite feeling of rebellion against her father. If she had rebelled before, it had only been the ghost of a rebellion, crushed back into the secret places of her heart. But now, the force of the feeling, roused within her, almost frightened her.

"He expects me to ask them for money," she said, again. "And he takes it for granted that—that I have the right to do it—coolly."

That she need only ask for anything she required, or fancied she required, she knew; but the knowledge only added to her bitterness of spirit. Often, during the past three months, she had found herself blushing at certain of her recollections. What was she, after all, but a kind of traitor to these two generous, affectionate natures? She had come to them, at the very beginning, with a plot against their happiness in her heart—a plot, too wild and chimerically bad to succeed, in her girlish, innocent hands, but still, a plot. The night she had told her father that she would accept Mrs. Dorothy's invitation to Brackencleugh, she had done so, because she had suddenly seized upon the desperate, romantic fancy of revenging herself on Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, after the manner of divers heroines, of certain three-volumed novels she had read. And it had been her father, who had suggested the plan—absurd and youthful as it was. It was by no means absurd, however, in Philip Fairfax's hands. In his eyes, Wilfred Carnegie was simply a promising investment, and the whole affair was a most admirable business venture, merely requiring tact. Here, on one hand, was Phil—or rather, here he was himself, since Phil was a subservient element—something must be done for Phil, or rather, for the element represented by her; and here, on the other hand, was a young man, who had been lucky enough, and clever enough, to win what might have been their own, but for his most undesirable existence. Why, then, should not this individual be made useful, under these adverse circumstances? It was natural that he should wish to marry somebody; and why not Phil? Apart from paternal partiality, Mr. Fairfax was complacently conscious of the fact, that Phil was a decidedly attractive young person. She was well born, and reasonably well educated; she was pretty; she was ingenuous; she was unselfish. Nine men out of ten would fall in love with her, promptly, and it was impossible that the tenth should do otherwise than admire her. "I admire her myself," said Mr. Fairfax, with praiseworthy frankness. "And Ernest, who was far too thoroughly a man of the world, to be susceptible—Ernest would not have been unlikely to act like a madman, at one period of his existence, if I had allowed him." Then, why should not Mr. Wilfred, who could afford to marry a portionless beauty, without acting like a madman, why should not this Mr. Wilfred marry her? And why should not Philippa accept the invitation to Brackencleugh, and thus gain the opportunity to present her charms for inspection?

Thus simple was Mr. Fairfax's mode of reasoning. But Phil arrived at her conclusion in a different, and less practical manner—a manner, perhaps, not uninfluenced by the laudable teaching of the three-volumed fictions, before mentioned. It is not impossible that she had argued, after the manner of heroines, in the excitement of the moment. Poor, passionate, misguided, little soul! The grumbling sexton's clods had buried more than the little ring that morning, or it seemed to her that such was the case. She was miserable, and sore-hearted, and it was quite natural that she should feel cynical and reckless, since she was of too high a spirit to be crushed. She was full of scorn for her false lover, full of scorn for herself, full of scorn for the whole world. The love she had read about, and thought of in secret, the love she knew she had surely seen in one man's eyes, the love poets rhymed and prose writers raved about, was a cheat and a sham—a mockery to be bought and sold. There was nothing left. And then had come this sudden fear for her father. *He* loved her at least, and if she was to lose him too —! And it was in her power to make him happier, perhaps, to save him altogether. If Mr. Wilfred Carnegie fancied, in the future, that he had loved her, and was willing to make her his wife—why not? There was no such thing as real love—it could only be a fancy. It could not hurt him much to be deceived into imagining that he had won her heart. Yes, she would sacrifice herself for Governor.

So she had come to Brackencleugh, and once there, somehow or other the fresh, sweet air cooled and cleared her excited young brain, and brought her to her senses, before she was aware of it. And when she saw Wilfred himself, and learned to like him, the foolish, feverish fancies evaporated, like mist before the sun. She began to enjoy her life girlishly. She forgot to be tragic or sentimental. She would have been happier than ever, if Governor had been well and comfortable.

"It makes me despise myself," she said, crushing the letter in her hands, "but that is not the

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worst. I have despised myself before. It makes me despise him!" And that was the worst. Of late her faith in him had been shaken more than once. Her intercourse with people ruled by a stricter code of honor than the one to which she had been accustomed, had rendered her sensitive. Still she had tried hard to excuse him. To-day she could excuse him no longer.

"It is the cruelest thing he could have done! Ah! Governor," mournfully, "how could you?"

She was in a bitter strait, indeed. Nothing but money would be of any use; and how could she ask for money?

"I cannot," she said. "I will not!" and then she cried again.

Both Mrs. Dorothy and Wilfred saw the traces of her tears, when she came down stairs again. The latter, towards evening, went to Mrs. Dorothy in great disquiet of mind.

"I cannot stand this, you know," he said. "She is evidently in trouble. Would it be safe for a fellow to throw himself upon her mercy, and ask her if there is nothing he can do?"

Mrs. Dorothy looked grave.

"If I felt sure of her, I would speak myself," she said, "but I am not sure. I have gradually discovered that she shrinks from speaking of her father before me. She is beginning to doubt him herself, and instinct has taught her that I have doubted him from the first. It is unfortunate, but natural. No—" speculatively: then added,

"I will leave her to you, Wilfred. You are young enough to have a chance of success. Not that she is not fond of me, too."

"Do you really think," said Wilfred, somewhat slowly, "that she is at all fond of *me?*"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dorothy, without hesitation. "She is very fond of you—in an unsentimental way."

Wilfred made a rueful grimace.

"Oh!" he said, "in an unsentimental way."

"Certainly," Mrs. Dorothy remarked. "She is not a sentimental girl."

"No," the young man agreed, "she is not."

When he returned to the room, in which he had left Phil, he found her standing at a window, watching the rain. He joined her, feeling dubious and hesitant, but when he saw her face, he received a shock which acted as an impetus upon him. The tears he had seen standing in her eyes at dinner, had fallen, and her cheeks were wet with them. Being the tender-hearted, impressionable, young fellow he was, the sight moved him beyond power of self control. He bent forward, and took possession of her hand.

"My dear Phil," he said, "this is not fair!"

"Not fair!" she echoed, with a listless, helpless, little effort at a smile. "I don't know why it isn't. It is fair enough to be miserable, when you have something to be miserable about. You see I don't say I am not miserable, and I don't say I am not crying. I *am* miserable—and it has made me cry; but why that is not fair I cannot comprehend."

"If I had a trouble—" Wilfred began.

"I am not you," she announced, with rather unnecessary exactness of statement. "I wish I were—then everything would be easy enough."

She drew her hand from his, and turned to the window, with a movement almost impatient.

Wilfred was slightly discouraged.

"I was going to say," he proceeded, "that if I had a trouble, I should not try to hide it, from the persons most interested in me."

"You would, if it was such a trouble as mine," she answered, in sudden heat. "You would if —if it was a sort of disgrace."

"Disgrace!" he echoed, firing himself at the mere sound of the word. "What has disgrace to do with you, or you with disgrace! You must not speak of disgrace, Philippa, and conceal the rest. That is a word that gives me the right to ask questions of you."

Her cheek warmed a little. She could not help liking his grandly protecting air. She was not used to protection, and he spoke as if he felt a sense of proprietorship in her—as if what touched her must also touch him.

He looked quite heroic in his chivalrous excitement. He was flushed and eager. Phil was dimly conscious of admiring him in a new way. She invariably succumbed to him.

"Perhaps I ought not to have said disgrace," she faltered.

"I hope not," he returned. "But since you did say it, I must ask you to tell me why. Who has a better right to ask your confidence than I have, Philippa?"

"As to that," she answered, bitterly, "there is no one on earth, who has the right to ask it at all. I do not belong to anybody, and nobody cares. Why should they? It is not as if I had been like other girls."

"Does that mean that I have no right, and that you cannot trust me?" he asked.

"It does not mean that I cannot trust you," she said.

"Then if you can trust me, I shall assume the right. Don't be hard on me, when I am so much in earnest, Phil," going back to his old boyish mode of appeal. "You cannot say I do not care. If you will only tell me what your trouble is, you must know that you may order me about to an unlimited extent. Don't be hard on a fellow, Phil."

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Notwithstanding her misery, she laughed.

"Hard on you," she said. "Who is hard on you, you foolish boy. If I am hard on you, I am hard on Cousin Dorothy, too. I have not told her."

For an instant he paused, regarding her with a look, which startled and confused her. It seemed as if he was asking himself a mental question, and perhaps asking her one too.

"That is a different side of the matter," he said, at last. "I will answer you in your own words. I am not Cousin Dorothy. If I were, everything would be easy enough."

She laughed again, but it was very uneasily this time. She began to be more wretched than before. With her father's letter fresh in her memory, she was not in the mood to listen patiently to speeches so significant. She shrank from them, with a feeling of humiliation.

"If you will give me time to think," she stammered, in her anxiety to change the subject. "I may come to you for help. If I ask any one for help, I will promise that it shall be you—even rather than Cousin Dorothy."

He could advance no further than this. She began to be hard to manage. He had made a blunder of which he was not conscious. She cut short his first effort to speak.

"Let us go into the other room," she said. "I do not want to talk. Come and play for me."

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Dorothy came to Wilfred, with an open letter in her hand.

"Here is a whimsical coincidence," she said. "This, letter from my friend Mr. Farquhar, who is in Edinburgh, has given me all the information we need concerning Mr. Fairfax, who is in London. It is the key to Philippa's unhappy mind. You may read it." And she gave it to him.

It was indeed a coincidence, fanciful enough. For writing to his old friend, Mrs. Oswald, Mr. Farquhar had accidentally mentioned certain unpleasant rumors he had heard, in connection with Mr. Philip Fairfax.

"You remember how we first met him," he said. "Duval had had some slight acquaintance with him, and introduced him. He is a charming fellow, but as of course, you know, a disreputable scamp. It was not long before we began to make discoveries, and since then of course we have seen nothing of him. It appears astonishing that he should have eluded his creditors so long. I hear that he has a daughter. I wonder what the poor girl will do, during his detention. Ernest mentions having seen her, and from his chance remarks I imagine that she has inherited a dangerous gift of good looks and high spirit. Poor girl, indeed!"

"Well," said Mrs. Dorothy, when Wilfred looked up, "What is to be done?"

He did not answer her question.

"Who is Duval," he asked.

"Duval is the man who married Isabel Farquhar," was the answer.

"And 'Ernest' is Duval again?"

A troubled light was kindled in Mrs. Dorothy's eyes.

"Yes."

Wilfred began to show symptoms of excitement.

"Then," with a hot flush of anger and vehement disgust, "here is the ubiquitous Ernest again. The gambling puppy, who lounged about the country with Fairfax, is the man who has married Miss Farquhar, and tells her friends that he knew him slightly. Why! the deuce take him! he spent years with him, and was actually his accomplice in all his rascalities!"

"That must be true," Mrs. Oswald answered, "but until this moment the idea of such a possibility never once occurred to me—perhaps because I have never seen the man, and have only heard his name once before."

"It is a nice affair for the Farquhars," said Wilfred, "and it is a nice affair for us. It is specially pleasant to reflect that Mr. Ernest Duval was Philippa's most intimate acquaintance. I detest the fellow! I loathe his very name!"

He almost lost sight of Philip Fairfax, in his perturbation of spirit. He could only think of the man who had spent years in the most familiar intercourse with Philippa herself. It was impossible that he should not have loved her, if love were possible for such men, Wilfred thought. And was it likely that the fancy should have been all on one side?

"There is only one way in which we can relieve her," Mrs. Dorothy said. "We must pay the money."

"Yes," he answered, rousing himself reluctantly, "the money must be paid of course."

His disgust was so evident that Mrs. Dorothy smiled.

"Surely you are not beginning to distrust Philippa," she said. "How absurd!"

"Philippa!" exclaimed Winfred. "No, no! That would be absurd, as you say. Why should I distrust her?" And immediately began to wonder if, under his restless feeling of jealous discomfort, there had, after all, lurked the unrecognized ghost of a misapprehension. Mrs. Dorothy, however, was troubled with no such fancies. She returned to business, like a sensible woman.

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"The matter must be settled finally," she said, "if we are to purchase peace for Philippa."

"Yes," answered Wilfred, rather gloomily. "I must go to London and have an interview with the fellow myself. He will make as much out of us as possible, of course, but we must submit to his trickery for Phil's sake."

They talked the affair over, and decided upon the course to pursue, before they parted. Wilfred was to go to London, as he had proposed, and obtain an interview with Philip Fairfax, with the object of gaining information as to the extent of his liabilities. Said liabilities were to be discharged, and certain small sums placed at his disposal, on condition that Phil was not informed of the transaction.

"A romantic state of affairs enough," said Wilfred, shrugging his shoulders. "He will laugh at us in his sleeve—but it is for her sake, as I said."

The next morning, to Philippa's surprise, and perhaps somewhat to her relief, Wilfred left Brackencleugh. When he announced his intention of going, they were at breakfast, and Phil looked up at him, and then down at her plate, and colored slightly. It seemed strange that he should go so soon after their conversation. It was not like him to have forgotten so early his own importunities and her promise. But curious as she felt, she made no remark, and managed to avoid being alone with him, during the hours intervening between the meal and his departure.

Mrs. Dorothy was in the room when he bade Phil good bye.

"I will be home by the end of the week, if I am not unexpectedly detained," he said.

Phil watched his departure from one of the windows, and when the carriage was out of sight, turned to Mrs. Dorothy, with a diplomatic little pretense at a yawn.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" she remarked.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dorothy. "He did not discover the necessity of the journey until yesterday."

Phil made no reply. She began to wonder why he had not mentioned it before, if he had known yesterday. It was the first time she had known him to show reticence upon a subject, since their acquaintance had begun.

She spent the morning in writing to her father, and when she had completed her letter, she saw that it was written in a new tone. Heretofore, she had written girlish, affectionate epistles, full of tender protestations and anxiety for the recipient's health and comfort. There were no protestations in this one, and no terms of endearment.

"It sounds like a woman's letter," she said, after she had read it over, "I never wrote one like it before." And she sealed it with a regretful sigh.

The day following Wilfred Carnegie's arrival in London, Mr. Fairfax amazed his landlady by returning to his deserted apartments, with the manner of a gentleman who had merely vacated them for the purpose of paying a friend a brief visit. On the evening of the same day, Wilfred himself appeared.

Mr. Philip Fairfax arose from his easy chair, in all the becoming comfort of tasteful dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, and welcomed his guest with an air that was grace and high-bred ease itself. Winfred had not expected to see such refined physical beauty, such readiness of apropros speech. And then the man was plainly ill—far more frail than even Phil's anxiousness had led him to suppose. The hand he extended had a painful beauty and transparency. Wilfred softened as he touched it, and began to feel ashamed of himself.

"Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," said Fairfax, "and to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie I am indebted for my release."

Wilfred bowed, and took the chair a gesture had assigned to him.

"It would be impossible for me to express my sense of obligation as I should wish," said Fairfax. "I feel, however, that you will understand what I *wish* to say—but cannot." From that moment, Wilfred understood Phil's innocent admiration and affection. On his own part he began to find his errand an ungracious one. How was he to explain that he had come merely as a matter of business—that knowing Mr. Philip Fairfax to be a polished knave, nothing but his regard and pity for Philippa would have induced him to seek him, or stretch out a helping hand—that it was Philippa, and Philippa alone, whom he considered, and for whose sake he did this thing. It was difficult to be even decently practical and business like.

"I come partially on Mrs. Oswald's behalf," he said.

"Partially?"

"Partially upon my own!" said Wilfred, coloring a little, and feeling as if he was revealing himself in a manner he had not intended. "Perhaps," he added, in a momentary impulse of annoyance, "perhaps it would be more honest to admit, that, while Miss Fairfax is quite ignorant of my purpose in coming here, Mrs. Oswald and myself have been led to decide upon acting as we do, solely in consideration for her feelings."

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Having spoken thus candidly, he was conscious that the rest would be easier. Fairfax smiled faintly, and bent his head.

"Solely on Philippa's account?" he observed "Then I must also thank Philippa."

"Pardon me," said Wilfred, impatient again, "but our purpose is to spare Miss Fairfax as much as possible, and you must excuse us for making it a condition that she is told nothing."

"A condition?" in a delicate tone of suggestion Wilfred hesitated no longer, but plunged into the matter at once. He was anxious to get it over; and he had surmounted his first stumbling block, with such unexpected ease, aided by his temporary warmth, that he was prepared for smaller difficulties, if they should arise.

"It was not through Miss Fairfax we heard the story of your embarrassments," he explained. "Mrs. Oswald gained her information through the merest chance, and gaining it at the time she did, it was a solution to Mrs. Fairfax's evident depression of spirits. We have become much attached to Miss Fairfax," conscious vexatiously of self-revelation as before, and conscious, too, of a certain repressed smile on the fair, handsome face on the other side of the fire. "We have begun to regard her as one of ourselves—we should be more than reluctant to part with her, and we are specially reluctant to remain inactive, when it would be possible to relieve her from a weight of anxiety, by any effort or sacrifice on our part She has been unhappy, and unlike herself, and discovering the cause of her unhappiness, we desire to remove it. I came here for the purpose of learning what your liabilities are, and, if possible, of discharging them; and thus setting Miss Fairfax at rest. I have expressed myself as frankly as possible, and trust you will be equally frank."

For the first time in his life, perhaps, Philip Fairfax was found unprepared. He was astounded, and it was his very knowledge of the world, which lay at the root of his astonishment. He had hoped to make use of these people, but such lavishness as this took him at a disadvantage.

"I find it difficult to assure myself that you are entirely serious," he almost stammered. "This—such a course is certainly very unusal and—and generous."

"We are quite aware that it is unusual," said Wilfred. "We even know that it appears somewhat romantic, as a plan; but we have determined that ordinary obstacles shall not stand in our way."

From first to last, he was conscious that his older companion was weighing him serenely in a balance of his own, and the consciousness was not an agreeable one. Every glance towards him, every smile, held a secret meaning. The annoying suspicion that he was being forced tos peak more plainly than he had intended, continually haunted him.—Choose his words as he might, the man seemed to be weighing each one as he uttered it, and translating it with secret enjoyment. Certainly, Mr. Wilfred Carnegie was no match for Mr. Philip Fairfax. He was not cool enough, there was too much youthful fire and impetuousness in his nature, and he was too much interested in Philippa.

Before the interview was at an end, any doubts Fairfax might have had previously were banished. He was blissfully at ease. If Philippa was not in love with this young man, at least this young man was most chivalrously disposed towards Philippa; and certainly he was the sort of a young fellow to win upon any girl. He had beauty, wealth, and a decided personal charm, and it was evident that he was susceptible, and full of youthful sentiment. Mr. Fairfax smiled inwardly, at the idea of Phil's being able to resist such a heroic air, and such attraction. This was a prince after Phil's own heart. They would marry each other, these two young people, and would be very happy, for they would have plenty of money, which was all Mr. Philip Fairfax thought was requisite to make people happy. When Carnegie concluded his business, Wilfred rose to go. Mr. Fairfax referred again to Philippa.

"There was no message from Philippa," he said.

"None—naturally enough. You remember that Miss Fairfax knew nothing of the object of my journey."

"Your delicacy is as unusual as your generosity," said Fairfax. "For my part, I confess, your caution against my mentioning, to Philippa, the obligation you have placed me under, was quite necessary. You feel sure that—"

"We feel sure that it will be better to keep the secret to ourselves—to let it remain a secret," interposed Wilfred, growing impatient, as usual, under the subtly suggested question in the man's tone. "Philippa—Miss Fairfax—will be happier, if she hears nothing of the affair. Explain it as best you can. You might intimate that it was some old acquaintance—that fellow Duval, for instance."

A curious expression crossed Fairfax's face, at this unconscious revelation of the fact, that his visitor had not only heard of Duval, but had

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heard of him in a manner which had caused him to remember him. The mere idea, suggested such lack of discretion on Phil's part, that her father felt constrained to invent a diplomatic lie promptly.

"Duval?" he remarked. "Ah! you mean the Duval, who married Miss Farquhar. Duval won't do, however. I must try some more plausible explanation. Our acquaintance with Duval was not of a sufficiently intimate character to render him at all a likely individual."

Almost immediately he observed that he had overreached himself, and anathematized his folly. Wilfred bowed coldly.

"Then I have misunderstood Miss Fairfax," he said. "But of course it is a small matter Good evening."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TROUBLES OF AGE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

Yes! I am pretty old—just eighty-three,
I think, or four,
But, I have packed my traps to leave, when Death
Knocks at my door;
For life, you know, when you grow very old,
Becomes a bore.

It seems that I am punished every day
For all my sins,—
Snarler is cross, and often snaps at me
And bites my shins,
While Rover runs between my legs, and knocks
Me off my pins.

Ah! once I loved to watch the merry sports
Of boisterous boys;
I seemed once more to feel my youth again
With all its joys;
But now boys are a nuisance—for they make
Such horrid noise.

Once I delighted in my rod, or gun
And blooded dogs;
I wandered often over rugged hills
And marshy bogs,
And heard the sweet notes of the nightingale
And of the frogs.

Now, aching pains in every weary limb,
My bones harass;
I can no longer climb a hill, or wade
A deep morass,
And I should die if I would wander now
In the wet grass.

I love within the limpid spring to watch
The spotted trout,
As they play hide and seek along the bank,
And dart about,—
But then they always steal my bait, before
I pull them out.

And all the books that I once loved to read,
Have got so tame,
And do not seem to me as if they were
At all the same;
But maybe it is my poor aged head
That is to blame.

I always fall asleep when I would read,
So—'tis no use!
My brain, which once was bright, it seems, has grown
Dull and obtuse;
Yes! I have made the circle, and returned
To Mother Goose.

All the sweet pleasures of my youthful days,
Like dreams have fled;
My boon companions, maidens whom I loved,—
They all are dead;
And I feel weary now—I'll sip my tea,
And then—to bed.

ONLY A WOMAN.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

ONLY a woman, with lines of care,
Marking her face, once girlish and fair;
While the patient look in the tired eyes,
Shows how bravely the spirit tries:
Meekly, to bear the burden of life;
Calmly, to walk 'mid its pain and strife.

A faded woman—but the sad, pale face
Beareth yet, a lingering trace
Of the winning beauty, once its own,
Ere youth and happiness had flown;
Ere Time had touched her brow so fair,
Or sorrow left its footprints there.

The flowers that life's spring-time gave,
Are buried in their early grave:
And rude awakenings she has known;
For, cherish'd hopes fore'er have flown
Adown the yawning gulf of Time,
All blasted in their early prime.

Faded and old—yet, a woman still,
With a woman's place on earth to fill;
Then give her a smile, a word of cheer
To brighten her path, so lonely and drear:
For age and sorrow come to *all*,
Tho' no *great* shadow o'er us fall.

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DO YOU THINK SHE COULD?

BY KATHERINE F. WILLIAMS.

AUNT MARGARET descended from the stage with a severe countenance, which did not relax at sight of the cheerful tea-table; nor could all Lou's lively sallies summon a smile to her lips. She understood too well why the girl was in such spirits, and so pleased with every purchase she examined.

"What is the matter, Margaret?" asked Lou's mother, when they were alone a moment.

"Gerald Howe came up in the stage with me this afternoon," she answered.

"Is that all? why should you look so serious about it?"

"You don't seem to comprehend, Amelia," said Aunt Margaret, sharply. "You appear to think that things can go on in this way forever."

"Not forever, but till he is in a better position to marry."

"When will he be? Lou will wait, and wait, and keep on refusing every offer, just as she has done already—and by and by, when she is getting old and faded, he will marry somebody with money, and leave her to her fate."

"I hope it will not prove so bad as that," said Mrs. Elliot, smiling. "You look too much on the dark side of things."

It was the most natural thing in the world that Gerald Howe should take the Elliotts in the course of his evening stroll. Aunt Margaret was neither more cheerful nor more charitable, as she saw through the blinds the tall, well-made figure coming up the walk. "He is very good-looking!" she thought. "What a pity!" Other eyes, too, were watching from another window, hasty feet tripped down the stairs, a cloud of white muslin and blue ribbons floated into the parlor, and a young heart forgot awhile everything but its own happiness.

Aunt Margaret herself had never married, and there may have been passages in her experience which rendered her peculiarly apprehensive for Lou. Her heart was bound up in the girl, who, from earliest childhood, had been her pet and pride. Lou had grown up very pretty, she had a sweet temper, sweet manners, a hundred endearing ways. No future seemed too brilliant, too happy, to anticipate for her. Her engagement to Gerald Howe was far from satisfying the aunt's ambition, and the present aspect of affairs she could not contemplate with patience.

When, six months before, Gerald had released her from their engagement, Lou was almost heart-broken. To her, waiting looked so easy, compared with the bitter trial of renouncing. It seemed a mere trifle to give up ambition, to be satisfied with slender means and simple style of living; but she felt, instinctively, that Gerald would not be satisfied with them. He would not, as he told her, consent to bring her down in the world; and when he said it, something within warned her that she must not be less generous. And so it was decided that they were no longer engaged; however, they were of course to remain friends; the truest and tenderest of friends. Gerald returned to New York. But the lovers still kept up a correspondence, not very frequent, but regular. No one saw the letters, of course, but it was plain that they were long, and it could hardly be doubted that they were confidential. Aunt Margaret saw, the work she had considered done was still to be accomplished? And worse yet, Gerald himself had now appeared upon the scene. Of course, he had a right to come to the place if he chose; the hotels were open to every one, and Aunt Margaret had no authority to forbid him entrance to the Elliot house. There seemed no resource but to submit to the inevitable. But Aunt Margaret determined to make one last effort! She sought Lou, and expostulated kindly with her. It was of no avail.

"It may be as you say," Lou answered, while her eyes filled with tears. "But it makes no difference; I want you to understand that. If Gerald does not care for me, I shall stay as I am —I never could think of any other person." So the Aunt had the satisfaction of feeling that she had given a cruel wound to the one she loved best on earth, and had accomplished nothing by it.

Lou, as has been said, had plenty of admirers, and two among them speedily became something more. The first needs no special mention, but the second, Edgar Walton, was viewed with great good-will by the seniors of the family. Aunt Margaret, in particular, watched and waited, noting carefully every symptom. Edgar was decidedly good-looking; if his face were rather grave in repose, it brightened all the more pleasantly when he smiled. He had the manners of a

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gentleman, and though rather quiet, was not unsocial. He was doing well in his profession, of which, however, he was quite independent, and his character was unblemished. If Lou could only fancy him! But there was the trouble. The Aunt herself could see, as she scornfully phrased it in her own mind, that he was no such Adonis as Gerald Howe, and that he lacked the charm of manner which distinguished that most *mal-à-apropos* young man. "And he never dances," she thought, "and I dare say he cannot sing a note." Lou ought to know enough, she felt, to look beyond such trifles, and value a sincere devotion; but she had great doubts about it. Lou was always friendly, always kind, just as she was to everybody else; a little less willing to accept attention from him than from others; which had not, however, the effect to discourage him from offering it. Perhaps a suitor on the ground, devoted and persistent, might be able to make some progress against the memory and the letters, which had been hitherto so powerful. Aunt Margaret could not fully make up her mind till Lou saved her the trouble, by declining unequivocally the proposal of marriage which Mr. Walton made her.

Time went on and it was again summer weather. July and August always brought an influx of visitors to Beverley; people who filled the hotels to overflowing, and billeted themselves on every private family that could be persuaded to admit them. They rowed on the lake, they drove, they pic-nicked, they danced, got up charades and *tableaux vivants*, and altogether endured life with what fortitude they could muster, in the absence of opera, theatre and shopping. The natives considered the season very gay, and felt no envy of Newport or Saratoga, while it lasted. Aunt Margaret approved it, as affording a change for her darling; something to divert her mind from that most profitless theme on which it was wont to brood. Louise took it calmly, as she did most things now-a-days. After all, calmness is not the worst state that can befall one in this world.

Among the arrivals were Mrs. Delancey and her daughter, on whom Louise made an early call, as she knew them to be old friends of Gerald. "At least, Mrs. Delancey is," she explained, before setting forth. "I don't know much about the daughter. She was still in school when I was in New York, but I presume she has come out by this time." The surmise was fully confirmed before her call was over, and the vague personality became henceforth a very palpable fact in Louise's life. Jenny Delancey was not much more than seventeen, but her tall, fully-developed figure, and perfect ease of manner, gave her the air of being several years older. She was very handsome, in a style rather too large and pronounced, thought Louise, for her own individual taste, but still—yes—very handsome. A rich complexion, raven-black hair, large liquid eyes with long-curved lashes; all these advantages she, had and was well aware that she possessed them. She was accomplished, too, in many ways, and, above all, sung delightfully. Poor Lou! why did her heart sink the first time she heard that sweet and powerful voice? She ought, instead, to have enjoyed it, for she was very fond of music, and seldom heard any of such quality.

The Delanceys made the acquaintance of everybody in the place who was worth knowing, and speedily became great favorites among the young people, especially. There was no one like Miss Delancey. It was agreed on all hands that she was entirely free from everything like airs, and so friendly, so obliging, so quick to understand!—whatever she joined in was sure to go off well. And then so handsome, and such a voice! There was no end of enthusiasm for her, even among those whom she outshone. Amid so much applause, if Lou remained somewhat undemonstrative it was not noticed.

Miss Delancey had taken a great liking to her, feeling acquainted with her from the first meeting, so she said, because she was a friend of their friend, Mr. Howe. Lou was surprised to learn the extent of the friendship alluded to. She had known it to be of old standing, but had never supposed it so intimate; above all, she was unprepared to hear so much from Miss Delancey of Mr. Howe's tastes and ways of thinking; told, too, with such utter unconsciousness that there could be any one who had a better claim to know about those things than she had.

"Miss Delancey seems to like your company," said Mrs. Elliot, when the young lady had taken leave one morning. "Young people get on fast in their friendship. I think she has been here every day this week."

"Yes, mamma. Of course, she is very pleasant, but I wish she had a little more consideration about her hours of coming. These people who never have anything to do themselves, seem to forget that in the country we expect to be busy in the morning."

"Why, Lou! that sounds almost cross! After all, dear, there is seldom anything that you cannot put aside without much sacrifice. You must be gay as you can and enjoy your summer while it lasts; the winter mornings will come soon enough, when you will be free from such interruptions."

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Lou's heart did not respond to this well-meant consolation. True, she would soon be left to their ordinary circle, and to her one delight in life—Gerald's letters. Was it possible that there was a change in them, or did she only fancy it? She shrank from Miss Delancey's frequent talk of Gerald, and yet felt a sort of fascination in it, an eagerness to know just how much the acquaintance meant. For it did seem strange, she could not but admit, that he had not told her more about it.

By-and-by it appeared that Mr. Howe had entertained thoughts of coming to Beverley, while his friends were there. Alas! that Lou should first hear of such an intention from any but himself! O, how she hoped he would not come; she could not bear to meet him in their presence. He did not appear, and she consoled herself with the thought that it might have been a mere passing remark. If he would come in the autumn, when they were all gone, to see *her!* Yet she hardly dared hope for such a happiness, his letters gave no hint of a desire for it, even. Still he *must* wish for it, as she did, unless he were changed—and that—that was something too dreadful to be dwelt upon.

It began to be noticed that Edgar Walton was very attentive to Miss Delancey. The girls laughed at Lou, and told her that her reign was over; but, though she smiled in return, she was not very much amused. Certainly, she had no wish to keep at her beck a regard she could never return—and yet—there was something not quite welcome in the thought that this young girl had attracted what used to belong to her. Would it be so everywhere? She chid herself for being fanciful and foolish, and read over again Gerald's letters, which did not reassure her so completely as she could have wished.

Summer ended, and the gay tribe went back to their various homes. Lou had fancied herself weary of the perpetual movement of the last month or two, and looked with pleasure to the quiet repose of autumn. But though the softest skies hung over Beverley, the loveliest tints glowed in its forests, and were repeated in its waters, the heart to enjoy these beauties was gone. Restless and unhappy, dreading the worst, yet trying to hope that, perhaps, there might be nothing, after all, to dread, she lived on, heedless of eternal nature. Poor Aunt Margaret saw much, guessed more, but could do nothing; the child had a grief in which none could help or come near. But with what bitterness did she remember her own early prophecies, and inwardly rage against Gerald Howe, the cause of all!

Yet, perhaps, it was not quite fair to judge so harshly that handsome and elegant young man. He had but realized like herself, only a little later, the hopelessness of marriage with Louise. And when the prospect arose of another marriage, so useful to his fortunes, and flattering to his pride, was it reasonable to blame him for *being* reasonable? And could any man be indifferent to the preference of such a magnificent girl as Jenny Delancey? Poor Gerald! he had his trials, too, with conflicting feelings. It was hard to give up Louise, hard to inflict a blow which he felt must prove so cruel. Sometimes he thought of writing the whole truth to her, of saying that had fate but been propitious, she was the one he would still choose from all the world, and bidding her a tender, sad farewell. But was that quite just to Jenny?—above all, was it quite prudent? If a hint should in any way reach the Delanceys it would be an awkward business. Perhaps it was best to assume that when they gave up their engagement they gave up, also, all hope of renewing it. Nothing had been *said* of any such hope at the time, nor in their letters. They had written to each other with the utmost confidence; every event, and thought, and feeling, had been in common; still, they were only friends. As Miss Delancey's influence increased, he began to think that it was, perhaps, mere vanity to imagine that his defection could so much disturb Louise. She went into society herself, she received attentions from other men. Certainly, her letters had been different of late; less frequent, less effusive. It might very well be, that she, too, was feeling the force of circumstances, and the charm of a fresh regard. The intervals of correspondence grew longer and longer, and at last Louise received a note so brief, so barren of everything like the old interest, that she left it unanswered. And the next word that came to Beverley, concerning Gerald Howe, was that of his engagement to Miss Delancey.

It made a great deal of talk in the little town where her presence was so recent, the memory of her charms so fresh. Many wondered at Gerald Howe's good fortune, and thought it strange that the Delanceys had not been more ambitious for their only child. Nor were such at fault in their suggestions; there had been strong opposition, but Jenny, as usual, had carried the day for her own wishes. The parents had yielded, with a stipulation from which they still hoped something; the marriage was to be deferred a year. If, after that, it proved inevitable, there were ameliorating circumstances; Gerald's good looks, good manners, correct habits; they must wait and see.

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Louise had known for weeks that this news was coming; she thought she had steeled herself to meet the blow. Yet, when it fell, she found that she had never quite lost all hope, never fully believed that she was nothing to him, who was everything to her. It seemed so strange, so inexplicable! She rallied to her aid, all her maidenly pride, and so well did it sustain her, that no one surmised she had anything more than the interest of a friend in the engagement, and even Aunt Margaret began to think that she had, perhaps, over-rated Lou's feelings. But not the less did the heart know its own bitterness.

There was some curiosity to see how Mr. Walton would receive the intelligence; he had been so much attracted by Miss Delancey in the summer. He bore it, so far as appeared, with the utmost cheerfulness, joined in all the amusements of the young people, and, before the winter was over, offered himself again to Louise. She refused him with more gratitude, but with no less decision than before. Aunt Margaret could not but remonstrate.

"O Lou," she said, "how can you be so blind to your own best interests? You are throwing away a real, true regard, for the sake of a worthless memory!"

"It is not that," Louise replied. "But I have done with love and lovers." Distressed at first by this response, Aunt Margaret was somewhat comforted upon reflection. The world could not quite be ended for a girl of twenty, no matter what she herself might think.

Meanwhile, Gerald did not find the period of probation altogether rapturous. Jenny's regard was different from what Louise's used to be; she was imperious, exacting, often petulant and unreasonable. After a month or two of the experience, he remarked to himself, that a man needed to be very much in love to find such a position agreeable. The demeanor of her parents, too, was not flattering to self-love; they treated him with perfect politeness, but there was a constraint which made him feel that they yielded rather than approved. Jenny, in the first pride of youth and beauty, was inclined to try her power on all she met; Gerald complained of her coquetry; she called him tyrannical, and they quarreled. The quarrel was made up, but new sources of trouble continually arose. Mrs. Delancey saw, or thought she saw, a half-heartedness about the suitor, which moved her deepest resentment. Certainly, there was nothing in the world to render the match tolerable but a persistent affection that would not be denied, and, in her opinion, there was no such feeling on Gerald's part, at any rate. She did not discourage, as in other circumstances she might have done, the young girl's jealousies and exactions. Jenny, after a time, began to find that some other attentions were quite as welcome to her as those of her betrothed, while those who offered them did not take her to task, in private, for every stray glance or smile. She became more willful, Gerald more severe: at last, there was a decided rupture, and he gave her back her freedom. As this was just the event the Delanceys had hoped for, they, of course, rejoiced in it, and Jenny, after a few tears, a few regrets, was able to enter with zest on the brilliant career that lay before her.

Gerald's prospects had somewhat improved during the past year; his business had become more profitable, and a bachelor uncle had left him a small bequest. These things could but slightly affect his position with regard to Miss Delancey, but from another point of view they assumed importance. Gerald thought and thought, he seemed to meet again the gaze of sweet eyes; again he felt, in remembrance, the charm of an entire affection. To him the late experience had been deeply mortifying. He had been clearly shown that, however acceptable he might be, as an ornamental adjunct to the fashionable world, he had no claim to an equal alliance with it. He began to weary of its frivolity, its heartlessness; to long for a home, and a love which he could trust. The memory of Louise returned with all its early power; indeed, he had never really forgotten her. There had never been a time, he knew, when he should not have preferred her to all others, if only circumstances had permitted. Was it possible that she could forgive neglect, unfaithfulness, and receive him back again? He resolved, at least, to try.

But did an effort so long-delayed deserve success?—do you really THINK SHE COULD?

'T WILL SOON BE DAY.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

However wild the thunder,
However dark the way;
Though skies seem rent asunder—
Keep on, right on, alway!

Though sounds and shapes uncertain,
Weird-like, about you play;
God yet will lift the curtain—
Keep on; 't will soon be day!

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"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

BY EMILY J. THROCKMORTON.

"I CAN'T afford it," said John Bonham, brusquely, "and that's the long and short of it."

As he spoke, he took his cigar from his mouth, and, as if conscious he had said something he ought to be ashamed of, looked rather defiantly at his visitor.

"You talk like a fool," replied his aunt, bluntly, for she had known John from a boy, and had, besides, a habit of "speaking her mind" plainly, as she phrased it, even to older persons than John.

The cause of this conversation was, that John's wife had been asked, the day before, to join the usual club for "Peterson's Magazine," and had declined, giving, as a reason, that her husband had said he couldn't afford it. This had come to Aunt Jane's ears, who had determined, to use another of her phrases—"to have it out with him."

"Yes! I'll not mince words. You talk like a fool. You said the same story, last year, and stopped Mary from subscribing then; and, what has been the consequence? They used to take advantage of the patterns and diagrams for children's dresses, to make up the wardrobe for her little ones; but, not having them at hand, she has been forced to buy paper patterns, this year, at a cost of even more than the subscription. In regard to her own dress, the false economy was even more striking. She had no guide to go by, when that pretty silk you gave her was made up, and the dress-maker spoilt it; while Mrs. Heron, your next-door neighbor, who took 'Peterson,' selected a design from the magazine, and the result was a most beautiful costume, that cost less than Mary's, but was vastly more stylish. Don't you remember how cross you were, when you saw Mrs. Heron at church, and how you asked Mary why she made a fright of herself? Your dear wife was too affectionate to tell the truth. But the real reason was that you had refused her the paltry sum required to join a club for 'Peterson.' I am not going to be such a dunce, and so I tell you, to your face, that it was you, John Bonham, that was to blame."

"Really," said the husband, staggered by all this, and moving uneasily in his seat. "I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"And that isn't all. Mary used to lend the magazine to that poor, bed-ridden Lucy Jones; many an hour of pain was alleviated by 'Peterson.' You think only of yourself; you are supremely selfish. Its a relaxation, even to a woman who is well—no man can tell how much—to read a good story. You men get excitement enough in your business. Every morning you go out, and see what is going on. If you had to stay at home all day, and bake, and scrub, and wash, and sew for half a dozen children, you'd find out what it was to have a magazine to read. And if you had the children, when you were busy, worrying you, as children will, you'd be thankful to be able to give them the pictures in 'Peterson' to look at, in order to keep them quiet."

Aunt Jane paused, for a moment, for breath. Her nephew removed his cigar again, and said:

"You called me selfish. That's a strong word, Aunt."

"Not a bit too strong. Many a husband is selfish without knowing it. The wife gives up to him in everything, as good wives generally do, until, by and bye, he forgets what is due to her, and thinks only of himself. He gets spoiled. Take your cigars—"

"My cigars!"

"Yes! Are they any more of a necessity to a man than a good magazine is to a refined woman? You say you can't do without them. But that is because smoking has become a habit that you can't break. It is your master. Now, your cigars cost you twenty times as much as a magazine would cost your wife. You can find money for the one, and not for the other."

John Bonham, unable to answer this home-thrust, took refuge in smoking more vigorously than ever.

"And of the two tastes," went on his aunt, more relentlessly, "which is the more creditable—love of a cigar, or love for reading? The one, at best, is but an animal taste of the 'earth, earthy;' the other is a characteristic of a cultivated, intelligent soul. A woman, who never reads, is but a stupid companion, at best. She never acquires fresh ideas. She has not half the capacity to charm that one fond of books has. You used to think so, yourself: in fact, think so, still; nobody likes a bright woman better than you do: it was Mary's quick wit and wide information, quite as much as her beauty, that attracted you."

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Her nephew was manly enough to acknowledge the truth of this.

"Well, at her father's house," continued Aunt Jane, "she had books in plenty, and magazines. She was, therefore, up with everybody. But now, you expect her to be as well informed as ever, while you deny her the means to continue so. You would have her, like the Israelites of old, make bricks without straw. You would turn her into a mere household drudge."

John Bonham raised one hand, deprecatingly. "Oh! no, no!" he cried.

"But you would," persisted his aunt. "A wife might as well be a horse in a tread-mill, going round and round and round forever, as have to go on doing household work, day in and day out, without even the recreation of a book, or magazine, to read, occasionally. Even as a matter of health, recreation is desirable; and, certainly, no recreation is better than reading. Can't afford it? Why, if you only knew it, John Bonham, for every dollar you think you save, in denying your wife 'Peterson,' you lose ten, directly or indirectly: directly, as I've shown you, in having her well dressed at small expense; indirectly, in spirits and health. But even if it wasn't so; even if it was an actual loss to subscribe, you should manage to save it off something else. Smoke a few less cigars, for instance, and make her happier."

John Bonham rose from his chair, flung the cigar out of the open window, came up to Aunt Jane, and impulsively took her hand between both of his.

"You have taught me a lesson, Aunt," he said, "and I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. I had never thought of these things in their true light before. Few husbands do, I am afraid. We do not intend to be selfish, or unreasonable, however. But it is none the less our fault: we are selfish, and there's the end of it. Mary shall have her magazine, even if I have to smoke fewer cigars, and I will never again say, I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

BESSIE'S ANSWER.

BY ELIZABETH BENTON.

TELL me, Bessie, if you love me,
I would dearly like to know;
And, if you do, then, may I ask you,
Why you always shun me so?

Not a word? You will not even
Lift your downcast eyes to mine,
Since no single word you give me—
Why avert those eyes of thine?

Does my suit deserve such answer,
That no other you will give
Than these sly, averted glances?
Then, it's freedom—pray, forgive!

If 't is scorn that keeps you silent,
Or kind pity vails your eyes;
Then; but since 'tis plain that nothing
In your heart to mine replies.

But, 't is past; my dream is over!
I am going far away,
Since you cannot bid me love you,
It were madness here to stay.

But, how much I love you, darling,
You will never, never know;
Since no words of mine can tell you,
And no act may ever show.

How! what mean you, Bessie darling?
You relent; you bid me stay;
You're not cruel; do not mock me—
Can you love me, Bessie, say?

Love you, Willie! I have loved you,
Oh, so long; but, do you know,
Until plain you said you loved me,
I—I couldn't—tell you so.

NO MOTHER NOW.

BY IMOGENE PURZBAR.

I HAVE no mother now,
That faithful heart is stilled;
The voice forever hushed;
The lips forever chilled.

I have no mother now,
She sleeps beneath the sod;
Her weary heart's at rest;
Her spirit is with God.

I have no mother now:
What bitter tears of woe
Fall o'er a mother's tomb,
No one save orphans know.

But He, the God of love,
Knows all our grief and pain;
And soon the loved and lost
Will give to us again.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Joe Hooker and his friend had seen Susan Beach within the dark hall of the tenement she inhabited, and lifted their new caps with great politeness, on taking leave; they proceeded, at once, toward the under-ground cabin, which Saunders observed magnificently, had the latch-string always out for a friend like Joe.

Considering the romantic independence of the floor, and that there was no ten cents to pay for lodgings in the morning, Hooker accepted this hospitality with a frankness as liberal as the offer.

When they reached the lonely wharf, towards morning, the moon was up, and throwing out long tracks of light on the water. A graceful yacht, lying near, flung its splendid shadows across the turbulent stream, and in the distance, a ferry boat, that seemed lighted with great carbuncles and emeralds, was turning the far-off shore into fairy land.

"I say, Joe, supposing we sit down here awhile, and kick our own shoes agin the timbers, to make them give a little more—I don't feel sleepy yet, do you?"

"Not a wink of sleep in this feller," answered Joe, flinging his feet over the end of the wharf, against which the tide was in full swell, "besides, if there's anything that I like more in another its the water, when its rising agin the moon. Jest you drop down here, and kind of talk things over."

Saunders took an old newspaper from his pocket, and spread it on the logs.

"New close is soon spiled," he observed, carefully dropping down to his seat, "and we've got to be keerful of ours."

"Well, Dave, what is it?"

"Jest this, Hooker. You and I, I calc'late, have got our living to get. House rent is a good deal, when you haint got no taxes to pay—but there's no knowing how soon progress 'll streak out on this one old wharf, and tear up the timbers over our heads. Whilst I've got a comfortable home, you'll have one, too; but mayors and aldermen aint to be calculated on, and this night, with them two first-class girls sitting by me, I began to consider that a house like ourn—"

"Yourn!" said Joe.

"No, Hooker, ourn! but it mightn't be jest the thing to bring up a genteel family in."

"Jest so," answered Hooker, nodding his head, "constracted."

"So says I to myself, says I, Hooker's in for it purty deep with the pink one, and I'm sliding an awful slippery one toward the blue one."

"I thought so, blame me if I didn't," observed Joe.

"Now, that you've got the truth 'fore you, Hooker, what's to be done. Why this, I'm going to be a banker and broker in Wall street."

"A what?"

"Banker and Broker."

"What's the use of being a banker, if you mean to brake," said Hooker, anxiously. "Don't you think of going into derfalcation; it's a big business, but risky, Dave; awful risky."

"Derfalcation isn't the business that I'm a thinking of, but banking and selling sheers. I know of a chance to sweep out a first-class concern. Mrs. Weed told me of it, and I'm goin' down in the morning to clinch things I say, Hooker, what line do you think of? Now's the time! with these new close on. We must make a strike afore a spot is on 'em. What's your idee?"

Joe leaned his head on one hand, and his elbow on the knee of his new trousers, and fell into thought.

"Take time. Don't be rash!" advised Dave, encouragingly.

At last, Joe lifted his head, and spoke of something that seemed quite irrelevant to the subject in hand.

"Don't you think grandpar Weed a prime old feller, Dave."

"Yes, kind as new milk."

"And a first-class carpinter!"

"Jest that, Hooker, but—but—"

"Buts, in a minute, Dave. I'm leading up to it—I've been hanking to git in with him, and learn the trade."

"Learn a trade. Hooker, you disappoint me.

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My idee was that a smart feller like you, with new close on, would look a notch higher than that, but if you're sot on it—"

"Which I am," interrupted Joe, bravely.

"If you're sot on it, my being a banker and you a carpinter, shan't make no difference. I'll take notice of you jest the same."

"Limpera has sat her heart on it; specially as 'prentises board with their masters," said Joe.

"Oh—la!" ejaculated Dave, ending his exclamation off with a low whistle.

"She's spoke to the old man about it," said Joe.

"Smart girl, there aint no doubt on it—a steel trap's nothing to her."

"She's jest that," said Joe, gathering up his limbs, springing unto the wharf, and shaking himself—for the air was getting chilly. "Now, old feller, what do you say to hurrying up. It's nigh upon morning."

"So it is," answered Dave, "the moon's gone down while we've been a talking, and—I'm blamed, if there isn't a break of rosy red out yonder. Day light, by golly!"

"Here goes," cried Hooker, flinging himself over the wharf. "Come on, Dave, or we shan't get a wink of sleep. It wont be no time afore the carts 'll be rumbling over us like thunder."

CHAPTER XXXII.

La Costa had her off nights, and it sometimes happened that she could be seen by no one from Saturday morning till Monday night, when she would appear promptly at the opera house. On one of these occasions she had gone off, alone, in the disguise which she had first chosen, and spent her Sabbath at a third-class hotel, from which the black walls of a prison could be seen, and there she sat gazing out, hour after hour, sometimes with a burning light in her eyes, and again that light was quenched in tears. This woman, pampered and satiated with luxury, would sit thus all day long, gazing on the prison, thinking tenderly of that one inmate, yearning to stand by his side, yet afraid of the cruel ingratitude with which he might assail her, because of her failure to free him, which was wringing her heart with a grief he could never feel; for his grief was that of a wild animal trapped, hers the sorrow of a wayward, rash-loving, and sometimes, hating woman.

At the first moment possible, La Costa stood safe in her disguise, at the prison entrance. The officers had seen her more than once now, and made no difficulty about letting her in. The persons in charge gave her a generous opportunity to speak with the prisoner alone, without unnecessary annoyance, and her interviews in that cell were almost unmolested. This time she found the convict morose, and bitterly dissatisfied. His impatient rage at detention had worn down his flesh, and fastened a continuous frown on his handsome face, which still wore a patricians look, even while bending over the coarse woof in his loom.

La Costa waited till the cell door was closed, and then went eagerly toward him. His face changed then, and a flash of keen expectation shot into his eyes.

"Have you come to say that I am free," was his first sharp question. The woman's countenance fell. He saw this, and added, with cruel emphasis, "If not, I wonder that you dare present yourself."

"I have done my best, I have spent money like water."

"Like water! Yes! Like that, it has been wasted," rejoined the prisoner, bitterly.

"No! no! I hope not; but there seems to be a strong opposition.

"Opposition! Then that iron-hearted banker, whose name, I do believe, you mentioned for a trap, is still hounding me down."

"Mentioned for a trap! I—no, no! When you would, in your desperate wilfulness, come to this country, I spoke of him as one of whom I had a bitter knowledge; nothing more."

"Well, at any rate, I found the name convenient enough for those unlucky bills which you ought to have taken up, and saved me."

"It was too late when I heard of it. How often must I tell you that?"

"Oftener than you can make me believe it," answered the man, rudely; moving away from her so far as the loom would permit; for she had, almost by force, seated herself by his side. "Do not touch me, madame; do not dare to look into my eyes, after all your broken promises."

"I have broken no promises. Everything that influence or money could do, has been put in force," answered the disguised woman, with some show of spirit, which did more to soften the prisoner, than any display of affection could have done.

"How has it been thwarted? That banker—has he stood in the way?"

"I have appealed to him, and he will do nothing."

"Appealed to him! told him that Massieu, the convict, was your husband, and the Marquis de Lairard, no doubt!"

"I tell him that, I! No, no, I would have died first!"

"That would be best for you. I may perish

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here; shall, no doubt, but my title—my name, must be rescued."

"It is—It shall be!" promised La Costa.

The prisoner looked at her from under his lowering brows, that cast deep shadows over his dark eyes, now gleaming with suspicion.

"You would save the title for *him*—that son of mine, on whom you are lavishing all that should buy me out of this place. Have a care, madam, that I do not understand too well."

The woman turned white as marble. This cruel charge had struck her dumb. The prisoner laughed low and huskily, saying:

"Ah! I have come to the depths of it—have I? The young man is handsome, as I was once; graceful, decorous as I should be, even now, outside these walls, but they make an animal of me—a beast of prey with nothing to feed on."

"Oh, yes!" cried La Costa, leaping out of her dumb surprise, "so long as there is a woman's pride to tread down, or a heart to break, the animal within you will find food for itself."

A grim smile crept over the prisoner's mouth. La Costa's honest indignation had disarmed his distrust.

"Then you are not a party to my son's treason?"

"A party—treason! What can you mean?"

"Why, this: you have given money for my release."

"Yes, yes, thousands!"

"To whom?"

"To him, your own son. Was there any other person to whom I could have entrusted it so safely?"

The prisoner answered her with the same low laugh; but the fierceness of his eyes was gone when he bent them on hers.

"Did you think that this young man is, in every way, *my* son, body, soul and spirit; that my title will fall to him, if he claims it, after I have been out of the world long enough; that, out of your genius and continued hopes of freeing me, an ample income will be secured? Have you thought of all this while entrusting everything into his hands? I told you, at first, to get him into your own power before you placed yourself in his."

"And I obeyed you. He *is* in my power. At any day, I can ruin him; but, not on suspicion. He is your son, and for that I would forgive him any wrong to myself. But, if he has been false to you—"

"Convince yourself of it, and then deal with him as if no drop of my blood were in his veins. I know that he has failed to move one step in my favor; that your money has been kept for his own use; that he has never held faith with a human being. I have found means to learn this; you can find means to verify it."

"I will," answered La Costa.

"Then deal with him as he deserves, but waste no more time or means on lawyers. If I were pardoned now, that New York banker would fall upon me with a requisition, and it would only be a change of prisons."

"Then, what *can* I do?" cried the actress, wringing her hands in desperation.

"This—I think you love me."

"Love you! Ah, I wish it were not true."

"And would serve me rather than my son?"

"For your sake, I hate him," cried La Costa, clenching her hands with a fierceness that reassured her husband.

"He has been a traitor. Well, hereafter, we will have but one agent."

"Ah, who can be trusted?"

"Money, money; that can always be trusted."

"But how, how?"

"In this way, sweet wife, we will trouble ourselves no more about pardons. With your iron-hearted banker in the back-ground, that is impossible. But there are no walls so thick that money will not break them down."

"Ah!"

"You have prospered; you are a success."

"Yes, yes!"

"And should have more money than he has taken."

"Not much; for he has asked for large sums, but every night rolls in more."

"And your jewels, I sent you word where they were pledged. Are they still out of reach?"

La Costa looked anxious. She had redeemed the jewels pledged in Europe, to supply that man's extravagance, only to pledge a part of them again; only a part, she remembered, and took courage.

"Part of them: but I have the most valuable. There shall be no lack of money. But tell me how I am to use it."

"Next Monday, come again, and bring it with you—all you can raise. Everything is to be bought; men easiest of all."

"Oh, you mean to escape."

"Yes, it is half arranged already."

"Thank heaven!"

"This time," said the prisoner, "I will take fate into my own hands. Bring the money in large bills, a few lesser ones for necessity. But we have no confidants, remember. Above all, give no sign to my son. A single mark of distrust, and he will suspect."

La Costa smiled significantly.

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"I have not been on the stage for nothing," she said; "and I am beginning to detest the ingrate."

"Be careful how you show it. Ah, my wife, in all the world I have never found a friend like you."

The man reached out his arms with an impulse of genuine feeling. In an instant, La Costa lay sobbing within their clasp.

"But where, where will you go?" she questioned, clinging to him.

"Across the ocean at once, where you shall follow me, and I will never again do anything that shall give you pain, or cause you sorrow."

"Oh! my beloved! my darling! You make me the happiest woman on earth. Remember, dear, without love, I am nothing."

"And with it, you shall be everything. Now, farewell, till Monday."

"Till Monday," whispered La Costa, as the turnkey appeared.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Cole, quiet, watchful, insidious, had wound his way into Mrs. Cameron's good graces, by adroit flattery, and some real communion of feeling in her absurd ideas of rank, which was the only good thing he ever expected to inherit. Mrs. Cameron and her daughter already knew that Cole was not his real name, and that some ancient title lay back of his republican incognito. This, of itself, was enough to insure favor with both ladies. But Hester would scarcely have been satisfied with this vague idea of greatness, had not the young man been handsome as an Apollo.

A spirit of competition had entered into the feelings, which Hester Cameron held in no restraint: for a time, Cole had seemed ready to devote himself to Edith Church, and she, restless, excited, and intensely unhappy, had encouraged him with more apparent interest than she had ever felt. Looking upon Hester as the affianced wife of Mr. Dana, she considered the indignity of his appeal to herself, as the keenest insult that had ever been offered to her, among the many that she had endured, and had fled from it and him into the society of this man, without heeding what others might think of it.

Even before this, Edith had found all pleasure in Mr. Dana's society destroyed, by the open displeasure of Hester, and the covert taunts of the mother. From the beginning, Cole had been nothing to her, but, under the possible notice of La Costa, and before Mrs. Cameron, whose favor he doubted, it had been the young man's policy to single out Edith as an object of especial devotion. This was intended to mislead Dana, too, for Cole was a man to cover his tracks from habit, if there had been no necessity.

Thus, without really caring for this young man, Edith gave to everyone concerned in the matter, an impression that a strong attachment was growing up between her and himself.

As I have said, this inspired Hester to a sharp rivalry, which she, like Cole, found it wise to conceal from every one, but her mother, who was forever looking forward to the rank which this young man had put from him, only for a time, as he had confidentially told her. Things were in this condition when the family came back to town, and opened their splendid mansion for the season. Edith, who was anxious to break away from the household, besought permission to remain at Heath House until the last autumn leaf should fall. To this Mrs. Cameron gave an eager consent, which the banker ratified with satisfaction, for he, too, loved the old place, and always left it with regret.

Two scenes, not very far apart, in time or circumstance, took place one week, in the country and town-house of Mrs. Cameron, which had a strong after-influence on the lives of those two ill-mated girls. In the town-house, early one evening, Harmer Cole found Hester Cameron, apparently reading, as she rested on the couch, in a little boudoir, opening out from the drawing-room, from which masses of flowers in a conservatory, were richly visible. I think she had expected this interview, for her dress was arranged with a certain carefully studied abandon, that might have made great impression on a less practised man. As it was, he considered the blue silk dress, with its flowing sleeves and Pompadour waist, where lace was used as a shadow to the white neck rather than a covering, as so many signs of encouragement, not that he was insensible to the girl's beauty, which was marvelous. The gleam of her milk-white arms, the whiteness of her neck, would have appealed to no man's imagination with more effect; but he understood the motive of this display, also, and it made his purpose bold. Hester rose languidly from the couch, as he came in. One exquisitely clad foot escaped from her blue draperies, and rested on the floor, distinct and beautiful as a carver's chisel could have left it.

"You did not expect me to-night," he said, softly stealing a glance at her dress. "Mr. Dana, perhaps."

"I expected you. Indeed, I think we are always expecting you now," answered the girl, with a frank smile. "Mr. Dana has almost ceased to visit us since that night at the opera, when you made him so angry."

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"And you so unhappy," said Cole.

"No, I was rather amused. It is something to see Clifford Dana so disturbed. Sometimes it seems as if an earthquake could not move him."

"But for once, at least, you had the power, and I was the poor agent to bring it out."

"Once—oh yes, more than that. I have seen him still more deeply wounded," said Hester, with a smile that conveyed a meaning that Cole seized upon at once.

"That was when you broke his hopes with a cruel no."

Hester's smile deepened to a soft cough.

"A lady must not admit so much," she answered. "In such things, she is upon honor."

"But you will not refuse to tell me why you rejected him. There must have been a reason."

The young man fastened his eyes on Hester's face, and kept them there steadily as he went on.

"A good reason. Such men as Dana, rich, handsome, honored, are not subject to rebuffs from young ladies who have no other preferences," continued Cole, stealing the hand that was beginning to tremble among the folds of her azure dress, and holding it firmly.

Hester's face was searlet now. She turned it away, and strove to force her hand from his clasp. He held it, however.

"Was it because you guessed how dearly, how madly I love you, and could not slay my poor hope with one cruel blow? Speak to me, Hester! Had I the smallest place in your mind, when you rejected Clifford Dana?"

Still the girl struggled, while the crimson flood rushed over her arms and bosom. She did not like to have a confession of her weakness torn from her, after that fashion; for she felt the iron will that lurked under that soft, eager voice. "I will not answer you," she said, with an impulse of resistance.

"Will not answer me! Then the poor mercy, awarded to my rival, is considered too good for me! I am not even deemed worthy of a refusal."

There might have been sincerity in this speech, certainly the voice that uttered it shook with emotion of some kind.

"Do you wish to force a refusal?" questioned Hester.

"No, no, heaven help me, no! But this suspense is more than I can bear. If I have been madman enough to deceive myself with false hopes, let me know it, and you will never see my face again."

"Would you punish me so cruelly?" murmured the girl. "What have I said that causes you to threaten me?"

"You have said nothing. I am pleading for one word, and you will not speak it."

"How can I, without knowing the word you desire so much?"

Hester had recovered a portion of her usual assurance, and asked this with a dash of her old coquetry, which was full of graceful aggravation Cole tossed her hand away, and starting up, paced the room angrily, and, no doubt, with more impatience than he felt.

"You trifle with me!"

Hester arose, and approached him.

"What if I guessed that word, and were ready to say it?"

"If you can find it in your heart, mine would go mad with happiness."

"What if I found love there?"

"But you will not, you cannot."

"I do, Harman Cole. I do!"

The girl was sincere at any rate, for the time—earnestly sincere. The scarlet had left her face, and there was something of the sweet dignity of womanhood in the gesture, as she folded her hands, and rested them caressingly on his arm.

Cole bent his eyes on her face, searching it anxiously, then drew her suddenly toward him, and kissed her upon the lips.

"You are promised to me. I have loved you from the very first. Now your are my own," he said, with intense enthusiasm, that seemed half tenderness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. Cameron was in the city-house now, ready to open the grand social campaign of the season, but amid all the excitements of uncovering furniture, bringing silver from the vaults of the bank, and bewildering her dress-maker with orders, a strange anxiety haunted her. Since the night of La Costa's first appearance, her mind had been in a state of continual unrest. She could not, even to herself, explain the reason, but vague apprehensions had seized upon her, and nothing could shake them off. Was it jealousy then? Had the suspicion that her husband might have kept some secret back from her, regarding the birth of his adopted daughter, brought this harassing state of mind upon her. That might be; though the idea had crossed her mind before, and given it little uneasiness. Why was it that on the night in question, vague reminiscences of the sister she had cruelly wronged, but who had been dead for years, should dart through a conscience that had slept so well? Was the feeling hate or apprehension, that she could not shake off?

There might be another cause; for little as she

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studied her husband, there came upon her a slow consciousness that he, too, was changed—that seasons of deep thought would fall upon him, in which his usually placid face would be darkened with storm-clouds, such as she had not seen before, since the first years of their marriage.

What could all this mean! What connection had La Costa's appearance with this unusual gloom? Hitherto, the banker had been forbearing to her follies, and so far, as possible, blind to her faults. Now he appeared keenly, and restlessly sensitive to both. This state of things touched her vanity, which was the strongest passion of her nature, and added to the strange uneasiness that possessed her with the force of an evil spirit.

Thus fear-haunted, Mrs. Cameron broke into the presence of her husband one day. Of late he had appeared to avoid her, and this aroused her demon of unrest into searching him out. He was sitting lonely enough, in this plainly furnished room, which served him as a study, when the lady swept in, making some trivial excuse, for she had begun to feel vague dread of the man whose indifference to herself had only been equaled by his indulgence to her caprices. Indeed, men of tender consciences, who do not love their wives, are frequently the most lavish of material luxuries, because they can give nothing else.

Cameron was reading when she came in, but closed the book, leaving a finger between the leaves, as if he hoped that the disturbance would be brief, and the lady saw that the shadows, which had came to him within the last few days, were gathering on his forehead.

"Hester is occupied; so I came here for a check, if you can spare a little more money than usual," she said, with a softness of manner that might have won upon him in earlier days Cameron drew a check-book from the drawer of his writing table, and made out the check with more than his usual liberality.

"Who is with Hester?" he questioned, handing the slip of paper across the table.

"Mr. Cole has just came in."

"Mr. Cole, again. That young man is with my daughter oftener than pleases me. His visits must be discouraged. I have spoken of this more than once, remember."

Mrs. Cameron was preparing to expostulate, but the banker lifted his hand.

"I have expressed my wishes, and henceforth intend that they shall be obeyed, especially in this matter."

Mrs. Cameron lost a little color—in fact, all that was natural to her. Whatever her apprehensions were, they had not led to tame submission, but she was almost subdued now. A wall of ice seemed to have risen in solid blocks between herself and her husband.

"What is the meaning of this? You never interfered with Hester's associates before. Am I, her mother, to have no discretion in the matter?"

"Not while I have the power to prevent it," answered the banker, with grave distinctness. "Before Hester was born you lost all right—I fear all ability, to guide the life of a young girl."

Mrs. Cameron stood by the table, motionless, her face growing whiter and whiter beneath its rouge. All at once a gleam of serpent-like intelligence shot into her eyes. She leaned half across the table, and spoke with shrill emphasis.

"I see it all, Mr. Cameron. That woman is known to you. She's an actress; a vile singer has——"

"Hush, woman! You have wronged this unhappy creature enough. She is your own sister."

"My own sister!"

The voice which repeated these words was so hollow, that it seemed to come from a far-off cavern.

"Your own sister, Lucinda Warner—a woman that I once dearly loved, and was parted from—you know how."

Mrs. Cameron gasped for breath. In drawing herself up, she reeled as if about to fall, but sinking into a chair, flung up her hands, and broke into a shrill, hysterical laugh.

"My sister, and an opera singer—I have seen her act; I have heard her sing—no wonder my own husband looks down upon me—I begin to loathe myself."

"Had you done that earlier, this unhappy woman might not have been driven to—"

"Driven to what, Mr. Cameron? I tell you, the vagabond spirit was always in her. You had good proof of it," cried the woman, whose worst nature was aroused.

Mr. Cameron sprang from his chair, white as death, shaking under the indignation he controlled, but his voice was hoarse, and kept low, with a strong power of will.

"It is because I know how worthless, how false these proofs were, madam, that I say again, you shall no longer control a child of mine. God grant that the evil is not already past remedy."

"You have seen her, then—you have allowed this actress, this singing and dancing woman, to slander your own wife, to shake her authority over her own child—perhaps you will take the other creature, that was foisted on me as a charity, out of my path. I speak of Edith Church, if that is her name."

"It is not her name. She was the daughter

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of Seth Weed, and the poor girl, who was driven by your perfidy, into becoming his wife."

Mrs. Cameron sprang from her seat, clenching her hand in evil glee.

"I felt it—I felt it from the first. It was that which made me hate the child so. It was that which made me yearn to strike her at times His child thrust into my house—ah, well, I have not given the creature a bed of roses."

Here the woman sat down again, laughing to herself, with a triumphant remembrance of the hard life she had given to her sister's child.

"It was you who brought her home, knowing whose child she was, and how much reason her mother had given you for hating her—an outgush of the old love, no doubt."

If the woman meant to sting her husband by this taunt, she failed. Contempt falls on passionate rage as water quenches flame. Perhaps, Mr. Cameron had expected regret — some womanly contrition for the evil wrought in her early life—an effort to obtain forgiveness. He was a good man at heart, and his high sense of honor approached moral greatness; but, if any such expectation existed, it was swept away now. He sat down and answered her at once. His voice partook a little of the old agitation; that was all.

"Yes, I knew whose child it was; for I took it from the arms of its dying father—took it, believing that its mother had, wantonly, or from cruel malice, broken up my life and his."

"Indeed!" broke in the woman, with a malignant smile.

"I feared to give her the name to which she had a right—a name which her father enobled, both in life and death; for, even then, though a mother yourself, I feared that you would refuse love to Lucinda's child, knowing Edith as such."

Mrs. Cameron laughed again. Rage usually ended in flings and sneers with her. She cried,

"If I have done anything to give her a place in the world, it has been from compulsion, and I will set society right. All the world shall know that she is the cast off child of La Costa, the actress. Then keep her under the roof with your own child, if you dare!"

"I have thought of that very carefully," answered Cameron. "Where explanations of that kind are to be made, the whole family biography of the Warners will necessarily come out, and some one may take a fancy to search out the genealogy, even be prying enough to ask some certification of the crest, that blazes on my carriages and silver. I certainly cannot answer for them. Of course, any gossip connected with the popular prima donna will be for reviling. Newspaper correspondents have become excellent detectives, and La Costa's sister will have a fair certainty of reflecting La Costa's fame."

Mrs. Cameron had learned to dread the dry sarcasms of her husband, where the family traditions of the Warners were concerned; but her venomous heart was full, and she turned with reluctance, from the file she was biting, while the banker went on.

"If I point out these objections to the publicity you threaten, it is because I am not, in all things, blameless myself, and do not wish to use extreme measures; but if they become necessary to the protection of my adopted daughter's good name, I shall not shrink from them."

"That is, you threaten me with a separation But, remember, Mr. Cameron, there are such things as alimony. Men do not get rid of their wives so easily in this country."

"I am quite aware of that," answered the banker, with a deep sigh.

Mrs. Cameron arose now, with the intention of going, but a sense of defeat troubled her. She longed to open the subject again, and learn something more of the sister, who seemed to have arisen from the grave to call her to judgment.

"Does your protege know of this?" she questioned.

"No—and, at present, she must not be told. Remember, I insist on that."

"Perhaps, you have informed Mr. Dana, he would feel proud of the company that you have lured him into? No wonder, with such incumbrances, that you object to Mr. Cole. A man of his high birth might feel the indignity and resent it."

With this defiant fling, the woman withdrew from her husband's presence, and entering the drawing-room, walked up and down, pondering over the things she had heard in a confused rush of ideas. At last, her mind fell upon that half threat of separation, and she halted in her walk to consider it.

"Well, let it come; he will be forced to supply me with money—and if things in yonder turn out as I mean they shall, we will all go abroad and share his rank. Of course, they will go, and as for me—well, Europe is only a divorce made easy."

With these conclusions in her mind, Mrs. Cameron entered her daughter's boudoir, just as Hester broke from Cole, who was saying:

"Now, you are promised to me; I have loved you from the first."

CHAPTER XXXV.

In the old mansion-house up the river, Edith Church was left, with such family servants as

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usually remained there through the year. She was sore of heart, and craved the solitude and rest which fell upon her in the old place, while she watched the leaves flutter down from the huge elms and Virginia creepers, with a sad and hopeless feeling.

Most of the servants had left, and the great drawing-room, shrouded in linen, was closed; but Edith had the pretty sitting-room to herself, and though all the plants were carried into the greenhouses, the hardy perennials in the home garden still threw out some flowers that seemed to warm the atmosphere.

Edith expected Mr. Cameron, in a vague way, and, in order to make this little room pleasant to him, went out to get some of these warmly tinted flowers, that she knew, were to him, rich in loving associations, and soon returned with an armful.

It was getting dark now, and the light of a hickory wood fire made the atmosphere pleasant, if not distinct. Edith laid her chrysanthomums on a table, and turned to get a vase from the mantel-piece. There, for the first time, she discovered that a great cosy chair, which she had occupied, had been drawn nearer to the fire, and that a man was sitting in it.

"Ah! my father has come, and he does not hear me!" she thought, stealing softly to the chair on tiptoe. "Now for a surprise."

She reached the chair, holding her breath, leaned over and dropped a kiss on the forehead, which was the only feature clearly visible to her in the fire-light; but a sudden flash broke up from the wood, and she saw the face of Clifford Dana, and fell back with a cry of dismay.

"It is not Mr. Cameron, though, for his sake, I wish it were," said Dana, gently, for the girl's distress touched him.

"I thought it was my father, I did, indeed," she said, turning her face away.

"Still, you need not grudge me that one mistake. I am sorry as yourself, Miss Church, if it gives you so much pain."

Edith dropped both hands from her face. Dana could see by the fire-light that tears of keen mortification hung on her lashes, and that she shrunk from the fire-light.

"Mr. Cameron will be here presently, I hope," he said; "I fancy he missed the train. We were to have come up together. Pray, do not deny me a little kind hospitality till he arrives. Surely, an expression of honest love cannot have offended you too deeply for that."

Edith did not answer. To have saved her life she could not have uttered a word; but the flowers to which she had retreated for refuge, rustled in her hand, while Dana was conscious that her whole frame was shaking. He misunderstood the sign.

"Is your hatred so deadly that you tremble to stay in the same room with me?" he questioned, with so much pain in his voice, that a sob broke from the girl, when she heard it. "This harshness is unnatural; I do not understand it," he continued, going toward her.

Edith dropped into a chair, and held up the flowers with a weak attempt at protection; but he saw that she was crying, and that her eyes were raised to his with a pitiful look of appeal.

"One question, Miss Church, and I will disturb you no more. Can it be possible that one rash act, one wild expression of love, that no man ever felt more honestly, has so hardened you against me that my mere presence fills you with such utter dismay?—or, is there something else? Tell me, what have I done, that is entirely past the forgiveness of a merciful woman?"

Edith lifted her eyes and fixed them steadily on him. She was trembling now less violently.

"Mr. Dana."

Dana bent his head, feeling that she had no power to speak.

"Mr. Dana, may I ask one thing?"

"Ask anything of me, and I will answer," was the gentle reply.

"On the evening when you were here last—I do not speak of now—were you the pledged husband of Hester Cameron?"

"The pledged husband of Hester Cameron! No; neither then, nor now."

Something strange seemed to have come upon Edith Church. She settled back in her chair, but neither spoke nor moved. Dana bent over her, and found that she was insensible. Then, he understood it all—the love so hard to conceal; the anguish of wounded pride; the ecstacy of relief that had left a smile on her lips. With a wild impulse of delight, he took her, insensible as she was, in his arms. He kissed her lips, till they flushed red in the fire-light; he kissed her white eyelids, and they quivered asunder his lips. He held her so close to his heart that its loud beating awoke her own to life.

Was she angry with him, then? No, no; she was only weeping, soft, blissful tears upon his bosom. She had strength to be happy—nothing more. Dana carried her to the great cosy chair, placed her in it, and fell upon his knees before her. His face was radiant; his eyes flooded with glorious love light.

"And you love me—you do love me, after all—after all," he said, feeling too deeply for eloquence.

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"You know it; how much, no language can tell," answered the girl, in her happy enthusiasm, surrendering both her hands to his clasp, naturally as a child gives its kisses.

That moment, Mr. Cameron came into the dimly-lighted room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HARMER COLE was troubled by the conduct of La Costa. The furore of enthusiasm, which her performances had created, increased with each new representation. Money rolled into the treasury, as she had never known it in the countries where her fame had been made; but she no longer consulted Cole on the best means of using it, in behalf of her husband, or urged him to action with vehement reproaches, as she had done. Had she discovered his lukewarmness in the cause for which she was ready to sacrifice everything—even die, if her death could accomplish the freedom of that one man. Something, certainly, was going wrong. It might be that Massieu would yet win his freedom, if La Costa put his case, and her ample means, in other and more loyal hands. Keenly as the woman desired this result, her anxiety was not greater than that of the young man, whose dearest hope was that hers might be defeated.

The title and meagre estate, which was all that the convict had screened from the disgrace of his crime, would undoubtedly fall to him, if the prisoner died, or could be kept in confinement long enough to make his death a legal probability. A few months would do this, and make Cole inheritor of the title, but what would that be worth, if La Costa succeeded at last in breaking his father's fetters, and sending him a free man, with an unstained name, so far as the world knew, into France. There La Costa's earnings would keep the father in affluence, but where would his interests be considered? Evidently, the actress had begun to distrust him. When she knew that he had deceived her utterly, used her money for his own purposes, sent her false telegrams from mythical lawyers, and cruelly led her into groundless hopes, would such perfidy ever be forgiven? True, he had won the love of Cameron's daughter, but even then, the rank and title of his convict father was necessary to success. He knew well that Mrs. Cameron's consent would never be given, without such advantages to back his suit, and equally well, that a private marriage could only be hoped for, when the mother was assured that the step would crown her daughter with a coronet.

Thus it was for Cole's interest that La Costa should be defeated, that his father should end his life in the prison, to which the laws had sent him.

The night after he had won that important confession from Miss Cameron, he joined La Costa, as she was entering her carriage, after the opera. Apparently, he was unconscious that she received him with coldness, and would hardly allow him to touch her hand. With all her faults, La Costa was a bad dissembler.

When they reached the hotel, Cole went in with her as usual. Gaston was at his post, and seemed as if he wished to address his mistress, but she was angry with Cole for following her, and swept by the servant, without heeding his anxious look. Cole saw it, however, and gave the man a signal, as he passed into the room.

La Costa uttered an impatient exclamation, when she saw a man sitting by the table, on which her bronze jewel box was standing, closely locked, but as if brought out for use.

A look of swift intelligence shot into the young man's eyes, but, to all appearance, he took no heed of this strange visitor, who seemed so much at home, and whose presence there disconcerted even La Costa, who hesitated, as if about to dismiss one of her unwelcome guests, before she entered her dressing-room.

Cole followed her to the portière.

"I must step over to my room a minute," he said, "but will be back in time to share your supper."

La Costa made some hasty, almost ungracious assent, and Cole glided from the room.

"This way," he whispered, passing Gaston. "This way; you will not be wanted the next half hour."

Gaston took his hat, and followed the young man until they came to a deep window, at the end of the corridor, shrouded in with curtains, that formed a tent-like recess. Cole lifted the curtains, and dropped them over Gaston, who followed him into the recess, but placed himself in a position to command the door he should have guarded.

"Answer me, and waste no words—what is that man doing here?"

"It is the diamond broker!"

"I thought so. Is she pledging more jewels?"

"The best and largest that she has. Never before has she parted with them, no matter how hard she was pressed."

"That looks serious."

"Very serious, monsieur; but that is not the worst. She takes up the money from the opera house every night, then sends me out to turn it into large bills, with green on the back. Nothing else pleases her."

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"How long has this been, Gaston?"

"Not long. Only a week."

"Only a week, and she was absent one Saturday, and Sunday."

"Yes, monsieur, that is, the young man you know of went on that day, and came back late Sunday night, very fatigued, and restless."

"Did she leave the hotel alone?" questioned Cole.

"Quite alone, monsieur."

Cole fell into thought, while Gaston looked toward the distant door, fearing, each instant, that the diamond broker would come out. After a little, the young man aroused himself.

"Is this all, Gaston?"

"Only that I think she is preparing to leave the hotel again. This is Friday; to-morrow we shall know—but monsieur will excuse me. I dare not be away longer," auswered Gaston, hurriedly quitting the recess.

Cole remained some time, pondering over what he had heard.

"Two things are certain," he thought. "She distrusts me; that is the work of his shrewd counsel—and some effort is to be made for his escape. It must be prevented; for her own sake, he never should have freedom again. What has she ever been, but a hardly-worked slave, since she knew him. She persisted in keeping his marriage secret, exposing her to any amount of odium, which she scorned for its falsehood, and endured for his sake. And now, even in his prison, he manages to strip her of every dollar, as she earns it."

Cole did not think, just at this moment, of the money he had taken, or the crime he had committed against this very woman. He was so anxious to save her from the depredations of another, that his own part in her unhappy life was quite overlooked—no unusual thing in this world of ours. Besides, freedom for his father would be poverty and destruction to him; for the keen intellect of the convict marquis would be sure to find him out, and then would come vengeance, cold and cruel, such as he knew the man to be capable of. Still the young man muttered to himself, "It is for her sake. Her heart is too generous. She never will take care of herself."

Cole waited in his concealment till the diamond broker went out. Then he walked leisurely toward La Costa's room, and entered it. The actress was in her dressing-room: but she spoke to him through the portière, in a half cordial way, saying that supper would be served in a few minutes, and he must wait, while she put on a more comfortable dress.

The young man answered that he was in no haste, and drew his chair close to the table, on which the bronze box was standing—this time unlocked.

Cautiously, with his eyes fixed on the portière, he lifted the lid, and, with a swift glance, saw the box was empty. Then he drew softly away from the table, and sat in the easiest chair of the room, apparently half asleep, when the actress came in. But under that sleepy countenance swift thoughts had been crowding.

"So much. So much. Then it will be a desperate effort. Some friend must have been secured in the prison. The danger is great, the means powerful. So much the more need that I should save her."

The supper came in, but neither the actress or Cole found much appetite for the tempting viands; she complained of a headache He forced himself to eat.

"You really do look ill," he said, with deep under thought. "I will call early, to learn if you are better."

La Costa gave him a sharp, half-frightened look

"Do not call," she said. "I need rest, and shall see no one till Monday."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOUSEHOLD LOVE.

BY GERTRUDE H. BARLOW.

A LITTLE love goes very far
  To smooth the daily care;
It gives a brightness to the earth,
  A fragrance to the air:
A smile upon a loving face,
  A word of kindness said,
The pressure of a gentle hand—
  By this good work is sped.

But when a little love grows great,
  And the once tiny stream
Into a glorious river spreads,
  All life becomes a dream;
From neck and arms the burden falls,
  We're glad and swift and strong;
We grasp our duty's hardest stroke,
  And clench it with a song.

Then think, dear love, whom changeful years,
  Have changeless bound to me,
How in the daily round of toil,
  My feet should buoyant be;
I cannot wish my work were less,
  Your love could scarce be more;
Swift labor sings within our home,
  And strong love keeps the door.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a woolen costume of light grey India cashmere or camel's hair cloth, trimmed with grey silk to match. The under-skirt, which has a demi train, is cut out in van-

dykes round the edge, and piped with the silk, the points falling over a narrow kilting of the cashmere. The Princess tunic has a thick cording of silk at the edge, and is looped up at the back with an agrafe of silk, forming a loop and long ends. The mantilla forms a square pelerine at the back, and the short sleeves commence at the shoulder seam. Trim with fringe and bows of silk, same as on the dress. At the back there are two tassels; one falling below the other, fastened under the bow. The pocket is placed upon the left side, corded with silk, and ornamented with a small flat bow with ends. Twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere, double width, or eighteen to twenty of single width material; three and a half yards of silk for trimming will be required. Price of pattern of Princess tunic, fifty cents; mantilla, forty, and stamp.

A linen blouse for a boy of two to four years, is gathered into a square yoke, and then into a loose belt, sleeves slightly full at the wrist, gathered into a band to fit the wrist. Very useful to protect the dress of the child at school or play. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

A coat for a boy of three, is for out-door wear. It may be made either in cloth, poplin or

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serge. It is straight in front, and a straight skirt is box-plaited to the elongated waist.

Collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with fancy braid, or a very narrow pointed Hamburg edging, or Torchon lace. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Next, we have a home dress for a young girl, from twelve to fifteen years of age. It is of plain brown and striped beige material, or it would be a charming design for a white and sky blue bunting, now so much worn. The polonaise here, which is of the striped material, is vandyked at the bottom, bound with brown silk, and ornamented with ribbon bows. The pocket is made of the plain brown beige, and suspended from the waist by a brown ribbon. Tight coat sleeves, trimmed with a double knife plaiting of the plain—same as sleeves; a knife plaiting edges the plain brown skirt, and a knife plaiting of the stripe is put under the vandykes. Price of pattern, fifty cents and stamp.

Next, is a Breton costume for a young girl of fourteen to sixteen years. The material is one of the bordered soft chintzes known as Toile d'Alsace; cost from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per yard. The underskirt is plain, with the border stitched on two inches from the edge of the bottom. The tunic forms an apron front, back arranged like the Breton tunic, given in our diagram. This may either be trimmed with a linen fringe, or simply bound according to the individual taste. For the pattern of the Breton

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jacket, we refer our patrons to the diagram given in the August number. The border of the chintz is used for the ornamentation of the vest, sleeves and pockets. Mother-of-pearl buttons. Tie the jacket in front twice, with narrow blue ribbons to match, as seen in design.

A walking costume for a little girl, from five to nine years, is of navy blue percale, with paletot of the same material—piped down the front, and round the collar and cuffs with turkey red chintz. It is trimmed with navy blue tassel fringe—in worsted—which is removed when washed, and the rows are of the blue, piped with the red, same as the other turkey. The under dress is simply a kilted skirt, with a little basque piped with red. Use pearl buttons—white or smoked. This would be a good design for cashmere, bunting, or any other light summer material; or, pique trimmed with cotton fringe and Marseilles braid. Price of pattern of paletot, twenty-five cents and stamp.

Next, we give a costume for the street, of Armure plaided woolen goods, in two shades of the same color. The underskirt is simply trimmed with eight rows of worsted braid, sewed on flat. The tunic, which is a combination of Breton trimming with the Princess form, is very elegant. Notice, it is cut without any seam in the middle of the back—something quite new, and going to be very popular. Three rows of the braid finish the edge. Nine inches above, across the back, there are eight rows of the

braid, edged with a tied fringe. Flaps are put in at the side seams, and ornamented with four buttons; this is repeated just below the waist. Two long loops of silk are added. The front is simply buttoned from the throat down. Eight rows of the braid trims the garment around the neck. Tight coat sleeves—trimmed to match—ten yards of double width material, or fifteen of single; two pieces of mohair braid, twenty-four

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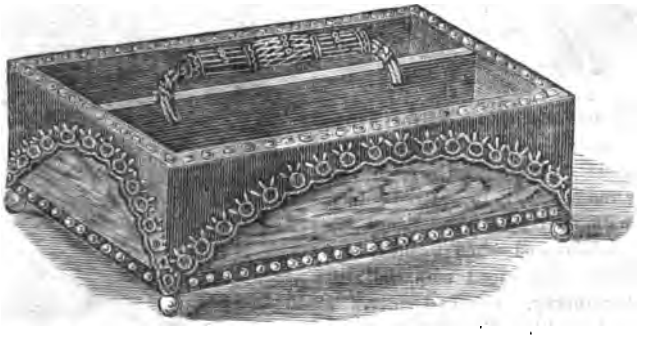
yards long; three-fourths to one yard of fringe; four dozen buttons will be required. This style will be very fashionable for the early autumn. Price of pattern, fifty cents and stamp.

A Princess robe, for a little girl of seven to nine years, gives the front and back view; high neck and low. Long sleeves may be added. Two kiltings ornament the skirt. A wide, soft, twilled silk forms the drapery, ending in bows and long ends fringed. Torchon lace trims the yoke and sleeves, or fine Hamburg, if preferred. The dress may be of Victoria lawns or white grenadine. Price of pattern, twenty-eight cents.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantels, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

KNIFE TRAY

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE tray is made of a cigar-box, lined with green cloth, which is fastened on with small brass studs. The handle is cut out of a long strip of card-board, covered with strong gum on one side, and rolled round a wooden cylinder. When the card-board is dry, remove the cylinder, and cover the card-board with green cloth. A second piece of cloth is rolled round the centre of the handle, and it is then wound round horizontally and vertically with brown silk, as shown in our illustration. Then cut out the green cloth cover for the outside, work the design with brown silk in button-hole stitch and chain stitch. The handle is fastened on with brown woolen cord. Round the edge of the tray is a strip of green cloth, fastened on with brass studs, and four studs of a larger size are used as feet at the corners of the box.

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BRETON TUNIC TO MATCH JACKET IN FORMER NUMBER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In August number we gave a diagram for the Breton jacket, and this month we give the tunic to match. Many of the new self-colored cambric costumes are made up in this style, but the material used in our model is vicugna cloth; the foundation of the embroidered bands is white Indian cashmere. For ordinary wear mohair braid is used for ornamenting these bands, but for dressy occasions they are embroidered with color. The sequins are mother-of-pearl buttons, and they are sewn on the jacket so as to overlap each other.

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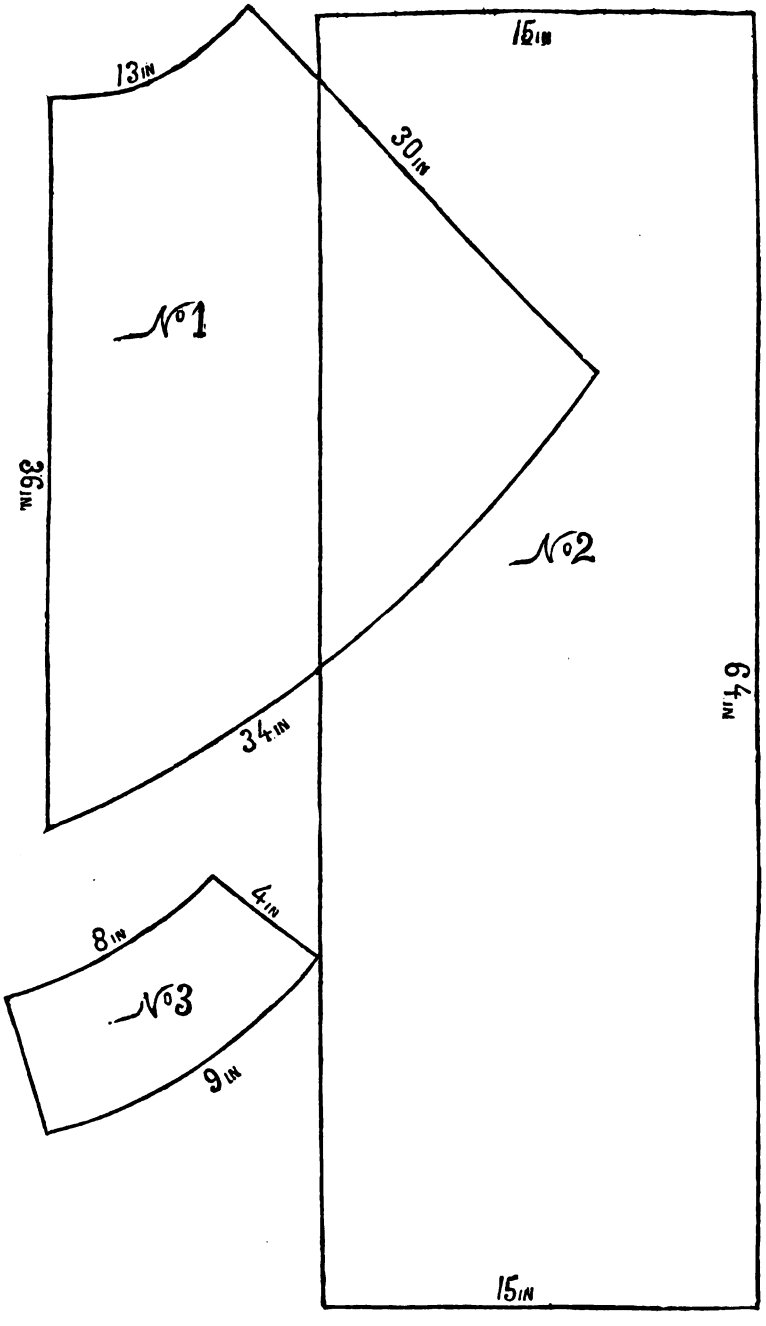

No. 1. HALF OF TABLIER.
No. 2. HALF OF SQUARE TUNIC FOR THE BACK
No. 3. POCKET.

To enlarge this diagram, take a newspaper, and cut out No. 2. in a parallelogram, sixty-four inches long and fifteen inches wide. Then, cut out No. 1 in the same way, following the angles and curves, and making the several sides thirteen inches, thirty inches, thirty-four inches, and thirty-six inches. The same with No. 3. With a little patience, you can enlarge any of our diagrams.

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BRACKET, WITH LAMBREQUIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This elegant ornament is cut out of walnut or stained wood; the back richly carved; the shelf semi-oval. The lambrequin, of which we give one section in the full size, is worked on a ground of light brown cloth, the edge is cut in vandykes. After cutting the centre design, which is of white or light blue cloth, lay it in place upon the vandyke, then trace the design for the stems and leaves—all the edges of the applique and braiding design are done in cording stitch, with gold-colored silk. Work the leaves in shaded green, and the stems in shaded brown silk. The outer edge of the vandyke is done in button-hole stitch, with scarlet silk for the inside, and one row of cording stitch in gold color for the edge—or what is a better and prettier finish—use a gold-colored cord. Cut the cloth for the lambrequin in one piece; trace the shape and size of the vandykes, embroider, and then cut out the points; line with stiff canvas or wiggans; shape and cover with silk or fine cambric to match. Sew the edges neatly together, and finish with the gold-colored cord. A long tassel of gold-colored silk or mixed colors, if preferred, is placed between each vandyke

Any pretty carved bracket whatever may be ornamented in this way, and after this design. Every other vandyke may be varied by introducing a differenr cloth for the applique, and using other colored silks. The latter produces a more Oriental effect, if that is desired. We also suggest covering the shelf, and making the lambrequin of Turkish towelling, using colored bits of flannel and worsted braids for the applique, and braiding with various colored silks, for the embroidery.

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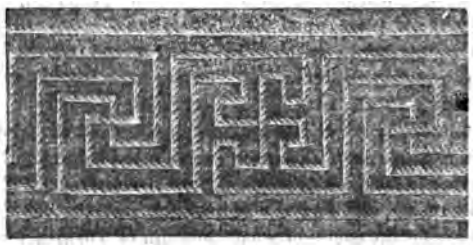
BORDER, IN CHAIN-STITCH.



This border looks well worked in either back or chain stitch, with Turkey red cotton for Holland or pique dresses. These ornamental stitchings in colored cottons are much used as a heading to kiltings on all cambrics or linen dresses of self-color; also for ornamenting fruit napkins.

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DESIGNS FOR BOOK-MARKERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

BOOK-MARKERS may be made in a variety of styles. These two illustrations are carried out in a different manner. The first is on Bristol board, lined with silk, on which painting on wood is imitated. The second is of white satin, embroidered in satin stitch, with silks of various bright colors. It is lined with buckram, and then with silk, fringed and edged with cord.

In addition to these, we give, in the front of the number, two designs, printed in colors, with mottos for book-markers, to be worked on card-board. Use red for the letters, as in the illustrations

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INFANT'S SHOE EMBROIDERED IN CHAIN-STITCH.

MATERIALS.—Pink silk, a few skeins of white sewing silk, white sarsenet ribbon, three quarters of an inch wide. Muslin and flannel.

Embroidered entirely in chain-stitch. The pattern is given so clearly in the engraving, that no difficulty can occur in drawing it It must be marked on the silk in the ordinary manner. The size of the shoe must be suitable for the child, and a paper pattern should first be prepared, of a very ample size, as the quilted lining of the shoe takes up a considerable space. Mark out the silk, allowing a very ample margin in every direction, making the toe in one piece, the ankle-piece for another, and the sole for the third. Cut out pieces of muslin and flannel to correspond, and quilt them together in small diamonds with sewing-cotton.

Work the pattern on the silk; then make up the shoe very neatly, running the sole in parallel lines from heel to toe, taking the needle through the thicknesses of silk, flannel, and muslin.

Bind the upper part of the shoe with a fine piping cord, covered with silk; and pierce holes for the tie, sewing them round with silk of the same color as the embroidery.

If gros de Naples is thought too delicate or expensive a material, fine French merino of any pretty color may be used for this shoe.

CHILD'S BALL.

THIS ball is made of a common white hard tennis ball. When you have selected one the size required, take some fine twine, and fasten it with a strong pin at the top of the ball, then pass round it to form the ribs or sections, shown in the engraving, and each time just hold it with a strong pin at the ends where it crosses; then with colored wool and a rug needle begin at the pin, and work, as shown in the illustration, until the ball is covered. It is a good plan, when half is covered, to commence at the other end, and work to the middle, as the string is not then so apt to move.

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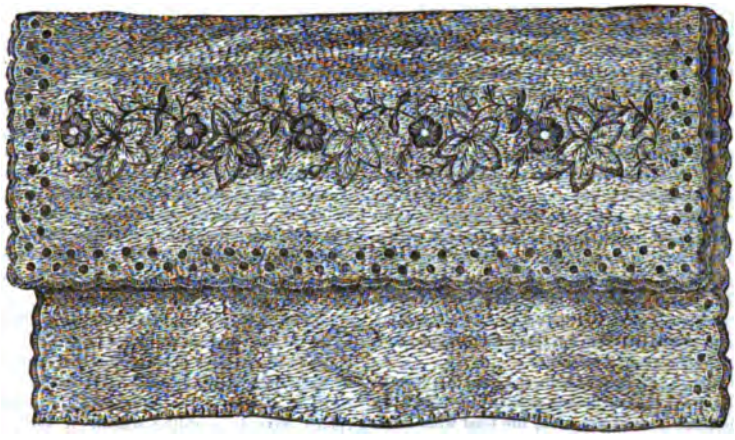
CHILD'S BATH BLANKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE engraving illustrates the blanket, embroidered with zephyr in three shades of one color. The edge is scalloped with the same wool, and two rows of dots worked just inside. The embroidery is done in outline and point russe stitch.

PEN WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

TWELVE discs of cloth of various colors are edged with crystal beads The rounds may be of any size wished, according as the pen.wiper is required, large or small. They are then folded in four, and fastened together in the centre with a few stitches of strong silk.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Word About Riding Habits.—A new subscriber asks us what is the best style, color, etc., for a riding habit. For a very recent pattern for a riding habit, we would refer her to our June number for this year, where she will find engraved a front and back view of one that is quite the latest fashion, if we may say so. But in point of fact, there is only one style that looks lady-like, and that is a dark and perfectly plain cloth habit, like the one we gave in our June number. There should be no fancy trimming whatever; but a small, all-round linen collar, fastened with a small stud or brooch; linen cuffs; and a tall hat, either with or without a veil. In very hot weather a habit of some light-colored cloth, such as grey or stone color, is admissible; but a dark one looks infinitely better, and it is quite an error to imagine that it is hotter, for, the cloth being thicker, the sun does not penetrate it so easily.

The only change to be perceived in the habits of this year is a tendency to cut them shorter than they have ever been worn before. This fashion is not graceful; the least wind raises the habit which, in repose, barely covers the foot, and allows more of it and of the ankle to appear than is at all desirable; and though it may have advantages in the country in keeping the habit out of mud and guarding it from briars, it is not suited to park riding in cities. There is also a disposition to gore the habits, so as to cause them to fit the figure even more closely than heretofore. This too is hardly an improvement. Without returning to the full and flowing skirts patronised formerly, which were decidedly clumsy-looking, it is surely unnecessary to present the appearance of a statue, accurately modelled in cloth, even if the figure be perfect, which is by no means invariably the case. With regard to the bodices, there is little or no change. As we have said, for good style it is impossible that they can be too plain; the edges bound with braid, and silk buttons the color of the habit, are the only trimming admissible. Velvet collars, military or other ornamental braiding, and bodices with revers opening over a habit shirt, are never worn by ladies who understand how to dress for riding.

In Parks in cities, or at Newport, or Saratoga, white or light gloves are always worn; and ladies will find it advisable to wear them with more than one button, so as to avoid the danger of the wrist between the glove and the cuff being exposed and becoming sunburnt. Plain linen cuffs and the sleeves of the habits are this year made to fit very closely. The tall riding hat is perhaps a trifle lower than in former years, and the abolition of chignons obviates the necessity of balancing it over the nose, as was the case two or three years since: the hair being dressed close to the head, the hat now rests firmly upon it. A fold of black net with short ends is worn round the hat by those ladies who do not wear veils. Those who do, wear black with a small spot; but in hot weather these are far from good for the complexion, and it is better to substitute a white veil with black spots, though it does not look so smart. Wideawake hats and straw hats are only worn by young ladies not yet "come out." All floating decorations, such as lace ties or neck ribbons should be avoided. A plain silk necktie may be worn, if wished, inside the collar, tied in the smallest possible bow; but such things as muslin ties with lace ends are in the worst possible taste, and so also are long and obtrusive earrings. Some ladies place their handkerchief in the front of the bosom of their habit; but it does not look well, and is much better in its appointed place in the pocket of the saddle. There is no objection to a flower being worn in the front of the habit if it is desired.

There are one or two errors into which those ladies even who are good riders, in so far as nerve and experience are concerned, are very apt to fall, which detract much from the grace of their appearance. The most common of these is the habit of allowing the right foot to project towards the horse's neck, instead of bending it back as far as it is possible to do. It has a most awkward appearance, and merely requires a little thought to correct; it draws the habit out of its correct folds, and gives an air of carelessness and insecurity to the seat. Another common error is that of squaring out the elbows, which gives a very ungraceful appearance; they should be kept close to the sides, and the hands as low and as far back as possible. Some young ladies have a habit of holding the right hand, with the whip in it, straight down by their side; but it is not a correct position, and gives the impression that they have never ridden, save in a riding school. A lady should always remember to sit as far back in her saddle as possible, and also that her position should be perfectly square, one shoulder not advancing before the other.

Artistic Window Curtains, Etc.—We refer our fair correspondent, "Clara," to the May number of "Peterson" for this year, for an engraving and description of such a curtain as she desires. If she is willing, however, to spend a little more money on her curtains, (though not much after all,) we would advise her to make it of what is called Russian bath-towelling, instead of unbleached muslin, because the color of the towelling harmonizes better with the yellow, red and blue of the horizontal stripes, than even the unbleached muslin. Curtains of this kind are very appropriate, not only for windows, but for doorways, or to divide a hall that is too long.

Pulverized Borax is the best thing to extirpate roaches that we can recommend to our fair correspondent, x. Throw it into cracks, scatter it on shelves under their paper covers, and in drawers and other haunts of the roaches, and within a week it will puzzle an entomologist to discover even the fossil remains of a roach anywhere in the house. Nothing could be more cleanly than this alkaline compound, and it is held in abhorrence only by roaches, red ants and other like creatures, whose disapproval is a compliment to it.

Begin Early To Get Up your clubs for 1878. We think we may safely say that no one, in any other way, can get as much for their money, as by subscribing for "Peterson." Among other improvements, in 1878, will be an entirely new feature, and one that ought to double our already large subscription list. Notice of it will be given in an early number. Not to take "Peterson" in 1878, will be to put yourself quite outside the world of art, literature and fashion.

"Its Cheapness Commends It."—The Hopkinsville (Ky.) Democrat, after praising the steel engravings, the colored fashions, and the literary matter of this magazine, and pronouncing them unequaled, concludes by saying, "its cheapness, too, commends it to every lady in the land, who wishes to keep posted in the fashions, when she can do so at such small cost."

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It is Never Too Late to subscribe for this magazine, for back numbers can be furnished, if desired, from the first of the year. Club subscriptions must begin with either the July, or January numbers; but, two dollar subscriptions may begin with any month. Subscribers, beginning with January, get the whole of Mrs. Stephens' powerful story, "The Dependent Cousin." Those, commencing with July, will get the whole of Mrs. Burnett's not less powerful novelet, "The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax."

Book-Markers on Card-Board.—We give, as an extra embellishment, in the front of the number, two designs for book-markers on card-board. These designs are particularly applicable for the Bible. They may also be used for mottos, to be worked on card-board, and hung on the walls of a room, as is now the fashion, and a very pretty fashion too.

Fruit is as much the fashion for trimming for ball-dresses as flowers. Pale blue, ornamented with crab apples; white, covered with cherries; tea-rose tulle, with garlands of black currants, etc., etc., are among the costumes at a recent ball, given by Mme. de Rothschilds, in Paris.

Wearing Real Flowers is becoming, more and more, the rage in Paris. Wealthy ladies there, whose visiting list is large, contract with a nurseryman for a supply of flowers; and as much as fifty dollars a month is often paid for three small bouquets daily.

"What I Had Lost."—A lady, renewing her subscription, says: "I am late, this year, for I had made up my mind not to subscribe; but I did not know what I had lost, till I tried to do without 'Peterson.' Send the back numbers from January."

The Unprecedentedly Narrow Skirts, now worn by extremely fashionable ladies, has led to the introduction of a combination of chemise and drawers in one, with a high petticoat bodice added to the chemise.

Carriage Rug.—In the front of the number we give, at the request of a subscriber, a design, printed in colors, for a Carriage Rug. It is to be worked, as will be seen, in two shades of blue and one of white.

Pledge Yourselves to subscribe for nothing for 1878 until you have subscribed for this magazine, or at least seen our Prospectus for that year. If you take more than one periodical, take "Peterson" first.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The American Senator. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Anthony Trollope never writes a novel that has not merit. He can hardly be said to possess genius, for if he does, it is the genius of commonplace. But he is realistic; his characters talk naturally; and though he is often prolix, he is rarely dull. The present fiction, however, is not one of his best. The scene of the story is laid in England, and a prominent character is an American Senator, on a visit to the country of his ancestors. But Mr. Gotobed is simply a caricature. We have met, we are sorry to say, American Senators, who were not a credit to the nation; but we must confess that we never saw one like Mr. Gotobed. On the other hand, Mr. Trollope is even more severe on his own countrymen and countrywomen. His Lord Rufford, in spite of forty thousand pounds a year, is a sneak and scoundrel. His Arabella is as much worse than a "fast" American girl, as a "fast" American girl is worse than the American girl generally. But we think that Mr. Trollope, after all, has a deeper purpose than appears at first. It seems to us that his intention, in this novel, is to expose certain political and social evils of England, and that he selects, exceptionally, bad specimens of English men and women, in order to do this more effectively. We think, also, that he introduces an under-bred American into the story, in order that he may put into the mouth of the latter, things that he does not like to say himself, about England and English affairs generally. The story, with all its faults, is quite readable, nevertheless. The edition is a cheap one.

La Gaviota—The Sea Gull. Translated from the Spanish by Fernan Caballero (Cecilia Bohl de Faber). 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The recent death of Cecilia Bohl de Faber, better known under the literary *nomme de plume* of Fernan Caballero, has called renewed attention to her works and genius. The Edinburgh Review, many years ago, pronounced her the Sir Walter Scott of Spain. Of her many romances, the one now before us is, perhaps, her best. It is an exceedingly spirited story; indeed, very few fictions keep up the same continuous interest. Everybody ought to read "La Gaviota," not only because it is vividly told, but because it is a type of the best recent Spanish literature, with which all cultivated persons owe it to themselves to be familiar, at least, in part. For ourselves, we think this author resembles George Sand more than Sir Walter Scott. The volume is printed in clear, legible type, and is handsomely bound.

Maurine. By Ella Wheeler. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Milwaukee: Printed for the author.*—The author of these poems is already favorably known to our readers; for she has been, for many years, a contributor to this magazine. The most ambitious poem in the volume is that from which it takes its name; but there are numerous miscellaneous poems, in addition; and all are distinguished, more or less, "Maurine" especially, by pure diction, fertile fancy, high aims, and emotional power. We have not room, this month, to criticise "Maurine" as it deserves. And of the many beautiful, shorter poems, we have space only to instance "Resigned," one of the most effective in the book, and sufficient, also, to make the reputation of a writer.

The Marquis of Lossie. By George Macdonald. (Author's Edition.) 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a sequel to "Malcolm," a novel which we noticed, favorably, on its appearance, two or three years ago. The story lies principally in Scotland, though part of the time it is carried on in London; and the end is a happy one, as *the conclusions* of romances should be generally. The most loveable character in the book is Lady Clementina; the most natural one, perhaps, is the Lady Florimel. A noble and elevated purpose is apparent all through the tale. In fact, Mr. Macdonald never forgets that genius was given, not to debase, but to exalt, mankind. A paper cover edition.

Saratoga. A True Story of 1787. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The thousands who visit Saratoga, in this year of grace, 1877, will be interested, we should think, in knowing something about Saratoga a century ago. At that time, the now crowded watering-place was a frontier settlement, open to incursions from hostile bands of Indians. In the novel before us, we have a vivid picture of the times, the story being the more absorbing, because it has been founded on fact. The volume belongs to the celebrated "Dollar Series," the cheapest, on the whole, ever offered to the public.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins, 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of one of the best fictions of Wilkie Collins, who, for intricacy and interest of plot, is second only to Charles Reade, even if second to him. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth, embossed and gilt.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PORTABLE OR COMPOSITION ROOFING.—There is probably no article of manufacture so universally needed as a reliable low priced roofing, which can be readily applied without the aid of skilled labor, and in no other direction has so great a want been so inefficiently supplied. The results of experiments with felts, cements and other compositions have so far been anything but satisfactory. Numerous so-called "cheap roofings" have been produced, advertised, used and found worthless. In view of these facts we are glad to be able to speak favorably of an article which, from our own knowledge and the testimony of some of the most extensive and best known manufacturers and merchants in this country, has proven a reliable and economical substitute for the more expensive kinds of roofing We refer to H. W. Johns' Patent Improved Asbestos Roofing, the manufacturers of which make no extravagant representations, but claim it to be the only reliable portable roofing in use, and from careful inquiry we believe their claims are well founded. This roofing has been tested many years, and is now in use in nearly all parts of the world. It is prepared ready for use, can be easily applied by unskilled workmen, is adapted for steep or flat roofs in all climates, and when finished with the *white fire-proof coating* forms the lightest, handsomest and coolest roof in use, costing only about half as much as tin. Samples, illustrated catalogues, price lists, and any desired information can be obtained from the H. W. Johns' Manufacturing Co., patentees and sole manufacturers of asbestos materials, 87 Maiden Lane, New York This company have recently completed a new manufactory, the most extensive works of the kind in the world, and have reduced their prices to a basis which place their goods within the reach of every one. They also manufacture liquid paints, all shades, which are guaranteed equal to any for general purposes and the most durable for outside work of any paints in use. In body and richness of color the Asbestos Paints surpass any we have ever seen. Fire-proof paint, an economical substitute for white lead, costing only 75 cents per gallon, for the protection of factories, bridges and other wooden structures against fire, is also valuable for the class of outbuildings, fences, etc., which are usually allowed to go unpainted. Roof paint, steam pipe and boiler coverings, steam packing, sheathings, linings, acid, fire and water-proof coatings, cements, etc., all of which can be relied upon as being in every respect as represented, and we advise our readers before purchasing paints or roofing, to send for samples of these articles and compare them with all others.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.—Blemishes that have accumulated on the face are removed by using Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and the complexion rendered clear, fresh and beautiful.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LINKERY, M. D.

IX.—DUTIES OF THE NURSE IN GENERAL.—CONCLUDED.

The nurse should avoid the recital of all melancholy events to the patient, that may come to her notice, and which would tend to produce unpleasant mental emotions; and the intelligence of a death of a friend, or the death of some individual, whose case bore a striking resemblance to her own, must be, for prudential reasons, withheld.

Visitors to the sick are prone to be the bearers of this kind of news, unthinkingly, perhaps, in many instances, and here it is the duty of the nurse to promptly interfere, and, introducing another subject, cut short the story, until the opportunity offers to give the necessary caution or apology, as the case requires. She must not hesitate one moment to disregard Chesterfield's notions of politeness, for what signifies etiquette and propriety, when the life of a mother may be at stake, and duty demands the sacrifice?

Then, there is another class of visitors—mere gossips, always heavily laden with news, seeking what they can learn of others, and imparting more intelligence than they are possessed of—among whom, doleful news always exist in abundance, and each kind-hearted one (?) is particularly anxious to obtain the credit of being first to make known the sad or startling communication. Such persons being, or becoming known to the nurse, she must positively prohibit from coming within the pale of the sick chamber, in which act she will be upheld by the physician, who will also bear the responsibility.

Whispering in the sick room is a pernicious habit with many, and it is generally annoying to one quite sick, nervous or wakeful,—often more so than the usual conversational tone. This low-toned conversation is distressing to the patient, for she cannot, if she would, but endeavor to catch its meaning, and if she fails to understand its character, is too sure to imagine it of serious import, and having reference to her case. Some nurses even receive all visitors in a whispering tone, which is simply a foolish habit.

When a patient signifies a request for some innocent article of food, the nurse should act promptly, for the appetite is not always under the control of the will, and hence the call should be responded to at once, lest the precious moment should escape, unimproved. Instances are constantly occurring, where the food is served up so tardily by the nurse, that the stomach declines taking it, when prepared. Prompt action is a cardinal virtue, here. Everything should be left, *at once*, by the nurse, and the article desired be brought as soon as possible. No gossiping in the kitchen, or at the front door, with a friend, is to be tolerated. The patient's sleep should never be disturbed, for the purpose of conferring upon her any little acts of kindness, or of "seeing a friend," as a greater one consists in permitting her to enjoy her repose, unmolested. It is even profitable, generally, to omit giving medicine, for a short time, than to disturb the patient's slumber; and the habit of administering medicine through the night should, in general, be abandoned; as it is, now, by the most intelligent physicians, not ordered.

Lastly, the nurse should endeavor to make her errands or passages through the room door as few as possible; for, as a rule, it is extremely tiresome and vexatious to the patient, to hear her chamber door ever and anon opening and closing,—in other words, constantly on the swing.

FLOWER TALK FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

TRAILING AND CLIMBING PLANTS.—For the house, trailing and climbing plants are exceedingly graceful and appropriate. A basket of Moneywort or of German Ivy in the window will make it attractive; and no one is so poor that they cannot afford at least that. They will grow in any old dish, and almost any kind of soil, and so luxuriantly, as to surprise any one not familiar with them. Trained up the cords which suspend the basket or basin, in which they grow, and allowed to trail over its sides, you will have, in a very short time, an object of beauty, which will cost only

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the labor you bestow upon it, and that will be next to nothing. Five minutes a day, in watering them, will be all that half-a-dozen such plants will usually need.

For growing away from the light, and training up door-frames and about pictures, there are two plants which are unexcelled—the English Ivy and Madeira Vine. The Ivy is the best, because it grows on from year to year, and its leaves seldom drop; and there is a richness of color and beauty of shape about it, which the Madeira Vine lacks: But the latter grows so rapidly, and has such a freedom about it, and throws out its branches and flowers in such remarkable luxuriance, that, for ordinary uses, it is superior to the Ivy. It will grow twenty and thirty feet in a season, and adapts itself to any circumstances. For making an arch over an ugly, square door-frame, it is unsurpassed, as you can train it back and forth, until every bit of string it is trained on is hidden by its rich, glossy leaves. It can be used for baskets, but, in that case, must be kept well pinched in, as it is too rampant a grower, unless this is done. Ivy, like the Madeira Vine, will stand all manner of abuse, and thrive; but, the better it is treated, the better it will flourish. Trained about pictures, its rich, dark leaves have a fine effect, and, if made to run along the ceiling, you have a border much finer than any gilt one can be. Trailing plants look well on brackets, put in nooks and corners about the room, and they can be changed often, if distance from the light affects them.

Garden Plants for the House.—If Bedding Plants have been grown in the garden, through the summer, quite a number of kinds can be made to blossom in the house, during the winter, by good and judicious treatment. If you intend to use any in the house, select such as you want, at once, and cut them back severely. On no account allow them to blossom again in the garden. Lautanas, Geraniums, Heliotropes and Salvias, can be used for this purpose, with good success, if, when potted, which should be done before any hard frosts, they are kept in a cool place, for some time, until they have recovered from their transplanting, and have begun to grow in their new quarters. Bring them into a warmer room, when they have started, and give all the fresh air you can. Get them used to the atmosphere of the house by degrees. Give them no stimulants, until they have got so that they "feel at home." Then exercise care in giving it, and do not encourage a rank and hot-house growth. After they have been accustomed to the change, they will do well, and you may expect them to blossom in January and February.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Amber Pudding.—One quarter pound of suet finely chopped, one quarter pound of fine breadcrumbs (or two ounces of breadcrumbs and two ounces of flour), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, the finest possible rind of a lemon chopped very small; boil or steam in a mould for three hours; serve with marmalade sauce, viz.: take half a pot of marmalade, add to it a wineglass of water, warm it on the fire, add a wineglass of white wine, strain and pour round the pudding. Melt half a pound of butter in a saucepan with six ounces of pounded sugar; when well mixed, add the yolks of seven eggs and as much candied peel, pounded to a paste, as will make it of a good color. Line a dish with paste, fill it with the mixture, cover it with a paste crust, and bake in a moderate oven. Substitute orange marmalade for the candied peel, line a tart mould with paste, pour in the mixture, and bake without a paste cover.

Bread-Crumb Pudding.—Make a quantity of bread crumbs by rubbing the crumb of a stale loaf through a fine wire sieve; put a pint of milk and an ounce of fresh butter into a saucepan on the fire, with sugar to taste, and the thin rind of a lemon, cut, if possible, in one piece; when the milk boils strew bread crumbs into it until a thick porridge is obtained; turn it out into a basin. When cold remove the lemon rind, and stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, mix well, then stir in the whites of two eggs beaten up to a stiff froth, and a small quantity of candied citron peel cut very thin. Have a plain mould, buttered and bread-crumbed very carefully all over, pour the composition into it, and bake it about half an hour. Serve cold, with a compôte of any fruit round it.

Cream Tartlets.—Make a short paste with one white and three yolks of egg, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour *quant. suff.*; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Line some patty-pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice, and fill the tartlets with jam, or with stewed fruit, and at the top put a heaped spoonful of whipped cream.

Whipped Cream.—Sweeten half a pint of cream with some loaf sugar which has been well rubbed on the outside of a lemon, and then pounded. Put it into a perfectly clean cold bowl, and add to it the beaten-up white of an egg. Take a perfectly clean cold whisk, and whip the cream to a stiff froth, in a very cool place, or over ice. As the froth rises, lay it on a hair sieve in a cool place to drain.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Cream Cheese.—A very easy way of making cream cheese is to lay a piece of muslin in a large basin, but do not let it quite touch the bottom; this may be prevented by putting weights in the edges of the muslin lying outside the basin. Pour in your cream, and let it stand a day and a night, by which time all the thin part of the cream will have run through the muslin into the basin, and the cream will be quite thick. Draw the muslin together over the cream, and give it a squeeze, to press out any milk that may remain; tie it round with a string pretty tight, and hang it in a rough towel doubled four times; dig a hole in the garden, and bury it in the cloth, and let it remain four or five days, when it will be ripe; press it into shape.

Cottage Cheese.—Put some sour milk in a warm place until the whey begins to separate from the curd, but by no means let it get hard. Pour the curd into a three-cornered bag, in the shape of a pudding bag, hang it up and let it drain until no more water will drip from it. Then turn it out into a pan, mash the curd very fine and smooth with a wooden spoon; add as much good rich cream as will make it about as thick as batter. Salt it to your taste. Sprinkle pepper over the top if you choose.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. I.—Carriage-Dress of Blue and Grey Striped Cashmere; the under-skirt is of silk (or may be of alpaca), and is trimmed with two scant bias ruffles of the cashmere; the over-dress is a long polonaise buttoned from the throat to the bottom, and is trimmed with a bias band of blue silk and a worsted net fringe; the loose jacket is sleeveless, does not meet in front, has a rolling collar of silk and is trimmed with a band of bias silk. It fits more tight at the back. Instead of having the jacket, it can be simulated by trimming the polonaise with the silk. This never looks as well as the real thing. Straw bonnet, with a double Alsatian bow and a tie run on the top.

Fig. II.—Walking Costume; the Skirt of Plain Black Silk; the wrap is of black silk, piped with cardinal red,

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with a wide collar of black velvet, and is trimmed with two rows of large buttons. This wrap can be made of waterproof cloth, alpaca or cashmere, and is most comfortable and stylish looking. Grey felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and grey ribbon, and cock's plume.

Fig iii.—Evening-Dress of White Muslin.—The front is draped in the usual style; at the sides are two lengthwise puffings, and at the back are three full puffs. The front of the skirt has two knife-plaited ruffles, and at the back are three deeper ones. On the right side are long loops and ends of poppy colored silk. One large bow of the same silk is on the left side, at the bottom of the upper puff. The waist is deep and plain, and laced at the back; plaiting of muslin trims the top of the waist, and a bow of poppy colored silk is on the right shoulder. Poppies in the hair.

Fig. iv.—Child's Dress of Dark Brown Velveteen, with a loose cashmere and velveteen dress over it.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress, made quite short, of Dark Blue Silk and Metellassé; the under-skirt is of the silk, trimmed with plaitings of the same, and with bands of the *metellassé* and rows of fringe; the over-dress is of the *metallassé* mode, very plain, with a vest front and sleeves of the silk. It is trimmed with a cording of silk and buttoned down at the sides. Black velvet hat, trimmed with a band of dark blue curled ostrich feathers and a yellow wing.

Fig vi.—Carriage-Dress of Moss Green Cashmere over a skirt of moss green silk, trimmed with four plaited ruffles, which are headed with three rows of blue grey braid. Each ruffle is also edged with the same braid. The over-dress is made of cashmere, and is quite clinging to the figure. The jacket fastens diagonally from the right shoulder to the left side, and is trimmed with three rows of the braid. Hat, of grey felt, turned up at the side, and trimmed with cords and green feathers.

Figs. vii and viii.—Front and Back of a Breton Jacket—This jacket is intended for house wear, but can be worn by young girls out of doors. It is original in style; is of dark blue cloth, and it is trimmed with braid embroidered with silks of bright and various colors, and with mother-of-pearl buttons. The jacket has a plastron, and fastens at the side; the square revers and the pocket at the back are in the same style.

Fig ix.—Mantilla for Young Lady.—This dressy and stylish wrap may be made either of black silk or soft clinging cashmere. It is trimmed with black lace and a row of rich gimp trimming. It is half tight fitting and is eminently suitable for fall wear. Straw hat, trimmed with black gauze scarf and large yellow rose.

Fig. x.—New Style Mantilla.—This wrap is of one of the many soft, thin figured materials that come for the purpose; is cut rather deep and rounding at the back, and is trimmed with a bias band of silk and a deep fringe. It is carelessly tied in front. The collar is scalloped and fastened down with buttons. Bonnet of cream, trimmed with ferns and china asters.

Fig. xi.—Young Lady's Jacket of Black Silk, with a vest of black velvet set in. On each edge of the jacket is a row of crochet buttons. The vest buttons down the middle. This jacket is worn over a plain black silk. Very wide collar and cuffs of guipure lace. These large lace collars are very stylish for full dress. White straw hat, trimmed with grey ribbon and wing.

Fig. xii.—Cashmere Pardessus.—This pardessus is half fitting, and is fastened in front with a double row of gimp olives; at the back and upon the basque there is a triple plait of black silk, which forms a coat tail; the plaits are fastened down with tassels and bows; the sides are ornamented with marabout bordering, which crosses the sides diagonally to the waist. Sleeve with bows and piped cuffs.

General Remarks.—We give, also, this month, two of the prettiest bonnets that have appeared for the autumn. The first is of white straw, depressed in front, turned up a little on the right side, and lined with cardinal red silk. On the outside is a long, white plume and a bunch of red roses, where the brim is turned up and the plume is put in. The other bonnet is of black straw, trimmed with black velvet, two short black ostrich tips, and a bunch of yellow, brown and red nasturtums at the back. The head-dresses are two among the many styles of arranging the hair, which is usually, and should always be, according to the way it suits the face of the wearer.

Breton jackets, cuirass bodies, polonaise, mantalets, cut straight across the back, like the old-fashioned scarfs, are all equally fashionable.

Lamballe bonnets, and Gainsborough hats, modified to suit all faces, are the most worn; but if the hat is rather large, and turned up on one side at least, and the bonnet is rather high, and close-fitting to the head, any kind of head gear passes that is becoming; fruits and flowers are used in profusion; the flowers are of darker hue, than that of the last spring, and more fall like; among the fruits are not only seen the cherries, currants, blackberries, etc., which have been popular for a long while, but branches of the small momderin oranges, peaches, coat apples, etc. Feathers are also much in vogue, and strips of net, embroidered with beads, are very new. In fact, beads are very much used for trimming dresses now, as well as chenille and other embroidery. The beads are of all colors—black, bronze, sparkling blue, green, etc., etc.; they are very expensive, make a dress very heavy to wear, but are a stylish trimming.

Embroidery by hand on the dress is rare, as it occupies so much time. It is more elegant than the bands of embroidery that are purchased and sewed on. These embroidered bands and galloons come in all colors for the Breton suits. Ivory white berège bunting and foulard silks look charmingly made up with these embroidered bands, or with pinked out-ruchings quilled, very full of silk, in two colors, such as delicate blue and pink, dark blue and dark red, black and orange, moss green and pink, blue and linden or tilleul, violet and primrose, etc.

The waistband or belt is worn even over the long vest fronts that appear with so many jackets, and coat basques; these belts are usually wide, and are especially becoming to slim figures, the unbroken line of the polonaise and cuirass waist is more becoming to stouter persons.

Colored stockings are still most popular, and these of one color, with clocks or embroidered with sprigs, are the most elegant, and the stripe, running lengthwise, is very much worn; these colored stockings are expensive, not so much in the first cost, as that it is almost impossible to wash them to look well; some ladies wear the thinnest kind of thread stockings, under the colored ones, in order to keep them nice.

Shoes of colored kid are again fashionable, but these are not so becoming to the feet as the black kid, which are now made embroidered in colored flowers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. i.—Little Boy's Dress of Grey Summer Cloth; it is made double-breasted, and plain in front, with two rows of brown buttons; the back is plain to the waist, when the skirt is put on in kilt plaits, under a broad, worsted sash of cardinal red; large square sailor collar.

Fig. ii.—Boy's Suit of Brown Plaid Summer Cloth; the trowsers are rather narrow, and come below the knee; the deep jacket opens over a white shirt front, and vest in front.

Fig. iii.—Girl's Costume of Buff; linen, semi-fitting paletot, ornamented with a cotton galloon, embroidered in cardinal red. It is plain in front, and kilt-plaited the entire length of the back. Loops and ends of cardinal faille trim the piped sailor's collar. Plaitings of buff linen form square pockets and cuffs.

Fig. iv.—Back of the Suit of Fig. ii.

Fig. v.—Back of the Suit of Fig. i.

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"LITTLE DAISY." [*See the Story, "Daisy's Self-Sacrifice."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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NEW STYLE FALL SACQUE

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NEW STYLE FALL SACQUE.

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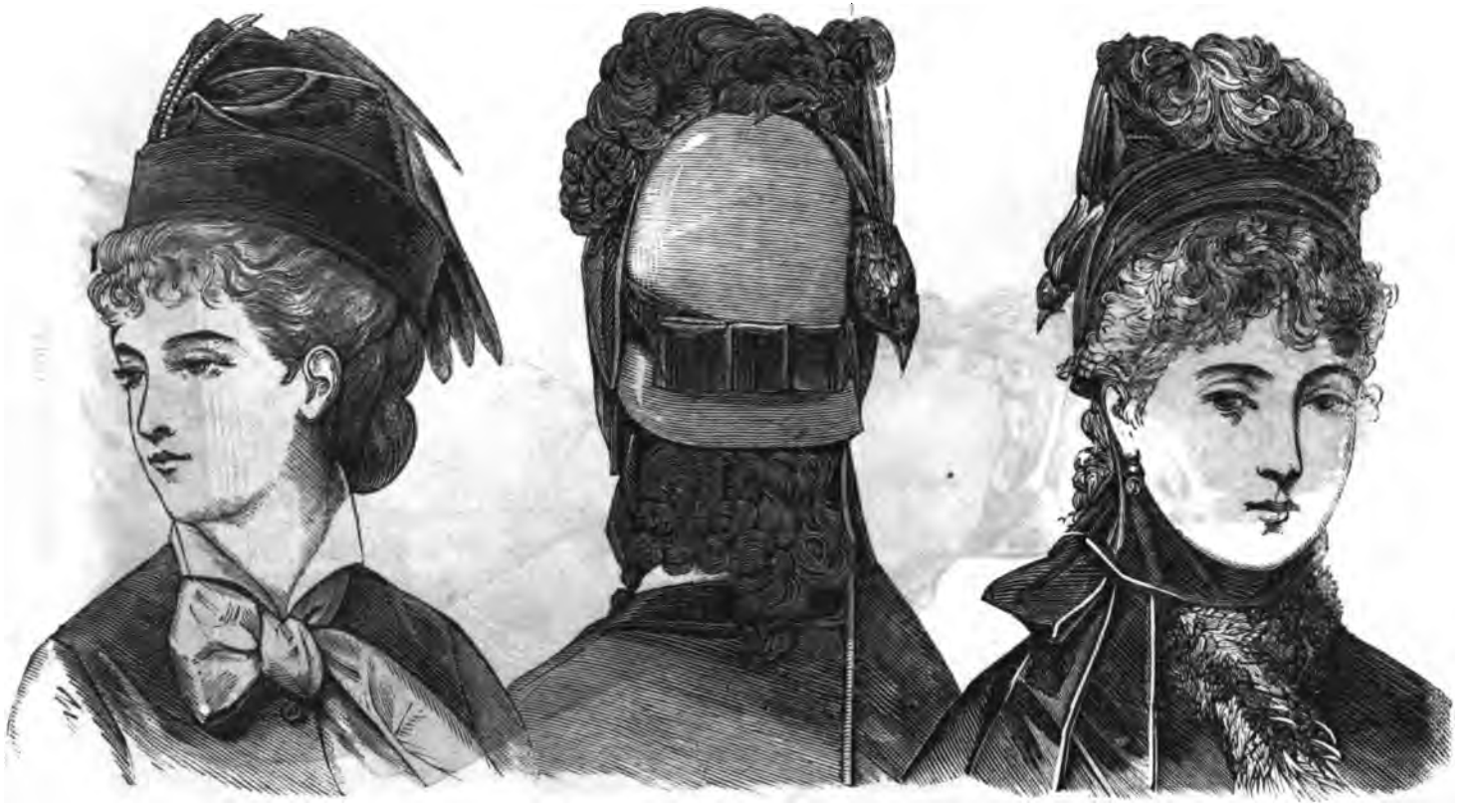

VELVET TOQUE. BACK AND FRONT OF BONNET.

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NEW STYLE FALL HATS. MOURNING BONNET.

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WALKING DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE. BABY'S CAP

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DINNER, OR EVENING DRESS. VELASQUEZ COLLAR AND SLEEVE.

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WHEREFORE?

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Phila.

Words and Music by SEP. WINNER.

Andantino.

Organ or Piano.

1. The ros - es all are dead, And the li - lacs are no more; The cowslips, too, have fled, Yet the sum-mer is not o'er; Wherefore, wherefore? know not I! Wherefore,

p *cres.* *p* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.* *mf* *p*

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wherefore, should I sigh?

p *cres.*

2. The dai-sies, too, are gone, All so ear-ly in the year; Of
3. And thus is life's own day, Ere the morn of youth is gone; Our

tu-lips there are none, Tho' the summer still is here; Wherefore, wherefore,
friends have passed a-way— We have lost them, one by one; Wherefore, wherefore,

mf

why com-plain? Wherefore, wherefore, sigh in vain?
should I weep? Wherefore, wherefore? sweet their sleep!

p

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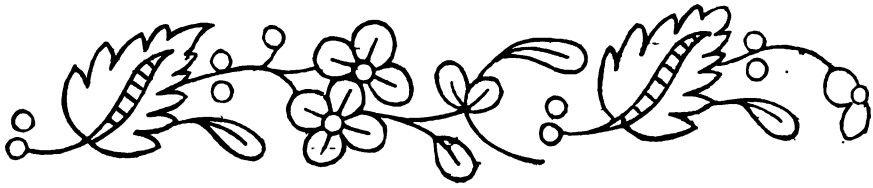

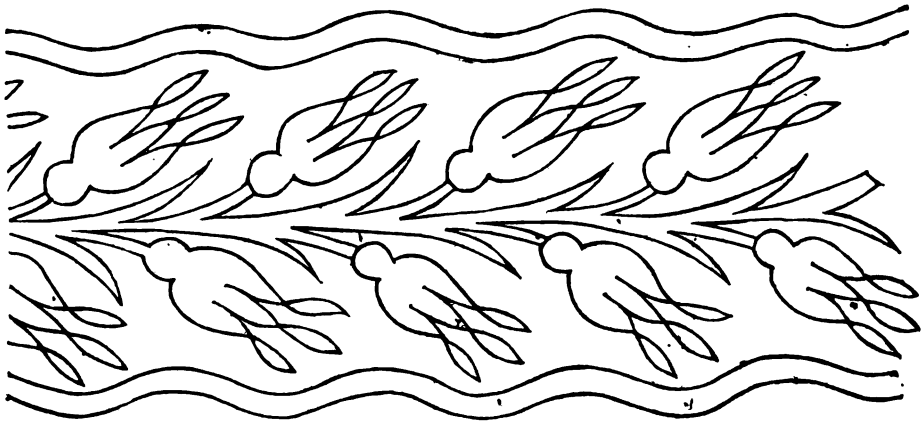

BRAIDING FOR CHILD'S FROCK. EMBROIDERIES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1877. No. 4.

"THE FAIRY POT OF GOLD."

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"OH! I wish—"

"What do you wish, my dear?" said Amy's mother, as the girl stopped suddenly; "anything I can give you?"

"I'm almost ashamed, dear mamma, to tell you. You'll think me so foolish."

"Let me hear, at any rate."

"Well, dearest," and she got up, and going to her mother, kissed her; and then, hid her face on the dear shoulder, shyly. "I was thinking of a fairy story, I read when a little child, and wishing I, too, could find the fairy pot of gold. Life seems so hard and dry, dear mamma; day by day, it's the same—sweeping, dusting, attending to other household affairs, with but little amusement, and hardly time to read. I get so tired of it all, sometimes; you don't know how tired."

"Yes, darling, I know all about it. I once felt exactly as you do. It was before I had learned to make the best of everything. But now I am satisfied that a Higher Power oversees all things, and that the real 'fairy pot of gold' is doing 'whatsoever the hand findeth to do,' and being content!"

"But it is so hard, when one sees other girls, who are rich, and have everything they wish for, and who—I don't think I'm wicked in saying so—haven't done anything more to deserve it than I have."

"My child, it is wicked, I'm afraid, to think so. God knows best what is good for us. Besides, there are compensations in every lot. I've no doubt, the girls you envy, have crosses of their own to bear; perhaps, on the whole, they are not even as happy as you, Amy. We should look at our blessings, and not at the other side of the picture."

"Oh! but," interrupted Amy, "it's so easy to talk, and so hard to—"

But she herself was interrupted; interrupted by a loud knocking at the front-door; a knocking so urgent, that Amy stopped speaking, and hurried to open it herself.

What she saw there drew all the blood to her heart, and left her pale as ashes, and clutching at the door-handle for support. It was the form of her father, her tenderly-loved father, extended on an impromptu litter, motionless, senseless, with a face like death.

"I beg pardon, miss," said one of the bearers, "but haven't you heard? We sent Jim Haines on ahead to tell you, but he must have got the wrong directions. You see, your father was on the train coming from Philadelphia, and there was a smash-up. Don't faint, miss. He is badly hurt, it is true, but the doctor thinks he'll get round. The doctor will be here directly."

But Amy did not hear the concluding words. She had fallen senseless across the doorway.

If there ever was a family in which love reigned paramount, it was that of the Drews. Few girls loved their parents as Amy loved hers. Between her father and herself, especially, there was an intellectual sympathy, as well as a sympathy of the heart. When, therefore, she saw him brought home dead, as she thought, her whole world fell to pieces about her with a sudden and awful crash, and she was only saved from insanity by temporary forgetfulness.

That night, in her own room, when she had recovered consciousness, she prayed to the Almighty One, as only those pray, who have been struck down by some great calamity, and who realize that He alone can help them.

"Oh! merciful Father," she cried, with floods of tears; "have pity and forgive! I was ungrateful, impious; I did not know how great were the blessings heaped on me. Only spare his life, give him back to us, and I will never, never, repine again!"

Her mother, not less horrified and agonized, had met the emergency with better self-control. Though lacerated in every fibre of her soul, she

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had retained her composure, at least, outwardly; had given directions what to do; had stood and assisted, while the surgeon had performed an operation, that had become necessary; and now stole in to see her daughter, before the latter went to sleep for the night. "For you must try to sleep, dearest," she said. "You will need all your strength to help me in nursing your father."

"But will he live? will he live?" sobbed Amy, wildly, clinging to her mother. "Oh! only say he will live. What will I not do, if only God will spare him to us?"

"Let us hope for the best," soothingly said the mother, drying her own eyes with a great effort. "Your father has a wonderful constitution, the surgeon says, and it will probably carry him through, though the shock has been very great. Consider, darling," she said, solemnly, "how many homes are desolate to-night, made so by this accident. While others are weeping over their dead, we have hope, strong hope. There, let me smooth your pillow for you, my dearest. To-morrow, you will wake up strong, and then you shall see your father. He has just asked for you. In all his pain, he has thought of his darling Amy."

Mrs. Drew had spoken far more cheerfully than she had felt. But she knew it was necessary to buoy up her daughter, or the child, unused to trouble, would have, perhaps, lost her reason. Or, if not that, she would have gone delirious with fever. Brave heart! she went back to her husband, and watched by him all night; moistening the hot lips; administering the soothing drinks the physician had left; smiling at him; saying words of cheer; deftly arranging the bed-clothes; doing as much by her looks and loving words, and tender assiduities, to bring back life to the shattered nerves and frame, as the doctors had done by their skill.

And this went on for weeks. After that first day, Amy had rallied, and had come into the sick-room, resolute and self-contained, only second indeed, to her mother in courage and skill. Together those two devoted women fought with Death for their loved one. "Never have I seen such nursing," said the physician. "If he lives, it will be the nursing that saves him, rather than my medicines. God bless mother and daughter. Such women make us think of the angels."

The battle, at last, was won. Mr. Drew rose from his bed at the end of months, crippled for life; but, in all other respects, as strong and healthy as before his accident. And when he went out, for the first time, with Amy and her mother, one on either side, supporting his feeble steps, and when everybody stopped to speak to him, and even people they had scarcely known before, came up and shook him by the hands, including Governor Howard himself, then it was that Amy's heart rose in her throat, and the tears welled up into her eyes, and she murmured to herself, "Oh! thank God, thank God! for here my darling father is well at last, when I see those go by, in mourning, whose loved ones were killed on the same train. Can I be too thankful?"

A great change has come over Amy. The waters of tribulation have washed her soul white. She has found content. You see it even in her face, which, though beautiful before, has won a spiritual loveliness, that it lacked in earlier days. She no longer repines at her lot. On the contrary, she sees how blessed it is, in many respects, and how, though not without troubles, the blessings outnumber them, as they do with all of us, if we could only behold things aright.

"What makes you so unusually cheerful, lately, my dear child?" said her father to her, one morning at breakfast; "you go singing about the house all day."

Amy looked at her mother, meaningly, and replied:

"It is because I have come into a great inheritance, lately, and I can't keep still for joy. Yes! dear papa," kissing him, "ma will tell you all about it. She will tell you I have found 'THE FAIRY POT OF GOLD.'"

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

BY E. M. CONKLIN.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!"
So she sang, near Life's last goal,
Young and fair, but soon to die!
And from love's despairing hold,
Either hand she drew, and smiled;
With that fervent prayer to fold;
O, my precious, dying child!

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!"
Clear and full the sweet notes roll,
When their skill, young voices try;
Sung by rosy, smiling lips,
With glad eyes and thoughtless heart—
Then, lest I. their joy eclipse;
I, her mother, weep apart.

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MELANKTON SPICER'SES WIFE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

When Josiah and me, was to Ebenezer Spicer's a-visitin', Ebenezer told us he did wish that we would stop and see his brother Lank, seein' we had to pass right by his house. Melankton Spicer, Ebenezer's twin brother, married Ebenezer's wife's sister, makin' 'em double and twisted relations, as you may say.

And we told him that seein' it was right on our way, we would stop a few minutes. I told him I guessed we wouldn't stay long, for I wasn't much acquainted with 'em, though they had visited me years ago, and I had seen her to Mother Smith's once or twice.

Ebenezer told us mebbe we hadn't better stay long, for they had hard work to get along. He said Delilah Ann wasn't a mite like his wife, Malinda, only in one way—they both despised a mejum course, and follered their own way blindly, and to the end of the chain. But their chains was fur different. For whereas, Malinda, havin' a husband that was well off, would scrub and work every minute, with no need on't; Delilah Ann havin' married a poor man that needed help, wouldn't work a mite. Hadn't been no help to him at all since they was married, only in talkin' on appearances, and havin' seven girls. And they bein' growed up, and their ma not allowin' 'em to do a spec of work, only to dress up to ketch a bo. Lank had to work from mornin' till night in the store where he was a clerk, and then set up half of the night to copy papers for a lawyer, to try to pay their milliner's bills and the hired girls. But he couldn't; he was in debt to everybody. And he didn't get no rest to home, for the girls and their mother was teazin' him every minute for gold bracelets, and diamond rings, and silk dresses. He said they lived poor, and their morals was all run down, Lank not havin' been able to get enough ahead to buy a Bible. He hadn't nothin' but the Pokraphy and a part of the Old Testament, that had fell to him from his father. Fell so fur, that all the old prophets had got tore to pieces, except Malachi, and he was battered awfully.

Ebenezer said that Lank told him he had hard work to bring up children right, and nothin' but a Pokraphy to go by. He said Lank told him when he got his last month's wages, he did mean to get enough ahead to buy a Bible and a sack of flour; but when he got his pay, his wife said she was sufferin' for a new gauze head-dress, and the seven girls had got to have some bebinet neckties, and some new ear-rings. He said Delila Ann said, after they had got these necessarys, then, if there was anything left, they would get a sack of flour and a Bible. But there wasn't, and so they had to get along with the Pokraphy and the second sort of flour. And he said that workin' so hard and farin' so hard, Lank was most used up.

He said he wasn't more'n two or three minutes older than he was, but he looked as if he was seventy-nine years of age. And he was afraid he wouldn't stand it more'n several months longer, if things went on so.

I felt bad when Ebenezer was a-tellin' us this. I felt sorry for Lank, as sorry could be. And I was awful indignant at Delila. These wus my first two thoughts, and then it wusn't probably more'n half a moment before I thought to myself, mebbe here is a chance for me to shoot another shot at old Emer, and win another victory in the cause of right. I felt a feeling that I could advise Delila Ann for her good. And so I spoke up, mildly, but with a firm and noble mean, on me, that we would stop there for an hour or two.

This conversation took place the evenin' previous to our departure from Ebenezer'ses, but I did not forget it. And when we arrived at the village where Lank lived, it being after ten o'clock, Josiah said he guessed he would go right down to the store where he worked, so's to see him, and I might go in and call on Delila Ann. A small white-headed boy, with two breeches held up by one gallus, told me where they lived, the same boy offerin' to hitch my horse fer me

It had been a number of years since I had seen Delila Ann, and I didn't s'pose I should know her, Ebenezer said she had changed so. He said she had that sort of anxious, haggard, dissatisfied, kinder sheepish, kinder bold look, that folks always get by puttin' on aperiences. I've hearn, and I believe that it is as wearin' a job as you can get into, to foller from year to year. And Delila Ann havin' been puttin' 'em on (the aperiences) for upwards of twenty years, was wore down, as Ebenezer said, to skin and bone.

The hull house and furniture had the look it always wears when anybody is engaged in the

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aperienses business. A sort of gaudy and flashy cut, dreadful thin, and hazy look. The front door had it bad. The knob was broke off; the latch was gone; two of the panels was ready to fall out, besides, a place to the bottom big enough for a cat to crawl under. It rode back on one hinge, and that was shaky as shaky could be. There didn't seem to be anything whole and secure about the door, except the key-hole. But they had a bran new bell on it, and a new brass plate, bearin' Lank's name in bold, noble letters, which, I s'pose, was a comfort to the family, and lifted 'em above the small afflictions of the snow and rain that entered at will, and when it was a mind to.

The white-haired boy, with the solitary and lonesome gallus, says to me, as he stood waitin' for the ten-cent bill I wus a-gettin' for him out of my pork-money: "That door needs mendin' bad."

I gave him his bill, and he started off, and I was just a-musin' over his last words, and thinkin' dreamily, that Lank's best way would be to take the key-hole and get a new door made to it, when the hired girl came to the door. I could see, that by livin' in a house devoted to the aperiences, she, too, had ketched the same look. She had that same sort of thin, hazy look onto her, besides, bein' in poor order as to flesh, real bony and haggard. Her face was done up in an old green baize veil, for the toothache.

I told her who I was, and she seemed to be kinder frustrated, and said she'd go in and tell the family. Left me right there, a-standin' on my feet; and I, not knowin' how long she would be gone, thought I would set down, for it always tires me to stand any length of time on my feet.

There was an elegant, imposin' lookin' chair set there, by the side of a noble lookin' table. But, to my surprise, and almost mortification, when I went to set down, I set right down through it the first thing. I ketched, almost wildly, at the massive table to try to save myself, and that gave way and spilt on my hands, as you may say, and fell right over onto me. And then, I see it was made of rough, shackly boards, but upholstered with a gorgeous red and yellow cotton spread, like the chair. They both looked noble.

I gathered myself up, and righted up the table as well as I could, murmuring almost mechanically to myself:

"Put not your trust in princes, nor turkey red calico, Josiah Allen's wife. Set yourself not down upon them, blindly, lest you be wearied and faint in your mind, and lame in your body."

I was just a-rehearsin' this to myself, when the hired girl came back, and, says I:

"I am glad you have come, for I don't know but I should have brought the hull house down in ruins onto me, if you hadn't come jest as it did."

And then she up and told me that that chair and table wasn't made for use, but jest for looks. She said they wanted a table and a reception chair in the hall, and not bein' able to buy a sound one, they had made 'em out of boards they had by 'em.

"Well," says I, mildly, "I went right down through the chair, the first thing; it skint me." I got along through the hall first-rate after this, only I most fell twice. For the floor bein' carpeted with wall paper, varnished to be oil cloth aperiently, and the water and snow comin' in so free at the front door, it had soaked it all up in spots, and bein' tore up in places, and the varnish makin' it kinder stiff, it was as bad as a mantrap to ketch folks' feet in and throw 'em.

Jest before we got to the parlor door, I see that, in the agitation of body and mind I had experienced since I came in, I had dropped one of my cuff buttons; nice, black ones, that I had purchased jest before we started, at an outlay of thirty-seven and a-half cents. And the hired girl said she would go back and look for it.

And while she was a-lookin', the plasterin' bein' off considerable, and the partition jest papered over, I heard 'em a-sayin,' and they seemed to be a-cryin' as they said it:

"What did she want to come here for? I should think she would know enough to stay away!"

"To think we have got to be tormented by seein' her!" says another voice.

"I hate to have her come as bad as you do, children," says another voice that I knew was Delila's. "But we must try to bear up under it. She won't probably stay more than two or three hours."

"I thay, I hope she won't sthay two minith," says a lispin' voice.

"We wont let her stay," says a little fine voice.

I declare for't, if it hadn't been for my principles and my vow, I would have turned right round in my tracks. But I remembered that it wusn't the most pious folks that needed the most preachin', and if ever premiscues advisin' seemed to be called for, it was now. And jest as I was a-rememberin' this, the hired girl came back.

The minute she opened that parlor door, I see that I had got into the house of mournin'. The room, which resembled the hall and front door, as if they was three twins, seemed to be full of baraze delaine, and bebinet lace, and thin ribbon,

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all bathed in tears and sobs. When I took a closer look, I see there was eight or nine wimmen under the gauzes, and frizzles, and folderols, and et cetery. Some of 'em had dime novels in their hands, and one of 'em held a white pup.

The moment I entered, every one of 'em jumped up and kissed me, and throwed their arms right round me. Some of the time I had as many as six or seven arms at a time round me in different places. And every one was a-tellin' me in awful, warm tones, how too glad, how highly tickled they was to see me. They never was so carried away with enjoyment before in their hull lives, they said.

And says four of 'em, speakin' up, tenderly, bendin' their eight eyes, beseechingly, upon my specks. "You will stay a week with us, won't you?"

"One week!" says the little fine voice. "That haint nothin'; you must stay a month."

"We won't let you off a day sooner," says six warm voices, awful warm.

"Sthay all thummer, do," says the lispin' voice.

"Yes, do!" says the hull eight.

And then Delila Ann throwed both her arms round my neck, and says she, "Oh, if you could only stay with us always, how happy, happy, we should be."

And then she laid her head right down on my shoulder, and began to sob, and weep, and cry. I was a'most sickened to the death by their behavior and actin', but the voice of sorrow always appeals to my heart. And I see in half a minute what the matter was—Lank had gin out, had killed himself a-workin'. And though I knew she was jest as much to blame as if she was made of arsenic, and Lank had swallowed her, still, pity and sympathy makes the handsomest, shinyest kind of varnish to cover up folks' faults with, and Delila Ann shone with it from head to foot, as she lay there on my neck, wettin' my best collar with her tears, and almost tearin' the lace offen it with her deep windy sithes. I pitied Delila Ann from pretty near the bottom of my heart. I forgot, for the time bein', her actin' and behavin'. I felt bad, and, says I:

"Then he is gone, Delila Ann, I feel to sympathize with you, though I never seen him. I am sorry for you as I can be sorry."

"Yes!" says she, pretty near choked up with emotion; "He is gone; we have lost him. You don't know how we loved him. It seems as if our hearts will break."

I sithed; I thought of my Josiah; and I says, in tremblin' tones: "When love is lost out of a heart that has held it, oh, what a soreness there must be in that heart; what an emptiness; what a lonesomeness. But," says I, tryin' to comfort her, "He who made our hearts, knows all about 'em. His love can fill all the deep lonesome places in 'em, and hearts that He dwells in will never break. He keeps 'em; they are safe with an eternal safety."

But all the while I was pourin' these religious consolations onto her, this thought kept a-governin' me, "What if it was my Josiah?" And while I held Delila Ann up with my left arm, (for she seemed dreadful withy, and I expected nothin' less than she would crumple right down on my hands), I held my white cotton handkerchief in my right hand, and cried onto it for pretty nigh half a minute. I felt bad. Dretful. I thought of Josiah; and I well knew that, though the world held many a man that weighed more by the steelyards, and was far more hefty in mind, still, life without him would be like a lamp without a wick, or the world without a sun.

All the seven girls was a sobbin', and a number of 'em sithed out, "Oh, it does seem as if our hearts must break right in two."

Then I spoke up in tremblin' tones: "If you are willin', Delila Ann, it would be a melancholy satisfaction to me to see the corpse."

The seven girls led the way, sobbin' as if their hearts would break right in two, and I followed on, kinder holdin' up Delila Ann, expectin' every minute she would faint away on my hands. We was a mournful lookin' procession. They led the way into the next room, and led me up to a sofy, upholstered with gorgeous piller cotton, and there, on a cushion, lay a dead pup.

I was too dumbfounded to speak for nearly half a moment.

"Oh!" says Delila Ann, bendin' over him and liftin' up some of the long white hair on his neck; "It seems as if I could give him up better if we could only have washed his lovely hair white. It got stained by the medicine we gave him in his last sickness, and we could not wash the sweet hair white again."

"No! blessed angel, we couldn't," cried four of 'em, bendin' down and kissin' of him

Oh, what feelin' I felt as I stood there a-lookin' on 'em. To think I had been a-sympathizin', and a-comfortin', a-pumpin' the very depths of my soul to pour religious consolations onto 'em, and a-bewailin' myself and sheddin' my own tears over a whiffet pup. As I thought this over, my dumbfoundness began to go offen me, and my meun begun to look different and awful. I thrust my white cotton handkerchief back into my pocket again, with my right hand, and drew my

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left arm, haughtily, away from Delila Ann, not carin' whether she crumpled down and fainted away or not. I spose my meun apauled 'em, for Delila Ann says to me, in tremblin' tones:

"All genteel wimmen dote on dogs." And she added, in still more tremblin' tones, as she see my meun keep a growin' awfuller and awfuller every minute. "Nothin' gives a woman such a genteel air as to lead 'em round with a ribbon." And she added, still a-keepin' her eye on my meun: "I always know a woman is genteel, the minute I see her a-leadin' 'em round, and I never have been mistaken once. And the more genteel a woman is, the more poodle dogs they have to dote on."

I didn't say a word to Delila Ann, nor the hull set on 'em. But my emotion riz up so that I spoke up loud to myself, unbeknown to me. I episoded to myself, almost mechanically, in a low, deep voice:

"Father's bein' killed with labor, and a world layin' in wickedness, and wimmens dotin' on dogs. Hundreds of thousands of houseless and homeless children—little fair souls bein' blackened by vice and ignorance, with a black that can't never be rubbed off this side of heaven, and immortal wimmen spendin' their hull energies in keepin' a pup's hair white. Little tender feet bein' led down into the mire and clay, that might be guided up to heaven's door, and wimmen utterly refusin' to notice 'em, so rampant and set on leadin' round a pup by a string. Good land!" says I; "it makes me angry to think on't."

And I pulled out my white linen handkerchief and wiped my ferwerd almost wildly.

I spose my warm emotions had melted down my icy meun a very little, for Delila spoke up in a chokin' voice, and says she:

"If you was one of the genteel kind, you would feel different about it, I mistrust," says she, a-tryin' to scorn me. "I mistrust that you haint genteel."

Says I, "That don't scorn me a mite." Says I, "I hate that word, and always did." Says I, still more warmly, "There are two words in the English language that I feel cold and almost haughty towards, and they are: Affinity, such as married folks hunt after; and Genteel. I wish," says I, almost eloquently, "I wish those words would jine hands and elope the country. I'd love to see their backs as they set out, and bid 'em a glad farewell."

She see she hadn't skeert me. They didn't say a word. And then the thought of my mission governed me to that extent, that I rose up my voice to a high, noble key, and went on, wavin' my right hand in as eloquent a wave as I had by me, and I keep awful eloquent waves a purpose to use on occasions like these.

Says I: "I am a woman that has got a vow on me; I am a Premiscues Adviser in the cause of Right, and I can't shirk out when duty is a-pokin' me in the side. I must speak my mind, though I hate to like a dog. And I say unto you, Delila Ann, and the hull eight of you, premiscues, that if you would take off some of your bebinet lace, empty your laps of pups and dime novels, and go to work and lift some of the burden from the breakin' back of Melankton Spicer, you would raise from twenty-five to fifty cents to my estimation, and I don't know but more."

"Oh!" says Delila Ann; "I want my girls to marry. It haint genteel for wimmen to work; they won't never ketch a bo if they work."

"Well," says I, very coldly, "I had rather keep a clear conscience, and a single bedstead, than twenty husbands and the knowledge that I was a father killer. But," says I, in reasonable tones, for I wanted to convince 'em; "it haint necessary to read dime novels and lead round pups, in order to marry; if it was, I should be a single woman to-day."

"Oh, I love to read dime novelth," says the lispin' one: "I love to be thad and weep; it theemeth tho thweet, tho thingularly thweet."

Says I, "Instead of sheddin' your tears over imageriny sorrows, there is a tragedy bein' lived before your eyes, day after day, that you ort to weep over. A father killin' himself for his children, bearin' burdens enough to break down a leather man, and they a-leadin' round whiffet pups by a string."

"Whiffet pup!" says Delila Ann, almost angrily; "they are poodles."

"Well," says I, calmly; "whiffet poodle pups, it makes no perticuler difference to me, if it suits you any better."

Says she, "I paid seven dollars fer 'em, and they pay their way in comfortin' the girls when they feel sad. Of course, my girls have their dark hours and get low-spirited, when they bore their pa for things he wont buy for 'em. When they all want a gold butterfly to wear in their hair, are fairly sufferin' for 'em, and then pa won't get 'em for 'em, in such dark hours, they find the dear dogs such a comfort to 'em."

"Why don't they go to work and earn their own butterflies, if they have got to have 'em?" says I, very coldly.

"Because they won't never marry if they work," says Delila Ann.

Says I, "It haint no such thing. Any man worth marryin', would think as much again of a

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girl who had independence and common sense enough to earn her livin', when her father was a poor man. Good land! how simple it is to try to deceive folks! Gauze veils, and bebinet lace, and cotton velvet cloaks haint a-goin' to cover up the feet of poverty, if we be poor. Not a mite of disgrace in it. Poverty is the dark mine, where diamonds are found lots of times, by their glitterin' so bright against the blackness. The darkness of poverty can't put out the light of a pure diamond. It will shine anywhere, as bright in the dark dirt as on a queen's finger, for its light comes from within. And rare pearls are formed frequent, by the grindin' touch of poverty, tears of pain, and privation, and patience crystallized into great white drops of light, that will shine forever. Honest, hard-workin' poverty is respectable as anything can be respectable, and should be honored, if for no other reason, for the sake of Him, who, eighteen hundred years ago, made it illustrious forever. But poverty tryin' to hide itself behind the aperiences; poverty concealin' itself under a sham gentility, pretentious, deceitful poverty, trying to cover an empty stomach with a tinsel breastpin, is a sight sad enough to make angels weep and sinners too. Let your girls learn some honest trade, Delila Ann."

"Oh, my! I wouldn't let 'em lose their chance of bein' married for nothin' in the world."

"Good land!" says I, "is marryin' the only theme that anybody can lay holt of?" Says I, "it seems to me it would be the best way to lay holt of duty now, and then if a bo come, lay holt of him. If they ketch a bo with such a hook as they are a-fishing with now, what kind of a bo will it be? Nobody but a fool would lay holt of a hook baited with dime novels and pups. Learn your girls to be industrious, and to respect themselves. They can't now, Delila Ann, I know they can't. No woman can feel honorable and reverential toward themselves, when they are foldin' their useless hands over their empty souls, waitin' for some man, no matter who, to marry 'em and support 'em. When, in the agony of suspense and fear, they have narrowed down to this one theme, all their hopes and prayers, 'Good Lord; *anybody!*'

"But when a woman lays holt of life in a noble, earnest way, when she is dutiful, and cheerful, and industrious, God-fearin', and self-respectin', though the world sinks, there is a rock under her feet that won't let her down far enough to hurt her any. If love comes to her to brighten her pathway, so much the better. She will be ready to receive him royally, and keep him when she gets him. Some folks don't know how to use love worth a cent. But no matter whether she be single or double, I am not afraid of her future."

"Oh, my!" says Delila Ann, again, "I wouldn't have my girls miss of marryin' for nothin'. Nothin' in the world looks so lonesome as a woman that haint married."

Says I, reasonably, "They do have a sort of a one-sided look, I'll admit, and sort o' curious at certain times, such as processions and et cetery. But," I added, almost coldly, for I was about wore out with 'em; "in my opinion, there haint no lonesomeness to be compared to the lonesomeness of the empty-headed and aimless, and no amount of husbands can make up to any woman for the loss of her self-respect. That is my idea, howsumever, everybody to their own mind."

Whether I did her any good or not, I know not, for my companion arrived almost at that moment, and we departed onto our tower. But whether marks are hit or not, it is sort a-comfortin' and happyfyin' to think that there is a pile of arrows somewhere, to bear witness that you have took aim, and fired nobly in the cause of right.

"AT THE LAST."

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

In the silence, and the twilight,
Sad I sit, and lone;
Brooding o'er the griefs, the losses,
That my life has known.
Loss of wealth, of friends, of pleasures,
(These things were but small);
But my soul had dearer treasures,
And I lost them all.

Once I had a wife—how cherished,
Loving to the last;
Just when most I seemed to need her,
From my world she passed!
I was left to toil—forsaken—
While her rest was won;
Yet, I said, with faith unshaken:
"Lord, Thy will be done!"

At the last, thank God! I'll find them—
Friend, and wife, and trust;
When the mortal veil about me
Changes into dust.
Through the quiet twilight creeping,
Comes an angel's tone:
"They are in a better keeping,
Thou shalt claim thine own."

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DAISY'S SACRIFICE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

ARTHUR DERWENT and his sister had established themselves, temporarily, in the little inn of Farquhier, deep in the heart of picturesque Pennsylvania, waiting to find lodgings, if possible, in some quiet farm-house, but, finally, ready to give up in despair, as nobody seemed inclined to take what they called, "stuck-up city boarders," when chance, fortunately, threw into their lap the very thing they wanted.

Arthur was an amateur artist, fond of sketching from Nature, and it was for this purpose he had sought out this picturesque valley in the Alleghanies. "Every man, who would be healthy, in either body or mind, ought to have a vocation, or, if not that, a hobby, no matter how rich he is," he was wont to say; and hence his devotion to art. "And if an artist is to succeed, he must go direct to Nature," was another of his aphorisms. So he had left Philadelphia, in all the full glory of its after-Lenten festivities, and came up among these quiet hills, in the springtime; and his sister Agnes, who was inseparable from him, accompanied him.

One day, in search of the picturesque, Arthur suddenly came across a woodland stream, that wound and rippled through the forest: here, overshadowed by dense trees; there, fringed for a bit with wild grasses. He stood, silent and still, admiring its sylvan beauty, and listening to the soft gurgle of the water, when, all at once, from the woods on the opposite bank, came a little child, one of the quaintest, yet prettiest he had ever seen. In one hand, she held a flat basket, filled with water-cresses; in the other, she carried her shoes and stockings. Her dress was simple, and almost concealed by a huge apron. Her hair fell in wavy masses over her bright cheeks, and down her back to her shoulders. She did not, at first, observe Arthur, but slightly drawing up her little skirts, with the hand that held her shoes, began, courageously, to cross the brook.

"Stop! stop! my child!" cried Arthur, in some alarm. "The water may be deeper than you think. You don't want to be drowned, do you?"

The child gave a slight start, looked up, and saw the stranger. But it was only for a moment that she was embarrassed.

"Thee does not know it is as well as I do," she said, gravely, in Quaker dialect. "But I am obliged to thee for the warning."

There was something so quaint in the speech, the accent, and the manner of the child, that Arthur, smiling to himself, resolved to improve his acquaintance. Nor did he find this difficult? Possessing one of those rare, sympathetic natures, that finds a way to the heart of others, as if, instinctively, he was listening to the girl's innocent talk of where she had been for her cresses, how far off she lived, the school she went to, their farm-house, and especially her pets—a lamb and a young colt.

"Thee had better come home with me," she said, at last. "It is not far to go, and mother, I know, will be glad to see thee. She can give thee a drink of new milk, and some bread and butter, if thee wishes. Mother is famous for her butter."

The end of the adventure was, that Arthur was so charmed with the old farm-house and its inhabitants, was so carried away by the two tidy chambers offered to him, smelling of lavender, when he asked, diffidently, if he and his sister could get lodgings there, that, the next day, he and his sister came, with their trunks, and took possession.

Nor, as the days went on, was Arthur disappointed: everything was delightful. Agnes was pleased, as she always was, with whatever pleased him. Mrs Foster did the honors of her garden—her well-kept barn—pointed out her fields, talked in an intelligent fashion, and was such a picture in her Quaker dress, that Arthur declared she looked as if she had just stepped out of the past century. Then there was Daisy—that was the little child—such an odd, interesting creature, with wonderful great dark eyes.

"I should like to stop here forever!" cried Arthur.

"At least, thee is quite welcome to stay till thee is tired," said Hannah, with her grave smile. "Forever does not mean much at thy age, Friend Arthur."

For it was twilight now, and a week had passed, and they had grown quite friendly. It was a warm evening, and they were resting in the porch—Agnes seated in an arm-chair, closely wrapped in a shawl by Aunt Hannah's care, for Agnes was not strong. Daisy had crept nearer,

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listening to the conversation; at Arthur's exclamation, her large eyes shone like diamonds.

"What is the little maid looking at me so earnestly for?" he said, laughing.

"Thee is so very handsome," said the child, solemnly and frankly.

They all laughed, and Arthur was quite young enough to color at the compliment, only three and twenty, though travel and acquaintance with the world caused him to appear older.

Daisy and Arthur grew, day by day, even better well acquainted, and began famous pilgrimages among the woods and fields. Oddly enough, it was not for some time that they learned Daisy was not as they supposed—Hannah Foster's niece. The brother and sister were seated, with their hostess, in the cosy, little parlor, Daisy having gone to bed, when, after some little praise of the child by Arthur, Hannah was "moved" to tell the child's story.

Some seven years before, on a stormy night, it seemed, a wretched wanderer had sunk down at Hannah's door, with a child in her arms—then about two years old. The woman was very ill for weeks with brain fever; she recovered, lived for a couple of years, but her reason never came back entirely, though they could hardly call her insane. She died, and took with her the secret of her life. Any attempt at question had always so agitated her, that Hannah soon gave up all efforts. She died, and Mrs. Foster had kept the little girl, who was now nine years old. That was the story, and the brother and sister listened to it, with a breathless eagerness, which puzzled the narrator.

Had Fate led them straight to the object of their search? Had this seeming chance been a direct interposition of Providence?

Hannah said the woman would never give any name except Daisy. Daisy! The very name their uncle had uttered, over and over, during his delirium.

Had Mrs. Foster, they asked, found nothing which gave any clue?

"No. The poor thing had a little bundle of clothing, some money—not much—that was all."

"No papers?" Arthur asked.

"Nothing, but a scrap of verses," Hannah said; "and those are written in a man's hand."

She rose to search for them in her old escritoire. Brother and sister sat staring at each other, till their hostess brought the paper, and put it in Arthur's hand. Agnes read the page over his shoulder. Only some simple enough verses. But the writing!

That night they compared it with letters they had of their uncle's. It was a fac-simile. Still, this was not absolute proof, though, to Arthur, as well as Agnes, it seemed such.

The next day, Arthur told Hannah Foster a story, in return for hers. A little more than a twelvemonth since, their uncle, James Derwent, had died of an illness, which struck him down suddenly, only a few days after his return to America, from an absence, which had lasted several years. From the first he was delirious; reason only came partially back towards the last. He recognized his niece and nephew; raved constantly of some secret, which he often fancied himself telling, but which was never intelligible.

"Daisy! Daisy!" he would repeat, sleeping and waking; then, sometimes, "And the child! Arthur, you have promised; Agnes, you heard!" Those were his last words. He went out of the world, powerless even to reveal what it was that filled him with such agony and remorse. He was, comparatively, a young man still, only forty, scarcely six years older than Agnes herself. He had been a bad, profligate man, but so handsome, so winning, so generous in many ways, that his friends wasted more love on him always, than many a better nature ever receives. There remained of his fortune a hundred thousand dollars. He had dissipated nearly half a million, so the sum did not appear a large one. His heirs were Agnes and Arthur. But they were rich already. In any case, their consciences were so troubled that they could not have touched the money.

For they believed that their uncle had left some deserted woman, whether wife or not, was of slight consequence now, and a child; that, on his death-bed, he had desired to set the wrong right, but had not been permitted. For a year, every means to discover the truth had been employed; but in vain. Such confidential friends as they told the story to, thought their scruples overstrained. Their lawyer, Arthur's old guardian, Mr. Mozier, at last decided that the whole thing had been a sick man's ravings. The brother and sister had given up all hope of ever learning the truth; but in regard to the money, they were of one mind. Later, they might employ a portion of the income in Agnes's charity-schemes, but never for their personal use.

The result of the evening's conference was that they sent for Mr. Mozier. He came to see them, but was not inclined to give great weight to what they termed their discovery. They had no facts of any kind, he said, no legal proof, at least, on which to base their romance. The similarity of names was not worth thinking about twice, and, as for the writing, well—yes, he would admit that it resembled the page of their uncle's

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chirography, but that might be an accident, too.

They were both inclined to be somewhat indignant, but reflection showed them that the lawyer was right, and though they meant to make the little girl their charge, they would follow his advice, as to keeping their suspicions a secret from the child herself, for the present, and, as for giving up the property to her, that, he said, would be not only ridiculous, but wicked. Then he recollected a clause in the will, which settled that matter. They could not alienate it. If they died without heirs, it went to some distant relations.

Hannah Foster was a wise woman, and it needed no persuasions to make her see that the surest proof of affection she could give the orphan she had befriended, was to let her go with these new friends, who could offer her such great advantages, and make for her a life very different from the narrow, humble round she would otherwise be forced to lead.

So, it was decided, that Daisy should go away with the Derwents. They promised that the child should pay as frequent visits as possible to her old home, and lonely Mrs. Foster was too much occupied in thinking of the advantages, which were to accrue to Daisy, to remember how blank her life would be, deprived of her little companion. Not but what she realized it fully, only, as she told herself, there would be time enough to feel, when the winning creature was gone.

As for Daisy, her mind was, *temporarily*, a chaos. She was desolate at the idea of leaving Aunt Hannah; yet it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world, that she should go away with Arthur; and she was dreaming already of the future journey to Europe, of which he had talked to her, and regarding it from a much more poetical view, than many a modern young lady of twice her age would have done. So the child's old life came to an end.

Before one is twenty, eight years seem an almost interminable period to live through, though after that age they pass so swiftly, whether filled with joy or sorrow, that one can do nothing but wonder where they have gone. Daisy was now seventeen, and so odd a compound of childishness and womanliness, that to persons as fond of studying character as Arthur and Agnes, she made the most agreeable possible companion. She was as pretty as a picture—too imaginative for her own happiness, and she had gained from Agnes's theories, certain ideas in regard to self-sacrifice, which, reproduced in the light of her girlish imagination, were morbid and unhealthy, and very likely—unless destiny were especially good-natured—to make her commit great mistakes, and bring trouble on herself and others, in her very efforts to do right.

Up to her last birthday, no youthful creature had ever had her lines cast in pleasanter places. The brother and sister lived in a lonely old house in the outskirts of New York; she had had the advantage of excellent masters; had travelled a good deal, and found in her guardians two affectionate, sympathetic friends.

It was early spring—only two months after Daisy's arrival at the age, when she could have the satisfaction of considering herself "a young lady grown"—that Genevieve Eskdale came back from a prolonged sojourn in Europe, and honored Oakdale by the light of her stately presence.

Daisy had not seen her since the first years that she herself came to live at Oakdale, for, though she had made other visits, they chanced to take place at seasons when the little girl was spending, as she had annually done, a few weeks with Aunt Hannah. But she had retained a most enthusiastic admiration for the beautiful lady, who had been kind to her, in her haughty, careless fashion.

Genevieve Eskdale was nine and twenty now, though she looked much younger, and her beauty was of the statuesque order, certain to remain undimmed for a long while to come. Her life had been a failure in her own estimation; she had meant to make a grand marriage, and had not succeeded. From eighteen to twenty-four, she flung away chances rather recklessly; then a goodly sum of money, falling in opportunely, inspired her with the idea of going to Europe. Her mother knew only one law—Genevieve's will—and was no more troublesome as a *chaperon*, than if she had been a handsome, old tabby cat, dressed in black velvet and point lace. Genevieve managed their fortune—spent the principal, and so got the reputation of being rich. Only eighteen months before the time of which I am writing, she seemed on the eve of her success—she was to marry a famous title. Arthur went to Europe at that season, and saw her—she was, by the way, his distant cousin.

The match was broken off; Genevieve wrote Agnes that she had drawn back, because she found she did not love the Marquis. Ill-natured people, in Parisian circles, said the rupture rose from the fact that she had lied about her money, and caused trouble between himself and a lady, to whom he had been engaged, at the time she met him. No matter which report was true—the beautiful American found herself less pleasantly received in "her world." She was a shrewd

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woman; rave and rage as she might internally, she behaved wisely. Her mother's health failed suddenly; Genevieve wrote frank, affectionate letters, to Agnes, telling of her weariness of society, her contempt of herself; henceforth she should devote her life to her mother, and try to cultivate her soul. The truth was, she had made up her mind to marry Arthur.

She wrote so feelingly, that Agnes would have gone to Europe to join her, had her health permitted—that was what Genevieve hoped to compass. She took her mother to Italy. At last the old lady faded out of the world, and six months later Genevieve arrived in America, and descended upon her cousins.

They were all glad to see her; even Arthur, who had never in his heart quite believed in her, though, when under the immediate spell of her presence, it was difficult to remember his doubts. As for Daisy, she was as enthusiastic over the beautiful woman, as she had been in her childish days, and Genevieve was sweetness and tenderness itself to her—talked about perceiving a kindred spirit in the girl, and a quantity of similar rubbish, which sounded very poetical to the ears of seventeen, and was, I must say for Miss Eskdale, clothed in such pretty language, that even an older person could not have accused her of being silly or gushing. Genevieve had not been long in the house before she achieved two discoveries; the first was, that Daisy loved Arthur, and did not as yet know it; the second, that Arthur had set his heart on the child, and was just becoming vaguely conscious of the fact How it came about that it was decided the whole party should spend July and August at a favorite watering-place, nobody could have told, unless it might have been Miss Eskdale. Arthur conceived the idea that Daisy was wild to go; Agnes thought it was her brother's own wish, and Daisy felt confident that it was on account of Agnes' health. They were able to secure a cottage, belonging to a friend, and Genevieve allowed herself to be persuaded to accompany them.

They were to live as quietly as possible, but it proved a rather gay season to Daisy. Miss Eskdale found plenty of friends there, who were willing to take the girl out, she did not care much for the amusements, but Arthur and Agnes thought that her heart was set upon them, and urged her to go.

Even if Genevieve had felt the inclination—which she said she did not—of course, her mourning would have prevented her taking a part in outside gaieties There were, however, a great many visitors at the house—Daisy's friends and admirers, Arthur supposed, and was not too well pleased. Least of all satisfied to find George Murdoch so frequent a guest, though he was not a bad fellow in the main, but Arthur knew too much about his wild career, to wish Daisy to be thrown so constantly in his society.

Miss Eskdale delighted in plots and schemes, and was wonderfully adroit in managing all her strings and snares, never pulling or springing them, except at exactly the right instant, and always leaving her victims as unconscious that they were moved at her pleasure, as if they had been a set of puppets, with no law but her will.

Gradually, Daisy and Arthur saw less and less of each other, and Genevieve managed so well that they were hardly ever alone. Each thought it the fault of the other, a word of confidence from either, to Agnes, would have set matters straight; but it is one of the most glaring absurdities of our human nature, that we always hold our tongues to the people whom we ought to consult, and go blurting out our troubles to the wrong persons. Both were afraid of troubling Agnes, and were careful to let no perception of the shadow which had gathered between them, become visible to her eyes. Arthur had a fear that he had allowed Daisy to see the new love for her, which had sprung up in his heart, during the past year, and that, annoyed and wearied thereby, she avoided his society. Daisy thought him changed—hard, cold, and while his manner hurt her deeply, it roused an obstinate pride in her soul, which prevented her essaying any effort to alter their relations. Very soon another reason prevented her—she believed that he loved Genevieve—had loved her for years, and she left them more and more together, from the idea that the presence of a third person irritated him. As for George Murdoch, he haunted the house. Genevieve could not exist without a flirtation, and Murdoch was willing to indulge her, though he was no more in earnest than she. But when she persuaded him that his attentions to Daisy teased Derwent, he found a great pleasure therein, as most idle men would have done.

"Will you go and walk, Genevieve?" Daisy asked her one bright sunset, as they stood on the verandah together—Arthur absent, and Agnes lying down.

Genevieve was not quite ready to set out—she had a business letter to finish, in order that it might catch the late post. Daisy was to go over the hill, through the wood, and they would meet at the great oak on the top, and return by another path, so as to encounter Arthur.

Daisy departed, and Genevieve went in-doors

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to finish her epistle. She was, however, detained somewhat longer than she expected. Annoyed at being so much behind time, she tried a short path, and somewhat missed her way. Suddenly, she heard footsteps, and saw George Murdoch strolling through the wood. He was going in the direction of the oak tree. An evil inspiration seized Genevieve, and she yielded to it at once. The young man could see Daisy, and join her. She herself could descend the hill—meet Arthur, and tell him she had not been able to find Daisy. He would accompany her, and they should meet the girl with Murdoch.

She turned quickly down the hill, and came out of the wood, at the junction of the path by which Arthur would come back from his tramp. Everything happened as she expected. As she left the grove she saw Arthur, and hurried toward him. It was fast growing dusk; he looked surprised to see her out alone so late, and she hastened to explain matters.

"I wanted to finish my letter, so I told Daisy to go on, but when I got in sight of the oak, she was not there. I thought she must have grown tired of waiting, and come on down here."

"We had better take this other path," Arthur said, "we shall probably meet her."

They had not walked far, before they saw Daisy and Murdoch. The pair were standing still, their backs turned toward the new comers. Miss Eskdale glanced at Arthur, and saw his face cloud darkly.

"Daisy, Daisy!" called Genevieve. "Oh, you naughty child, you frightened me. I could not find you anywhere, so I ran on to meet Arthur. Oh, Mr. Murdoch, is that you? If I had only known you were with Daisy, I needn't have scared myself out of my wits."

Daisy's cheeks were scarlet; she saw, by Arthur's face, that he was annoyed. She stammered something about having waited for Genevieve.

"Luckily, I discovered her, looking like a melancholy Dryad," added Murdoch, gaily. He was in high, good humor, for he, too, perceived that Derwent was vexed.

They turned toward the cottage, Genevieve and Murdoch talking for the whole party. When they reached the gate, Murdoch wished them good-night, declining Miss Eskdale's invitation to enter—an invitation which was not seconded by Arthur.

When he had gone, the three walked in silence up to the house. As they reached the veranda, Arthur said, coldly:

"Daisy, it was too late for you to be walking with any gentleman whom you know as slightly as you do Mr. Murdoch."

It was the first time in her life that Daisy had ever been spoken to in that manner. She was so angry, that she could not utter a syllable—she flashed one fiery glance at Derwent, out of her great eyes, and passed on into the hall.

"I desire that you will say nothing to Agnes," continued Arthur, in the same chill voice; "she would be greatly distressed."

Daisy flew up stairs, and shut herself in her room, trembling with tempestuous anger.

"You should not have spoken so sternly to her," said Genevieve, following her cousin into the drawing-room. "She is only a child—she meant no harm."

"She meant not to meet you, that is evident," returned Derwent.

"I am afraid so," sighed Miss Eskdale. "But let me talk to her—do not you say anything more."

"I shall never mention the matter again—only tell her that such a thing must not be repeated."

Genevieve persuaded Daisy to open her door, and tried her best to soothe her.

"I have satisfied Arthur," she said. "It was my fault—I told him so."

"But he suspected me of having purposely avoided you—of having met Mr. Murdoch intentionally. How dared he? I will never explain—I will not have you—it was an insult!"

"No, no, it is better to say nothing—the wisest way, always, in little misunderstandings between friends. He is sorry—behave as if you had forgotten—I promised that you would."

When Genevieve left her, Daisy had a hearty crying fit; her passion had given place to a sense of keen injury, that Arthur could thus misjudge her. It seemed a slight incident—scarce worth repeating, but, like so many little things, it was important, and worked as Miss Eskdale had meant it to do. She had managed to make Arthur believe that Daisy was deceitful; the girl thought him unjust, and so the pair drifted further away from each other, and the possibility of reaching a mutual understanding.

October found them once more established in their home. Genevieve was still with them, and they all begged her to remain. Even Agnes had become aware of the change in Daisy, and was greatly troubled thereby, but the girl could not be tempted into confidence. How could she tell any human being her secret? She loved Arthur—she knew it; believed that she had given her heart to a man who loved another, and her pain and humiliation she thought must kill her—how could she live, and bear such a burthen!

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Murdoch came seldom to the house; Agnes had told Daisy that they did not consider him a fit intimate, and she received the tidings in a silence, which looked like sullenness. The brother and sister feared that she cared for him, and Genevieve increased their belief by her insidious speeches. They pitied the poor child, and could only hope that time would wear out the impression, and they talked of change and travel, as soon as Agnes should be strong enough.

And Daisy was feeling that she had become a burthen, and was longing to go away—be a teacher, a nurse-maid—anything to relieve them from her presence. Genevieve was her sole confidante. Many girls would have hated the beautiful woman, for having won Arthur's heart, but Daisy did not; it seemed quite natural. Genevieve was so lovely, so gifted, and she a poor, dull thing—not even pretty—for Daisy greatly undervalued her own *petite* figure and flower-like loveliness. Miss Eskdale read the girl's mind as easily as if it had been an open book. She meant to drive her from the house, if only to stay, for a time, with Mrs. Foster. Arthur had grown to depend so much on Genevieve's sympathy, that the scheming woman believed that, if free, for a season, from Daisy's presence, she should attain her ends. Many a heart had been caught at a rebound, and Arthur was just in a mood when men snatch at any relief from the oppressing weight of a great trouble.

Daisy knew something of the story, which the brother and sister believed, in regard to her birth and relationship to themselves, but the subject was never talked of, and they had deemed it wise to leave her in ignorance of the wealth, which they had refused to claim.

Genevieve discovered this, and determined to use the knowledge to bring her plans to a culmination. So, one night she told the whole tale, knowing that Daisy would suffer death, rather than break her promise, not to reveal a syllable to Agnes or Arthur.

"You can do nothing," Genevieve said. "They are both fond of you, but just now, Arthur has business troubles. You know, even a saint would be vexed to think of a hundred thousand dollars in reach, which one cannot touch."

"But, if it is mine, why does he not take it? Surely, he must know how glad I should be to make some return for their goodness," pleaded Daisy.

"He cannot claim it for you, because there are no proofs of your right, that would stand in law. The other relatives would not permit it: touch it himself, he will not."

You can imagine the misery that poor Daisy endured! She was a load; a drawback on the two people who had lavished everything upon her! Worse than that, she was keeping Arthur from his happiness—thwarting Genevieve's life—Genevieve who was so good and tender! Except for Arthur's business disasters, he and Genevieve would have been married. This unclaimed fortune would make all clear.

So, poor little Daisy passed sleepless days and nights, and, at last, hit upon a plan, which she believed, would bring peace to those for whom she was ready and glad to sacrifice herself. She determined to run away and hide; to leave a letter, telling Agnes she would never come back till Arthur had taken the money; that to try and find her, would render her so desperate, that she should be tempted to destroy herself. She did write a very mad letter, but every line unconsciously revealing her love and gratitude, and the honest motives which impelled her to take this insane step. She told no falsehood, but she accounted for her knowledge of the legacy in a way which would prevent suspicion falling upon Genevieve.

She laid her little plot carefully; she prepared to escape. On her last birth-day, Mrs. Foster—grown very well off by the rise of some Western lands she owned—had sent her a present of two hundred dollars. This seemed a fortune to Daisy, and she luckily had it by her. She meant to go to Tennessee; she knew some people, who lived near Memphis. She would tell Mrs. Clavers the whole truth. That kind lady would help her for Arthur's sake. She could teach little children; do needle-work. After all, the exile might not last very long. Arthur would take the money, if he found that, only by so doing, could she be restored. When he was once more rich—when he and Genevieve were married, she would come back and live with Agnes. At least, then she should be of use, and Daisy firmly believed, that to be useful to others, was all life had left for her in its round.

Of course, it was all as childish and silly as possible, yet, to me, the firm determination—the earnest spirit of self-sacrifice, which urged her on—was noble and heroic.

Three days more elapsed, and one morning Daisy did not appear at breakfast, though it was late, and even Agnes had come down stairs. Genevieve offered to go in search of the tardy child, and she went, but she knew in advance that she should find an empty room. On the previous evening, she had felt certain that Daisy was resolving some strange project, and had watched, had seen her escape from the house at

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daylight, carrying with her a valise much too heavy for her strength. She had found a letter on the girl's table, addressed to Agnes; had opened and read it; hid it, too, for she had no mind that the brother and sister should see the contents, having it in her power to put an entirely false appearance upon the poor creature's flight.

She rushed down stairs and told her tale. Daisy was gone! The bed had not been slept in; a portion of her clothing was gone, too. Twice during the past month, Arthur had seen Daisy walking with Murdoch. It had been an accident, and she had, at last, frankly told the young man that he must never join her again. Arthur had kept the secret from Agnes, had been seeking an opportunity to speak with Daisy—though he had told Genevieve.

Now, in the midst of their alarm and distress, Miss Eskdale cried, suddenly:

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! I heard that George Murdoch was going South to-day! No, it can't be! it can't be!"

But Arthur followed up the clue. His own suspicions had immediately fallen upon Murdoch. He went to the hotel where the young man lived He had left that morning by the early train. The night porter had been the only person up. His information convinced Arthur that his first fear was correct. Mr. Murdoch had been called for, by a lady in a carriage; his trunk was put on the vehicle—yes, the lady's luggage was there, too. He remembered seeing a large portmanteau

Miss Eskdale's admirable scheme held one blunder, as the best schemes so often will. She knew Arthur, when he met with treachery on the part of a person whom he had trusted, was very implacable. She believed, that in his wrath, he would leave Daisy to the fate she had brought upon herself. To her dismay, when he came home, he announced his intention of going in pursuit of the fugitives, and Agnes was wild to have him start, lamenting only that her feebleness prevented her accompanying him, as she should only be a hindrance.

"You will be too late!" Genevieve said. "doubtless, they were married before they started."

"When a man is a villain—" Arthur began, but checked himself; the doubt in his mind was too horrible.

Agnes hid her ashen face in her hands Genevieve indulged in hysterical sobs, but managed to find voice enough to moan: "You have no legal right; you could not bring her back."

It was evening before Arthur could set out. Agnes bore up bravely for his sake. She could not give way till he was gone. When Genevieve saw him, at the moment of his departure, she knew that, whether Daisy were found or not, she should herself gain nothing. Arthur's face looked as if years had passed over his head since morning; no woman would ever take the place of his broken idol.

To St. Louis, to New Orleans, Arthur pursued George Murdoch and his companion; reached the latter city to find that they had gone to Cuba. He sent frequent telegrams to his sister, and Genevieve had to bear the suspense; and now a fierce desire for revenge took possession of her, and she vowed, that even if Derwent discovered that the girl had not fled with Murdoch, he should never learn the truth in regard to her flight.

And Derwent did discover that he had come upon a vain errand. He found Murdoch in Havana. The young man's companion was an elderly aunt, who had lately become reconciled to him, after a long estrangement; had paid his debts, and taken the prodigal with her to pass the winter in the West Indias.

So Arthur started on his homeward journey. At least, it was much to know, that Daisy had not fled with Murdoch. He suffered keenly enough; but he should find her—he knew he should! And all this while, Daisy was established in Hannah Foster's dwelling, in the heart of Pennsylvania. At the last moment, she had decided to go thither for a little while. She could rest and be safe, for Mrs. Foster was visiting relatives in Wisconsin, and her home was shut up. The Derwents knew this, and so would not seek for her there.

She reached the little farm in the evening, and found the house in the charge of an old woman, who had been with Aunt Hannah for years.

Daisy had only intended to stop a very short time, but she arrived so ill and miserable, that she was obliged to go to bed and lie quiet a couple of days, and for a whole week after, was not fit to continue her journey.

So she sat in the sun; wandered about the house, and tried to get her strength back; to be patient; to remember, that only by persevering in her resolution, could she secure Arthur his happiness.

One day, she had gone up into a great unfinished attic, over the chambers, at the back of the house. Aunt Hannah had told her, that it had been a fancy of her mother's, to spend hours and hours there. pacing up and down. When her partial insanity took a gloomy form, she would shut herself in for days together, seeming always, to consider it her special retreat, and nothing disturbed her so much, as to find that

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any other person ever entered it. The room contained some pieces of furniture, which had been stored in it for many years—dilapidated chairs, unused bedsteads, and an old-fashioned bureau, which would have been the delight of any person with a mania for antiquated *meubles*, though Aunt Hannah despised the great, unwieldy object, and had banished it to that place of refuge, even before Daisy's mother came to the house. The girl began examining the drawers as she had done scores of times during her childhood, turning over the bits of rubbish which they contained. Then she opened the top, which let down to form a writing-desk, and stood, half unconsciously, moving her fingers back and forth, across the faded green cover, as if it had been the key-board of a piano.

Suddenly, she felt something underneath the cloth; it was no difficult task to rip out the brass-headed tacks, which fastened the edges. She did so, and discovered some pages of manuscript. She had found a journal, kept by her mother; she seated herself to read it.

There she sat in the stillness, and perused the record, which made that mother seem a real personage, instead of the dream-like abstraction she had hitherto appeared. The confessions were not those of a highly educated woman, but apart from the interest of the story—for they told the history of her love and marriage—there ran a vein of imagination and poetry, which beautified the whole.

Many times, Daisy paused to weep softly, and kiss the lines with tender reverence. She turned the last pages; a folded paper fell out from among the leaves—she stooped and picked it up—it was her mother's certificate of marriage. Daisy's one thought, after the first feeling of stupefaction had passed, was to destroy this proof. Her fingers had already closed over the document, when she was stayed by the touch of a hand upon her own. She looked up, and saw Arthur.

"Don't read it—don't!" she cried, too full of her dread of his discovering the truth, even to wonder how he came there.

"I have read it already," he answered, softly. "Oh, Daisy! Daisy! how could you frighten us so?"

The day Arthur sailed from Cuba, he received a telegram from Agnes, telling him he would find important letters at New Orleans. Genevieve's wickedness, in hiding the epistle Daisy left, had been exposed. Her maid had witnessed the transaction, and on the occasion of a quarrel between her mistress and herself, she betrayed the treachery. Miss Eskdale at once departed from the house, though, before she accomplished her ignominious retreat, she was forced to deliver up her stolen prize.

During his homeward journey, it occurred to Arthur that, by this time, Mrs. Foster might have returned. It was possible she had news of the fugitive. Old Elsie, the sole servant there, sent him at once up stairs, and Daisy, engrossed in her task, had not heard him enter. He read the certificate as he stood behind her. His belief of years was verified—Daisy's father had been James Derwent. Agnes had forwarded him the child's letter; it had made everything clear. She had not meant it to do so, but each line revealed her affection for Arthur—her design of sacrificing herself for his sake.

When Daisy could think at all, she raised her head from his shoulder, and said, eagerly:

"At least, now, you will take the money—you know it is mine."

"If I may have you with it," he answered.

Then he told her his secret; it proved an older one than hers, for, even while she was a child, it had been his dream to guard, always for himself, the treasure of her love.

AT THE WINDOW.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

A MAIDEN sits by the window,
With a girlish face and fair;
With heaven's own blue within her eyes,
And its sunshine in her hair.
And she sees, far away, in the distance,
A form on the meadow green,
As she whispers, with drooping eyelids:
"Oh! might I his love have been!"

He catches a glimpse of the window,
And of the face so fair;
With the golden sunbeams falling
Upon her golden hair.
And he thinks, with heart fast beating,
As he wearily hangs his head;
"O, no! she could not love me—
And I wish that I were dead."

He turns away with sorrow;
With a heavy heart, but bold,
He has struggled hard for power,
And has made a name, and gold.
But he often thinks of the window,
And of the face so fair,
As it seemed on that bright morning,
In the spring-time's balmy air.

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THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER X.

When his visitor had left him, Mr. Fairfax returned to his chair, shrugging his shoulders.

"Plainly, it is through Phil he has heard of Duval," he said. "My, dear Phil," apostrophizing that young person in the spirit, "You are a beautiful little fool."

And then, with his promise to Wilfred Carnegie still echoing in the room, he sat down, with exquisite composure, to write a letter to the girl, detailing the whole transaction. He was disturbed by no conscientious scruples.

"I was quite touched," he wrote, pathetically. "The young man displayed a delicate chivalrousness one does not often see in this common-place age. I am not a sentimental person myself, but I must say I have, for once, been roused to earnest admiration for Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. Your influence over these people, my dear Philippa, is boundless, simply boundless. You are actually like the heroine of a romance. You may do anything with them you like. Certainly, your position is a most enviable one. Make the most of it."

This letter reached Brackenoleugh before Wilfred himself, who was detained by business. Phil read it, in an absolute transport of shame and bitterness of spirit. From the moment that she had finished it, her old delusions vanished. Her uneasy suspicions were realities. Her childish dream was over. She saw her blindly beloved idol as he was. He was under obligations to these people, such as might have bowed him to the earth; and yet he could betray them, and lie to them, and plot against them, with a serene face. He had lied to them about Duval, he had lied to them about his promise, he would have lied to them about anything else.

"How am I to bear it," she cried. "How am I to remain silent, and never let them know that I am grateful, and love them?"

She could scarcely wait until Wilfred's return. She could not bear the burden of such a secret. The very night after she received his letter, she wrote to her father.

"I will promise not to tell them, that I heard the truth from you," she said, "but I will *not* promise not to tell them, that I have heard it."

And reading her words, Fairfax shrugged his shoulders, as he had done before.

"My dear Philippa," he observed, succinctly, "You are a beautiful little fool."

At the beginning of the next week, Wilfred came home. He came home in the evening, and dinner had been kept waiting for him. As Philippa rose to greet him, the bright eagerness of her welcome surprised him. Her little hand grasped his warmly, she blushed like a rose, and her eyes appealed to him to believe in the sincerity of her pleasure.

"I—we have missed you, every day," she said.

"Every hour, we might say," added Mrs. Dorothy, looking at him, with affectionate delight and admiration.

And now Philippa spoke up, bravely.

"Cousin Dorothy and—Wil," she said, "I think—I am sure I ought to tell you that—that I have guessed."

"Guessed?" exclaimed Wil. "Guessed?" and blushed crimson.

Mrs. Dorothy's confusion was quite as transparent.

"Guessed, my dear?" she faltered.

"If we had more friends, I might not have guessed so soon," said Phil, in tears. "But as it is, how could I help being sure, that no one else loved me well enough, to be so good and generous. When you went away, Wil, I wondered why it was, but as soon as I read my father's letter, telling me that somebody had helped him out of all his dreadful trouble, I knew who that somebody must be. And though, in your kind thought for me, you wished to let me remain ignorant of the great debt I owe you, I cannot help but be glad that I do know all about it, because—because I want to thank you a thousand times, with all my heart and soul, and because it makes me love you—both of you, Cousin Dorothy and Wil—more than ever."

Her cheeks were wet, but her eyes were full of innocent joy and gratefulness.

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She knelt by Mrs. Dorothy, and kissed her hands, that lay in her lap, again and again. Then she rose and went to Wilfred, holding out both hands.

"Please to shake hands with me," she said, and when he did so, her smile was so sweet and bright, that he went farther, and kissed them, as he had done the day they sat together upon the hillside.

CHAPTER XI.

PHILIPPA found life pleasanter than ever after this. She had no need for anxiety, since her father was at ease. Indeed, that gentleman's next letter was a surprise to her; it was so tactful, so affectionate, so touchingly ingenuous. His health was improving rapidly; he was not without money; he was beginning to enjoy existence again.

As the weather became warmer, Phil and Wilfred spent the greater part of their time out of doors. They followed the impulse of every whim that seized them. The big rooms echoed with their laughter; they were childishly happy, and full of their enjoyment of the flying spring.

Perhaps, they were beginning to enjoy something else more thoroughly; Wilfred was sure that he was. Philippa was not very definite in her views upon the subject. Her heart burned within her, as she reminded herself, that the man who married her, would, unconsciously, marry Mr. Philip Fairfax. As to Wilfred Carnegie—well, of course, she was specially firm concerning Wilfred Carnegie. He, at least, should never be wronged and saddled with an irksome and humiliating encumbrance. But, notwithstanding her private resolutions, there were times when she felt that she melted ignominiously; times when Wilfred was, more than usually, bright and lovable, as when certain Fates worked with him. Times when they had wandered up the hillside, to that favorite nook of theirs, when Wilfred stretched himself upon the grass to be charming, when sun and wind, blue sky and blue water, seemed to combine, to entrap her into being subdued and overruled.

It was after such a day as this, that the aspect of affairs changed for them. On reaching the house, after a morning spent on the hills, she noticed, as she passed through the entrance door, a traveling carriage driving away, and heard voices in one of the parlors. When she was ready to descend, she met a servant upon the stairs, and the girl spoke, surprisedly:

"Mrs. Oswald did not know you had come, too, Miss," she said. "The family from Strathdhu have arrived."

"A whole family?" said Philippa, shrugging her shoulders.

"Mr. Farquhar, Miss, and his married daughter, and— There's the gentleman, now, Miss," in a hurried whisper, and with a glance downward.

Philippa, standing at the head of the stairs, cast her eyes carelessly below, and the next instant drew herself up, haughtily, coloring scarlet. A man, crossing the hall, had stopped, and stood looking up at her, smiling, with an air of amusement.

"Ah, Philippa!" he said. "Is it possible? How do you do?"

There was no alternative but to descend, and return his greeting as coolly as he had offered it. Mr. Ernest Duval had the best of the game for once, and the servant, who had hurried away, had her eyes wide open, Philippa knew. She came down, and gave him the tips of her fingers.

"I am very well," she said, icily.

She set him at defiance, with her very touch. The frigid contempt in her face and voice, would have confused a better man. He only laughed, lightly.

"What a delightful surprise it is!" he said. "I thought I had lost sight of you forever, Phil, my dear."

"Is it a delightful surprise?" said Philippa, looking at him, with coldly opened eyes.

"More than delightful," he answered. "Isobel will be charmed."

"Is Mrs. Duval with Cousin Dorothy?" Phil asked.

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Farquhar is one of Mrs. Oswald's oldest friends. He never fails to visit Brackencleugh in the summer."

"Suppose, then," said Philippa, "that we join them. It is hardly necessary that we should remain here."

She turned away, and walked towards the door of the parlor. As she reached it, the handle was turned, and some one opened it.

It was Wilfred Carnegie, and from the look of non-recognition on Wilfred Carnegie's face, Phil gathered at once, that he had not been presented to her companion. She stopped, and spoke coldly, scarcely glancing at one man or the other.

"This is Mr. Duval," she said; "Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," and passed on, leaving them together.

The room was bright and warm with sunshine; the windows were thrown open, and there was a scent of flowers, and a sound as of the joyous twittering of birds outside; but Philippa felt strangely cold and miserable as she advanced. The beautiful blonde woman, talking to Mrs.

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Dorothy, turned to look at her, and she saw again the face she had seen under the lace veil, on Isobel Farquhar's wedding day, and recognized, in an instant, that it was a face changed forever. Mrs. Dorothy paused, and spoke with a smile.

"Here is Philippa," she said. "We were just speaking of you. Mrs. Duval has heard of you before."

If she had felt cold on entering, Phil felt cold no longer. Isobel Duval did not offer her hand; did not smile, merely bent her head, and gave her a steady, peculiar glance. It was such a look, half suspicious, half indignant, as made Phil's cheeks burn.

At that moment, Wilfred and Ernest Duval advanced together, and the conversation became general.

CHAPTER XII.

"They will spoil everything," Philippa had said, and surely enough life became a different matter after the arrival of the visitors. There were no more idle mornings spent in the sunniest room: Phil at the piano, Wil standing by, with his violin, and Mrs. Dorothy seated near to listen. There was no more reading aloud, and talking gay careless nonsense; there were no more rambles, and solitary driftings, here and there, on the loch. Once or twice Wil had made an effort to wander off with Philippa; but they never reached the water side before they encountered Duval, who gracefully intimated his intention of joining them. It was useless to endeavor to elude him, he was always sauntering in some inconvenient place, and always advanced smiling, secure, and just in time.

He affected an intimacy with Phil, that galled and angered Wilfred.

"You have known Miss Fairfax for some time, I presume," remarked Wil, rather savagely, on one occasion.

"'Miss Fairfax?" coolly. "Ah! Philippa, you mean. Well, the fact is, that I have known Philippa so many years, that I hardly recognize her, when I hear her spoken of as Miss Fairfax. Under other circumstances, I should scarcely venture to address her, as familiarly as I am in the habit of doing."

"So I fancied," returned Wil, succinctly. "But Fairfax told me—or at least I understood him to tell me, that you had merely been a slight acquaintance—that you had barely known each other."

Ernest laughed in his face.

"Fairfax?" he repeated. "My dear fellow, Fairfax is the most consummate liar that ever breathed. He will stand at nothing to accomplish an end. When he told you that, he was thinking of Philippa."

Generous as he was, Wilfred found it a difficult matter to hold his own, against such well sown seed as this. Phil herself felt that she constantly appeared to a disadvantage. She was surrounded by pitfalls on every side. That Wilfred was miserable she could see, that Mrs. Duval distrusted her she was fully conscious.

Mrs. Dorothy, meantime, discovered, before her guests had been with her long, that Mrs. Duval was, by no means, happy. She had heard of Isobel Farquhar as a bright, warm-hearted girl; she found her a stately, reticent woman. She had heard that her marriage had been a love-match; she saw soon enough that if it had been a love-match, it was one no longer. The husband and wife had plainly nothing in common. Isobel treated her husband with grave, frigid deference; Duval was simply cool, and complacently polite. That he was happy enough was evident, but it was not so with Isobel. She was scarcely more than a girl in years, and she had a bitter burden to bear. She could not always control herself wholly, as an older woman might have done.

"Isobel is not well this morning," Mr. Farquhar said to her, one day after breakfast. "These nervous headaches of hers are becoming incessant. She suffers terribly at times."

"I must go to her room and see her, if she is well enough to receive visitors," said Mrs. Dorothy.

"I wish you would," returned Mr. Farquhar, hurriedly. "It will do her good."

When Mrs. Oswald entered the room up stairs, the face Isobel Duval turned towards the door, startled and alarmed her. The wrapper she wore was not whiter; there were purplish hollows about her eyes; and she had evidently been weeping.

"I am very sorry you are so ill, my dear child," said Mrs. Dorothy. "I am very sorry."

The poor wife burst into a passion of tears.

"You are sorry for me?" she cried. "Sorry for me? Don't be sorry for me, because I am in pain, Mrs. Oswald; be sorry for me, because my life is wrecked, and I have thrown away love, and youth, and hope, forever."

It was the uncontrollable outcry of an utter despair. She had given her all for nothing, and had discovered her terrible mistake, too late.

"He did not love me, Mrs. Oswald," she went on, carried away out of all reticence. "I was nothing to him from the first. I think he has always despised me. If he has not told me so, it is only because he is so wholly indifferent. He is dishonest, and dishonored; he is false, and

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cruel; he is selfish, and despicable—and yet he is the man I loved, and he is my husband."

Mrs. Dorothy listened with a sad heart. Of late, in spite of herself, she could not help conjecturing, as to what Phil's relations with the man had been, and, as she heard Isobel Duval speak, she was haunted with a memory of Phil's manner towards him. If he had done her no wrong in the past, she, surely, would not show her dislike so continually. It was as if she had taken her stand against him, as if she defied, and yet, even while she defied, feared him a little.

She thought of this, as she caressed and comforted Isobel, and before she left her, she began to feel fresh dread.

"His friends," Isobel exclaimed, bitterly, in the course of the conversation; "his friends are professional gamblers, who are the worst of their class. Philip Fairfax is the oldest of them, and you know what such an intimacy means."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dorothy, with a sigh; "I know. Poor Philippa."

Mrs. Duval's expression suddenly changed.

"Poor Philippa!" she said. "You think Philippa is to be pitied, also." It struck Mrs. Dorothy that the speaker's tone was cold, and her manner constrained. "Am I mistaken," added Mrs. Duval, "in fancying that Mr. Carnegie is very much attracted by her?"

"Wilfred!" said Mrs. Dorothy, with a kindly warmth. "No, you are not mistaken."

"And you would not be averse to such a marriage," said Mrs. Duval, amazed.

"My dear!" Mrs. Dorothy ejaculated, surprised at her evidently unintentional vehemence, "Surely, Philippa is not to be condemned for Philip Fairfax's iniquities."

There was so plain a touch of pained feeling in her tone, that Isobel checked herself in momentary embarrassment.

"Forgive me!" she said. "I do not mean to be illiberal. I have been made so unhappy myself, that, perhaps, I am a little morbid. She should not bear her father's burdens, it is true."

No more was said, but the conversation left an unpleasant impression on Mrs. Dorothy. Going down stairs, she found Phil alone in the morning room, standing at the window, and looking out with a strange air of melancholy and depression.

"You do not look as if you were in good spirits, my dear child," she said.

"I am not in very good spirits," was the answer; "but—but no one is to blame but myself."

She spoke with a rather proud and reserved little air. Nothing would have induced her to tell Mrs. Dorothy that she was unhappy, because she felt that she was regarded with distrust. It was not Mrs. Duval's coldness which hurt her most deeply. She could have borne that, even while she was stung by it. The fact was, that she was beginning to feel that, though he was too generous to wholly distrust her, Wilfred was rendered restless and uneasy, by what he could not fail to see. Duval's easy familiarity angered him, but Mrs. Duval's constraint cut him to the quick.

To do him justice, he had tried, often enough, to drop back into his old, familiar intercourse with Phil; but he had always failed. When nothing else stood between them, Duval appeared upon the field, and they were interrupted.

It was with these feelings in her heart, that she had answered.

"I can blame no one but myself." And she would say nothing more, which increased, though she would hardly admit it, the unpleasant impression made on Mrs. Dorothy by Mrs. Duval's manner.

CHAPTER XIII.

CIRCUMSTANCES soon occurred to increase these half-acknowledged suspicions.

"Duval seems to stand on rather familiar terms with that pretty girl of Fairfax's," said Mr. Farquhar, one day, to Mrs. Dorothy.

"With Philippa? Well, I have heard she was very young, when he went first to her father's house. Was it not so? She could scarcely have been called more than a baby."

"Did you ever hear—did you ever gather from any chance speech of hers," said Mr. Farquhar, suddenly facing Mrs. Dorothy, "that there had been a sort of love affair between them?"

"A love affair! Not exactly a love affair—no! At least, whatever I may have fancied, I cannot think so now. Philippa's manner towards him, is scarcely the manner of a girl who has—"

"But," Mr. Farquhar interposed, "it has struck me that it is. It is her manner, in fact, which has convinced me of the truth of the story."

"The story!" There was anxiety in Mrs. Dorothy's face, as she spoke. "Was there a story?"

"Yes, there was a story," with an air of disgust. "Duval was the father's constant companion, and was thrown with the girl, upon all occasions. It is said, she was passionately in love with him, and he was as much attached to her as was consistent with his nature. Mark you, I do not say that I heard anything decidedly to her discredit. It was Duval was to blame; he was trifling with her."

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"Does Isobel know anything of this?" asked Mrs. Dorothy, for she knew Mr. Farquhar was aware of Mrs. Duval's confession to her.

"I am not sure—though since we have been here, I have fancied so. In fact, I have been rather puzzled," knitting his brows slightly. "It is not like Isobel to be moved by any emotion so petty as jealousy—it would be sheerly impossible for her to be prejudiced by such a story—and yet—and yet I have observed, from the first, that her demeanor towards the girl is far from cordial."

"I have been surprised by the same thing myself," said Mrs. Dorothy.

Mr. Farquhar hesitated a moment or so, and then spoke again, as if with some reluctance. "Is it possible," he said, slowly, "that she has heard something we have not—that there is even a less pleasant—?" But there he checked himself. "No, forgive me!" he added, "I should not have allowed myself to do the child such injustice. She is only a child, after all, and it is really a terrible thing that it should seem so natural to think ill of her, because she is Philip Fairfax's daughter."

"It is a terrible thing, indeed, for Philippa," said Mrs. Dorothy. "And yet one can see how impossible it would be to accuse Isobel of a petty jealousy. We must remember, however," somewhat proudly, "that if Isobel has heard a more unpleasant side of the story, it is more than probable that she has heard it from her husband."

"Pah!" said Mr. Farquhar. "We should scarcely rely upon her husband."

The time came when Wilfred could bear this state of suspense no longer. It was like being on the rack.

"We were happy enough before these people came," he said to Mrs. Dorothy, one day, "and now see how we are drifting apart. I seem to have lost all hold upon Philippa. She is a different creature. She acts as if she did not trust me—as if she was angry—as if she had resented something I had said, or done."

"Shall I tell you what I am going to do?" he said, after a moment's pause. "I can't stand this state of things any longer. For I shall ask her to marry me. *You* know how desperately I love her, Cousin Dorothy; and *she* ought to know it, too, by this time. Sometimes I think she does, and sometimes I think she does not, believe it."

"You will give me your blessing, I know, Cousin Dorothy," he said, after a moment, and he rose to leave the room. "You will hope for a 'yes' for me, instead of a 'no,' won't you? I intend to ask her, the first minute that fellow Duval leaves us alone."

Meantime, Philippa, exasperated, beyond all measure, by Duval's conduct towards her, had decided to take a bold step. On her way to the library, with a book, that day, she met Duval, and stopped in the hall.

"I am going to replace this book," she said, "and I shall be glad if you will follow me into the library. I have something I wish to say to you."

"You do me great honor," he answered. "I am at your service."

She vouchsafed no reply, but went on before him. To tell the truth, he was somewhat surprised, and wondered what was coming. When they entered the room, he closed the door, and offered her a chair.

"Pray take this seat," he said.

"I do not wish to sit down," she answered. "What I have to say, I can say here."

Even in the soft, dim gray of the twilight, he could see that the blood rose to her cheeks, and that her eyes flashed.

"I brought you here," she said, "to ask you how you dare—how you *dare* to treat me—to speak to me—to look at me, as you are in the habit of doing?"

"How I dare!" he exclaimed, and he broke into a light laugh. "My dear Philippa, you surely forget yourself. Why should I *not* dare?"

"You should *not* dare, because it is intolerable presumption," she cried. "You should *not* dare, because you should assume a virtue, if you do not possess it. You should wear an appearance of honor and truth, even if you are as false and dishonorable as you are wicked. You have tried to make people believe that, at some time, I have given you the right to address me, as if there was some secret between us. Is there any secret between us? Was there ever one, even at the worst? I say, the worst, because, the time when I trusted you, was the most humiliating part of my life. It is the only part of my life, of which I am ashamed, and upon which I look back to blush. No crime I could commit, would not be punished by the shameful recollection, that I once almost believed in *you*—that I was once weak enough, to fancy that I cared for *you*. Your familiarity is an insult to me. I would rather, that you should lift your hand and strike me in the face, than force me to speak to you, as if I was something to you—as if I had belonged to you, and you did not forget it. When I saw you last, I told you that I had done with you, forever and ever How dare you approach me, except as a stranger? There is no stranger in the world—no man or woman, whom I have never seen, who is not nearer to me than you."

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"Pah!" he said; "this is nonsense."

In spite of his insolence, he was stung.

"You are a coward!" she exclaimed. "You presume, because you think I am helpless. But I am not helpless. I am not helpless, because I am not so much afraid of you as you fancy. Do you think that I shall fear to speak openly, if you drive me to it? It will not be a pleasant thing," curling her lip, "to have to say to these people, who love me: 'Once, I was so vain and silly, as to be glad, that this man professed to admire me, and now, he presumes upon my folly;' but, I will say it, if you do not alter your manner towards me."

"Why have you not said it before?" he demanded, insolently. She knew what his taunt implied, but she answered him, with ready wit.

"I have not said it before, because, as I told you, it is so bitter a humiliation to me, and I have shrunk from so far degrading myself in their eyes. But better that, than that they should, for a moment, fancy, that a single tie links me to you. That would be a degradation I could not bear, and will not."

"And this was what you wished to say to me?"

"I *wished* to say nothing to you. This was what you yourself compelled me to say. I meant to warn you, and I do warn you. Approach me familiarly again—say one significant word to me—give me one meaning look, and I will appeal to Mrs. Oswald."

"And suppose," he suggested, "suppose we add, 'And to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie.'"

She faltered a second—scarcely more—and then answered him bravely, with a pride, which might have touched Wilfred's heart, if he had seen it.

"And to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie!" she said. "He is a gentleman, and will protect me. Now, you may go; I have nothing more to say."

"Thanks for your urbanity and candor," he retorted, and sauntered out with his hands in his pockets.

CHAPTER XIV.

When he was gone, she sat down, at the window, trembling with excitement. She could not return to the drawing-room just yet. She remained there until the moon rose. Her tears flowed fast.

"Nobody will miss me," she said. "They are happy enough together without me—but they would have missed me once," suddenly becoming inconsistently aggreived. "There was a time when they would have missed me."

It might have been in answer to her speech, that she heard, the next moment, the sound of some one coming lightly up the stairs. She knew it was Wilfred. It was a habit of his to take two or three steps at a time. Directly he opened the door, and her heart quickened; but she did not turn round.

"Phil," he said; "Are you here?"

"Yes," she answered, from the depths of her chair. "I am here, by the window."

He came forward, hurriedly, with more of his old warmth, and boyishness of manner, than she had seen for many a day.

"This is better than I expected," he said "I have been looking everywhere for you. May I sit down, too?"

"Yes," she answered, speaking almost softly.

This was all he needed—this suggestion of softness in her tone and manner. He was in a hopeful frame of mind. Since his resolution of the morning, his spirits had risen. He had been full of tender and buoyant fancies. He had blamed himself for remaining silent so long, and allowing circumstances to get the better of him. Perhaps, if he had spoken before, they might both have been spared all that had passed.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," he said, "because I was determined to find you, and say what I have to say. I cannot bear uncertainty any longer. Why should I wait, and choose words, when I am so much in earnest? I came here—Don't turn your face away, Phil—I came here to ask you to be my wife." And he knelt upon one knee, like a young hero of romance, and took her hand, though with an air rather impetuously tender than heroic.

"There is no need that I should say I love you," he went on. "You know that, without being told. I think you have known it, even when you have been coldest to me. You have been cold to me of late, Phil, and it is because I cannot bear your coldness, that I say all this, in this headlong fashion. I cannot say it well—I love you too deeply. Something has come between us, since these people were here. We have not been as happy as we were. Don't let them estrange us from each other, Phil. Give yourself to me, and then they will understand, that we have the right to be left to ourselves, and allowed to be happy, in our own way."

This was so unexpected a turn for affairs to have taken, that Philippa lost her self-possession entirely.

"I don't—" she faltered—"I don't know how to answer you. I don't know what—to say."

"If you can say three words—if you can say to me 'I love you,' I do not ask you to say anything more," he answered. "That is all I want, Phil."

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She could not resist the temptation to ask him one question.

"Do you mean to say that—that you do not doubt—that you are not afraid to trust me, without an explanation," she demanded. "You have not been blind, or you would not have been as unhappy as you say you have been. You must have asked yourself questions—why don't you ask questions of me. Perhaps—" somewhat bitterly, "perhaps you would not want me for your wife, if you knew all."

"Phil, my dear," he said, gravely, "if you will say those three words, they will be enough for me. Will you say them?"

She brushed her tears from her eyes, with her free hand, and answered him, blushing, and yet persistent, and proud.

"You are generous," she said. "And you love me, but you are not wise. Because you are generous, and good, you are taking me on trust, and—and I do not choose that you should do it. You shall not do it. I will tell you what you ought to know, without being asked. You have seen me under suspicious circumstances lately, and every suspicious circumstance has been brought about by Mr. Ernest Duval. He has tried to give you the impression that there was an understanding between us, and he had almost succeeded, because once, it is true, that we were better friends than we are now. Once, once, when I was very young and ignorant, I thought—I thought I loved him, and that he loved me. He is a bad man, and a coward, and I found him out; and he has not forgiven me. Then if you despised me as much as I despise myself, Wil—you would not hold my hand."

"Despise you? I adore you!" he cried, with all the delightfully dramatic fervor of a quarter of a century. "My dearest Phil, have you no answer for me?"

The one she gave him was very pretty, and gracious, notwithstanding the utter failure of her attempt to preserve her dignity.

"If you want me, in spite of everything," she said, "and will persist in wanting me, I will be your wife. I—There is no one else who loves me so well." And unsatisfactory as this final clause might have appeared to an ordinary lover, it was, by no means, unsatisfactory to Wilfred.

He scarcely knew how the next half hour passed. It was a kind of rapturous dream. There is not the slightest doubt that he talked a great deal of eloquent nonsense. He did not care whether it was nonsense or not. It was enough for him, that Phil listened, and blushed. As to her, it seemed as if her troubles were really over, and she need have no care for the morrow. Even if she had not loved him, she must have done so now, and the truth was that she had learned to love him, with the whole strength of her girl's heart. In taking her by surprise, however, Wilfred had done well. If he had given her time to think, poor, conscientious little thing, ten chances to one, she would have persuaded herself that she must refuse him, and make herself miserable.

When they returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Dorothy looked up at them, with an anxious air; but after her first glance, she looked anxious no longer. She read Wilfred's success in his radiant face. It is more than probable that Duval understood also. He looked on with a bitter sneer, and was even more cynical in his remarks than usual. His game was ended. He wondered if Phil had told her story, as she had threatened to tell it. Certainly, Wilfred's manner bespoke no great favor towards himself; and yet he scarcely believed the girl would dare so much, with all her courage and spirit. Bah! she would tell no more than she could help!

When the ladies had retired, Wilfred poured out his heart to Mrs. Dorothy.

"Cousin Dorothy," he said; "to-night, I am the happiest fellow in Scotland—in Great Britain—in the world. She has promised to be my wife." Then he told all.

The next day, when Mrs. Dorothy met Ernest Duval, she found it difficult to comport herself towards him, with her usual dignity. Her mind was made up, upon one point, however. It was impossible that she should receive such a guest again.

Not long after breakfast, Isobel Duval, standing at a window, saw a boat pushed out from the loch side, and recognized, in the two figures it contained, Philippa and Wilfred Carnegie. She watched them, with a stern face, as they crossed to the opposite side. She believed that a cruel and false wrong was being done, and with her own wrongs always present before her, she could keep silent no longer.

Mrs. Dorothy, coming up behind her, only saw the boat and its contents—Phil sitting at the prow, in her light dress; and Wilfred, bending to his oars.

"They have run away, together," she said, smiling. "They find life a pleasant thing, this morning. They are young enough to fancy it will be summer always."

She stopped, and glanced at her companion, who was quite pale, and looked startled.

"You don't mean—" said Mrs Duval; "you don't mean that she has accepted him? Has it gone so far as that?"

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"My dear," said Mrs. Dorothy, in gentle amazement, "why should it not have gone so far as that? They are young, and love each other; and why should they not be happy? You speak as if—"

"I speak as if I knew there had been wrong done," interrupted Isobel. "I speak, because I know the truth. I speak, because I have suffered myself. I did not want to speak; but now, I must."

"My dear!" Mrs. Dorothy exclaimed; "surely—surely, you misunderstand—"

"No!" said Isobel, sternly; "I do not misunderstand. I understand too well."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean?" cried Mrs. Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed.

"I mean that I cannot see an honest man deceived and betrayed," was the stern reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

In still, deep purple seas of shade,
It stands—the homestead brown and low;
The woodbine hangs its clouds of leaves,
About the quaint, and massy eaves;
And, as the seasons come and go—
The grey roof shines with saintly grace,
Of winter's lustrous, stainless snow:
Or when spring sets the trees afoam,
With blossomed sweets upon it blow;
Such perfumed gusts of rosy flakes,
That all the dull old shingles glow.

From out the memory-haunted past,
Sweet visions round this old house rise:
The long hushed voices wake again—
I gaze into the soft blue eyes—
Of one, whose angel-life began
On earth, but its pure loveliness,
Is perfected in Paradise.

Ah, me! how dark—*how dark* she left
The world to us, who still must wait;
How softly did the angels call—
How noiseless swung the pearly gate.
Upon the house, a shadow fell;
It rests there still—and must alway,
Dear Marietta, it is well
With thou, who dwell'st in endless day,
But ah! how dark for us—who wait.

Another gentle face I see,
Dear grandma's, with the silver hair,
Above the forehead, calm and fair;
More beautiful than youth's may be.
Just at the flowery edge of May,
There fell a day of bitter pain;
Outside, the sunshine's golden robes,
Were fringed with silver of the rain;
The woods were green—the robins sang—
Sweet spring-time smiled o'er all the land;
Dear grandma lay at perfect rest,
Some blossoms in her lily hand.

Ah, well, she gathers fadeless flowers,
On shores of Paradise to-day.
Oh, in this sad, cold, world of ours,
How could we wish, or bid her stay.
And yet, old house, "with so much gone,"
"Of life, and love, we still live on,"
And sacred, are your ancient walls,
For ever they will hold for me,
The fairest things that memory
Has stored in her enchanted halls.

REGRETS.

BY MARY GILMER FOOTE.

Little did I dream at parting, as he kissed my brow and cheek,
As he clasped me close in silence, for adieus he could not speak:
That no more his arms would fold me, or his face, so frank and fair,
Smiling down on me, so sadly, from beneath his chestnut hair,
Would so soon within the shadows of the cypress-tree be laid;
Else the words of eager yearning on my lips had not been stayed;
Nor my love been left unspoken, lest my smothered tears should start—
Nor repentance now embitter all the vintage of my heart!

Oh! those words of eager yearning, could I only then have seen
How the dark and dismal shadows from the church-yard crept between
Us, who lingered, loth at parting—now this ceaseless vain regret
In my bosom could not rankle, or my sun at noon be set.
I have acted well the Stoic, but I now would give my all,
Could I, only for a moment, be permitted to recall
Just that bitter, bitter parting—such a love I could reveal,
As would make the heart I wounded, by my seeming coldness, heal!

Yes, to save a moment's weeping, I have turned all time to tears;
Changed my noontime into midnight, where no star of hope appears;
Where sweet flowers of recollection should spring up, and bud and blow,
Evermore the turbid waters of regret will ebb and flow!
But, alas! alas! this wringing out a life in drops of woe,
While the soul itself seems bursting at each agonizing throe!
Not in vain will come these birth-pangs, if thereafter we shall find
They have brought forth fruits more tender for the dear ones left behind.

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NOBODY BUT JOHN VANE.

BY ELSA KELMER.

It was with feelings of rebellion and wounded pride, that I perused Aunt Kate's letter. The letter contained an invitation for me to spend the winter with her, in New York. This would have been delightful, if I had not known why she had invited me.

When she was with us, in the summer, I had overheard her say to mother, one day:

"Seems to me, Bessie is looking thin and pale."

"Yes," mother replied; "she worked too hard in the spring, helping Alice get ready to be married. She is not so strong as the other girls."

"She reads too much," said Aunt Kate, curtly. "How old is she, by the bye?"

"Twenty-two, in the fall," said mother. "Only a year and a-half younger than Alice."

"It is time she was looking round a little, then. She must come to me, next winter. She is not so pretty as the rest of your children, Mary; and she will never look any better than she does now. Still, perhaps, she will make out to do as well as Alice has done."

My aunt conscientiously believed it to be her duty, to find suitable husbands for her only brother's six daughters. She had never quite forgiven my father for marrying my mother, and settling down as a poor country parson, in a little "out-of-the-way" place in Connecticut, called Winsted, when he might have had Julia Sears, her dearest friend, and a hundred thousand dollars, besides. For the first few years after his marriage, she entirely ignored the happy pair, but when they named a little baby, Katharine Vane Hamilton, after her, her feelings towards them were softened, and she came to see her little namesake. After that, as the rest of us appeared, we were, each, considered by her, to be a dire calamity. Six girls! What, under the sun, was a country minister, with a meagre salary, going to do with six girls? If only half of them had been boys, they could have helped their father on in the world. Nevertheless, she made up her mind that she would not fail in her duty to us. She had no children of her own, and she was very wealthy.

So, from my earliest childhood, I remember being under the supervision of Aunt Kate. She visited us for a few weeks, regularly, every summer; and sometime during the visit we were inspected generally—in regard to our education, manners, health, clothes, and future prospects. These inspections were anything but agreeable to me, and I always rebelled; often declaring, with angry tears, that I would obey no one but papa and mamma.

Our mother, who was one of the sweetest, tenderest, most sensitive of creatures, must have suffered a great deal at the severe, though perhaps just criticisms, made upon these occasions. Dear, kind, little mother! How often would she come afterwards, to those of us who had been hurt, and lovingly soothe and calm our wounded spirits, telling us that Aunt Kate "meant all right," but that she was peculiar, and didn't understand children very well. She knew that at heart Aunt Kate wished to help us, and share the responsibility and expense of our bringing up; and so she was able to forgive this disagreeable mode of procedure.

When Aunt Kate's husband died, she sent for Katie, my oldest sister, to come and stay awhile with her. This was the first time that any of us, excepting father and mother, had ever visited her. Her husband had been, for many years, an invalid; and that was one reason, I suppose, why she did not care to have us children there. John Vane, the nephew, and only surviving relative of Mrs. Vane, took up his abode with them, at the time of his uncle's first stroke of paralysis; attended to all his business affairs, and assumed all the duties, which would have devolved upon a faithful and obedient son, had Mr. Vane possessed one. In time, Aunt Kate, as well as her husband, came to depend upon him for everything. He was appointed administrator of the estate, and was to inherit the bulk of the property, after Aunt Kate's decease. It was his uncle's wish that he should continue to reside there, as a son of the family, and manage everything, as he had done for so many years. This was the most that I knew of him, before my visit. I had heard him spoken of so often, by Katie and Alice, as "nobody but John Vane," that I had scarcely formed an opinion of him at all.

After Katie's initiatory visit, and after Aunt Kate found that a young, happy girl, in a house, did brighten it some way, she sent for her quite often; and when her own season of mourning was over, introduced her into society.

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When Katie was happily and successfully married, Aunt Kate invited Alice to visit her, and now, that Alice was married, also, it was my turn, Aunt Kate thought, to be steered into a safe matrimonial harbor. This was what vexed me. To be invited, specially and only, that I might have a chance of getting a husband, as I learned from the conversation I overheard, made me angry. I do not say that it was not a benevolent plan on the part of Aunt Kate; yet, it was none the less mortifying to me.

At first, I declared I would not go to Aunt Kate's; but Alice, who was on a little visit home, would not hear of such a thing.

"Why Bessie," she said, "you silly child! You will have a splendid time. You will drive in the park nearly every day; shop in perfectly magnificent stores; and go to parties, concerts, theatres and operas. You've no idea how nice it is. And then, Aunt Kate's house is elegant, and you can have it all to yourself; there is no one but John Vane there, besides Aunt Kate; and he won't disturb you any; you will only see him at meal times. Besides, Bessie, you're not obliged to like any one Aunt Kate picks out for you, if you don't want to."

All this seemed quite plausible, and the whole family—father, mother, and my two younger sisters, Clara and May, (Dora was only a baby still, and could not understand my trials), joined with Alice, saying that I must go, that I needed the change, and laughed at me for thinking of giving up a visit to the great metropolis, on account of that tacit understanding on the part of Aunt Kate. So I wrote and accepted the invitation, saying that I would be happy to come, and make her a quiet visit, on the condition that it should not be expected of me, to do as Katie and Alice had done, and that my aunt should make no attempt whatever to make a match for me. It was rather daring for me to write such a letter, but neither my conscience nor my pride would allow me to go, without it.

Aunt Kate received me cordially. The house was elegant, as Alice had said. While we were talking, in the sitting-room, back of the large parlors, before going up stairs to take off my things, we heard the front door open, and bang to again.

"John, is that you?" said my aunt, looking around. "This is my niece, Bessie. Bessie—John Vane."

I looked up, and bowed to a tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty years of age, with large hands and feet, black hair, slightly sprinkled with grey, a handsome and rather remarkable face. This is what I took in at the first glance. I afterwards discovered that he had a pair of the keenest, most searching, dark-blue eyes, that I ever beheld in my life. It was useless to try to avoid them, or to hide anything from their gaze; they would fathom it out some way.

He came into the room, and put out his hand, and, before releasing mine, said, looking down at me, with a quizzical expression:

"So you have come on, I suppose, to get a husband, too?"

This was too much, after all my scruples, and the stipulations I had made in my letter to Aunt Kate. My face flushed scarlet. I snatched my hand away, and, drawing my *petite* figure up to its utmost height, looked him directly in the face, saying, in tones I meant to be particularly freezing:

"You are entirely mistaken, Mr. Vane. I came here simply to visit my aunt, and not for the object of which you speak. Indeed, the subject is not to be considered at all, and Aunt Kate understands perfectly well the conditions on which I came."

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Hamilton," he said, with a low bow, and an amused smile. "My curiosity led me to make that unfortunate remark. I wished to see if you could maintain your principles as heroically in reality, as you do on paper."

What did he mean? Had Aunt Kate shown him my letter? My cheeks were burning hot, and I felt the tears coming, as they always did, when I was very angry. So I hurried out of the room, and followed Aunt Kate up stairs. "Nobody but John Vane?" What were Katie and Alice thinking of, to speak of this man in that insignificant way. Indeed, he promised fair to prove a very powerful "somebody," if the beginning of our acquaintance was to decide its character. At least, he had affected me so far as to make me hate him, in this first interview.

"Aunt Kate," said I, as we entered my room, which was a delightfully pleasant, sunny one, looking out into the street, "did John Vane see the letter I wrote you?"

"Yes, dear! I thought it would be pleasant for him to know something about you, before you came; and as that was quite a characteristic letter, I handed it to him, when I had read it. He seemed as much amused as I had been. I think he is inclined to tease you a little, Bessie; and he certainly will, if he sees it annoys you."

"But, Aunt Kate, I think it was very unkind for him to say that to me, especially after he had seen a letter, which was intended to be strictly private to you."

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"Well, you mustn't mind him, child. He only said that to see how you would take it. And, Bessie, I want to say that, although I admire your independent spirit, I hope your natural good sense will soon conquer those silly notions of yours, and that you will see how much better it will be for you to make the most of the opportunities offered you. Kate and Alice are both settled, in happy, comfortable homes of their own, and there is no reason why you should not be, too."

I drew a long breath, from the depths of my despair. It was useless to try to make Aunt Kate understand my feelings in this matter. So I went up to her, and, putting my arm around her neck, kissed her cheek twice, saying, at the same time:

"Oh, auntie! please let me have my own way in this."

She smiled rather grimly, and smoothed her collar, which I had rumpled in my impulsive caress. Just then, the dinner bell rang, and put an end to our conversation.

The first few weeks of my visit passed very pleasantly. Aunt and I rode out nearly every day, and did a great deal of shopping, Aunt considering it necessary to make many additions to my wardrobe. I enjoyed the noise and bustle of the crowded city, having had so much quietness all my life. John Vane and I got on quite well together, much better than I expected to. He seemed to want to make amends for his introductory speech. It was Aunt Kate's custom, after dinner, to bestow herself comfortably upon the sofa in the sitting-room, and be read to sleep.

"Don't you want to go up-stairs, and take a nap too, Bessie?" she asked, on the day of my arrival, as she was getting ready for her *siesta*.

"Oh, no; I never sleep in the daytime," I replied, and seated myself in a low rocking chair, with my crocheting—one of those soft, airy, Shetland shawls, which I was making for Aunt Kate.

John Vane took up a volume of Tennyson from the table, and began reading, in a low, expressive voice, selections from "In Memoriam." Then he turned to "The Lotos Eaters," that sleepiest, dreamiest of poems; and before he was quarter through it, Aunt Kate was fast asleep. When he heard her deep, sonorous breathing, he laid the book down.

"Oh! you are not going to stop there?" I exclaimed, in a disappointed tone.

"Shall I go on till I put you to sleep, too?" he said, pleasantly.

"No; but I must hear the rest."

So he took up the book, and finished the poem; and then we talked about Tennyson, Browning, and Longfellow; and discussed book after book, and different characters of fiction, till an hour and a-half had passed, and Aunt Kate awoke.

The same thing happened every day. About ten minutes of reading would make my aunt sleepy, then John Vane and I would talk. I wondered, over and over again, why he had appeared such an inferior person, such a nonentity, to my two sisters. Perhaps, I said, they had not seen so much of him as I did. He did not talk much himself, however; but he had the power of making others talk. Sometimes, when I was discoursing, with all my mind, heart, and soul, upon some subject, which I was intensely interested in, I would catch an amused, gratified expression in his eyes, which was perfectly exasperating, and it would occur to me, that he had roused me up in this subject for the sake of hearing me talk. Of course, I would always relapse into silence, and make up my mind that I never would talk with him again; but the next time, I would be drawn into the conversation so deftly and skilfully, that before I would realize it, I would be "holding forth" as earnestly as ever. I always had very decided opinions of my own in regard to a great many things, and John Vane was not long in finding out all my strong and weak points. He knew, after a very little while, just where to attack me, in order to bring out what was best, and worst, in my composition. I came to think, under his variable treatment, that he was the most agreeable, and the most disagreeable man, I had ever met. He had the power of making me happier, and also more miserable, than any one else I knew.

Aunt Kate did not take much notice of our quarrels. But she said, two or three times, that she was very glad I argued so much with John, for it stirred him up, and made a little variety in his monotonous life; she thought it amused and entertained him. He was very kind to, and thoughtful for, Aunt Kate, always looking out for her comfort, and anticipating her slightest wish. I liked him for this. After awhile, he began to do a great many little kindnesses for me, too; but I was never allowed to acknowledge them, or thank him in any way. I sometimes wished that he would never be kind to me, as he had it in his power to make me so unhappy at other times. On the whole, John Vane was an enigma to me.

One evening, at a musical *soiree*, at Mrs. Denver's, I was introduced to a Mr. Aspinwall, whom I took to be a boy of about eighteen, and treated as such, though, really, he was a year my senior. He listened to whatever I said with unbounded

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interest and admiration, always seconding it with "that's so," and "you're right," and "I think so, myself;" but he seemed incapable of putting forth any ideas of his own. I had begun to find entertaining him quite burdensome, when Aunt Kate came up, and said it was time to go. He escorted us to the carriage, and before shutting the door, asked if he might call upon me. I was taken quite by surprise, and wondered instantaneously what I should do with him, a whole evening alone, but before I could collect myself to answer properly, Aunt Kate leaned forward, and said, in her pleasant tone:

"Certainly, Mr. Aspinwall, I hope you will call upon Bessie. We shall be delighted to see you. Good-night," and we drove off.

After that, he haunted us, or rather me. We couldn't go anywhere; down town shopping, to the theatre, or to drive in the park, but what he would appear, and join us. I was nearly bored to death. There was nothing the least bit interesting about him. But his father was a millionaire, and he the only child, which seemed to make him illustrious in Aunt Kate's eyes.

Finally, when I could not stand it any longer, I began to snub him, and to have a headache when he called, as I could not very well be "out," or "engaged;" but it did not seem to make any impression upon him whatever. He would take no offense.

At last, one morning, towards the close of my visit, Aunt Kate called to me to bring my sewing into her room, as she wanted to talk to me a little while. We were going to a grand reception, in the evening, and I was to wear a lovely, light-blue silk, which she had bought for me; so I took that in, to sew the lace in the sleeves. She began, in a very calm, moderate way, with:

"Now, Bessie Hamilton, I wish you would keep your temper for once, and hear what I have to say, without flying off into tantrums, before I've half finished. I want you to look at it in a cool, reasonable way."

"Very well, auntie," I said, laughing, though I apprehended what might be coming. "I will try and keep my temper, if the subject be a reasonable one."

"Bessie," she went on seriously, "you know, just as well as I know, that Lawrence Aspinwall is in love with you, and that all this snubbing, and 'beating about the bush,' is not going to amount to a row of pins. It means one or two things. Either you are silly and affected, like the majority of girls, and do not wish to show yourself too much pleased with his attentions, or else you are foolish, I would almost say insane enough, to reject this splendid offer, just because he is not intellectual, or handsome, or something else, enough to suit your school-girl fancy."

It was easy enough to say I would keep my temper beforehand. The question now was, how to let as little as possible burst out. So I said, as calmly, but decisively, as I could:

"Aunt Kate, it is neither of those things you have mentioned. I do not like Mr. Aspinwall, and that is the simple and only reason. If he owned the whole of the United States, it could make no difference to me. I never shall marry a man I do not love. I will never marry for money," and I closed my mouth very firmly.

"That all sounds well, Bessie; but you have too romantic ideas. I always thought you read more than was good for you. Supposing you don't love him now; you would after awhile. Wives always love their husbands, some more, and some less. Any way, you would get on as well as most married people in the world, and a great deal better, than if you marry on nothing but love. I hope you will think the matter over very seriously, before you are called upon to decide it, and not throw away this golden opportunity. It will be a fatal mistake, if you do."

I rushed back into my own room, threw myself upon the bed, and cried as hard as I could cry. Here I was in the midst of the difficulty I had tried so hard to avoid. Aunt Kate was managing and manœuvring me into accepting Mr. Aspinwall. I wished I was safe at home again, in the little, peaceful, quiet cottage. I dreaded to offend Aunt Kate, after all she had done for us; but it could not be right for me to sacrifice my whole life to please her. My own father and mother would never have required such a thing of me—never. In thinking of them, I suddenly started up, with the idea of going home. No one had any right to hinder me. I would go to this horrid reception, because I had promised, and then, to-morrow, I would return to my parents.

John Vane did not come home to dinner, and I was very glad, for my eyes, red with crying, would never have escaped his notice. After dinner, Aunt Kate advised me to lie down and rest, until it was time to dress, but I was so thoroughly homesick and miserable, that I could not rest. I had a habit, at home, of playing on the piano, alone in the dark, and I had kept up the habit here at Aunt Kate's. Whenever I was troubled or disturbed in any way, it quieted me. So I thought I would go down stairs, and play awhile, before I began to dress. First I played some of Mendelssohn's songs without words, the saddest and tenderest ones; then fragments from

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various things, most of them in the minor key; and then I extemporized. My home sickness, my longing, my disappointment, my despair at the crisis which was approaching, and my utter helplessness rose before me, and, I suppose, must have been expressed in my music, as I passed from one chord to another, changing from key to key, with only here and there a scrap of broken melody. After awhile, I began thinking of John Vane, and wondering if he would miss me, when I went home. If only Mr. Aspinwall had been more like him—or if only John Vane had been different himself—or if only he had been the one who loved me. And so I wandered on, and at last, closed my meditations with an adagio from one of Beethoven's sonatas, which expresses disappointment, sad longing, despair, and patient resignation, if ever they were expressed in this world.

When I had finished, I leaned my elbows upon the music rack, and my face upon my hands. Suddenly, a voice said, tenderly and low:

"That is a very pretty little story you have been telling to yourself, here in the dark."

I started at the voice, and saw John Vane leaning upon the piano, close beside me. Had he been in the room all the time?

"What story do you mean?" said I, trying not to appear disconcerted. Then, before he had time to answer, I cried, angrily, "Have you been here all the time I have been playing?"

"Yes! right behind the curtains there, where I have been every night that you have played to yourself, here in the dark."

I was furious for a moment. Could he have understood what I played? No! it was impossible. So I said, in an injured tone.

"You did very wrong to listen, when you knew that I thought I was alone."

"I knew it was wrong, but I could not help it. I should have kept still to-night, and you would never have known, but for your little story. And you think I did not understand it?"

"How could you?" I replied: "I do not play stories. Of course, I play in sympathy with my mood, when I'm alone, or supposed to be."

"Yes, but there was a story, and I've a great mind to tell it to you, or else you won't believe I heard it."

"Well, what was it?" said I, desperately, yet curious to know how much he really had made out.

"There was once a little girl, who was away from all her family, and those she loved, and in the midst of a big, heartless city. She was just as homesick as she could be, and heart-sick, too. She would give anything in the world, to be back again in the home nest, and safely sheltered there. There was a great trial looming up before her, and heavy clouds were settling down all around her. Somebody wanted her to do something, against which her soul revolted, and she did not know how to get out of the difficulty. She had such a tender little heart, that she did not like to pain anybody. She was wicked enough to wish to die, and so be released from all that was troubling her so sorely. Wait a minute," he said, as I was about to exclaim. "It is true, and you know it. Well, then there was somebody else mixed up in all these trials and troubles—somebody whom she did not know whether to hate or to love—"

At this, I sprung from the piano stool, and confronted him, with eyes blazing with wrath.

"You have no right to understand me like that," I cried, passionately, "to interpret my playing, and read my thoughts. Indeed, I do know whether to hate or to love you, and I hate you most decidedly, and with my whole heart, and I wish I had never—never seen you."

I was going on to say more, though I don't know what I was going to say, for I was too angry to think, when he took both of my hands, and made me look straight up into his face, saying:

"My darling! Why is it that I have no right to understand you! How can I help it, when I love you more than all else on earth? And now you say that you hate me utterly. Tell me, Bessie, that it is only because you are angry with me, and that you will give me the right to understand you, and to love you, always."

I was stunned, and bewildered, and could hardly believe what I heard; but when he put his arms around me, and folded me close in his embrace, I burst into tears: the whole scene had been too much for me.

"I ought not to have startled you so," he said, after awhile, smoothing my hair back softly, "but when I saw how sad, sorrowful, and utterly disconsolate you were, I longed to comfort you, and take you right into my heart, where you really belong. My heart you can never, never leave any more."

"But what will Aunt Kate say?" I asked, starting suddenly from him.

"Sure enough—I have upset her plans for you, entirely, haven't I? But, perhaps, you had rather have Mr. Aspinwall, after all. I never thought to ask you. He is much younger than I, you know, and—"

"How absurd! You know I wouldn't rather. But what *shall* we do about Aunt Kate? I never can tell her in the world."

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At this moment, my aunt called from the head of the stairs.

"Bessie! where are you? It is time to get ready."

I trembled violently; but, John whispered, with a parting embrace:

"I'll arrange all right, darling! You run along, and leave the whole thing to me."

I was nearly dressed, just pinning the roses in my hair, when Aunt Kate knocked at the door. She came in, and sat down in her heavy black silk, and diamonds, and looked at me, with a singular expression. I could not tell, from her face, how she had received the news. At last she spoke.

"Bessie Hamilton!" she said. "You have done well. You have outwitted me entirely. I never would have believed that this could have happened, before my face and eyes, and I not known it. However, I am very glad."

"But, auntie, it was as much of a surprise to me as to you. I didn't dream that he cared for me, in the least," said I.

"I was in hopes that he would like Katie, and talked to him about it; but he would not listen to anything of the kind. He was barely civil to her. He seemed to like Alice a little better; and when you came, and he seemed so much amused by you, I thought, of course, he regarded you as merely a child; there is so much difference in your ages. But I am glad he has found some one at last."

And so it was all settled very satisfactory. We went to the reception, which was one of those crowded, crushed, heated affairs. Everybody said it was splendid, and I suppose it was; but I was so thoroughly engrossed with my own happiness, that I could not think of much else. The next day, Mr. Aspinwall called, and I was thankful that I could tell him of my engagement, and ask for his congratulations, and so be spared the pain of hearing and rejecting the offer he had come to make. He was very much surprised and disappointed, and took it quite hard. But I tried to make it as easy as I could. I thanked him for all his kind attentions, and hoped I should meet him again, when I came to New York. He said, "John Vane is a lucky fellow," and shook hands with me, and went away, bravely and courageously, showing more character than I thought he possessed.

In a few days I was whirling over the country again, this time to my home. It seemed as if the cars could not go fast enough, I was so impatient to see them all, and tell my news. They all received me with open arms. Alice was there. She had come up from Hartford, just to hear about my visit. When I was released from their embraces, and allowed to sit down and breathe, they all said:

"Why how much better you look!" when Alice interposed: "Something has happened to you. Bessie, are you engaged?"

"Yes," tragically. "I am engaged."

The girls clapped their hands, and danced around the room for joy. At last, one said:

"Is he rich?"

"Yes, he is rich."

"Is he handsome?" said another.

"Yes, he is handsome," said I.

"Is he good?"

"As good as gold."

"Well, who is he? Tell us quickly. Who is it?"

I looked from one anxious face to another, wanting to see the full effect of my words, and then said, quietly:

"NOBODY BUT JOHN VANE."

AFTERWARDS.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

THE fair and the folly were over,
And they stayed to count the cost;
And one had been left of her lover,
And one had a shilling lost.

Irene had been robbed of her satchel,
And Maud of a ring, and a book;
While Jennie had torn her mantle,
And Kate had a weary look.

With a chime of girlish laughter,
They told each other of fun:
One had passed thro' a grand flirtation,
Another had just begun.

And the mad-cap of all the party,
The rosy and roguish Belle,
Had received a "genuine offer,"
But from whom she would not tell.

And, when they all asked for her answer,
As smiling, she turned to go,
She said, with a blush that became her,
"What could it have been but No!"

The fair and the folly were over,
They thought as they went their way,
But the trouble born of the folly,
Will darken many a day.

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KATHIE'S WEDDING DOWRY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"ONLY *one* silk, and *that* not new. Dear me, dear me, it is dreadful;" and Mrs. Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a spiteful, little shake. Kathie, hemming ruffles by the window, laughed.

"What can't be cured must be endured; there's no help for it, auntie," she said.

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her, "if you had taken my advice; but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a girl of your age, giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married, without a decent change of clothing! I I declare, it is too absurd. And you are making such a good match, too! Charles Montague comes of one of the best families in the State, and he'll be rich one of these days."

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie, merrily.

Her aunt scowled, contemptuously.

"But what are you to do *now?*" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, will think of you, when she sees your marriage outfit?"

"Not one whit less than she thinks of me to-day," answered Kathie, stoutly.

Mrs. Grayson laughed in scorn.

"You poor little simpleton! Wait until you know the world as I know it, and you'll change your tune. I tell you, Kathie, appearance is everything. Your bridegroom himself will feel ashamed of you, when he sees you in the midst of his stately sisters, in the grand parlors, at Oaklands."

Kathie winced, but she answered, bravely:

"I don't believe Charlie will ever feel ashamed of me."

"Wait until he sees you in your shabby garments."

"Shabby garments!" said Kathie, opening her bright, brown eyes. "My garments are not shabby, auntie. I am quite sure, I never looked shabby in my whole life."

Mrs. Grayson glanced at the trim, graceful, little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the ruffled white apron, and linen cuffs and collar, were as spotless as snow. Kathie was right; she never did look shabby. Her garments seemed to be part and parcel of herself, like the glossy feathers, and black tuft of a canary. Yet, these same garments were usually made of all sorts of odds and ends, for Kathie was poor, and obliged to be rigidly economical. But she was possessed of that tact, or talent, or whatever it may be called, which is more to a woman than beauty, or fortune; which enables her, by the mere skill of her own willing fingers, and artist soul, to make her life, her home, her own person, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughters of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust, and tumbled their plumes and laces, and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim, little figure by the window, with a half-admiring, half-contemptuous smile.

"You're rather a pretty girl, Kathie, and you understand the art of getting yourself up in good style. What you've got will do well enough, but there's so little of it. Your bridal outfit is shameful, upon my word. What will you do for carriage dresses, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, when you are Charles Montague's wife? Why, when I was a bride, I had everything: a round dozen silks of every hue, poplins, merinoes, tissues, and half a dozen sort of wraps. I didn't go to James Grayson bare of clothes, I tell you."

Kathie said nothing. She bent over her ruffles, her bright eyes dim with tears.

"Such a simpleton as you've been," her aunt continued, "after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away. I declare, it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What else could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. "Could I see poor George's cottage sold over his head, and he, and his wife and children, turned into the street?"

"Assuredly," answered the lady, coolly; "he could have rented a house easily enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't hear to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I'm glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if I do look shabby."

"Very well, I shall try not to care either. I sha'nt help you; I told you that in the beginning; I can't afford it, and even if I could, I should not feel it my duty. You would be head-

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strong and senseless, you must bear the consequences. I'll give you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and you may wear that garnet set of Josephine's."

"I don't want any lace, I've some that belonged to mamma, and I wouldn't wear Josephine's garnets for anything."

"Oh, very well; don't snap my head off, I beg; you needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you! You won't wear any hat either, I suppose; how about that?"

"I have plenty of trimming; I shall fix up that light, English felt I wore last winter."

"And your wrapping? where's that to come from, pray?"

Kathie's tears were gone, her brown eyes flashed like stars.

"I intend to make me a jacket of grandfather's old overcoat," she replied.

Her aunt threw back her head, and laughed heartily.

"Grandfather's old overcoat! oh, that is too good! What *would* Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, say to *that?* Kathie, child, what a goose you are."

Kathie threw aside her ruffles, and, going to the clothes-press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming; I can make a handsome jacket out of it; and I think," she added, softly, "grandpap would like me to have it, if he knew."

"Grandpap, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Grayson, "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory, after the manner he treated you. Never leaving you a penny, after you nursed him, and slaved for him as you did."

"I think he intended to leave me something," said Kathie, "I know he did, but he died so suddenly, and there was some mistake."

"Oh, nonsense; I wouldn't give a fig for good intentions; he had lots of money, everybody knows that; it has all gone to that scape-grace Dugald, and you haven't a dollar for your wedding dowry."

"Charlie won't mind that," said Kathie, her cheeks blooming like a rose.

"Won't he? Don't tell me, child. Every one thought you would be old Tom Rowland's heiress, when you first met him. Ten to one he'd ever have given you a second thought but for that. Now, that he's disappointed, he's too much of a man to back out, of course, but he feels it all the same. Don't tell me!"

Kathie uttered no word in answer. She took the old coat, and, crossing to the window, sat down to rip it apart. Her wedding day was drawing near, there was no time to lose. Mrs. Grayson settled herself on the lounge for her afternoon nap; the big maltese cat purred the rug, the canary chirped lazily in his cage, and without, above the waving line of the pine ridge, the December sunset glowed.

Kathie began to rip the closely-stitched seams, her pretty, fresh face looking sad and downcast. Aunt Grayson's wordly-wise talk had put her out of heart.

All her life she had been such a brave, sweet, little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her grandfather, and made his last days bright.

"You're a dear child, Kathie; by and by, when you think of being a bride, I'll give you a marriage dowry."

He had said so dozens of times, yet, after his sudden death, one midwinter night, there was no mention of Kathie found in his will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain, but it cut her to the heart to think grandpap had forgotten her. She tried not to believe it, there was some mistake.

And when Dugald sold out the old homestead, and went off to Europe, she gathered up all the old souvenirs, and took care of them. The old, fur-trimmed overcoat was one.

Then, rooming at her aunt's, she taught the village children, in the little brown school-house on the hill, and saved up her earnings for her marriage day. For Charles Montague loved her, and had asked her to be his wife.

The wedding-day was appointed, and Kathie was beginning, with a fluttering heart, to think about making her purchases, when her brother George fell ill; and worse, fell into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man, and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be lifted, the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard, and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went to pay the debt.

She did not regret her generosity, sitting there in the glow of the waning sunset; she would have done the same thing again. She did not doubt her handsome, high-born lover's loyal truth; yet her girl's heart ached, and tears dimmed her clear, bright eyes.

It was bad to be so cramped for a little money, and one's wedding-day so near. Her wardrobe was limited. She needed a nice, seal-brown cashmere dreadfully; and a light silk or two for evening wear. Aunt Grayson told the truth; she would look shabby in the grand parlors, at Oaklands, in the midst of Charlie's stately sisters!

The tears came faster, and presently the little,

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pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, slipped suddenly, and cut a great gash right across the breast of the coat.

Kathie gave a little shriek of dismay.

"There now, I've spoiled the best of the cloth, I can't get my jacket out; what shall I do?"

Down went the bright, young head, and, with her face buried in grandpap's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Grayson snored on the lounge, the maltese cat purred before the hearth, the canary twittered, and, out above the wintry hills, the sunset fires burned.

Her cry out, Kathie raised her head, dried her eyes, and went on with her ripping. Something rustled under her hands.

"Why, what's this? Some of poor grandpap's papers!"

She tore the lining loose, and there, beneath the wadding, was a package, done up in parchment, and tied with red tape.

Kathie drew it forth. One side was marked, "This package belongs to my grand-daughter, Kathie."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Kathie, her fingers fluttering, as she tugged at the tape.

At last, the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds—a round dozen at least, and a thick layer of green bank bills. On the top, a little note. She read it.

"My dear little grand-daughter, here is your marriage dowry. Ten thousand dollars. One day, some fine fellow will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure in yourself, but take this from old grandpap."

"Oh, grandpap, you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door startled her. She looked out, and saw her lover. Gathering her treasures into the lap of her ruffled apron, she rushed out to meet him.

"Oh, Charlie, come in quick; I've such wonderful news to tell you."

The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried, breathlessly, holding up her apron, her eyes shining, her cheeks aglow; "see here, I am rich? I've found my marriage dowry. A minute ago, I was crying, because I was so poor. I had to give George all my money, and I've only one silk; and I had to trim my old hat over, and auntie laughed at me so, and said you would feel ashamed of me. I was cutting up grandpap's old overcoat to make a jacket, and I found this; only see, ten thousand dollars! Oh, Charlie! I am so glad for your sake."

The young man bent down, and kissed the sweet, tremulous mouth.

"My darling," he said, his voice thrilling with tenderness: "I am glad of all this, because you are glad. For my own part, I would rather have taken these darling little hands without a dollar in them. You need no dowry, Kathie; you are crowned with beauty, and purity, and goodness. In my eyes, you are always fresh, and fair, and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your own sweet self, my darling."

Kathie let the folded coupons and green bills slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower.

"Oh, Charlie!" she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder; "I am so glad."

"Glad of what, Kathie? Grandpap's dowry?"

"No; glad you love me for myself."

He clasped her close, and at their feet, grandpap's marriage dowry lay unheeded."

MUSIC OF AUTUMN.

BY LIZZIE M. M'NEIL.

Softly the breezes of Autumn,
  Laden with richest perfume,
Bring to our ears sweetest music—
  Fragrants of many a tune;
Coming from valley and hillside;
  Rippling from river and rill;
Rustling in woodland and forest;
  Sweet and melodious still.

Mellow the sunshine and golden,
  Fragrant the breath of the day:
Kingly, the hills in their grandeur,
  Lift their wild heights far away.
Tender and low is the music,
  Coming from woodland and plain;
Sadly we listen and wonder
  Why summer must leave us again.

Birch-trees in livery golden,
  Fling their gay robes high in air,
Sad leaves forever are falling;
  The Earth, too, is sombre and bare.
Skies, bending low in their pity,
  Weep o'er the graves of the dead;
The wind, a low requiem is chanting,
  To the memory of joys that are fled.

Autumn! sad Autumn! I love thee,
  Though telling of death and decay,
You bring to my heart tender memories
  Of many a happier day.
When hearts, strong with love and emotion,
  In unison beat with my own,
While listening to Autumn's low music,
  When summer's gay sunshine had flown.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

La Costa stood in her dressing-room, that Saturday, prepared for the most important journey of her life. Clad in the disguise, which had become familiar in the prison, where her husband toiled, and, with a little Russian leather valise in her hand, she left the hotel at daybreak, before either of her servants were astir, and passed into the street, quite unconscious that a man, who had been walking up and down the next block, an hour or more, turned sharply as she came out, and was following her at a safe distance. On she walked to the ferry, crossed the Hudson, and took her seat in the cars. Still after her, this man glided, always in sight, and always at a distance.

A weary, weary ride the poor woman had in the solitude of her compartment. She had not slept at night, and she could not sleep then. All the chances of her future life depended upon the success of her errand, and a single accident might thwart that success. She had taken every precaution; had, reckless of despoiling herself, secured abundant means. In a few hours, the man whose love she craved, but was never sure of possessing, would be upon the ocean, fleeing from her, only that their after union might be more complete. In his cell, with that miserable loom for its grim furniture, the culprit nobleman had been ready to protest warmly, and promise everything. The recognition, so long withheld, should be made nobly. The actress wife should wear the honors of his title, and the liberty she gave him should henceforth be devoted to her.

La Costa believed these assurances. Spite of former failures, and of many grievous falsehoods, she still had faith in the man. Where love is, faith must even be stronger than reason in a woman's soul; and, after all, La Costa was every inch a woman—warped, perverted, reckless; but still a woman, and that is saying much in her behalf.

Is it strange, that this journey to Philadelphia, was one of terrible restlessness to the disguised woman. At times she longed to fling herself headlong from the window, and walk the distance. It seemed impossible that the speed of her wild will, should not outrun the monotonous rush of the engine, that dragged her on so heavily. Like a caged animal, she panted for room, in which she might walk off the strain upon her thoughts. She was constantly kneeling by the window, and peering out, to make sure that the engine rushed by the fields and fences as usual. But, when she reached the city, a terrible dread seized upon her. Faint with apprehension, she entered the humble hotel, fairly staggering under the weight of her small valise. She went to the office, and inquired if any one had asked for Mr. Davidson.

The voice in which this question was put sounded so strangely, that the clerk cast a surprised look at the stranger before he replied. He saw a slight, anxious-faced man, very young, but without the freshness of youth, leaning upon the bar, and it seemed to him as if the arm that rested there trembled. A soft gray hat was pulled low down on the forehead, and a linen duster concealed the general outlines of his form. When waiting for the answer to his question, he rested a small valise on the bar, but held to it with both hands, as if its contents must be precious.

"Yes," answered the clerk, after this survey. "A man has just came in, anxious about some one expected in the early train. He is in the next room, I rather think."

Instantly the anxious face kindled, the valise was swung down, and the traveler hurried toward an opposite door, which was carefully closed after him.

A man, who stood gazing out of a back window, where nothing was to be seen, turned and came forward, with a hushed tread, as if fearing that his very footsteps might be heard.

"Has anything gone wrong?" whispered the disguised actress startled by this extreme caution.

"Nothing! The room is ready. In fact, a whole house—quite out of the way, too."

"Ah, I understand."

The keeper, who was still ignorant of his visitor's sex, cast a swift glance at the little valise.

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"Is everything ready on your part?" he questioned.

"Everything. A passage is taken for the gentleman and his servant. The money is here."

"Oh, that looks like business!"

"More than you could earn during all your life in that hidious prison."

"Of course, I calculated on that, but when will it be paid over, now or—"

"When he is outside those walls, comes—"

"Well, I don't know as there's anything very unreasonable about that, only I should just like to have a look at the greenbacks, before I plunge clear in. It would encourage one, you see."

The seeming youth unlocked the valise, and took from it a package of bank notes, crisp and fresh, as bills of very large denomination are apt to be.

"That'll do. The sight of them fires one up. You mean to stay out yonder."

"Yes. They know me too well at the prison."

"That's so. But don't you get impatient. Of course you may have to wait."

"I know. I know that is the worst of it."

"All night as like as not. We have got to watch our chances."

"I will force myself to be patient. But for mercy's sake lose no time."

"I should think not—now keep up like a man. You don't look very strong, but a pluckier little fellow I never saw. This job 'll be worked down to hard pan. So keep that pile of bills handy."

All this was said in whispers, for both the conspirators were trembling with excitement. The keeper took out his watch.

"I've just got time to show you where the room is. Come!"

"Ah!"

"Keep steady, young man. No catching breath, as if you were stuck; that's child's play, and won't do here. Just pick up that valise, and follow me, as if we two were a-going to the cars, after taking a drink together, which we'd better do."

The man opened the door, and spoke aloud, for the first time during the interview.

"I reckon we shall have to hurry up," he said. "No time for more refreshments than a brandy-smash. Two of them, and be in a hurry—trains and tides don't wait on bartenders!"

The latter part of this speech was addressed to the man at the bar, who took down a bottle at once.

The disguised actress hesitated, when a glass, which carried a strong scent of cheap liquor with it, was pushed toward her. The keeper saw this, and, lifting the glass, urged it upon her.

"Take it, take it—we have got a hard day, and perhaps a tedious night before us. The drink will set you up."

The seeming youth took the glass, and forced herself to drink.

"Now come along," said the keeper, "We haven't a minute to lose."

Through cross streets, and along strange passages, this man led the way, and at length turned into the back entrance of a house that overlooked a street leading to the prison. A few old chairs, a cot bed, and a trunk, was all the furniture contained in a second-story room, to which he ascended, over a flight of uncarpeted stairs.

"I hired the old house, when this job was first hinted at, and put these things in. You'll find the clothes—there, your suit and all—in the trunk."

La Costa took no heed of these explanations, but went to a window, looked out, and got a view up the street.

"Ah, this is everything. I did not hope for so much," she exclaimed. "You have indeed done well."

The man was pleased, but went on with his directions. "There isn't a soul in the house; so when you hear a noise, you may know it is him, and act accordingly. Have the clothes out and ready. There is something to eat in that cupboard, and a bottle of prime brandy. Have that on hand. He may need it. I have fastened all the shutters, but that one. You must manage it so that people can't see you looking out, and if you light a candle, shut that one close. There, now, I can't think of anything else."

The man was gone. La Costa was left alone in that grim, old house. At another time its dreariness would have depressed her; but now it held forth a promise of safety. She examined the room, looked into the cupboard, and unlocked the trunk. She even unloosened the cork in the brandy bottle, and placed matches near the tin candlestick, which stood ready for use.

This done, she sat down by the window, and through an opening in the shutters, which concealed everything else, watched the street leading to the entrance of that prison, with intense longing.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The man who left La Costa in that old house, presented himself at the prison fifteen minutes after, and was proceeding to his post, when the warden called him into the office. This man held a telegram in his hand, which he glanced at, from time to time, while he was speaking

"You will be relieved from duty for a day or

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two, Mr. Kief," he said, looking steadily at the man, who flushed scarlet, and then turned white as snow. "We have a little business outside, which you will take charge of."

"But my post—my duties!" said Kief, made bold by the desperate stake he was playing for.

"They will be provided for. I have already detailed a keeper."

There was something in the warden's face that forbade Kief to venture on any further protest; in fact, he hardly had the power, for his knees were shaking under him, and drops of perspiration started on his forehead. He left the office, and sat down in a bench in the outer room, absolutely faint with dread. Were his deeply laid plans exposed? What could that telegram contain? Had absolute ruin overtaken him, just as those plans seemed so sure of completion?

While the man sat there, racking his nerves with these questions, the warden passed him, and walking over to another portion of the prison, was, directly, out of sight. Kief could see into the office from where he sat, and knew that it was empty. Rising warily to his feet, he stole into the room, and darted a sharp glance around —on the desk, on the floor, on the writing-table. Nothing that he sought, was in any of these places; but there was the waste basket. He darted to that, snatched some fragments from its contents, and stole back to his old place, looking cautiously around, to make sure that he was not seen. The man joined these fragments on his knee, and had the telegram complete. This is what it said:

"You are cautioned by one, who has discovered that a plan is laid for the escape of some prisoner under your charge, to take extra precaution during the next three days. If there is a man named Kief among your keepers, it would be well to keep a sharp watch over that particular person."

There was no signature to this warning, but it was dated in New York.

Kief understood it all now. He was suspected, but nothing was really proven. That day he had arranged to enter the prisoner Massieu's cell, where that powerful man was to assail him; hold a pistol to his head, to prevent all outcry; and forcibly exchanging clothes, make his escape, leaving the keeper bound, gagged, and helpless in his cell. All had been prepared, but that scrap of paper had ruined everything. Kief dared not even give the prisoner warning, much less could he venture to seek his accomplice in the old house. Of course, spies would be on his track all the time. There was no proof against him as yet—nothing but the hint of an anonymous telegram. He had only to submit, and guard himself, that all might be well with him. The rest must take care of themselves. They had brought him into trouble enough already.

Before the warden came back to his office, a new keeper had been placed on duty—a tall, fine-looking man, who had just only been appointed an officer of the prison, and had not yet become familiarly known to his fellow-keepers. Kief seemed to pay no regard to this; but accepted the duties intrusted to himself with seeming tranquility.

Meantime, the prisoner Massieu spent a fearfully restless day in his cell. Everything was prepared—a pistol, fully charged, was concealed in the pocket of his convict dress; a small dagger, such as actresses wear for ornament, or stage uses, —save that this was sharp and double-edged— was thrust between the cloth and breast beam of his loom. These preparations for force, he knew were but a farce, which had been agreed upon, in order to protect his accomplice from suspicion; but such was the energy aroused in him by this fair hope of escape; so bitter was his hatred of the place, and everything in it, that he chafed inwardly at the peaceful use of these deadly weapons. It would have pleased him better, to use them in some fiercer strife, and wrest his liberty from the keeper, as he would only seem to do. The man was perfidious, crafty, full of deception, but he was bold, too, and seemed the part of a fox when he could take that of a tiger. There, in his cell, that day, he chafed like a tiger, because the minutes crept by so lazily; chafed the more, perhaps, because the thirst for contest was so strong within him, and the hopes so small.

At last, the twilight stole on, and grew darker. It was time for the keeper to go his rounds. He must be ready now, nerved to anything that might occur. Even yet, there might be a contest, for his identity might be detected as he attempted to pass out. In that case, there would be death somewhere in those walls. Once out of the cell, he would not be taken back alive.

Yes, he was ready. Standing there, with one arm around the post of his loom, he listened to the keeper's steps, as he went from cell to cell. This did not seem strange to him. It was understood that his cell should be the last entered that night. So he stood there, waiting, with nerves of steel, and the resolution of a demon in his eyes.

The new keeper had been directed to enter, and search all the cells, that night. This extra duty kept him far later than the usual hour, and Massieu's impatience had deepened into ferocity, when the lock turned, and a strange keeper came in.

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I have said, this man had nerves of steel, and the heart of a tiger. When he saw this strange face, both these elements of evil strength arose fiercely within him. He knew that something had gone wrong—that all chance of freedom depended on himself. Quick as lightning, he darted between the man and the door, drew the pistol from his pocket, and held it, with fiendish calmness, close to the keeper's temple.

"A word, a whimper, and you are a dead man!"

The keeper turned white as death; he was a tall, powerful man, quite equal to his opponent in strength; but there was something awful in the fire of those great black eyes, that shook his courage more completely, than the pistol at his temple would. Slowly, and like a man fascinated, he was driven back, step by step, till he touched the wall. Then the prisoner spoke:

"Give me the pistol you carry."

The man attempted to protest; but though his lips moved, they uttered no sound. Then the prisoner, still keeping the pistol steadily pointed, thrust his left hand into the man's pocket, and drew forth a revolver.

"Now take off your coat."

The man obeyed.

"All your clothes! That will do! Now stand there—not a word, not a wink of the eye, or you are a dead man!"

Massieu stepped back a pace, and, still leveling his pistol, snatched the dagger with his left hand, and drew it, with a flash, across the web in his loom. As the severed threads dropped downward, he gathered them up with a dash of the hand, and dragged them from the yarn beam, with a force that made the timbers creak. Then he twisted the yarn into a rope, and cut it loose with the dagger.

"Step up here! Put your arms around the timbers!"

The keeper made a faint attempt at resistance. His courage was rising, but he might as well have contended with a wild beast. In an instant, he was hurled against a post of the loom. The warp was wound over him in every direction; arms, legs, and head, were bound firmly to the timber. Then a twist of the yarn was drawn through his mouth.

There was no danger that the man would struggle or cry out after that, so Massieu laid down both pistols, and dressed himself without especial haste, laughing, softly, as he put on the keeper's clothes.

"It was kind of them to send a fellow so near my size," he said, nodding to the unhappy keeper. "The cap is a trifle too small; but never mind. Excuse me, if I borrow your fire-arms."

Massieu went out, casting a quick, sardonic glance at his victim, as he closed the door with a crash, and went away, swinging the key in his hand.

On his way down to the warden's office, he met several keepers, moving about in the twilight of the prison, but he neither walked quicker or attempted to escape observation. Indeed, such was his wonderful audacity, that he entered the warden's room and hung up the key. The warden looked up and said:

"You have had no trouble?"

"None at all."

The warden, who was writing, muttered, as the seeming keeper went out:

"I thought it was a false alarm. Your anonymous fellow is never to be depended on."

Before the words had left his careless lips, an old keeper came in, greatly excited.

"Who was the man who just left the office?"

The warden looked up, smiling, blandly.

"Oh, the new keeper. I put him on Kief's floor."

"No, sir; it was not the new man. This fellow was Massieu, the forger."

The warden sprang to his feet.

"Head the scoundrel off! If he refuses to stop, shoot him down!"

The man dashed out of the office, shouting for help. There was a rush of feet towards the prison; a loud voice commanding some one to stop; then a shot that rang through the night, carrying a flash of death with it, half smothered in the baying of bloodhounds, let loose in the yard.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

La Costa had been sitting there in the dark, till the black stillness frightened her. Rash, but never really courageous, she began to feel thrills of terror creeping over her, and having carefully closed the blinds, she lighted a candle, which left the corners so full of shadows, that they seemed cowering like ghosts about her.

What was that; a noise? La Costa left her seat, crept to the door, and listened.

Yes! there was a movement below, some one staggering, blindly, in the dark. She leaned forward, incapable of drawing a breath, white, cold, but listening, intensely.

"La Costa! Woman! woman!"

The woman sprang to the table, snatched the light, and rushed into the passage.

Massieu was standing there, holding to the broken banister. His eyes, lurid with awful pain, were turned upon her.

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"Woman! I am hurt!"

"Hurt!—merciful heavens, no!"

"Shot. The bullet is here."

Massieu put a hand to his side.

"Water—brandy—anything that will give me strength for an hour," he pleaded, desperately.

The woman brought water and brandy, but her hand shook so violently, that she could hold neither to his lips. He seized the glass and drank fiercely.

"Now the clothes."

"But can you—?"

"The hurt is nothing. This is what they call a shock. No shock shall ever kill me. Now the clothes. I am strong enough."

La Costa broke into a low, hysterical laugh; kissed his forehead, on which cold drops were hanging, and brought the clothes he demanded.

The will of this man was horrible. He had wrestled with the keepers, hand to hand. He was now ready to wrestle with pain or death. He rejected her assistance in putting on the clothes, and arranged them with precission, though pain was tearing at him like a vulture.

"Come," he said, rising to his feet steadily, though his white face was distorted by a pang. "We must find the carriage, or walk."

"It is there. It will wait till we come, if it should be after daylight," answered La Costa, taking up her valise, "but where is Kief?"

"Either dead, or a traitor, I don't know which, come."

A carriage stood in the back yard of the house, to which an alley led into a neighboring street. These two people found their way to it in the darkness, and were driven toward the New York depot, where the night train would pass within the next ten minutes. There was no train that day or night in which a compartment had not been secured, and, in less than twenty minutes, the fugitive was lying at length on a sofa, while the woman knelt beside him, sometimes resting his head on her shoulder, sometimes stifling his groans with her desperate kisses.

It was daylight when the train reached its depot. As the people were passing out, they saw that a great ocean steamer had just put in to her dock, and that many of its passengers were going over in the ferry boat. This fact inspired La Costa with an idea that her husband seized upon; for it offered a wonderful chance of concealment. From that day the escaped prisoner Massieu should take his real name. The Marquis de La Croix had arrived in the steamer that morning. No one in New York had ever seen him. No one would ever again see Massieu the convict, for the next outgoing steamer would take them both beyond seas.

Thus it happened, that the great hotel coach, that brought up passengers from the steamer that morning, contained also this foreign nobleman and his attendant, a sharp young fellow, who registered his master's name with a dash, and demanded the best rooms in the house for his accommodation.

The man at the office was very sorry, but those rooms were occupied by La Costa, the great prima donna. Still, there were several apartments adjoining hers, indeed, one of them had communicating doors, which would be locked, of course. Perhaps the marquis might be content with them.

Perhaps; the servant was not quite sure. His master had suffered terribly from sea sickness, and was, in fact, an invalid, but his pleasure should be learned, and the servant would report.

The result was that the marquis was almost forced into the close neighborhood of La Costa, who was very particular, indeed, about the locking of the separation doors, when informed of the new arrangement.

A short time after the marquis had been conducted to his rooms, the young man Cole entered the office, and, in a careless way, began to turn over the leaves of the journal; all at once his eyes fell on the name of the Marquis de La Croix. No one happened to be looking that way, and the sudden pallor that spread over his face was quite unobserved. After amusing himself with the book awhile, he went into the reading-room, and took up a morning paper, and while he seemed to read, bent his mind to the dangerous complications that surrounded him. I think he would not have hesitated to denounce the man, whose name and title he coveted, then and there, but even this unnatural act was impossible. What would the name or title be worth, when stained by a felon's crime?

After pondering these questions over for an hour or more, the young man threw down his paper, and went up stairs. La Costa, still in a servant's attire, opened the door for him.

"My father," whispered the young man. "Oh, it was cruel—cruel in you, to give me no part in his liberation."

The low, broken voice in which he spoke, was full of sorrowful reproach. It deceived the actress.

"Come in," she said. "You were not needed."

"But I was his son."

"And I his wife. Which had the better right?"

Cole shook his head.

"Ah, you are cruelly generous."

The marquis was lying on the bed, when his

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son went in. Spasms of pain, now and then, shot across his face, but Cole knew that the fierce gleam in his eyes did not spring from that.

"Are you hurt, father? I saw in the telegraphic news, that a prisoner had been shot. Is it true?"

"Yes," answered the marquis, "it is true; but do not make yourself wretched. The hurt is nothing."

"Has a physician examined it?"

"No; I want nothing of the kind"

"Still delay is dangerous in such cases. I will go at once."

"You can go, but I will have neither surgeon nor physician sent to me."

Cole prepared to go. There was something in that wounded man's face, that inspired an awful hope in him—a hope he would not confess to himself, but wanted a doctor to confirm. This was the secret of his anxiety. La Costa thought it natural feeling, and was grateful for it.

Without changing her male attire, La Costa remained in attendance on her husband, all that day, but later in the afternoon, his pain burned into fever; and, struck with a terrible dread, she resolved to send for Sarah Weed, the only friend she could count upon in that great city. As she passed into the hall, in order to give directions to Gaston, she found a boy standing close by her parlor door, with his back to the wall, a bright, honest-faced little fellow, who seemed waiting for some one.

"Is it the man who usually stands here, whom you are waiting for?" she questioned, graciously, having the vague remembrance of Joe, the lad.

"Yes, sir, that's jest it," answered Joe Hooker, kneading his cap between both hands. "I wants him ter let me in to see Miss Coster, the premer donner, that sings so."

Notwithstanding her anxiety, La Costa smiled. The boy understood her.

"What do you want of her? Perhaps, I can do as well."

"No, sir, you can't; nobody on earth can do what I want like Miss Coster, who is a lady, every inch of her."

"Well, if you will inform me what you want, I will ask the lady to see you, when you come again."

"Will you, though. Well, this is how it is: I want to learn carpentering, with old Mr. Weed, as belongs to the operer; but the manager, he says, wants hands, not prentice boys, among the scenery. The old feller wants me the wust way, and Limpera says if I could only git the cheek ter ask her; how Mrs. Coster could do it like a snuff. That's how I come ter come."

"Then old Mr. Weed takes an interest in you?"

"No mistake about that, sir—then there's Mrs. Weed, she's bin like a mother to me, she has."

That moment La Costa lost all thought of Joe's petition, for Gaston came up from the office, with a letter in his hand. A single glance at the handwriting, and she snatched at the letter, waving Gaston away as she broke it open.

Joe moved, as if to follow him.

"Wait," she said, sharply, without lifting her eyes from the letter.

"I may want you!"

As she spoke, La Costa took some torn scraps of paper from the folds of her letter, and held them in her fingers, while she went on reading it, while Joe stood by, wondering at the fierce changes of her face. This was what the letter said:

C. P. Patterson, Esquire:

"I have been to the old house, and from what I saw there, feel sure that everything is safe, spite of treason. This torn paper will tell you why I was taken off from the force, and everything thrown into sixes and sevens. As the fault wasn't mine, for I did my best, and may lose my situation, I hope you won't think of going back from our bargain." K.

Twice over the woman read this scroll, then she put the torn telegram together, so far as her trembling hands would permit, and read that.

"This—this is the work of a traitor—a demon—a double murderer," she exclaimed; "for if he dies, I could scarcely live to avenge him. Who is the traitor? I would give my life to know."

She had forgotten the presence of Hooker, who stood watching this scene with astonishment.

"Hasn't that ere paper got something to do with a telegraph office?" he questioned, coming cautiously forward.

"Yes, everything!"

"Jist so; and you want to git something more. Now look a-here, I know a fellow as is in the telegrapher's bisness. He wanted to be a banker the worst way, but another chap got the job to sweep out the concern, afore he could cut in. So he took up the messenger line. If you want to find out something in his way, jest tell me what, and it'll be done, sure as you live, Dave's keen as a knife, and jest the feller to do a smart thing for you, he is."

The seeming servant looked down into the eager face of the boy, from under the shadow of his hat, and trusted him.

"In what particular office is your friend?"

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Hooker answered this question promptly, and was delighted to see a flash of satisfaction, cross the face he was eagerly gazing upon.

"Go, at once, and bring your friend here. If he can do this thing for me, I will make it the best day's work he ever undertook."

"I'm off—"

"No; wait a minute. You know Mrs. Weed? Go first to her, and say that La Costa wishes to see her at once; then bring your friend. By that time, the lady will be ready to see you about your own affair."

"Will she, though? All right."

"I shall not be here myself, but this business is for her."

"I'm glad of that."

"Why, boy?"

"Cause I do anything on arth for a lady as can sing a song like she does."

"Well, this is for her," was the earnest answer. "If it is well done, she will more than thank you for it."

"All right!"

The moment La Costa was left alone, she went into De La Croix's room, and gave him the letter, and the telegram. His eyes were already burning with suppressed pain, but this deepened to a fiendish glare, when he read the papers.

"These papers set them on the alert; but for them, I should not be racked with this fiendish agony," he said, hoarsely. "Who was the traitor? But I need not ask; I need not ask."

"You suspect, then?" said La Costa.

"Suspect! I know. Who could have done it but my own son?"

"But the thought is so terrible," said La Costa, shuddering. "It did cross my mind, but I dare not harbor it."

The laugh that broke from that sick man was cut short by an awful pang of agony. La Costa lifted his head to her bosom, terror-stricken.

"Oh, my beloved; you are very ill."

"No. It was the excitement of knowing how safely a man may be murdered by his own son."

"Murdered! Oh! you frighten me! I *will* have a doctor."

The sick man gasped for breath. He had the will to protest, but not the power.

La Costa laid his head gently on the pillow, ran into her own room, and ordered Gaston to go at once for a physician.

Gaston went at once to Cole, who scarcely left the reading-room, that day, who went himself in search of a doctor, having decided on the man before, in his mind. The patient refused to answer a question, and lay still, grinding his teeth in futile wrath. La Costa stood by his bed, in her disguise, but dared not explain or give information.

This, the doctor bore, with great patience, because Cole had informed him of the wound, and the direct course the bullet had taken. He also saw that all surgical aid would come too late. So he ordered morphine to allay the pain, and took his leave. La Costa, still disguised, followed him into the hall.

"He is not in danger?" she whispered, anxiously. "Tell me that my master is in no danger."

The doctor had been warned against giving any opinion, that might discourage those about the sick man, and answered, with a vague smile:

"Oh, no; make yourself easy about that."

He was astonished to see tears rush into the attendant's eyes, and smiled, more naturally, when a bank note was thrust into his hand, representing more money than he had gathered, in his practice, during the last month.

"There is a secret to keep, and this young fellow knows its value," he thought, descending to the reading-room.

Cole flung down his paper, when the doctor came in, and the two went out together. When they were on the sidewalk, Cole asked a question.

"Is he in danger?"

"Danger! Before two days are over, he will be a dead man."

A strange light came into the young man's eyes. The doctor thought that his face grew pallid, but there was no other sign of emotion.

"Could anything have saved him?" he questioned, at length.

"That is impossible to say," was the answer; "but, as you describe the wound, I think, with timely help, his life might have been spared."

"It was his obstinacy, then. He would not have a doctor called in. No one can be blamed."

"This gentleman is some connection of yours, as I understand it," said the doctor, whose curiosity was deeply aroused.

"He is the Marquis de La Croix, of France, and my father."

"Indeed! a splendid looking gentleman as I ever saw. It is a pity that he should be cut short—in his prime, too."

"I think—some one has told me, I am sure—that in this country, a physician is bound, in honor, and by professional oath, to keep the secrets of his patient. Is this so?"

"In most cases, it is."

"In this case, then, secrecy is especially binding, because the feelings of a noble family are concerned. In a moment of aberration, my father attempted suicide. You can understand

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how anxious we are, that it should be kept secret."

"Oh, yes; I comprehend that!"

"And you understand, of course, that we depend on you for a certificate, at the right time, which will guard this secret."

Here, Cole took out his portemonnaie, and thrust some notes into the doctor's hand, which closed on them, eagerly.

"You can depend on me, implicitly?"

Cole bowed, and taking his leave, said:

"I never had a doubt of that. Good day. I must return, now, to my post."

CHAPTER XL.

The opiates, that had been ordered, took effect, and De La Croix slept awhile. Then La Costa stole out, and put on her own garments, for the first time, since her return. She was expecting Susan Weed, with great anxiety; for, during the last few days, that woman had seemed to keep aloof, and she had something in her possession, that the actress was very anxious to take into her own safe-keeping. The suspicion, which her husband had just cast on his son, kindled this anxiety into keen impatience. Without that document, her power over De La Croix's enemies, would be sadly incomplete.

Mrs. Weed came, at last, looking miserably anxious. With her, was Olympia, who had evidently been hurried from home, against her will, for her face was red with weeping, and one shoulder was lifted above the other, in angry rebellion.

Scarcely had these two entered the room, when Joe Hooker, and his friend, came also, both eager, animated, and ready to plunge into anything, that would please the great lady, whose presence abashed Joe, when he came into it. Saunders had no such modesty, but marched up the room, nodding to Mrs. Weed and her daughter, as he passed them, and bowed low, cap in hand, to the actress. Dave had, evidently, put on his best manners with his new clothes.

"Mr. Hooker—my friend and room mate, Mr. Hooker—tells me, marm, that there is something you want that I can git. If that's so, jist name the thing, and that ere thing is a-going to be done."

La Costa smiled—nay, I am afraid she laughed a little; for Dave observed to his friend, that such a row of splendid teeth, he never sat eyes on, as them in the lady's mouth.

"You are very kind," she said, in her frank, graceful way, that drove the boy wild with a strong desire to die for her at once.

"If you, and your friend, can wait a little, I will tell you how you may do me a great service."

"Jist as long as suits you, marm, being Sunday, I haven't got nothing else to do," rejoined Dave, going back to his friend, who had seated himself in the very fartherest corner of the room, almost slipping off the silken chair, he kept so close to the edge. There, the two boys had nothing to do, but watch Mrs. Weed and La Costa, as they conversed, eagerly, together; while Olympia sat by, half defiant, half frightened, now and then casting awful glances at Hooker, who dared not express his sympathies by gesture, but answered her appeal with a solemn droop of the eyelids.

At first, the conversation between the two women, was carried on in low undertones, but after a little, La Costa's impatience broke through all caution.

"I wonder at you, Sarah Weed—a paper like that should have been kept sacred. You know how important it was to me."

"But so many years had gone, and I had never heard a syllable. Was it strange that I should think it of no account," pleaded Sarah Weed.

"But is it destroyed? For heaven's sake, think, Sarah, everything depends upon it," cried the actress, in great distress.

"I have searched everywhere, yet it could only have been in that one place, and that has been plundered. Let Olympia tell you, herself—I've no patience with her."

"It's more your fault than mine, Mar, and you know it. Why didn't you keep the old chest locked up. How was I to know that a lot of crumpled old paper was worth anything? We wanted to cook the oysters in a hurry, and I lit the fire with 'em. That's what's the matter, and I don't care."

All this was said loud enough, and the boys listened to every word of it; one with a puzzled, half startled look, the other in piteous sympathy.

Mrs. Weed said something, in a low voice, which Olympia answered.

"Tied up with a slip of orange ribbon, was it? Well, how can I tell; I just snatched 'em up in the dark, but I didn't see a morsel of ribbon. There's Dave Saunders helped me put 'em into the stove. Ask him, if you want to."

"What is it? What are you a-talking about," exclaimed Dave, coming forward.

"Them old papers we chucked into the stove," answered Olympia. "Mar's just going crazy about 'em. Orange ribbon, indeed, as if I should have burned that for kindling wood."

"Orange ribbon! Old paper, tied up like a copy book. Is that the time o' day, Mrs. Weed? Is that what you are rakin' Limpia over the coals about, doubled up like that."

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"Yes—yes," answered Mrs. Weed.

"Covered with writing?"

"Yes—yes."

"And that paper, and the old snarl of yaller taste is of so much account, that you are ready to cry about it? you, too, Miss Coster?"

"I would give thousands for it," answered La Costa, astonished into something like hope, by the boy's ardent questions.

"Thousands! thousands! Oh! Deck-a-dory—my son John went to bed—no he didn't; for I never had a son, and if I had, he'd a-been brought up too well for going to bed before I told him to; but, oh! Deck-a-dory—thousands did you say, marm! thousands. In greenbacks?"

"Thousands in any currency."

"Oh, golly—hold me, or I shall fall!"

Here Dave gave indications of expending his surplus spirit in a break down, but thought better of it, and settled down in his shoes, ignominiously.

"How many thousands?"

"Two—three!"

"Down on the nail?"

"Yes—yes."

"Come here, Hooker, come with me. I am in such halls of dazzling light, that I might prance over people, without knowing it. Come and keep me steady. Just you set there, ladies, till I get back. That's all."

Hooker loosened the very firm grip he had kept on his cap, and put it on, as he rushed after his friend.

La Costa, always changeable and full of spirit, looked at her friend, puzzled, but hopeful. Mrs. Weed brightened up, and Olympia settled herself back, resolved to be a martyr to the last. All at once she seemed to realize something that aroused her unpleasantly.

"Two thousand dollars. Oh, mar, is Dave Saunders going to get all that money, if he finds the paper?"

"I suppose so," answered Mrs. Weed, in sorrowful disappointment—"if he finds it."

"Which I don't believe," added Olympia, with spiteful emphasis.

"I am afraid there will be some mistake," said La Costa, too, anxious for a close knowledge of what was going on between the mother and daughter. "He seemed very much in earnest, though—"

Here La Costa broke off, and fell into silence. Mrs. Weed sat gazing, woefully, on the carpet, and Olympia knocked the heels of her boots against the gilded chair, on which she sat, with irritating pertinacity.

At last, there came a rush of feet in the corridor. The door was pushed open, and the two boys came in, almost on a run. Dave had a folded paper in his hand, from which a tuft of dirty yellow ribbon dangled.

"Just you look at that dockerment, and see if it's the one you want. If it aint, I'm up a tree, and no mistake."

La Costa snatched the paper.

"Yes, yes. Oh, you precious, precious boy. It is the very paper." To the astonishment of every one in the room, and to Dave's absolute consternation, La Costa snatched him toward her, with a clasp that held him tight, and kissed him, again and again. When she let the boy free, his face was rosy, and his eyes were dancing with delight.

"All for an old yaller paper, that a ragpicker wouldn't pick up in the street. Oh, jimminy! oh, goleah! haint you got nothing else in the paper line that I can do? But make sure that it's all right, and no mistake about it. I don't want to feel that I've got a lady's kisses under false pertenses. Read it over, Mrs. Weed. Settle down on it, Madam Coster. Don't let me feel like a mean imposterer, no longer than you can help. That's right, tear the old yallow ribbin off, and see what's in it."

Mrs. Weed had unfolded the paper, and was reading it, eagerly, while La Costa leaned over her shoulder, glaring at a line, here and there, while her hands trembled to seize upon it. At last, she saw the signature, and, snatching the paper from Mrs. Weed, locked it up in the empty jewel box, and attached the key to her chatelaine.

"All right! I reckon, from the look of things, Miss Coster," said Dave, who had been watching these movements, with anxiety. "All right!"

"It is all right," answered the actress. "You have fairly earned the money."

"Money!" repeated Dave, passing a hand, so clean, that it gave suspicion of much extra washing, tenderly, over that portion of his face, which La Costa's lips had touched. "Money! anybody can get that, as means to work for it; but such kisses as these, square on a feller's face, ain't to be got so easy. If there's money to be given, there is Mrs. Weed, that owned the paper. She's got the best right—I'm satisfied."

"Me," repeated the widow, starting out of her despondency; "Oh, you generous boy!"

"Mar!" cried Olympia, springing down from her chair, and making a rush at Dave. "Mar! Oh! Dave Saunders, you're— you're— there, I don't care who sees me."

Here, Olympia, inspired by the example of the actress, flung both arms around the happy boy's neck, and would have obliterated a few of La

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Costa's kisses, but Dave rebelled a little, and protected his face, with both hands, much to that lady's amusement.

"But you mean it. You don't want to cut in for yourself?" questioned the girl, surprised, and half angry. "This sort of behavior don't mean that, now. If it does, I'll take everything back."

"No, you won't, neither," answered Dick, protecting his face, more rigidly; "there wouldn't a-been a ghost of the ginuine article left, after you'd s'pressed yerself, to be paid in the same way, twice over, is too much po—well, ham and eggs for a shilling."

"I should think it was jest that," muttered Hooker, turning his face away from Olympia, in jealous wrath; "a good deal too much; blame me, if it ain't."

"But, I want to know about my mar. Is she a-going to have her bounden rights, or do you mean nothing but talk," demanded Olympia. "There is Mr. Hooker knows the paper was took out of her chest."

"And I know it was took out of her chest? Who says anything agin it? I don't! having got double pay for everything that I did. Who means to insinivate that I'm a sort of chap to cheat widders and orphins out of what belongs to 'em by right. What are you talking about, Miss Limpera? being a gentleman, I've a right ter ask."

"I only wanted to know if them thousand dollars was a-goin' to you or me. That's the idee," answered the girl, with a magnificent lift of her shoulder.

Dave answered her, with a corresponding sneer.

"Didn't I observe that money wasn't the thing. That as I'd a-hankered for, if I'd dared, is paid prompt. Them thousands may be handed straight over to your mar, whenever the lady likes. I hain't done a thing to earn 'em—no more has Hooker. The paper was shied over to a corner, where we'd left our caps that night, when it wasn't wanted for the fire. It struck crossways into the crown of mine, and, without knowing of it, I carried it home. When Joe found it lying on the floor, I dropped it, along with the cap, in my close-chist, where I jist got it from. You don't suppose I mean to take anything but, what I've got, for bringing it here, do you?"

"That's coming to the pint, like a gentleman, as I always thought you was," answered Olympia, retreating to her chair. "If I've said anything as seemed to look otherwise, you'll please excuse it, as I shall other things."

Here, Olympia enthroned herself, once more, on the gilded chair, and looked around, her face all a-flame with conquest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WINTER WIND.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

The winter wind blows wild and drear,
The snow is falling fast;
And a human voice I seem to hear,
Borne on the wailing blast.

It wrings my heart, that plaintive tone,
That in the wind I hear;
Now loud and clear, now fainter grown,
Now far away, now near.

For still my fancy makes the sound,
Seem like a moan of pain;
From lips, that in cold silence bound,
Will never part again.

Wail, winter wind, above the dead,
Your saddest requiem singing;
Until the air, about his bed,
Shall seem with dirges ringing.

And sadder than the saddest still,
The winds can moan above him;
The desolate, despairing cry,
Of stricken hearts that loved him.

IS IT "NO" OR "YES?"

BY FREDERICK JAMES.

He spoke to her with manly word—
With honest speech and slow;
She felt she loved him as she heard,
But yet she answered "No!"

She saw him rise, she saw him stand,
As staggering from a blow;
She could have kissed his trembling hand,
But still she answered "No!"

And so he goes—to come no more?
But let him only go,
Her voice will call him from the door—
'Tis "Yes" instead of "No."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a dress which will be found convenient for both the promenade and the house, and which is one of the very prettiest costumes that has come out for a year. We give, it will be seen, both a front and back view. This dress may be made of fine woollen bège and striped foulard, but could also be made of striped and plain cambric, such as the fashionable green and tilleul. The form of the robe is Princesse; the back is continued as a demi-train, which is looped up behind with two buttons, and thus showing the striped lining of foulard similar to the underskirt. This skirt is bordered with a deep flounce, having a plaited heading. The bodice, which has revers, is cut with a square opening, and shows a guimpe of striped foulard: sleeve lined with a foulard plaiting. Price of pattern fifty cents.

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We give next, a costume suitable for either a house or visiting dress. The underskirt is of silk, either black or colored. It has first—a ribbed plaiting five inches deep, above that a gathered ruffle five inches, then another plaiting of four inches, including the heading. This is cut with a fan-tail train, descriptions of which we have given. The overdress of this costume is a fancy striped material, either silk and wool, or all wool. The tunic is cut long and square in front, slightly draped at the sides. The back is made with the stripes crosswise, and forms a square train. The edge of the whole is cut in vandykes—straight on one side and bias on the other—bound with the silk to match the underskirt. Basque cuirass; simply bound on the edge, coat sleeves, with cuff, ornamented with two narrow plaitings of the silk. Turn-down collar of silk. This is a good design to alter an old silk, for the underskirt; reserving enough for bindings, etc. Price of pattern of tunic and basque fifty cents.

Costume for a girl of three years, is of blue serge, trimmed with white or cardinal braid. The Princess frock has an elongated waist; it is buttoned down the front, and has pockets at each side; there are three rows of braid round the skirt. The sleeves are ornamented by braid and

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buttons. Price of pattern twenty-five cents and stamp.

For a boy of three, we have a blouse of fancy cloth, the back of which is plaited and the fronts Princess. The plaits at the back are held together with a band, bound and ornamented by a button. The sides of the fronts are finished with a flap, with two buttons; square pockets. Price of pattern twenty-five cents and stamp.

Next, we give an evening dress for a Miss of twelve to fifteen years. It is of clear white muslin, and trimmed simply with kilt plaitings of the material. It may be worn over a pink or blue cambric slip, if preferred. Sash and bows to match.

A more dressy costume for a little girl is of sky-blue cashmere. The Princess frock is fastened down the front with buttons; the back is half fitting, and has a plaited basque laid on it; and from beneath the basque there is a sash with fringed ends; square pocket, with flap; round sleeve, trimmed with a band, pointed, finished with a button. Price of pattern twenty-five cents and stamp.

We give, also, one of the new mantles. It is of black brocaded silk, trimmed with plaitings of plain silk, separated by a band of embroidery.

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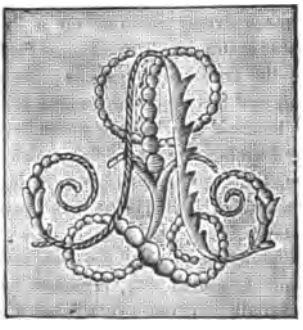
The mantle is finished with a deep silk fringe, with a netted heading, and is lined with silk. Any one having an old embroidered crape shawl, could have it dyed, and out of it make a very elegant garment after this pattern. Price of pattern fifty cents.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

INITIALS.



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THE WINDSOR PELISSE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a new and stylish pelisse, called the Windsor, particularly suitable for the season.

It may be made of any kind of material desired; our engraving represents a striped camel's hair.

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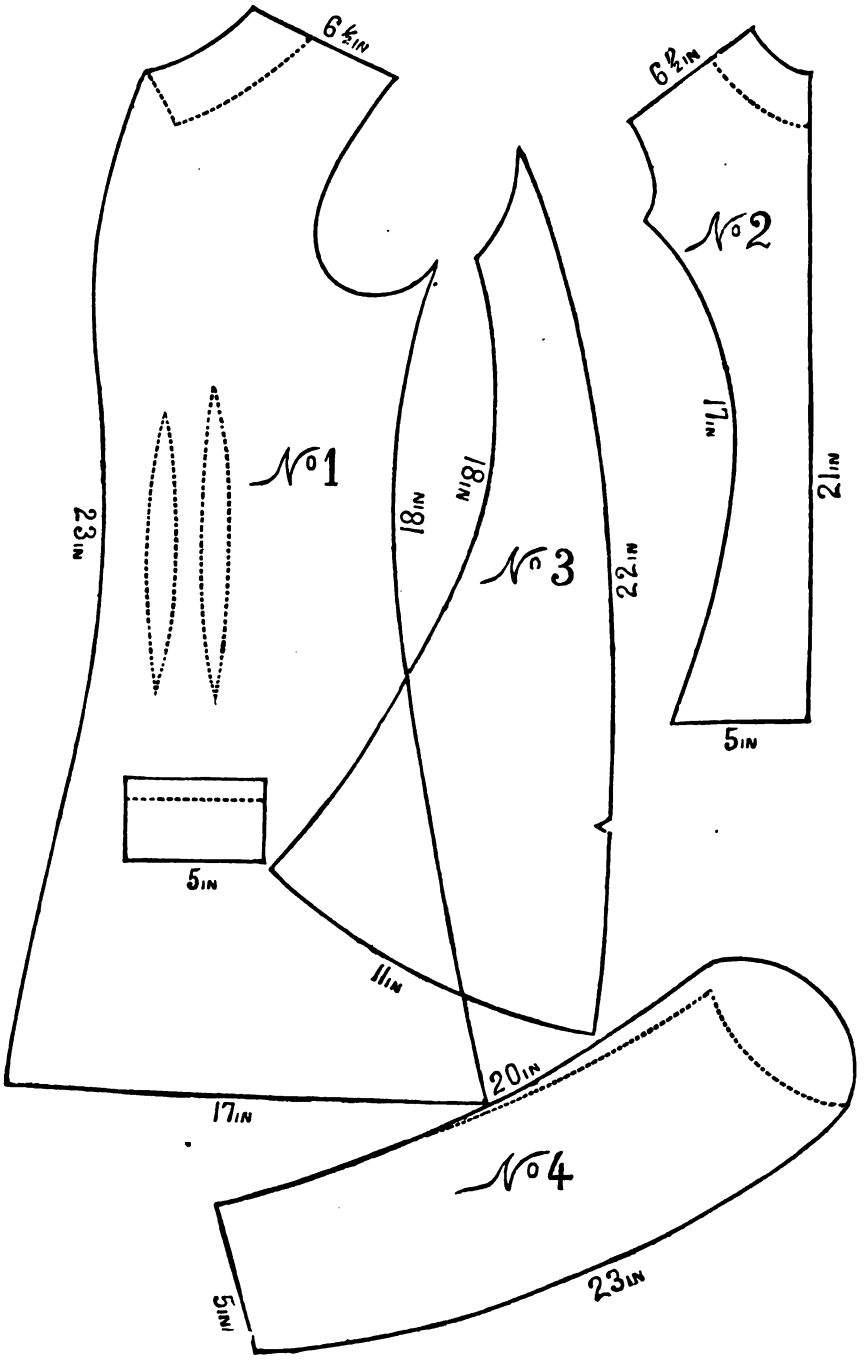

No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side Back.
No. 4. Sleeve.

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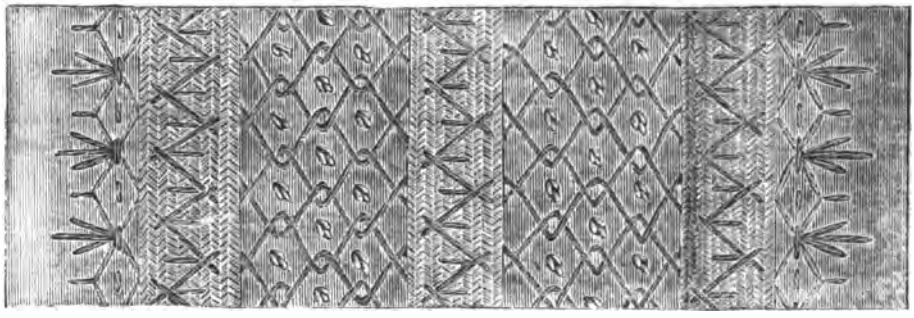
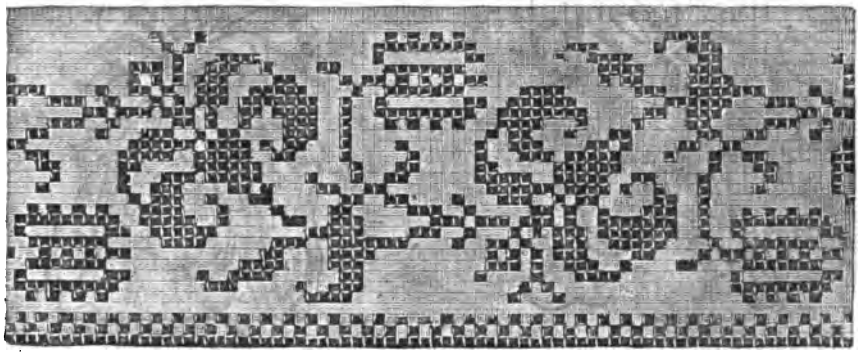
TRAVELING-CASE—FOR SHAWLS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This case is of coarse, unbleached linen; it is cut in one piece, measuring twenty-eight inches wide, and thirty-nine long; it is bound with mohair braid, and trimmed with the braid and embroidered design shown in the full size. The trimming is composed of the same kind of braid that is used for the binding, ordinary skirt braid is all that is required. Scarlet would be suitable, the fancy stitches done with black and scarlet zephyr. The case is buttoned over, as seen in design. The handles are made of the linen, folded double and embroidered to correspond.

EMBROIDERY FOR ANTIMACASSARS.



This design may be worked on any foundation, with either ingrain cotton or wool; it will make very pretty stripes, or borders for antimacassars, etc It is worked entirely in cross-stitch.

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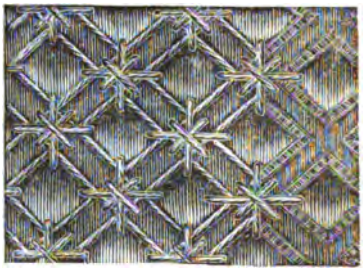
SMOKING CAP: WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

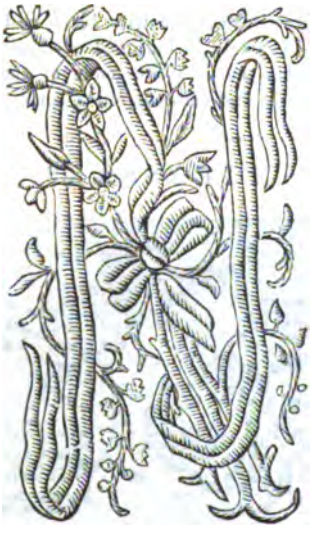
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Of black silk, embroidered with gold-colored purse-silk. Cut the crown in a circle the size required, and the sides four inches deep and sufficiently long to go round the crown. Embroider the silk with gold-colored silk, according to design. The cap should be next lined with a little wadding, then the sides sewn to the crown, and afterwards lined with pale blue silk. A gold and black silk cord is fastened to the centre of the crown, from which is suspended a tassel of the same color.

NEW STYLE MONOGRAMS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two new style Monograms, very odd in their way, but yet very effective. Many ladies think them pretty. They are, at least, curious. They represent the letters N and X.

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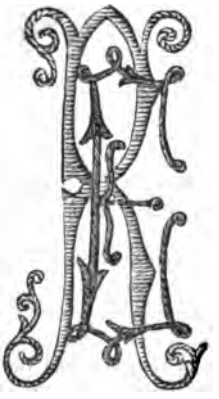
FAN-GIRDLE.

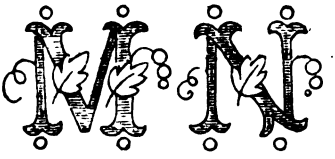
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The Princess dress and polonaise, which are now so fashionable, render the fan-girdle indispensable. The design we give is of blue silk cord, ornamented with a bow of blue ribbon, and tassel of silver and blue silk. This is more especially designed for evening wear, but made of black, mixed with silver, it could be worn on any dress.

MONOGRAM: UNDER-LINEN.



FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



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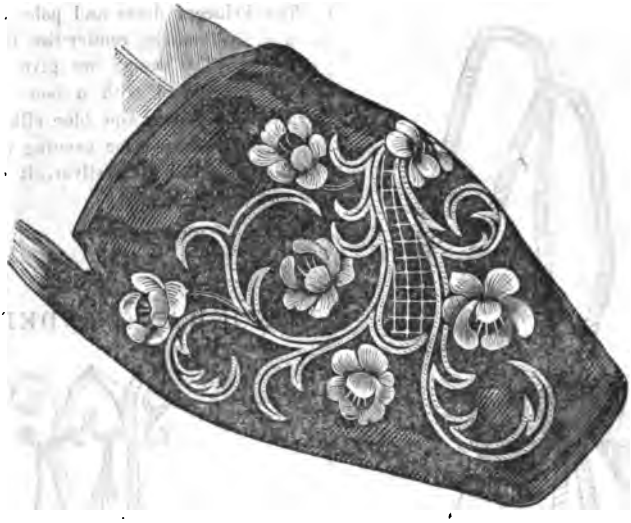
EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Black velvet; ombre olive silk of the coarsest size; blue ditto; and gold thread.

We do not give the full size of the pattern, because this must necessarily vary with the dimensions of the slipper to be worked; but the design is to be increased so as completely to cover the front of the shoe, and the scroll must be reversed for the second. The heel is also worked with a scroll and flowers drawn to correspond with the front, but long and narrow.

The scroll is worked with the olive silk, in close chain-stitch, care being taken to join on a new needleful at the same part of a shade as you left off the last one. This forms the greatest difficulty in working with ombre silks, as the sudden transition from light to dark, or from dark to light, has the worst possible effect.

The gold thread we have named in the list of materials is useful for the diamonds seen within a part of the scroll. It is laid on the velvet, and sewn over with fine silk of the same color, the ends being drawn through the velvet at the extremities of the lines.

The flowers are first worked in soft cotton, and then in ombre blue silk. The threads must be close together, and lying in the direction indicated in the engraving, for every part.

Silk in short shades should be chosen for this slipper. Velvet, with a silk face, would be found sufficiently good for ordinary purposes, the other materials being of an inexpensive sort, and the work very rapidly done.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

Anna *Alice* *Nelly* *Pauline*

Amelie *Blanche* *Suzanne*

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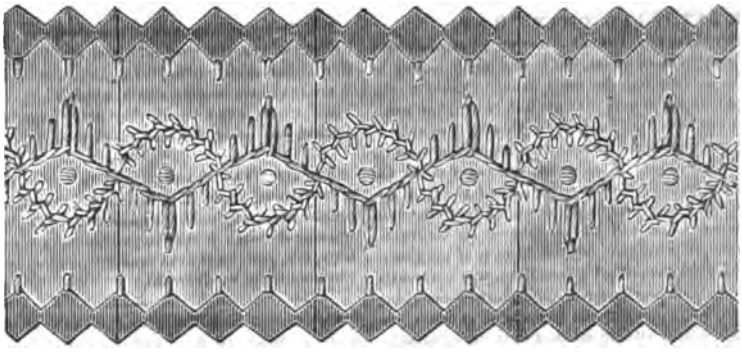
BAND—APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.

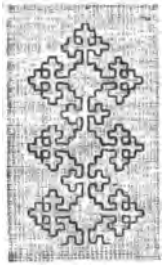
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This band is an applique of cloth on cloth, the centre being ornamented with Russian embroidery and herring-bone stitches; the dots are satin stitch. The two narrow bands are cut out at the edges in small vandykes, placed one over the other, and held in place with a stitch in the centre of each point.

COLLAR, A LA SEYMOUR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The design for the work on this collar is copied from Holbein's picture of Jane Seymour. Any collar with an open hem and reversed edges can be embroidered from it; a stiff collar which has been washed and starched is better than a new one. The pattern is drawn on perforated paper, which is then laid over the collar, and a needle is passed through the holes of the paper, and through the collar to mark where the stitches are to be made. The embroidery is then worked with black silk in Holbein stitch. We give the pattern, to be worked, in detail, as well as the collar when worked.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE SHOWY AND THE USEFUL.—George Eliot once said that it was easy to be eloquent, but it was much harder to be true. Or, we may put the same thing in other words, and say that it is not so very difficult to be witty, but much more difficult to be wise. Anybody, with a little smartness of intellect, can say bright things; but not one person in a dozen can do wise ones. Washington was never noted for what are called brilliant sayings; but he had plenty of cotemporaries who were; yet, all of these are forgotten, while he is remembered, and will be remembered for centuries. Why? Because Washington, beyond all men of his generation, beyond most men of all generations, was eminently wise. He did not talk much; never, unless he had something to say; and when he wrote, he expressed, in plain, unadorned English, and without attempt at rhetoric, what he meant. He was a doer, not a mere talker. And what he did was always the best under the circumstances. His faculty was wisdom—wise-doing, in other words. In ordinary life, it is not the brilliant conversationalist, not the elegant society man, who makes the best husband, or father; but the solid, sensible one, who thinks before he speaks, and acts rather than talks. Young ladies, remember this, when you choose a partner for life.

"CAN'T DO WITHOUT."—A lady writes to us: "The one thing we find we can't do without, in our family, is your magazine. It instructs, enlightens, and refines, and all for a price comparatively small. I know no other way in which so much can be had for so little money. Ah! how many dull hours it has made bright for me. How much, too, it has saved for me. It is a common saying in our neighborhood, when one is well dressed—'She gets her patterns from Peterson.' And it is true."

THE REAL WEALTH of the people, in spite of the talk about "hard times," is just as great as it ever was. There are as many farms as ever. And this year, in consequence of an exceptionally good crop, there is even more wheat, corn, hay, bacon, etc., etc. The country never was so rich in natural productions, which are the true basis of all wealth, national or private. Not for years have things been in so good a condition. The "better times" are knocking at our doors. We have but to open and they will walk in.

A NEW BELT, called La Juive, has just been introduced at Paris, for evening wear. It is made of black velvet, embroidered with real bullion that will not tarnish. The gold or silver threads are in long stitches close together, forming a branching pattern that is very effective, especially when worn with black dresses and quaint gold and silver jewelry, such as bangles, dog collar, chatelaine, etc.

LIST SLIPPERS can be made, both easily and economically, by plaiting up list into narrow plaits of three, and then sewing them strongly together to the shapes required. Or take scraps of felt carpeting, plain and fancy, and lay on remnants of worsted braids in stripes, working between in point Russe, with odds and ends of wool.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD. Do not lose a day in securing your clubs for 1878. If you put it off, somebody may step in, and get your subscribers. Send for a specimen to show.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A-HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for the year 1878, and also a copy of the beautiful premium engraving, "The Angels of Christmas." This is a rare chance to get a real five dollar engraving, and the "best of the lady's books," for little more than half the price of any other first-class magazine.

ALWAYS WEAR FLANNEL next to the skin. Two-thirds of the colds, those harbingers of consumption, that are caught, especially at this season of the year, come from not wearing flannel. Flannel equalizes the temperature of the body, and protects it from draughts, and so is beneficial in warm and cold weather alike.

THESE ARE THE TIMES to get the full worth of your money. Subscribe for "Peterson," therefore, and *save a dollar*. The newspapers universally concede that this magazine combines more, and at a less price than any other. If but one periodical is taken in a family, this is the one to take.

THREE SUBSCRIBERS at $1.60 each, will entitle you to a copy of the beautiful engraving, "The Angels of Christmas," as a premium. Six, at the same rate, will entitle you to both an engraving and *an extra copy of the magazine*. Where else can you or your club get as much for the money?

WHITE COSTUMES are beginning to be fashionable again. White is becoming to both blondes and brunettes, and for young girls is always elegant and appropriate. After the eccentric colors so generally worn, lately, it is a relief to see white once more.

CELEBRATED FOR ITS STORIES.—The Des Moines (Iowa) Plain Talk, says: "Mrs. Stephens' novelet, 'The Dependent Cousin,' is alone worth the subscription price for 'Peterson,' while all of the stories are far above those found in other periodicals." The chapters, this month are very powerful.

THE LARGEST DIAMOND in the world belongs to the Rajah of Mattour in Borneo. It weighs three hundred and sixty carats, or more than three times as much as the Koh-i-noor, which weighs only one hundred and six.

NEVER EAT IN a hurry, nor while excited. It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that keeps wrinkles from the face, prevents the cheeks falling in, and preserves beauty as well as health.

"A SUPERB NUMBER."—The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says of our last issue: "It is a most superb number, and from the first to last page is full of attractive features."

"THE KISS."—This charming embellishment is after a picture by De Jonge, one of the most celebrated of modern French artists.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST."—Says the Abingdon (Ill.) Express: "Peterson's Magazine is undoubtedly the cheapest and best of the ladies' books."

COURTESY TO OTHERS, in other words, forgetfulness of self, real or affected, is the basis of all true good breeding.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1878.—For next year, our premium engraving to be given to persons getting up clubs, will be something rarely beautiful. It will be called "The Angels of Christmas." It is no old plate vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with most of those offered by other publishers, but has been designed and engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers. The impressions are such as would sell, at retail, for five dollars each.

The infantine beauty, the cherubic innocence of the angels' faces, in this engraving, have never been equaled on canvass. This part of the picture is after Sir Joshua Reynolds. These angels' faces are hovering in the sky, gazing, from afar, on Bethlehem, over which shines, refulgent, the Star of the East. It is an engraving that ought to be on the walls *of every family in the land.* In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement on the cover.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the advertisement on the cover. It is not too early to begin to get up clubs. Send for a specimen of the magazine to show. No other lady's book offers such inducements as "Peterson." In every respect—cheapness, merit, etc., etc.—*it is the magazine for the times.*

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for this magazine. Back numbers can be furnished, from either January, or July, inclusive.

OUR NEW FEATURE for next year will make "Peterson" more deserving of patronage than ever. Look out for it!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The American. By Henry James. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.* The writer of this novel is one of the most noticeable of our younger and rising authors. He has a certain following, indeed, which puts him at the head of the list. This is his last story, and in some respects, his best. With all his talent and finish, however, he has one cardinal fault, though it is a fault, it must be confessed, common to most of our recent novelists. His characters are the result less of observation than of induction. He does not go out into the world to study men as they are; he evolves them rather out of his own consciousness. In the novel before us, for example, his hero is a comparatively uncultivated man, who has made a rapid fortune in the United States, and who, going to Paris, falls in love with a daughter of one of the old nobility, and bravely, but unsuccessfully, woos her. The whole interest of the story turns on the analysis of his character, and of that of Claire, her mother, and her brothers. Now, such a character as the hero, though possible, is not probable; and novelists, if they aim to be really great, must stick to the probable; for novelists should describe life as it is likely to be, and not as it may be in the exceptional cases. Mr. James, to be more explicit, might, with his culture and refinement have acted as the hero did. Certainly, no Californian, risen from nothing, would or could. And on the other hand, Mr. James, or any other man with equal culture and refinement, could not have stooped to make a fortune in the way the hero made it. This is what we mean by saying that an author evolves his characters from his own consciousness. He analyses himself. But Mr. James is an exceptional type, and therefore, not the one to analyse. The London Athenæum, in noticing this novel, expresses our idea in somewhat different words, and from a somewhat different point of view, but says, substantially, the same thing. Mr. James, it writes, "has read Balzac, if it is possible, just a little too much; has read him until he has fallen into the one sin of his great master—the tendency to bestow refined dissection and analysis on characters, which are not of sufficient interest to deserve such treatment." In conclusion, let us say, that it is greatly to be regretted that our younger novelists are entering on what, artistically, is a wrong departure, and especially, that Mr. James, one of the ablest of them, is giving his countenance to so faulty a school.

Aurora Floyd. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new edition of the novel which first made Miss Braddon's reputation. On the whole, it is one of her best. It is sensational, of course, highly sensational, but one can hardly call that a fault. All of Shakspeare's dramas, at least all of the most popular, are sensational. The difference between Shakspeare and Miss Braddon, however, is, that Shakspeare is always natural, while Miss Braddon is not. Sir Walter Scott, too, was sensational. But Sir Walter no more outraged the probabilities than Shakspeare did. And this is the key to the whole position. A first-class play, or novel, is full of sensational situations, but then they are always brought about without violating the probabilities of character, or incident; while a second-rate play, or novel, not to say a third-rate one, "piles in," as the witty Joseph C. Neal used to phrase it, the sensational incidents, in utter disregard of probabilities. Now the ordinary reader must have sensationalism, whether the probabilities are outraged or not. The cultivated reader, on the contrary, is shocked by the violation of the probabilities, and hence prefers a tame story, which is probable, like one of Miss Austen's, for example, to a dramatic one like "Aurora Floyd," if it is improbable. But when the sensational element comes in, without outraging the probabilities, as it does in Sir Walter Scott, then both the cultivated and uncultivated reader join in enthusiastic praise of the writer. This seems to us to explain why Mrs. Southworth and Miss Braddon are so popular with the masses, and yet are so obnoxious to the critics, who judge these, and other similar writers, solely from the literary point of view.

Helly's Strange History. By the Author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is the most recent of the celebrated "No Name Series," and altogether the best, not even excepting "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." The story is a pleasanter one also than its predecessor. Common rumor attributes it to Mrs. Helen Hunt, the poetess, and for once we incline to think that common rumor is correct. In some of the chapters, a depth of expression is reached, rarely met with in modern novels. The incident on which the plot turns is, indeed, highly improbable; but its author vouches for its truth, and its possibility being once conceded, the events that follow come naturally enough. The volume is handsomely printed. It is bound tastefully, in black and red, like the rest of the series.

Self-Love; or the Afternoon of Single Life. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another of the now famous "Dollar Series," the cheapest of its kind issued by any publisher. The book is not only interesting, but inculcates a wholesome moral. The volume is handsomely printed, and is bound in blue vellum, black and gold.

The Man of the World. By William North. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Still another of the "Dollar Series," which has become so popular, that the publishers can hardly issue the volumes fast enough. The present novel, the sixth of the series, is a very powerful one; in some respects, the most remarkable of them all.

Beautiful Edith, the Child Woman. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lossing.*—A neat, handy volume, especially convenient for reading in railroad cars, though the type is rather small. The story is one of English life, not very exciting, something, in fact, in the Miss Austen style, but nevertheless, quite readable. A cheap edition.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspapers continue, with unanimous voice, to pronounce this magazine *the cheapest and best* for ladies. Says the Norristown (Pa.) Herald:—"The best ladies' magazine published for the price anywhere" Speaking of its steel plates, the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Record says:—"The principal engraving, in the last number, is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen," and it adds, "Mrs. Stephens' story alone is worth the subscription price." Says the Frankford (Pa.) Gazette:—'From first to last it is full of attractive features." Says the Le Marc (Iowa) Liberal:—"The magazine makes wonderful strides with each recurring month; every lady in the land should become a subscriber" The Henry (Ill.) Republic says:—"It is celebrated for its stories, and is full of them; the last number is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen." Says the Clinton (Pa) Republican.—"Its monthly visits are like beams of sunshine, banishing *ennui*, and discontent; it is the *sine qua non* for the ladies." The Newbern (S C.) Herald says:—"A better magazine for the price cannot be found" The White Co. (Ark.) Record says: "Among the best in the country, and certainly the cheapest."

"PETERSONS' DOLLAR SERIES" OF GOOD AND NEW NOVELS—Something entirely new in literature is a series of choice works of fiction, now publishing by T B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa, under the title of "PETERSONS' DOLLAR SERIES OF GOOD AND NEW NOVELS," which are all printed from large type, and are the largest, the best, the handsomest, as well as the cheapest books ever published. They are all issued in uniform style, in duodecimo form, and are bound in red or blue vellum, with gold and black sides and back, and are sold at the low price of One Dollar each, while they are as large and as handsome as any books published at $1 75 and $2.00 each. The following popular books have already been issued in this series, and a new one will be added to the series every month.

Country Quarters By the Countess of Blessington.
My Son's Wife A Love Story. By the author of "Caste."
The Heiress in the Family. By Mrs. Daniels.
Saratoga! The Famous Springs. A Love Story.
Self-Love. A Book for Young Ladies and for Women.
The Man of the World A Novel. By William North.
The Queen's Favorite; or, The Price of a Crown.
The Cavalier. A Novel. By G. P R James.
Out of the Depths. The Story of a Woman's Life.
A Woman's Thoughts About Women. By Miss Mulock.

"Petersons' Dollar Series" will be found for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on remitting One Dollar for each one wanted, in a letter, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

ART, LITERATURE AND FASHION.—This is not a magazine, remember, of literature only. It is not one, either, of fashion merely. It is one of art, also, as our beautiful steel engravings show It combines, in a word, more than any other, being a magazine—almost the only one—of art, literature and fashion.

NO NATURAL COMPLEXION can surpass in freshness and beauty that imparted by Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all discolorations and blemishes. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LIVERSEY, M. D.

X—MEDICINES—THEIR ADMINISTRATION, ETC.

Though the homœopathist and pharmacist, with their mother tinctures, active principles, elixirs, fluid extracts, etc., have done much towards rendering the administration of medicines less disagreeable to the nurse, and more tolerable to the patient, than in former days, yet, the following rules may not be inappropriate:

1.—Select the most agreeable and suitable ingredient, in which to exhibit the medicine. 2.—Take as small a quantity of this excipient, as can possibly be made to answer the purpose of mixing 3.—If it be disagreeable to the taste, prepare the mouth for its reception, by holding in, or rinsing it with some acid, as vinegar, lemon juice, etc. 4.—Never prepare the medicine within sight or hearing of the patient 5.—Let it be mixed or prepared without her knowledge, and insist upon it being taken immediately, for the longer the mind is permitted to dwell upon it, the more abhorrent it will become. 6.—Endeavor to destroy the taste and smell by any appropriate means, when it has not been done by the druggist or physician. 7.—Let the mouth be rinsed, after taking it, if needs be, and a swallow or two of lemonade, or some other admissible drink be resorted to. By carefully attending to these rules, it will be found that the patient can be made to comply with the wishes of her physician—even though he be of the "Old School"—and crude or primitive drugs are ordered.

The practice of self-prescribing, and the equally pernicious custom of following the prescription of others, who, in no wise, are qualified for the responsible station they assume, is most mischievous and reprehensible.

The habit, also, of tampering with medicine, it matters not how mild or harmless it may be considered, is a dangerous business, to say the least of it.

For instance, magnesia is considered a simple article, and can be given almost *ad libitum*, and yet, cases are recorded wherein this substance, to the amount of several pounds, has been found in an insoluble state, in the stomach and intestines of those who were accustomed to using it. The habit of taking medicine, like all other bad habits, increases and strengthens by indulgence, and the injury produced by it is incalculable: the stomach gradually becomes weakened; the powers of digestion impaired; all healthful functions destroyed, and nature almost or entirely perverted from her natural course.

The judicious directions of a well-qualified physician are often laid aside, to give place to one of those imposing creatures of ignorance—a class of individuals infesting almost every community; who, making great pretensions to medical knowledge, are continually urging their prescriptions upon the valetudinarian, alike extolling their incomparable virtues and predicting, with unmeasured assurance, their doubtless efficacy. If people in general manifested as much solicitude in preserving their health, by a properly regulated diet, judicious exercise, and the avoidance of exposure, as they do in having it restored when impaired by panaceas, elixirs, vegetable pills, etc., the nostrum venders would soon discover, that an occupation more honorable, might be made more profitable, and that the physician's wealth would cease to be the effect of credulity.

In serious and obscure disease, ofttimes, or in ailments of so delicate an organ as the eye, a cure is often attempted, if not by the patient himself, by some member of the family, "knowing neighbor," "herb" or "Indian doctor" or remedy, to the positive injury of the patient, either by aggravating the disease, or in consequence of the disease advancing, during the time devoted, in vain attempts, to

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arrest its progress by inappropriate and ill-directed means. How many lives have been sacrificed upon the unholy altar of quackery, no one, save Him who knoweth all things, can tell.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

SAVE OLD PAPER.—Never throw away old paper. It can always be sold for something, and if not sold, is always useful. For instance, after a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time, by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee pot and tea pot, bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet, than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise, when one walks over it.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Tapioca and Sago Puddings.—Border a pie dish with short crust, and put into it a thick layer of jam or any stewed fruit; take two ounces of well-washed tapioca, and put it into a saucepan, with one pint of milk, and sugar to taste; simmer gently, until quite soft; pour the mixture over the fruit, and bake in the oven. This may be served hot or cold. Or, take half a pint of fruit syrup, and put it into a saucepan, with one pint of water; sweeten to taste; when boiling, add a teacupful of sago, and boil twenty minutes, or until quite transparent; put it into a mould, and set it in a cold place; when cold, turn it out. Serve with custard round. Or, boil a teacupful of well-washed sago in water with any flavoring—vanilla, ratafia, or lemon—and sugar to taste: when soft, add a glass of red wine; boil a few minutes, pour it into a mould, and when set, turn it out. Serve with custard, cream, or with a garnish of red currant or gooseberry jelly.

Italian Cream.—Take one pint of cream and half a pint of milk, make it hot, sweetening it to taste, and flavoring it with lemon-rind. Beat up the yolks of eight eggs, beat up all together, and set it over a slow fire to thicken. Have ready one ounce of isinglass, melted and strained, which add to the cream. Whip it well, and pour it into the mould.

Bread-Pudding.—One pint of grated breadcrumbs, one quart of milk, yolks of six eggs, well beaten, one grated lemon, and sugar to taste. Bake. When cold, spread a layer of jelly over the top, then make an icing of the whites of the eggs and white sugar, and spread smoothly over the jelly. To be eaten cold with sauce.

Boiled Raisin-Pudding.—Mix together half pound each stoned raisins, chopped suet, and breadcrumbs; add four well-beaten eggs, a teacupful of milk, a little salt, and a spoonful of grated ginger. Boil it for four hours in a buttered mould or floured cloth. Pour a little brandy over it before serving.

CAKES.

Ginger Snaps.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of the coarsest brown sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, one dessert spoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the peel of half a lemon grated, and the whole of the juice; mix all these ingredients together, adding about half a pound of molasses, so as to make a paste sufficiently thin to spread upon sheet tins; beat it well, butter the tins, and spread the paste very thinly over them; bake it in rather a slow oven, and watch it till it is done. Withdraw the tins, cut it in squares with a knife the usual size of wafer biscuits, and roll each round the fingers as it is raised from the tin.

Rock Cakes.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of dripping (clarified), quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound currants or sultanas, two ounces of candied peel, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, and half gill of milk. Mix the salt, powder, and flour, rub in the dripping, add the sugar, the currants cleaned, and the peel very finely sliced; beat up the egg, and add sufficient milk to keep the mixture together, it must be very dry; when well mixed divide it into cakes with a couple of forks; put them in rough heaps on a greased tin. Bake about quarter of an hour.

Rice Cakes.—Take half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar (pounded), half a pound of rice, half a pound of flour, six eggs, and fifteen drops of essence of lemon; mix the ingredients as in the preceding recipe, stir in the eggs, beating them separately; then beat altogether rapidly for a quarter of an hour. Put the mixture into a tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

Oswego Cakes.—Mix a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt, with eight ounces of corn flour, beat to a cream four ounces of butter, mix it with six ounces of sugar; when quite smooth, add the flour by degrees, and then stir in three eggs (beaten up). Fill some buttered patty-pans three-parts full with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Family Glue.—Crack the glue and put it in a bottle; add common whisky; shake up, cork tight, and in three or four days it can be used. It requires no heating, will keep for almost any length of time, and is at all times ready to use, except in the coldest of weather, when it will require warming. It must be kept tight, so that the whisky will not evaporate. The usual corks or stoppers should not be used. It will become clogged. A tin stopper, covering the bottle, but fitting as closely as possible, must be used.

Simple Mode of Purifying Water.—A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

Mites in Cheese.—Cheese kept in a cool larder or cellar, with a cloth wrung out of clean cold water constantly upon it, will never have mites in it, or if it has, this will soon destroy them, and also improve the cheese, keeping it always moist.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Recipes for Apples.—(1) *Compote.* Peel, core, and quarter some apples; stand them in cold water for ten minutes; make a thick syrup, flavored with lemon peel. When boiling, put in the apples, and simmer very gently till cooked. Take them out, boil up the syrup, pour it over the apples, and let them get cold. (2) *Apple Cream.* Bake some apples; when soft, pass them through a sieve with some grated lemon peel and sifted sugar; to these add as much cream as will make them of the consistency of custard: beat them up, and serve in custard glasses. (3) *Apple Jelly.* Peel, core, and quarter two pounds of apples; put them in an iron or block tin saucepan, with the juice of a lemon, the peel cut very thin, and one pound of powdered sugar,

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boil six or seven hours, till the apples become red; if necessary, add a few drops of cochineal If not stiff enough for the spoon to stand in, boil it up quite fast over the fire, stirring all the time. Oil the shape, put in the apples, and turn it out when quite cold. (4) *Apple Meringue.* Stew some apples quite tender, and pass them through a sieve; mix with them some currant or gooseberry jelly (melted). Halve some sponge cakes, and soak them in white wine; lay half of them at the bottom of a dish, put a layer of the fruit, another layer of the sponge cakes, and lastly, the whites of some eggs, whisked to a stiff froth, with a little finely pounded sugar; put the dish into a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

Quince Cordial.—Take the parings and cores of the quince, when preserving, cover them with water, and boil one gallon down to half a gallon, and so proportion any quantity; when reduced in this way to a thick clear mucilage, strain carefully through a hair sieve; whilst hot, to one gallon of this mucilage add two pounds of crushed sugar; stir this well until dissolved; then add two quarts of best white brandy; pour this into very clear wine bottles, and into each bottle put four or five blanched bitter almonds; shake each bottle well, and cork tightly. In a week it is fit for use.

American Gingerbread.—Two pounds of flour, one and a-half pounds of white sugar, one pound of butter, two ounces of ginger, one glass of rosewater, ten eggs. Mix well together, first the flour and ginger; then rub in the butter till smooth, next the sugar, the rosewater, and the eggs. Beat this for one hour, spread very thin—not above a quarter of an inch thick—upon tins, and bake for half hour. The gingerbread must be cut into squares, whilst hot, and the squares set on end that it may cool crisp. This gingerbread will keep fresh for months in a tin box.

Ham Cake.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and makes an excellent dish for breakfast. Take one and a-half pounds of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar, and pound it; or, if you have that invaluable auxiliary to a kitchen, a sausage machine, pass it through the latter; boil a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake it a rich brown.

Mint Sauce.—Chop as finely as possible a quantity of mint leaves, previously washed; add to these sufficient wine, vinegar and water, in equal parts, to float them, and a small quantity of powdered sugar. Let the sauce stand for an hour before serving.

THE SICK-ROOM.

Remedy for Burns.—Dr. G. F. Waters, of Boston, recently tested before the meeting of the Massachusetts Dental Society a new remedy for burns and scalds, consisting of the application of bicarbonate of soda, the simple cooking soda used in all families. The doctor dipped a sponge into boiling hot water, and squeezed it over his right wrist, the water flowing almost completely around the arm, and nearly encircling it with a severe scald two inches in width. Not content with this he dipped the sponge a second time, and pressed it closely on the under side of his wrist for thirty seconds. He then applied bicarbonate of soda to the scalded surface, and laid over it a wet cloth, and the intense pain was banished as if by magic. On the next day after this severe test, the scald, with the exception of the part purposely made most severe, was practically healed, only a slight discoloration of the skin showing where the scalding water had flowed—this, too, without a second application of the soda. The flesh on the under side of the wrist had been cooked down to the sweat-glands, and the scald was one which ordinarily would have caused an open and painful wound of long duration. The only treatment of this, however, after the first application of the soda, was to keep the part moist with a wet cloth, and no pain was experienced, and it was but a few days before this severe wound was seen to be rapidly healing. The discovery of this new remedy is a public blessing. Every family, almost, keeps soda on hand. In case of a burn or scald, the remedy may be applied, therefore, at once, and before the arrival of a physician, even if it is thought necessary to send for one.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Chestnut Brown Camel's-Hair; the under-skirt has one deep flounce; the over-dress is made very long, is but slightly looped, and is trimmed with a bias band of plaid velvet; the long jacket is half-tight fitting. White felt bonnet, trimmed with brown velvet, white feathers, and a bow of crimson velvet in front.

Fig. II.—Carriage-Dress of blue silk; the under-skirt is not very long, and is trimmed with two rather narrow straight flounces; the upper-skirt and waist are of the same silk, with side trimmings of blue foulard, striped with white; the side pieces are open, and laced across with blue cord; on each side of the lacing is a broad band of grey galloon, and loops of blue ribbon; the mantilla is of the striped foulard, trimmed with the broad galloon and fringe; it has a pointed band of the blue silk; bonnet of blue and white straw, trimmed with small yellow chrysanthemums.

Fig. III.—House-Dress of garnet-colored cashmere, made in the princess shape, and entirely without trimming, except the gold-colored crochet buttons, which are placed on the dress, from the neck to the feet, in diagonal clusters of three; the dress fastens from the shoulder, down a little on the left side.

Fig. IV.—Evening-Dress of primrose-colored silk, trimmed with narrow knife-plaitings; the over-dress is of tulle, finished with broad, white lace, headed with a wreath of small field lilies and leaves, and clusters of berries; the same flowers, only smaller, in the hair.

Fig. V.—Walking-Dress of grey and black striped camel's-hair; the under-skirt is trimmed with a knife-plaited flounce the upper-skirt is made long, and is trimmed with a broad poppy-colored and yellow galloon; the same galloon heads the knife-flounce, and trims the deep, half-tight fitting jacket; a double row of buttons also ornament the left side of the jacket; grey silk bonnet, trimmed with greenish-blue, silk and poppy-colored velvet in the face.

Fig. VI.—New Style Fall Sacque of Metelassé, almost close-fitting; the back is made of heavy plain black silk, and trimmed with a narrow gimp; the cuffs are trimmed in the same manner; large bow of ribbon on the right side, over the pocket.

Fig. VII.—New Style of Fall Sacque of light grey cloth, trimmed with silk galloon, and large grey horn buttons.

Fig. VIII.—Walking-Dress of Grey Cashmere; the trimmings consist of bands of bourrette (a mixture of silk and wool), red and blue lines, on a grey ground. Demi-long skirt, bordered with a plaiting, headed with a band of bourrette, and a narrow cashmere plaiting. Polonaise open in front over a plaited tablier, bordered with bourrette bands. The polonaise forms wide plaits, which are joined at the back, under a drapery of cashmere, terminating with a square end. In front of the bodice, there are two buttoned bands of bourrette. Sleeves with revers, terminating with a band of bourrette.

Fig. IX.—Dinner or Evening-Dress of Pink Silk; the skirt, which is plain in front, is ornamented at the back with a very deep flounce, mounted with a heading, and which is wider in the centre than at the sides, thus accen-

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tuating the train. Upon this skirt there is a sort of large tablier, cut out at the edge in scollops, which are piped with silk, and edged with a fringe, which has a netted heading and tassels; this tablier falls squarely. Plain bodice, with double collar, one upright, and the other falling flat on the dress as revers. Elbow sleeves, with under-sleeves of crêpe lisse.

General Remarks.—We give, this month, a large variety of bonnets and hats; the bonnet, the back and front of which is given, is of grey felt, trimmed with black velvet, and a bird with grey plumage; the toque for a young lady is of black straw, bound and trimmed heavily with black velvet, and has a bunch of dark green cock's plumes at the side. The broad brimmed white straw hat is lined with a very light brown, and has a bow of darker brown velvet, and a delicate yellow rose beneath the brim; the feathers are dark brown, shaded to a very light brown toward the tips. The mourning bonnet is of black-corded silk, trimmed with silk, bound with English crêpe, and has bows of the crêpe on the top; the strings are also of silk, bound with crêpe.

We also give a lady's cap of bonnet, made of white cashmere, and trimmed with white ribbon; also, one of the large new style collar and cuff, now getting slowly into fashion; this is called the Velasquez collar and cuff, on account of the resemblance of those seen in the portraits and pictures painted by that great artist. This collar and cuff is eminently suitable for the present picturesque style of dressing; the collar must, of course, be worn with a dress cut somewhat low in front, and the cuff must be worn over a tight sleeve. The collar and cuff, to be quite correct, should be of lace, but they can be made of embroidery, edged with lace.

The new woolen materials, for autumn and winter wear, are of innumerable varieties of colors, qualities, combinations, and prices, and the names given to them are just as numerous. Very fine stripes, that have an indefinite look at a little distance, and appear like a material of one color, are quite popular. Woolen materials, even among the most expensive imported dresses for out-of-door wear, have almost entirely taken the place of silk, except the old friendly black silk, which is always in style, and is always useful; but these woolen goods are almost always combined with silk in some way, such as trimmings, under-skirts, etc., though with the cheaper kinds, the use of silk would be folly.

Two contrasting colors are still worn, but for general use two shades of the same color is in better taste, reserving the contrasting colors for more full-dress occasion.

The looped up over-skirt is gradually being dispensed with, though the back of the drapery is slightly caught up here and there, when the Breton jacket is worn, but the over-dress is so long that it frequently only looks like one, and the lower-dress is really only a deep ruffle, attached to the long polonaise. Among the newest fall dresses is the redingote, which looks more like a gentleman's tight-fitting frock coat than anything else; this is worn over a plain skirt, and is sometimes made so long that it is worn without the under-dress. This style suits admirably for a fine figure, but a very slender person should be careful not to dispense with too many petticoats. The habit-basque is also popular for more dressy occasions, and in-door wear; the costume is made more like a "dress-coat," or what is usually called a "swallow-tail" coat. In the September number, Fig. iv., we have given one of the very many varieties of the redingote, though the front is more elaborate than is sometimes seen, and in Fig. iv., of the August number, the habit-basque will be found; this habit-basque is made in even greater varieties than the redingote, often reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, in some instances, or being finished with a vest, like the cashmere dress in one of the wood-cuts of the September number. The redingote is always simply trimmed with either a piping, heavy cord, or a narrow galloon; the habit-basque, especially for more dressy occasions, may be trimmed with lace, or narrow frilling. But for out-of-door wear, especially, the Breton jacket is still very popular, and is eminently suitable for young persons, and has a more youthful look for any age than the redingote. Basques of all varieties are still worn by those who do not like the pronounced style of the habit-basque; for young girls the basque, laid in box-plaits, both back and front, something in the style of the Garibaldi waist, only made to come down over the hips, and worn with a belt, is popular. Piping is popular as a finish to many dresses, and when there are two colors in the dress, the pipings are of those colors.

Jackets, Mantles, and all Kinds of Wraps are less trimmed than they used to be, and though many velvet wraps are imported, woolen ones are more popular, as they are much cheaper, and more useful. Heavy woolen goods are much used, and made quite plain, frequently with large buttons to fasten them, as the only ornament. For the present season, mantalets of cashmere, and camel's-hair, are the most popular, to be in the style, it is only necessary to have a wrap that will make the figure look slender and elegant.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. i.—Young Lady's Dress of myrtle green cashmere; the petticoat is of myrtle green silk, and the polonaise is of the cashmere, made very long, and buttoned down the front; it is trimmed with many rows of myrtle green braid, with a row of linden green braid on each side of the row of the darker shade; a large bow of myrtle green ribbon loops up the square side of the tunic, at the back. Bonnet of myrtle green felt, trimmed with dark green velvet, and linden green ribbon.

Fig. ii.—Polonaise of Prune-Colored Velveteen, Trimmed with Grebe, for a little girl, and buttoned across from the right to the left side; hat of grey felt, with a gray feather, and a band of prune-colored velvet around the crown.

Fig. iii.—Young Girl's Dress of Blue Light Poplin; the under-skirt is trimmed with alternate plaitings of light blue poplin, and navy blue silk; the light blue polonaise has collar, cuffs, and pocket of navy blue silk; light blue bow on the navy blue pocket, and cuffs corded with the light blue; grey felt hat, trimmed with light blue, and navy blue velvet.

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A GLEAM OF HOPE.

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LITTLE BARBARA. [*See the Story, "Little Barbara's Thanksgiving."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. FICHU.

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WALKING DRESS—FRONT. HEAD DRESS.

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WALKING DRESS—BACK. HEAD DRESS.

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WALKING DRESS. BACK OF PALETOT.

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HOUSE DRESS. FRONT OF PALETOT.

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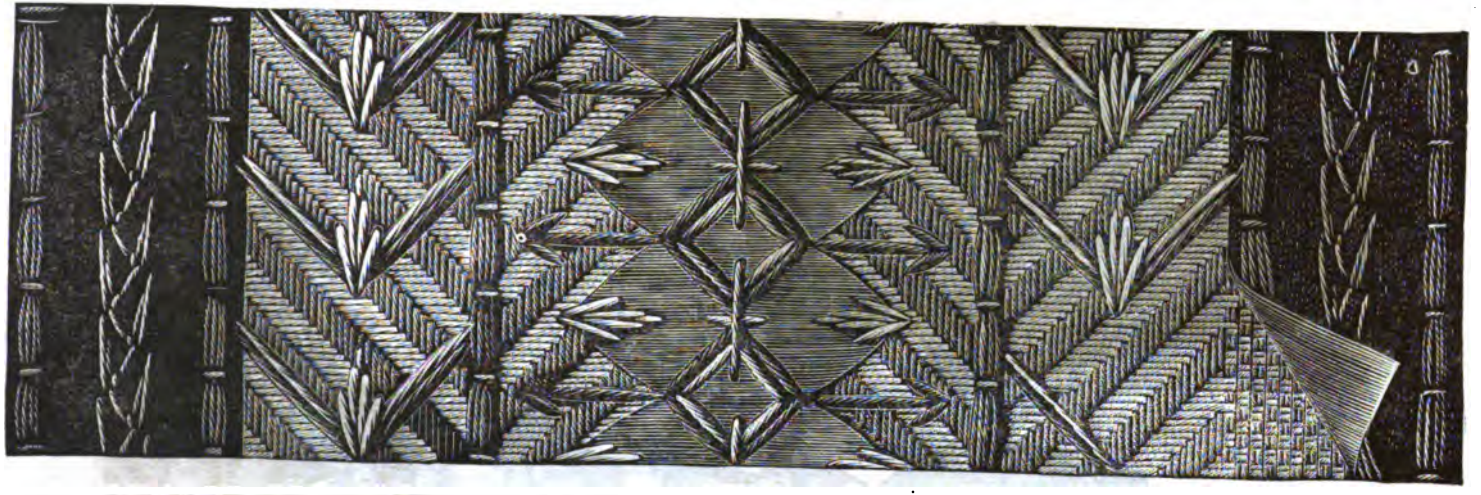

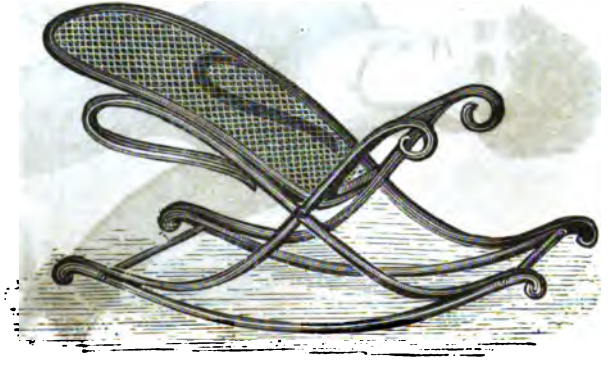

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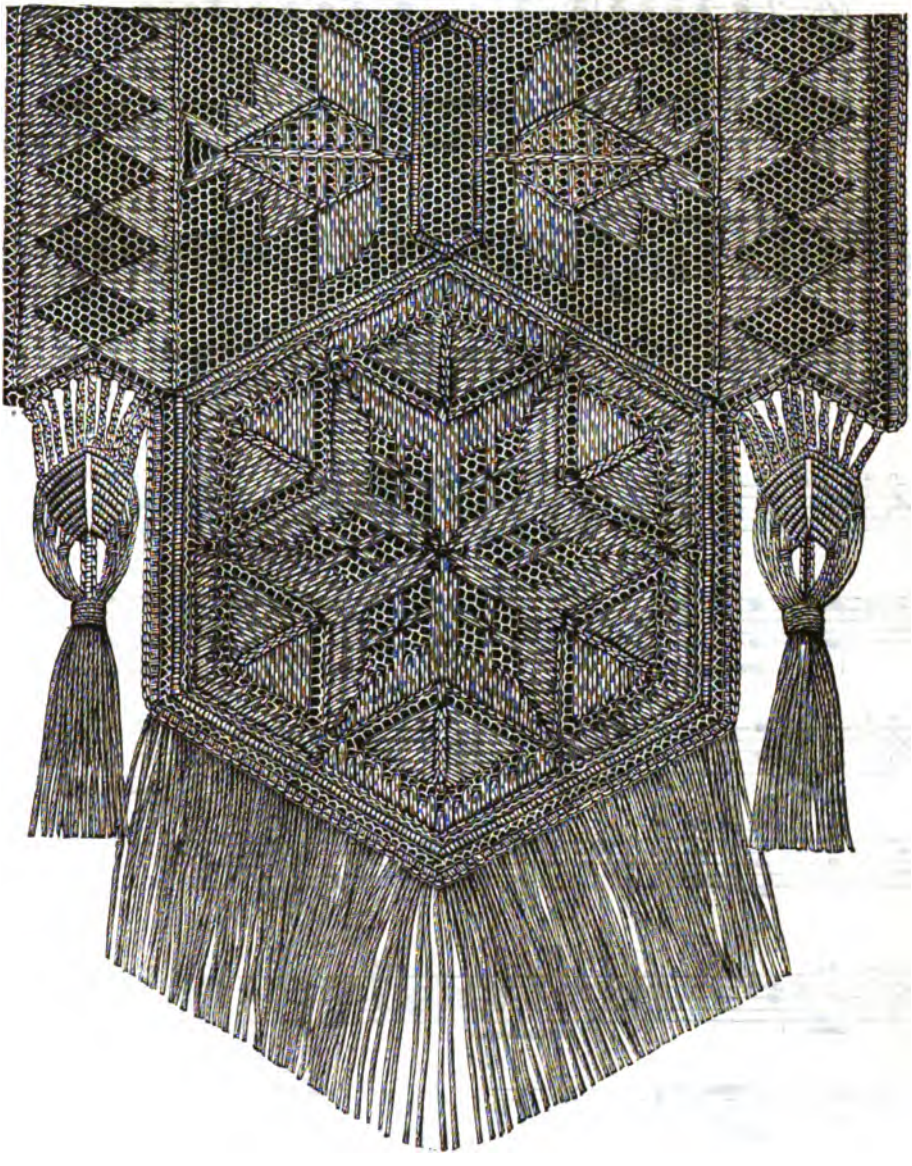

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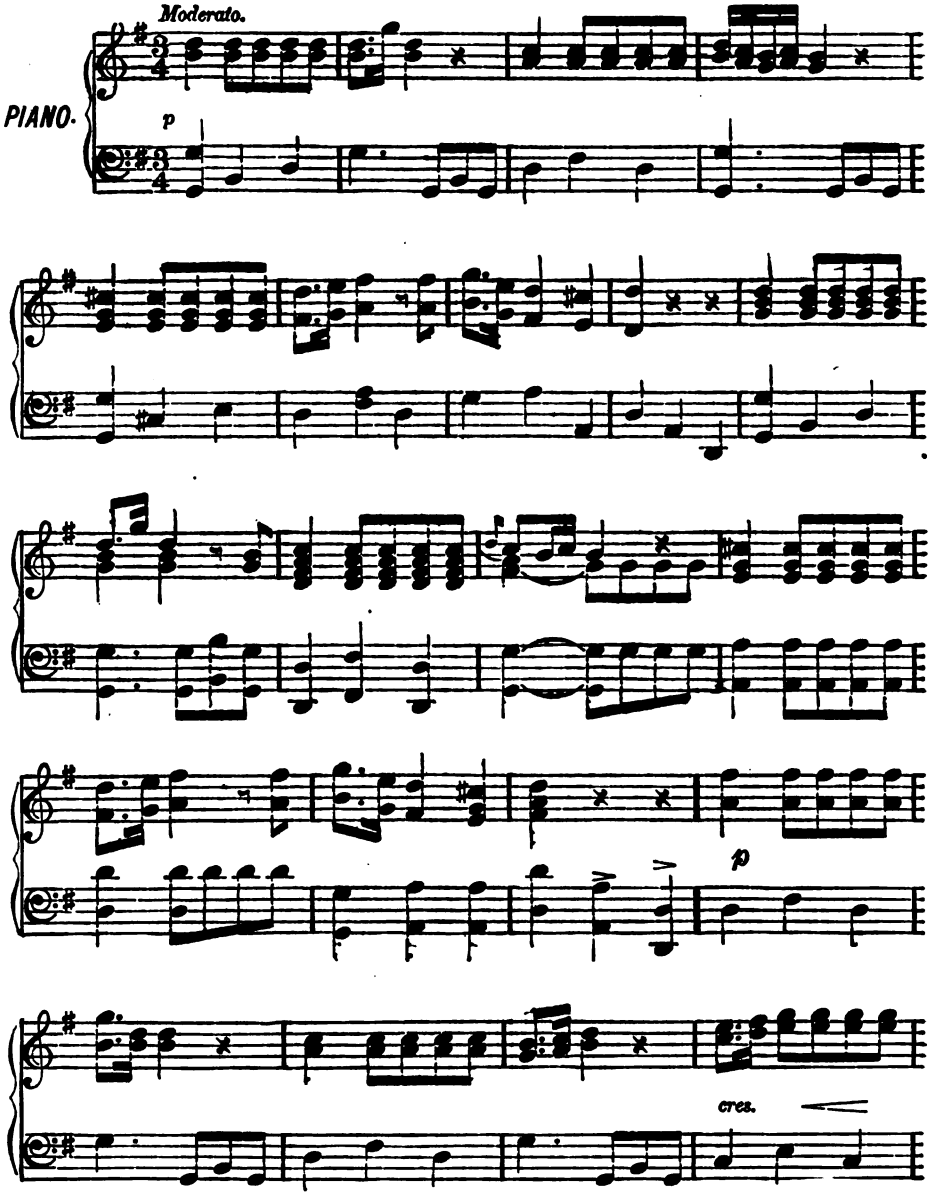

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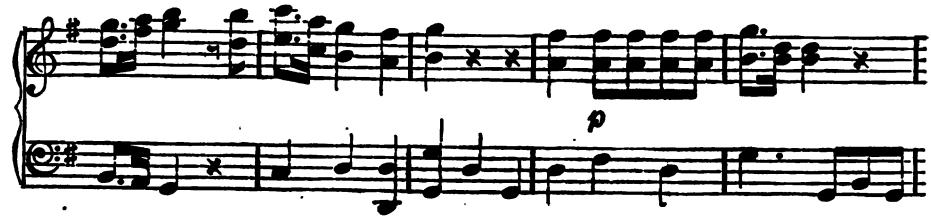

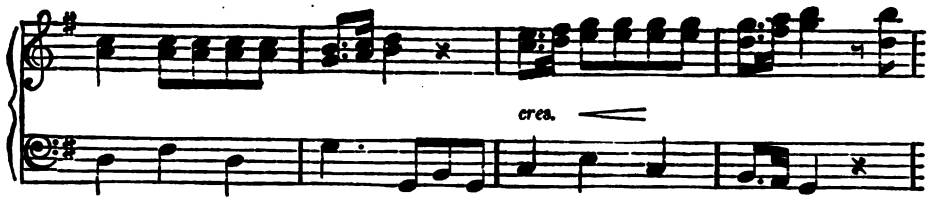

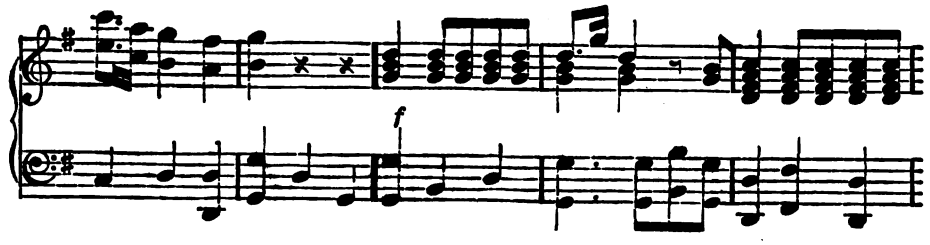

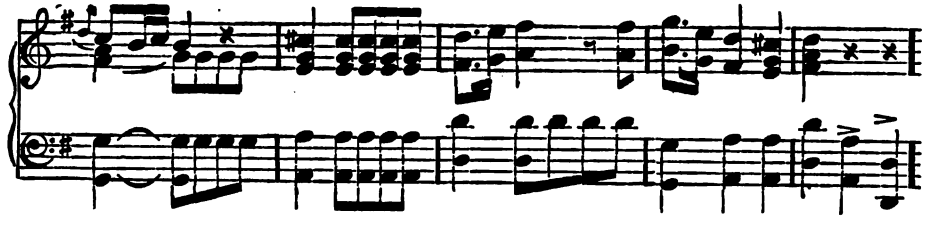

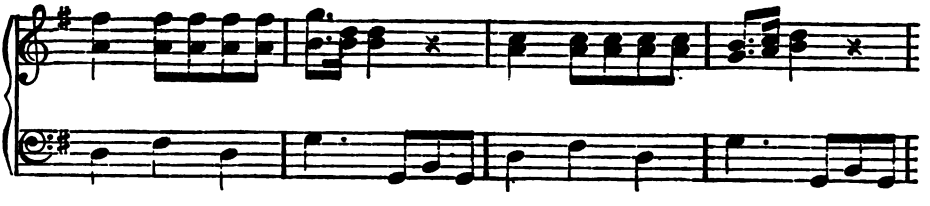

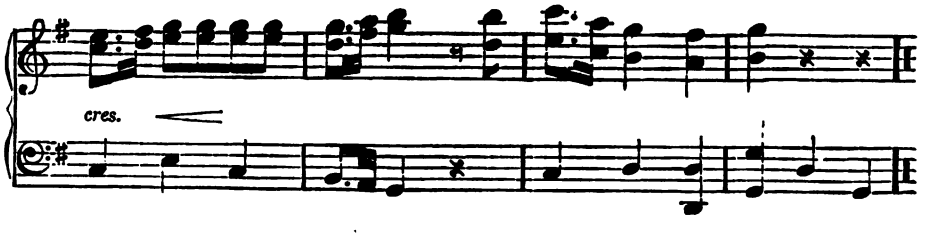

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NEW STYLE BONNET AND HATS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1877. No. 5.

LITTLE BARBARA'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY S. M'FARLAND.

IT was something new for me, who had always enjoyed good health, this strange feeling of lassitude and weariness, that was creeping over me, day after day, until all my vital energies were enfeebled. Little Barbara, who was just learning her trade, drew her low chair up closer to mine, one day, and gently rubbed my head.

"You look *so* pale, Miss Davis," she said; "if you are sick, what shall I do?"

"Oh, I shall not be sick, Barbie," I answered; "it's only a passing headache—never fear!"

"I shall miss you so much, if you do get sick. You seem different, nearer, somehow than the others. Why, I am hardly acquainted with them, and I feel as if I had known you all my life."

I kept on sewing, but I thought it all over. Barbara, with her fresh, pretty face, and her gentle manners, with the untried experience of seventeen years, had joined the shop where I was working, some few months previous, towards the middle of July. She had come in, one day, shy and blushing, and asked for employment. "I want to learn," she said, "and I thought, maybe, you'd take me, and teach me; and that then, after I'd worked for nothing, for awhile, I might, by-and-by, earn something for myself."

We were very particular, and would not employ her, till we had made enquries about her She told us she was living at a Home for Children, in the suburbs, and I was deputed to go out there to enquire about her. In that purpose I set forth, the next day. I found her, in the garden, with the sunset light falling around her, like a benison. She did not hear me approach, but sat, gazing abstractedly upwards, her thoughts evidently far away. In her hand she held a tiny rose-bud. I discovered, then, how fond she was of flowers; she almost worshipped them; and they were destined to play a not unimportant part in her life, as my story will show.

I shall never forget the soft expression of her face. All my doubts faded at once. I did not care, any longer, to enquire about her antecedents. She looked like some virginal Saint. I felt that no one, with such an expression, so innocent, so almost heavenly, could ever harbor a wrong thought; and I told her, at once, to come to the shop the next day. From that moment, we were friends. It was rather a quiet friendship, too, as much in actions as in words. Barbara grew confidential, after awhile, telling me what little there was to tell. Her father had been a German, a musician, who played at concerts; her mother was English. Her mother had died when she was hardly five years old, and she had never seen her father since. He had placed her in the Children's Home, and immediately left the city.

"Were they kind to you at the Home?" I asked, one day.

"Yes, but there were so many of us—two hundred"—and she gave the faintest bit of a sigh. "So I left there, after awhile."

"I wouldn't board at the Home, anyway," interrupted Chris Bell, tossing her head, airily, and preventing me from learning where Barbie went, when she left the Home.

"Worse places, Miss Chrissie," said Miss Leigh, concisely.

"After I get on pay, I may board with you, may I not, Miss Davis?"

"Oh, yes, Barbie," I answered. "I should dearly love to have you."

I believe I remembered all the conversation in which Barbie had taken part. And all the while, her cool hand was on my forehead—but what a confused din the girls made with their talking—the black work made me dizzy, and for the first time in my life, I fainted.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was in my room, good-natured, fussy old Mrs. Blodgett, standing by my bed-side, while the doctor—a stranger to me—was feeling my pulse.

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"Nervous prostration, Miss—"

"Miss Davis," volunteered Mrs. Blodgett.

The doctor bowed, and continued:

"You need rest quite as much as medicine—but a little of the latter will do you no harm, just at present."

A few directions as to the medicine, a few kind words, and then the doctor took his departure.

After he had gone, Mrs. Blodgett began to praise him in such unmeasured terms, that, in my confused, half-dreamy state, I was in some doubts, as to whether Dr. Richard Haddington belonged to the ordinary world, or was some saint come back, in disguise, from heaven. "So good to we poor folks," was Mrs. Blodgett's parting words, as she left my chamber.

The girls from the shop were very kind, and called daily with inquiries. But of them all, I only saw little Barbara. I think she did me quite as much good as the doctor's medicine. She would come in like a fresh breeze, and quite as invigorating, with her youthful and innocent beauty.

Barbie brought me flowers every day, too; cheap, common ones; she could not afford better; and flowers were now getting scarce. But on the eve of Thanksgiving, she brought me a bouquet of hot-house roses. Poor dear! how she must have denied herself, in order to get the money to buy them. I would not hurt her pride and affection, by referring to this; but I resolved, if ever I got well, to repay her, in some fitting way, for her kindness.

They were arranged a little peculiarly, too; only the buds of the pure white and the old-fashioned double red roses, and a little cedar.

"How prettily they are arranged," I said, "but how peculiarly."

"I used to arrange them like this, a long time ago, for Dr. Dick; and he liked them," she answered, blushing a little.

So my poor little Barbie, I said to myself, had her romance, young as she was.

"Well?" I asked, and in answer to the simple interrogative, Barbie told me her story.

Some two years before, Barbie had been ill of a fever. A doctor was summoned, Dr. Dick as she called him, and he was so very, very kind to her, that long before she got well, her child-heart had gone out to him, with all the strength and passionate devotion of a woman. He used to take her out of the city limits, into the beautiful country. He taught her to like his favorite authors, and had her study German—her father's own language—and daily heard her recite. In short, he constituted himself her mentor and friend.

This lasted for six months. Then Dr. Dick was called away. "Somewhere West," Barbie believed, to settle up some property, which had been left him. A few days after he left, Barbie heard, with dismay, that the matron had got her a situation as nursery governess, in another city. Dr. Dick had promised to write to her, and she was afraid if she left the Home, that something might prevent her receiving his letters.

But there was no alternative, and Barbara was forced to accept the situation.

"But I didn't like it," continued she, plaintively. "The children were cross. I lived out my year, however, and then I came back to the Home, and used to help take care of the children there, until I got the situation in your shop."

"And Dr. Dick?"

"I have never seen him since, and never received any letters. They changed matrons the year I was away. But I am sure that I shall see him again. If not here, then in heaven. I was thinking so, the day you came to see me at the Home. Do you remember it?"

Oh, the unreasoning faith of childhood! For Barbie was, after all, only a child. And only an innocent, pure, trusting child could have had such a soft expression.

"But you were so young, Barbara, and it is man's nature to forget."

She looked up, wonderingly, but her simple nature refused to take the drift of my suspicions, and so I said no more.

At this moment, there was a knock at the door, and the doctor entered. Barbara, always shy when strangers were present, slipped behind the curtains, at the head of the bed, as soon as she heard the knock. The doctor came bustling in, felt my pulse, pronounced me better, and then saw the flowers, which stood on a little table at my bed-side. He started.

"Pardon me," he said, with some emotion, "but where did you get these?"

"They are a Thanksgiving gift," I replied, "from a dear friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?" he replied, with emotion, "I never knew but one person to arrange flowers in this peculiar way. Can it be, can it be," he said, excitedly, "that it is the same one?"

"My friend is Barbara Steiniger," I answered, my heart beating fast, and wondering if this could be "Dr. Dick," Barbara's friend. "She is the dearest little thing, too, that ever lived."

"Great heavens, do you know her? Where is she?" cried the doctor. "I have searched for her, for months."

All this time, Barbara was hidden behind the bed-curtains, at the other side of the bed;

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but I thought I heard a little sob, half of grief, half of joy

So I told him all, all Barbara's history, and her disappointment at not hearing from him.

"I wrote to her, three or four times," he said, with emotion, "and after I came back, I went to the Home to make inquiries But the matron would not, or could not, help me. She only told me Barbara was in another city, but she had for gotten the direction. And I have never come on any trace of her, till this day. For God's sake, tell me where she is"

I heard a choking sob. from behind the curtains, at the head of the bed

"I never fully knew how I loved the child," he continued, "till I had lost her. It was like death to have to give her up."

"But why did you not advertise?" I said.

"I did But she never saw my advertisement, I suppose, or else, which is most probable, had forgotten me."

There was another sob, more choking even than the other. The doctor heard it, started, and looked around, to see whence it came.

"Barbara," I cried.

A little, white figure stepped forth, shyly, from behind the bed-curtains.

"Barbara! Barbara!" exclaimed the doctor. "Can it really be? Oh! my lost Barbara."

He was at the other side of the bed, he had her in his arms; and little Barbara, yielding to that fervent embrace, lay there, for a moment, almost insensible.

I was present at the wedding, which took place, about a year after, the interval having been spent by Barbara, at a first-class school, where the doctor had sent her. I go to them in my vacations always. The doctor says he can never half show his gratitude to me for being the instrument, through which he found his lost darling.

They have urged me to leave the shop, and stay with them always; and sometime I may do so; but not yet. But every year, a beautiful bouquet comes to me, in November, on the eve of the great annual festival; and it is similar to the one, that was sent to me, out of her hard-earned savings, on "LITTLE BARBARA'S THANKSGIVING."

WINTER.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

THE sun in dreary splendor,
Is lingering in the West;
A gloomy weight of ice and snow
Is on the water's breast.

The daisies and the buttercups
Are in their frozen bed,
All cheerless in the meadow,
With sheets of white o'erspread.

Long lines of loaf-like snow-banks,
Long lines of leafless trees
Stretch out along the roadside,
Where all things seem to freeze.

The woodman's axe clear ringing;
The crackling of the frost;
The cold air keenly stinging;
The leaves with pearls embossed,

Remind us that a tyrant
Has gained a regal throne;
His touch, like death, is chilling;
His heart is like a stone.

Yet 'round the fireside gathered,
Our homelike joys complete;
We heed not wintry hours,
Or count them all too fleet.

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY MAGGIE A. COYNE

THEY came like a whisper of fresh green boughs,
Fanned soft by a southern breeze,
And fragrant with tropic sweets from afar—
From regions beyond the seas.
Like pearls from the mantling cup of joy,
That I quaff'd in my sunny youth;
Like a beaker that flashed with the priceless draught,
Drawn fresh from the well of truth.

Like a shimmer of pearls; like a faint perfume,
That floats from the lily's breast.
Like the calm that comes with the dewy hours,
When the Eve-star lights the West;
Like the holy thoughts that quiet the heart,
When we dream of the life *to be*—
Are tender, and bright, and pure, and sweet,
The memories I cherish of thee.

I muse of a wreath of raven hair;
Of the flash of a radiant eye;
Of a clear, sweet voice, whose earnest tones
Will thrill me until I die.
And my faith grows strong, that the "pure of heart"
Yet gladden this world of ours:
That amid the rain, and the stubble, and thorns,
We may look for the sun and flowers.

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THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Two or three of us had lounged out of the club, one night, into Santley's office, to find out the news coming in by cable, which the sleeping town would not hear, until the paper would be out to-morrow. Santley was editor of the Courier. He was scribbling away at driving speed, his hat on, an unlighted cigar in his mouth.

"You're at it late, Ben."

"Accident on a Western road. Sixty lives lost," without looking up.

We seized the long white slips, which lay coiled over the table, and read the dispatch.

"Tut, tut!"

"Infamous!"

"Nobody to blame, of course."

"I tell you the officers of a road, where such an accident is possible, should be tried for murder!" cried Ferrers.

Santley shoved his copy to the boy, and lighted his cigar. "I think you're wrong, Ferrers. Instead of being startled at such casualties, I never travel on a railway, that I am not amazed at the security of them. Just think of it. Thousands of trains running yearly on each, with but a minute to spare between safety and destruction, the safety of these trains depending on conductors, telegraph clerks, brakesmen, men of every grade of intellect, their brains subject to every kind of moods, and disease, and tempers The engineer takes a glass of liquor; the conductor sets his watch half a minute too fast; the flagman falls asleep; and the train is dashed into ruin! It is not the accident that is to be wondered at; it is the escape that is miraculous!"

We all had dropped into seats, by this time. The night was young, and one after another told some story of adventure or danger. Presently, Santley said: "There was an incident which occurred on the Erie road, a few years ago, which made me feel as I do in the matter. I happened to be an eye-witness to the whole affair."

"What was it, Ben?"

"It's rather a long story——"

"No matter. Go on. You can't go home until your proof comes in, anyhow."

"No. Well, to make you understand, about five years ago, I had a bad break-down—night-work, hack, writing, and poor pay. You know how fast it all wears out the machine. The doctor talked of diseases of the gray matter of the brain, etc., and prescribed, instead of medicine, absolute rest and change of scene. I would have swallowed all the nostrums in a drug-shop, rather than have left the office for a week.

"'I'll take country board, and send in my editorials,' I said.

"'No; you must drop office and work utterly out of your life, for a month, at least. Talk and think of planting potatoes, or embroidery—anything but newspapers and politics.'

"Well, I obeyed. I started on a pedestrian tour through Pennsylvania; studied oil stock in Alleghany county; and ate sauer-kraut in Berks. Finally, I brought up—foot-sore, and bored beyond bearing—in Williamsport. While there, I fell into the habit of lounging about the railway station, studying the construction of the engines, and making friends with the men. The man with whom I always fraternize, most readily, is the skilled mechanic. He has a degree of common sense—a store of certain facts, which your young doctor or politician is apt to lack. Besides, he is absolutely sure of his social standing ground, and has a grave self-respect, which teaches him to respect you. The professional lad, just started on his career, is uneasy, not sure of his position; he tries to climb perpetually. I tell you this, to explain my intimacy with many of the officials on the road, especially with an engineer named Blakeley.

"This man attracted me first, by his ability to give me the information I wanted, in a few direct, sharp words. Like most reticent men, he knew the weight and value of words. I soon became, personally, much interested in him. He was about forty, his hair streaked with gray, with a grave, worn face, which hinted at a youth of hardships and much suffering. However, Blakeley had found his way to the uplands at last. Three years before, he had married a bright, cheerful woman. They had one child—a boy. He had work, and good wages, and was, I found, high in the confidence of the company. On one occasion, having a Sunday off, he took me up to Jersey Shore, where his wife and boy lived. He was an exceptionally silent man, but when with them, was garrulous and light-hearted as a boy. In his eyes, Jane was the wisest and fairest of women, and the boy a wonder of intellect. One great source of trouble to him was,

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as I found, that he was able to see them but once in three weeks. It was necessary for the child's health, to keep them in the country air, and indeed, he could not afford to have them elsewhere; but this separated him from them almost wholly. Jane was in the habit of coming with Charley, down to a certain point of the road, every day, that Blakeley might see them as he dashed by.

"And when I found out this habit, it occurred to me that I could give Blakeley a great pleasure. How often have I cursed my meddling kindness since. January 25th, was the child's birthday. I proposed to Mrs. Blakeley, that she and Charley should board the train, which her husband drove, unknown to him, and run up to Harrisburg, where he had the night off. There was to be a little supper at the Lochiel House. Charley was to appear in a new suit, etc., etc. Of course, the whole affair was at my expense—a mere trifle, but an affair of grandeur and distinction, which fairly took Jane's breath. She was a most innocent, happy creature; one of those women who are wives and mothers in the cradle. When Blakeley found her, she was a thin, pale, little tailoress—a machine to grind out badly-made shoddy clothes. But three years of marriage, and petting of Charley had made her rosy, and plump, and pretty.

"The little Highland suit was bought complete, to the tiny dirk and feather, and very pretty the little fellow looked in it. I wrote down to order a stunning supper, to be ready at eight. Jane and the boy were to go aboard the train at Jersey Shore, a queer little hill village, near which they lived. Blakeley ran the train from Williamsport, down to Harrisburg, that day. His wife being in the passenger car before he took charge of the engine, of course, he would see and know nothing of her, until we landed in Harrisburg, at seven. I had intended to go down in the smoking car, as usual, but another fancy, suggested, I suppose, by the originator of all evil, seized me. No need to laugh. Satan, I believe, has quite as much to do with accidents, and misery, and death, as with sin. Why not? However, my fancy, diabolic or not, was to go down on the engine with Blakeley. I hunted up the fireman, and talked to him for an hour. Then I went to the engineer.

"'Blakeley,'' I said, 'Jones (the fireman), wants to-night off.'

"'Off! Oh, no doubt! He's taking to drink, Jones. He must have been drinking when he talked of that. It's impossible.'

"I explained to Blakeley that Jones had a sick wife, or a sweetheart, or something, and finally owned, that I had an unconquerable desire to run down the road on the engine, and, that knowing my only chance was to take the fireman's place, had bribed him to give it to me. The fact was, that in my idleness, and the overworked state of my brain, I craved excitement as a confirmed drunkard does liquor.

"Blakeley, I saw, was angry, and exceedingly annoyed. He refused, at first, but finally gave way with a grave civility, which almost made me ashamed of my boyish whim. I promised to be the prince of firemen.

"'Then you'll have to be treated as one, Mr. Santley,' said Blakeley, curtly. 'I can't talk to gentlemen aboard my engine. It's different from here, on the platform, you'll remember. I've got to order, and you to obey, in there, and that's all ther's of it.'

"'Oh, I understand!' I said, thinking that it required little moral effort to obey, in the matter of shovelling coal. If I could have guessed what that shovelling coal was to cost me. But all day, I went about, thinking of the fiery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse.

"It was in the middle of the afternoon, when the train rushed into the station. I caught a glimpse of Jane, on the passenger car, with Charley, magnificent in his red and green plaid, beside her. She nodded a dozen times, and laughed, and then hid behind the window, fearing her husband should see her. Poor girl! It was the second great holiday of her life, she had told me; the first being her wedding day.

"The train stopped ten minutes. It was neither an express, nor an accommodation train, but one which stopped at the principal stations on the route—Selinsgrove, Sunbury, etc.

"I had an old patched suit on, fit, as I supposed, for the service of coal heaver; but Blakeley, when I came up, eyed it and my hands, sardonically. He was in no better temper, evidently, with amateur firemen, than he had been in the morning.

"'All a-board!' he said, gruffly. 'You take your place there, Mr. Santley. You'll put in coal just as I call for it, if you please, and not trust to your own judgment.'

"His tone annoyed me. 'It cannot require much judgment to keep up a fire under a boiling pot, and not to make it too hot. Any woman can do that in her own kitchen.'

"He made no reply, but took his place in the little square box, where the greater part of his life was passed. I noticed that his face was flushed; and his irritation at my foolish whim, was surely more than the occasion required. I watched him with keen curiosity, wondering if

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it was possible, that he could have been drinking, as he had accused poor Jones of doing."

"It strikes me as odd," interrupted Ferrers, "that you should have not only made an intimate companion of this fellow, Santley, but have taken so keen an interest in his tempers and drinking bouts. You would not be likely to honor any of us with such attention."

"No. I have something else to do. I was absolutely idle then. Blakeley and his family, for the time, made up my world. As for the friendship, this was an exceptional man, both as to integrity and massive hard sense. The knowledge that comes from books, counts with me but for little, compared with the education given by experience, and contact with facts, for forty years. I was honored by the friendship of this grimy engineer. But the question of his sobriety, that day, was a serious one. A man in charge of a train, with hundreds of souls aboard, I felt, ought to be sober, particularly, when I was shut up in the engine with him.

"Just as we started, a slip of paper was handed to him, which he read and threw down.

"'Do you run this train by telegraph?' I asked, beginning to shovel vigorously.

"'Yes. No more coal.'

"'Isn't that unusual?'

"'Yes. There are two special trains on the road this afternoon.'

"'Is it difficult to run a train by telegraph?' I said, presently, simply to make conversation. Staring in silence at the narrow slit in the gloomy furnace, or out at the village street, through which we slowly passed, was monotonous.

"'No; not difficult. I simply have to obey the instructions which I receive at each station.'

"'But if you should happen to think the instructions not right?'

"'Happen to think! I've no business to think, at all! When the trains run by telegraph, the engineers are so many machines in the hands of one controller, who directs them all from a central point. He has the whole road under his eye. If they don't obey to the least tittle their orders, it is destruction to the whole.'

"'You seem to think silent obedience the first and last merit in a railway man?'

"'Yes,' dryly. I took the hint, and was dumb.

"We were out of town now. Blakeley quickened the speed of the engine. I did not speak to him again. There was little for me to do, and I was occupied in looking out at the flying landscape. The fields were covered with a deep fall of snow, and glanced whitely by, with a strange, unreal shimmer. The air was keen and cutting. Still the ride was tame. I was disappointed. The excitement would by no means equal a dash on a spirited horse. I began to think I had little to pay for my grimy hands and face, when we slowed at the next station. One or two passengers came aboard the train. There was the inevitable old lady, with bundles, alighting, and the usual squabble about her trunk. I was craning my neck to hear, when the boy ran alongside with the telegram.

"The next moment, I heard a smothered exclamation from Blakeley.

"'Go back,' he said to the boy. 'Tell Sands to have the message repeated. There's a mistake.'

"The boy dashed off, and Blakeley sat, waiting, coolly polishing a bit of the shining brass before him. Back came the boy.

"'Had it repeated. Sands is raging at you. Says there's no mistake, and you'd best get on,' thrusting the second message up.

"Blakeley read it, and stood hesitating for half a minute. I never shall forget the dismay, the utter perplexity that gathered in his lean face, as he looked at the telegram, and then at the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he were calculating chances, and his eye suddenly quailed, as if he saw death at the end of the calculation.

"'What's the matter? What are you going to do?' I asked.

"'Obey.'

"The engine gave a long shriek of horror, that made me start, as if it were Blakeley's own voice. The next instant, we rushed out of the station, and dashed through the low-lying farms, at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"'Put in more coal,' said Blakeley.

"I shovelled it in.

"'We are going very fast, Blakeley,' I ventured.

"He did not answer. His eye was fixed on the steam gauge; his lips closely shut.

"'More coal.'

"I threw it in.

"The fields and houses began to fly past but half seen. We were nearing Sunbury. Blakeley's eye went from the gauge to the face of the time-piece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face.

"'More!' without turning his eye.

"I took up the shovel—hesitated.

"'Blakeley! We're going *very* fast. We're going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.'

"'Coal.'

"I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful.

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"I threw in the coal.

"At least, we must stop in Sunbury. He had told me that was the next halt.

"The little town approached. As the first house came into view, the engine sent out its shriek of warning; it grew louder, louder. We dashed into the street, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and past it without the halt of an instant. I caught a glimpse of the appalled faces of the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again.

"The speed now became literally breathless; the furnace glared red-hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me, seemed to weight the air. I found myself drawing long stertorous breaths, like one drowning. I heaped in the coal at intervals, as he bade me."

"'I'd have done nothing of the kind!' interrupted one of the listeners. 'The man was mad.'

"I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary brain-work. I had taken this mechanical task on myself, and I felt a stricture upon me to go through with it at any cost. I know now how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism sometimes, as soldiers, engineers, captains of wrecked vessels. It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery, to my notion. However, I began to be of your mind, Wright, that Blakeley was mad, laboring under some sudden frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

"He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of the engine, his eye going from the gauge to the time-piece, with a steadiness, that was more terrible and threatening, than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glanced back at the long train sweeping after the engine, with a headlong speed, that rocked it from side to side. You could catch glimpses of hundreds of men and women talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man, whom I now strongly suspected to be mad. I knew by his look that he remembered their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

"'Twenty miles,' he muttered. 'Throw on the coal, Jones. The fire is going out.'

"I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man, that I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him by the shoulder.

"'Blakeley!' I shouted, 'you are running this train into the jaws of death.'

"'I know it,' quietly.

"'Your wife and child are on it.'

"'My God!"

"He staggered to his feet. But even then, he did not move his eye from the gauge.

"'In a minute—

"'Make up the fire,' he said, and pushed in the throttle valve.

"'I will not.'

"'Make up the fire, Mr. Santley,' very quietly.

"'I will not. You may murder yourself, and your wife and boy, but you shall not murder me.'

"He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast. But he controlled himself in a moment.

"'I could throw you out of this door, and make short work of it. But—look here; do you see the station yonder?'

"I saw a thin wisp of smoke against the sky, about five miles in advance.

"'I was told to reach that station by six o'clock. The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Sunbury. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at that station in three minutes, we will meet it yonder in the hollow.'

"'Somebody blundered?'

"'Yes, I think so.'

"'And you obeyed?'

"He said nothing. I threw on coal. If I had had petroleum, I would have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. When Death has a man actually by the throat, it sobers him.

"Blakeley pushed in the valve still farther. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the South, I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train.

"I looked at Blakeley, inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express.

"I stooped to the fire.

"'No more,' he said.

"I looked across the clear, wintry sky, at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond, that black line coming closer, closer, across the sky. Then I turned to the watch.

"In one minute more—

"Gentlemen, I confess; I sat down, and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of a mass of mangled, dying men and women, mothers and their babies, and, vaguely, of a merciful God. Little Charley with his curls and pretty suit—

"There was a terrific shriek from the engine, against which I leaned. Another in my face. A hot tempest swept past me.

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"I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. The hindmost cars touched in passing.

"'Thank God! You've done it, Blakeley! Blakeley!' I cried.

"But he did not speak. He sat there, immovable, and cold as a stone. I went to the cars, and brought Jane and the boy to him, and when he opened his eyes, and took the little woman's hands in his, I came away.

"An engineer, named Fred, who was at the station, ran the train into Harrisburg. Blakeley was terribly shaken. But we went down, and had our little feast, after all. Charley, at least, enjoyed it."

"What was the explanation? A blunder of the director, or the telegraph operator?"

"I don't know. Blakeley made light of it afterwards, and kept the secret. These railway men must have a strong *esprit de corps*.

"All I know is, that Blakeley's salary was raised, soon after, and he received, that Christmas, a very handsome 'testimonial for services rendered,' from the company."

HER QUESTION.

BY KATIE HIGGINS.

When my steps have feeble grown;
When my youth has passed away;
Will you love me, then, my own,
Fondly as you do to-day?
When my brow is lined with care:
When Old Age, with fingers cold,
Turns to silver all my hair,
That now shines like burnished gold.

When Time dims my eyes' bright blue;
When my cheek no longer glows
With the lily's snowy hue—
With the crimson of the rose.
Will your fancy never stray?
Will your heart still faithful prove
To the bride, whom thou, this day,
Vowed to cherish, and to love?

Better far, that I had lain
In my bridal garments decked,
Low in Death, than bear the pain
Of unkindness and neglect.

"Ah! my love," you fondly say,
As you clasp me to your breast:
"While on earth ordained to stay,
This shall be your place of rest."

"What, though trials may arise,
Trust me, love, they will not last:
Brighter still, will gleam the skies,
When the shadows shall have passed.
And when years have fled away,
Still my love shall not grow cold;
Golden hair may turn to gray,
But the heart can ne'er grow old."

As your loving words I hear,
Doubts have vanished, one by one,
As the dewdrops disappear
At the coming of the sun.
And with perfect love and faith,
Do I yield my heart to thee;
Thine forever; until Death
Shall have parted you and me.

DAISY DEANE.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

Come with me, sweet Daisy Deane,
When the sunset fades away,
And from out the lovely scene,
Rise the cloudlets bright and gray;
When the golden rods are waving
From the hedgerows, far and wide,
And the autumn flow'rs are laving
In the streamlet's purling tide—
When the sun smiles o'er the lea,
Lovely Daisy, come with me.

Come with me, sweet Daisy Deane,
When the moon is shining bright,
Smiling, with her brilliant sheen,
Through the lone hours of the night.
When the winds are whisp'ring low,
Through the wood with murm'ring sighs,
And the starlight's twinkling glow
Gleams from out the midnight skies,
Lovely Daisy, come with me,
There are none I love but thee.

When the sun, with rosy glow,
Steeps the eastern hills in light,
And the lakelet's rolling flow
Gleams like waves of amber bright,
Come with me, oh, come with me,
To the low and sounding shore,
Where the softly moaning sea
Rolls and rolls forevermore;
And I'll tell thee, sweet, my queen,
How I love dear Daisy Deane.

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COULD SHE BE PARDONED?

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MORTEVILLE is a pretty seaside spot, on the coast of dear old Brittany. I suppose it will soon become as detestable as most watering-places, because the Americans and English have found it out, and begun to make it somewhat fashionable, and presently, it will grow utterly "villafied," and cocknified, and unendurable.

Time was, when stray artists or pilgrims, in search of the picturesque, alone knew it: a later time came when it was known of quiet people, who wanted a summer retreat—people who belonged in "the world," but grew so tired of a residence therein, that for a few weeks, at least, during each year of busy, crushing, wearisome, aimless idleness, they longed to escape, and freshen their souls by a brief interview with Nature.

That era lies only a few years back, to count by time, but it seemed a long way off, to count by the events of our swift-moving century. However, long or short, it was during one of those seasons—early in August—that Isabel Vaughan wandered thither with as few *impedimenta* as a rich young widow could manage to exist. I think she had only her companion, two ladies' maids, a footman, a courier, and six and twenty boxes—the lapdogs, the birds, and the monkey, not counting. She was a great beauty (of course an American—all the beauties of our day *are* Americans), with an income, which would once have been considered an enormous fortune, regarded as capital—plenty of brains, high spirits, and good nature—though she often did foolish things—was frequently gloomy, and more frequently cross—like everybody else that ever I knew, whether rich or poor, young or old, wise or silly.

I ought to describe her to you, according to all rules of modern novels, as very weary of life, and moving about in search of the impossible; but she was nothing of the sort. She liked admiration; she enjoyed the luxuries wealth gave her; and she was happy enough, only not so happy as she wished to be: but few people are; and Isabel was sufficiently sensible, to admit that existence had already given her as much as she had a right to expect.

That she could want aught besides, she knew was absurd: her dearest friend could not have been more contemptuous than she was of those yearnings, that somewhat vague discontent—only she was far too wise, to allow any friend the opportunity to be contemptuous, for she kept her fancies religiously to herself, and those who thought they knew her best, would have been the loudest to assert that she was utterly incapable of foolish dreams, and a wicked dissatisfaction with the bubbles and foam, among which her associates lived satisfied.

In the grounds of the principal hotel, there was a pretty cottage. Isabel had secured this in advance, and so could have all the privacy she might desire, yet avoid those annoyances, which even rich people must endure, when they attempt "housekeeping" in a place of that kind. She arrived in the afternoon, and strolling out on the sands towards sunset, with Mrs. Lorrimer, she met numerous acquaintances—more than she cared to meet, and among the men were several, whom she could not help suspecting, with that undercurrent of bitterness, which came over her, now and then, that they had wandered thither on her account, and would not have dreamed of so doing, had she been less rich than destiny had seen fit to make her.

She left Mrs. Lorrimer talking inanities with a group of people, and passed on down the shore, rounded a point, and came upon "a bit," that she was thinking would make a pretty "motive" for a picture—thinking as we all do, in a hopeless sort of jargon, since everything in our age, even to art and poetry, has a slang; or if you consider that word vulgar—an *argot* of its own.

There was a bold sweep of headland—rocky and precipitous—with a circle of pine trees set on its front like a crown; below, the wreck of a brig, which had been dashed against the cruel rocks, during the spring tides; a group of red-shirted men and blue-petticoated women hauling in a fishing-boat; beyond, the purple sweep of ocean; a narrow line of intense light, defining the horizon; a single sail midway—the upper half, a sheet of silver; the lower, black as ink.

She turned her back on the sea, and walked towards a rise in the shore, from whence she fancied "the bit" would appear even more striking; but as she ascended the height, she perceived that somebody had been in advance of

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her, in appreciation of the view for artistic purposes.

One of the light-jointed easels, such as artists carry about in their summer wanderings, was placed in a convenient position—a canvas set upon it, a camp-stool at the foot. The owner of these possessions had left work and easel. Isabel looked about to see if he or she was in sight, feeling a sudden, improper desire to inspect the production, just because she had no business so to do.

She walked on towards it; glanced up the hill, and on the top, saw a man standing, looking out across the sea. He was too far off to be recognizable, and the spoiled beauty thought:

"I may have a peep, and be gone before he can get near—anyway, it is some professional, who ought to be flattered, by my taking the trouble to look at his work."

So she went up to the easel, and once stationed in front of the canvas, she forgot everything else in her admiration of the newly-finished sketch, which had been executed with loving care, and was so much finer than she had expected, that, as I said, she stood there, oblivious of the fact, that the owner—at least, it was reasonable to suppose so—stood on the top of the hill, and must be able to see her, and the liberty she was taking.

In the spring, she had purchased a couple of small pictures at the Paris Exposition, which had greatly struck her fancy. They were exhibited anonymously, and she had been unable to learn the name of the artist. As she looked at the sketch on the easel, she felt confident that it was a production by the same hand.

She was roused from her absorption by the sound of footsteps close beside her; she turned her head, and to her utter astonishment, found herself confronting a gentleman, who had the honor of ranking among her acquaintances.

"Mr. Severn!" she exclaimed.

"Mrs. Vaughan!" returned he.

Their surprise was evidently mutual, and with that odd ability, which women possess, of being able to think twenty things at once, all in as brief a space, as a flash of lightning would require for its passage, the fancy struck Isabel among a host of reflections, that the speaker's tone was, by no means, one of pleasure. But the man's emotion—whatever might have caused it—passed so quickly, and left him so perfectly calm and self-possessed, that in another flash, she decided that it had never existed save in her own imagination

Still she spoke first. That was due her own dignity, after this brief but strange flutter, which the sight of him had caused her. Before he could open his lips again, she was saying:

"Now I know how people feel when they see a ghost! Good gracious, Mr. Severn! what business have you to appear in this unexpected fashion, and frighten one out of one's senses?"

"I beg pardon," returned he, quiet as possible—aggravatingly so. "But after all, it is not my fault. I was here first, so the right of being astounded, belongs to me! Who could have dreamed of seeing Mrs. Vaughan at Morteville?"

"Bless me, you have not bought the place, I imagine?" priding her wits, though annoyingly conscious that she had, by no means, recovered her composure.

"Even if I had, I would give you permission to visit it," said he, laughing a little.

"I think we shall both owe apologies to somebody," she continued. "I wonder who the person may be."

"Apologies! How so?"

"Why, to the artist!" she replied, pointing toward the sketch. "Just look at it, and tell me if it is not fine. I came up out of curiosity, expecting to be punished for my rudeness, by the sight of some horrible amateur attempt, such as I might have indulged in myself, and behold, this is what I find! Had you seen it already?"

"Yes, I had seen it," he replied, and his tone seemed to hold a certain disparagement of the object of her admiration.

"Do you know who did it?" she asked, so eager to find this out, that she could not stop to quarrel with the way he spoke, though she certainly would have done so, had not such been the case. "Where can the artist be hidden? If you know him or her, pray, produce the marvel! I suppose, of course, it must be a *she*, since I find you loitering in the neighborhood, though with the usual injustice of a woman toward her own sex, I own, I cannot believe a feminine hand ever accomplished that breadth and boldness! So I suppose the artist has a wife, and you are here for the sake of her *beaux yeux*.

She knew that she was talking nonsense—"fast" nonsense, too, and she hated it; but no matter what she might say, anything was better than silence, because the meeting with this man had moved her strangely; filled her with a certain rage and self-impatience; also, because it was only the renewal of feelings, which had beset her during the previous winter, when she had known him in Paris, when for a time, he had frequented her house, and met her elsewhere in the busy round of her idle life. Then suddenly, as she had begun to think a good deal about the difference between him, and the other man, whom

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her beauty or money attracted, he disappeared, and there were numerous stories current in regard to him—the favorite rumor, of course, being an improper one—that he had gone off to Prague, in the wake of a dancer, whose heels were as light as her morals. But somehow, Isabel had never given credence to this tale, though she could not tell why, because, as she told herself, somewhat bitterly, it was no more than might be expected of a man.

At all events, he had never made love to her, or her fortune; she could say so much for him. But the truth was, their acquaintance, and his seeking of her society, had roused feelings in her mind, of which she had believed herself incapable. She had grown to like him, she had thought him attracted toward her, and his sudden disappearance had roused her from a pleasant dream; caused her great humiliation likewise. But when she recalled the events of their acquaintance, she was forced to acquit him of flirtation or coquetry. He had been kind and attentive, and she had deceived herself, just as a silly girl might have done—that was all—and a very disagreeable truth it was to acknowledge.

But those things had happened months ago, and Isabel had long since decided that she had outlived her folly, and could laugh at the species of romance, which her fancy—of course, her heart had had nothing, in reality, to do with the matter—had essayed to weave. So it vexed her now, naturally enough, that the unexpected meeting with Henry Severn, should have caused her sufficient agitation to warn her common sense, that the idyl woven by her silly fancy, was not so utterly unravelled, and thrown aside, among the ordinary odds and ends of cast-off life—usually, as entirely forgotten as worn-out garments—as she had believed.

I give these explanations here, because they passed through Isabel's mind, but for her to think them, took so little space, that the conversation went on with scarcely a break.

He had moved in front of the easel, and stood looking, for a few moments, at the sketch.

"So you like it?" he said.

"I have told you forty times that I think it admirable," cried she. "Now will you tell me, if you know who did it? I bought a couple of little gems at the spring exhibition, which I am sure were by the same hand. I want to see the artist, and thank him for the great pleasure he has given me."

"The artist is duly grateful," he replied, with a bow.

"Why, is it yours?" she exclaimed.

"I wish it were better worth owning, since you are kind enough to want to know its author," he said, with a playfulness which would have been more successful, if he could have managed to appear a little less stiff and glum—it is an awkward word to write of one's hero, but he really did look glum, as if, man like, he were taking refuge from some sort of emotion in ill-humor.

Isabel noticed this, and it restored her spirits, because it put her on better terms with herself. Since he was moved by this encounter—and he was—she told herself he was—she could feel less ashamed of the flutter (she would not employ a graver term), which it had caused her.

"Then my two pet pictures were yours also," she continued.

He bowed.

"I am so glad to find out! But, dear me, to think of me knowing you all winter, and your never mentioning that you were an artist! You ought to adopt the profession—it is a shame not to make the fullest possible use of such talent as yours."

He looked at her in surprise.

"I supposed you knew," he began, then changed the sentence to—"Such share of ability, as I may possess, I certainly hope to turn to use, and for the best reason in the world."

She understood that he meant he must live by his profession; she had always supposed him rich; he had lived among men who were, and he lived like them. Perhaps he had lost his money—that would account for his disappearance from Paris; but, of course, she could make no attempt to satisfy her curiosity.

She went on talking of subjects, to which the sketch naturally gave rise; he talked, too, while folding up his easel, and putting his pictures in the sketch-box; then they walked down the hill together.

Softened by her conviction, that he had met with misfortunes, Isabel forgot her odd feeling of irritation toward him, and was as agreeable as possible.

Only the next day, she met an acquaintance, who was able to give her all the information she required. Old Colonel Laurence always knew everything about everybody, but, unlike the generality of such characters, if there was any good word to be spoken for his friends, he never failed to give it utterance.

"Why, Severn is the finest fellow in the world." he said; "he has positive genius, too. He always worked hard, even when he had money, but now that he has been obliged to adopt painting as a profession, he is certain to make a great name, and plenty of ingots, also."

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"But how does it happen?"

Then Laurence told a little story, which certainly was calculated to raise its hero still higher in the estimation of a woman like Isabel Vaughan. An elder brother had entered into one of the mining speculations, so ripe in our day; the whole thing had proved as empty, dishonest a bubble as ever drew men on to ruin. How far George Severn had been a dupe, how far a rascal, it was difficult to discover; more deceived than deceiving probably, since he had trusted his confederates sufficiently to let himself be put so prominently forward, that when the crash came, he was, in appearance, the principal villain.

He must have been a weak man, for he blew his brains out to escape the consequences of his folly or sin. Scores of unfortunates would suffer —women be brought to poverty; children made beggars. Henry Severn was very wealthy, having been the heir of a rich uncle. He made a vow beside his wretched brother's corpse, and kept it—a pledge, which perhaps to many, would have seemed uncalled for, and Quixotic in the extreme, but not to a woman like Isabel Vaughan.

He employed his wealth to atone for his brother's wrong doing, and set right the innocent sufferers. Out of his fortune there remained an income so small, that it could do little more than provide him with a roof over his head, and money to go on with the profession, for which he had already shown such talent, and which he loved and honored.

"I knew," Isabel Vaughan said to herself, when she sat alone, thinking over the story she had heard, "I knew my heart could not have so utterly deceived me, when I believed in that man! I do like him, and I am proud of myself that I can."

There passed several very quiet, pleasant weeks; in looking back over the years, Isabel could remember no season so tranquil; no time, when she had been so free from tormenting dreams, vague hopes and wishes; impatience against the emptiness and uselessness of her life, all the thousand forms of discontent, personal, and toward existence, wherewith rich, idle people —blessed or cursed with imagination, and a general theory that wealth and influence ought to be turned to some good purpose—are wont to find means of planting thorns among their rose leaves.

Colonel Laurence remained at Morteville, and it was, in a great measure, owing to his quiet manœuvres, that the young couple found themselves daily thrown together. Isabel was an exceedingly good draughtswoman, with a sufficient eye for color; the colonel insisted that she should not neglect this season of leisure, and the pretty scenery; besides, he needed exercise—he was growing fat—and so they fell into the habit of accompanying Severn on his artistic expeditions, and very charming days they spent, though I would not swear but what the painter's work went somewhat to the wall, in the course of their pilgrimages—so little, though, that neither he or Isabel were conscious of the fact, and the old colonel (whose eyes were sharper than needles,) held his peace, and looked as inscrutable as an Egyptian sphinx.

Such pleasant days as it is a rest to think upon! Excursions into the depths of great pine forests, where the solemn old trees seemed whispering of secrets that belonged to bygone centuries; sails down the picturesque coast to ancient villages and ruins; pic-nics under the shadow of some mediæval tower; rambles along the sea-shore, while the western sky blazed with yellow light, and cast gorgeous reflections upon the cobalt-tinted waves; hours spent over old poets, and modern novelists; hours of frank, free communion, such as do not come too often to any of us, in this world, which might be so much pleasanter, if we could all be honest and true, put by the shams we hate, the petty laws we gird against, and be natural, and at peace. Quite a number of people drifted to Morteville; waifs from the gay world among them; these were not allowed to disturb the contentment of our trio, still their presence caused a certain bustle and gaiety, which it was pleasant enough to mingle with occasionally, since the idlers were not permitted to interfere with the quiet pleasures of their enchanted land. Ah, well, when I have told the whole, it only means the old, old story, after all! The weeks passed—the autumn was at hand. Isabel Vaughan woke suddenly out of her summer dream, and comprehended its entire significance.

She loved this minister of art, this modern Quixote, with his dreamy eyes, and enchanted tongue—Chrysostom, as the colonel used to call him. Yes, she loved him, though she had not known it while the golden days were floating by, each lulling her deeper into the repose of her heavenly dream. She had not thought at all: had just drifted on, content to let the days take their course, each sunny hour filled with its own content.

She loved him, and she knew it! The knowledge came suddenly—so suddenly, indeed, that she was frightened, though even her vague terror held a keen happiness.

But Henry Severn decided to leave; it was the announcement of his departure, made abruptly,

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that roused Isabel, and set the whole truth before her eyes. She loved him—and he was going away—going as calmly as if these weeks had been nothing more to him than any common summer days.

She heard as one in a daze—was able to talk—to laugh—to appear like her ordinary self—until she found the relief of solitude. She was alone at last—the little world—friends—all shut out—then the warfare commenced.

She grew afraid and ashamed of herself; she had not thought that her great pride could have so utterly failed, and allowed her to reach this bitter climax—the knowledge that she had given her heart to a man who had offered nothing in return.

Yet, this did not seem true—roused to justify her weakness in her own eyes—as she looked back over the past weeks, it did not seem true. But if he loved her, how could he go, and not speak? How could he leave her, at least without an effort to make his cause good, if so be that her conduct had left him uncertain!—at least, it was much to be able to think that; however deeply she was humiliated in her own eyes, he had not read the truth!

It was quite late in the evening; she had been alone for hours; the silence of the house oppressed her; she wanted the relief of the free air and movement.

She wrapped a light shawl about her, and went out upon the sands. She met no one; the gay people were dancing, up in the hotel; more sober people were in bed and asleep. She wandered on, down the sands, to get beyond the reach of the music, which irritated her. She was still in the grounds belonging to the hotel; she found herself near a summer-house, perched on a jutting rock, and she entered it, and sat down—weary of the yellow moonlight, which lay broad and full upon the beach, and lighted the slow-singing waves with long reaches of golden radiance.

She was roused, suddenly, by the sound of voices, just below her retreat—those of Severn and Colonel Laurence. Before she could move, she heard words, which rendered it impossible for her to make her presence known to them. She could not stir, because the echo of her footsteps, on the pebbles, would have betrayed her; besides that, I think she would have been more than human, if she could, in her present state of mind, have voluntarily gone out of the hearing of that conversation, after those first words which struck her ear.

The words were spoken by Colonel Laurence, and they were these:

"The truth is, you are in love with Isabel Vaughan. That is the reason you are going, so you need not hunt for excuses."

"I do not mean to," returned Severn; "I am not ashamed! I honor myself therefor—I do love her!"

"And yet you are going away?"

"Yes, I am."

"Of all aggravating animals," cried the colonel, "Severn, you're a fool—I repeat it—a fool."

"Maybe I am!"

"First, you give away your money without rhyme or reason, not but what it was a splendid thing to do—"

"Never mind that; I only did what right demanded."

"So be it! But right does not demand that you should break your heart! You love this woman—and a rare creature she is! At least, I would be too courageous to go, till I had tried my fate."

"And rank among the men who crowd about her? Look at those fellows—a dozen, at least—who have come here for no reason, except to try and win her money."

"But she might have eyes to see the difference between you and them—"

"Not when I put myself on their level. We have been good friends. She has enjoyed these weeks, just because she believed she could trust to my friendship. Life, naturally enough, has made her suspicions—"

"She must perceive that you love her?"

"I think not; I have carefully guarded every word and look. It is only an old lynx like you, who would have discovered my secret."

"Well, I say I would not go till I had told my story."

"And I say, I will not risk losing the place I hold in her esteem. She likes me now, but if I were to go to her, with the old tale she has heard, till she is weary of it, she would say to herself: he is like all the rest—he wants my money."

"I believe the woman likes you—"

"Only as a friend; I have no reason to think more."

"Now, see here, Severn; the truth is, your confounded pride stands in the way! You won't ask her to marry you, because she has a fortune."

"I admit, that even loving her as I do, it would be difficult for me to see our positions reversed—always supposing that she cared for me—"

"You're a goose!"

"Maybe so, but I cannot change my feelings. I cannot bear the idea of being a pensioner on any woman's bounty—of having her, if troubles

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come after, to think it was the money I had wanted."

"Suppose you had married her, and somebody had left her the money afterward! I conclude that, mad as you are, you would not have sued for a divorce on these grounds—you would have been obliged to be rich in spite of yourself."

"That would have been a very different case."

"Not a bit, as I look at the matter, since you love her, and I am pretty sure that she is not indifferent toward you."

"I cannot suppose such a thing," said Severn. "I would not," and his voice trembled a little. "I can only say one thing: I will not put myself in a position, so that any woman can imagine I was trying to get her fortune. If I preserve nothing else, I will keep my independence, even though I break my own heart to do it."

"Don Quixote! I don't believe you love her—I don't believe you could love any woman—you are ice—stone!"

"God knows it might make matters easier for me if I were," Severn answered. "See here, old friend, I speak to you as I could not to any other human being—I trust you even not to betray my secret by so much as a hint, even to Isa— to the lady herself"

"No, I cannot, though I own I should like to: you made me give my promise in an unguarded moment, and I shall keep it—but I never hated more to mind my own business!"

"I assure you no good, and much harm might, result from any interference."

"Well, well, I say I don't mean to interfere! As for your loving—I don't believe in the possibility—you are a block of stone."

"Heaven knows I wish I were! No, I love her, and you believe me, though you pretend to doubt. I think I loved her from the first moment I set eyes on her! Ah, me, I had some happy weeks—yes, I had! I should have told my story—I should have done the best I could for myself, though I am, by no means certain, I should have succeeded—"

"Never mind being modest!"

"No, there is not much use," he said, with an odd, choked laugh, which held slight merriment. "Then came that dreadful news, and I hurried away to England."

"And a pretty work you did there," grumbled his mentor.

"I could have done no less—you are the last man in the world to have bidden me do otherwise! At least, I righted my poor brother's name—more than that, I saved from suffering, the innocent and helpless. As for my own life—my future—ah, well, I am young, strong—I can work, and a little pain, more or less, is not of much consequence."

He walked rapidly away, down the sands, and Colonel Laurence followed in silence.

Isabel Vaughan still sat in the summer-house, and gazed out at the glorious sky—the yellow moonlight—the flame-tinted waves—and fell, as if she had been suddenly lifted far above the common earth, into a world so beautiful, that her wildest dreams had never pictured its equal.

The next day, Severn came to make her his farewell visit. Colonel Laurence was there when he entered. A couple of other guests were in the room also, but they took their leave almost immediately, though the colonel lingered for some time.

All the society portion of Morteville—that little wandering segment of the world of fashion—knew that Prince Della Nera, one of the handsomest men of the day, and renowned for romantic adventures, dear to the feminine heart, had come thither, a short time before, and laid his heart (such as could be supposed left of it), and his dozen titles, at the feet of Isabel Vaughan—for her own sake, or the sake of her millions—or perhaps, motives in which both had a part.

At all events, he offered himself and his advantages, and was refused—absolutely refused. All the world knew that, too, for his astonishment at the catastrophe had been so excessive, that he could not keep his own secret. He related the story, and repeated the pithy little lecture she had read him, and in spite of his disappointment and mortification, he went away, very sincerely her friend, and a good deal in love—according to his idea of the sentiment—whatever his feelings might have been in the beginning.

With an apparent want of tact, such as he would have condemned as a positive crime in another, Colonel Laurence, in Severn's very presence, rallied Mrs. Vaughan upon the occurrence; described the prince's manner of relating the affair; asked what in the name of goodness she expected life to offer her; and made himself very disagreeable, at least, according to Severn's idea, though Isabel bore his raillery with perfect good humor, and listened to his animadversions upon her conduct with exemplary patience.

Finally, the colonel rose somewhat abruptly, and took his departure, leaving the young pair together.

There was a brief silence between them. Severn could not bear to tear himself away, yet it was very difficult to find a subject of conversation, upon which he could talk with fitting composure.

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Isabel roused herself out of a little revery, into which she appeared to have been thrown, by the old bachelor's parting words.

"I wonder," she said, suddenly; "I do wonder what those people, the colonel calls my adorers, would say, if they knew that I lose this much talked of and very tiresome fortune, if I were to marry."

Severn turned white—turned red—then white again, and stared at her with wide-open eyes, scarcely able to believe that he had heard her words aright.

"I imagine I should be left in profound peace, if that fact were published. Sometimes, I have three minds to let it be known," continued Isabel, changing color as rapidly as her listener, though she pretended to be playing with her fan, and to be perfectly at her ease.

The next instant, Severn was standing before her. He had caught her hands in his, and was saying, rapidly:

"I meant to go away without telling my secret. I cannot now! I love you! I would not open my lips, when it was possible that my motives could be misconceived—but I can let my heart speak now—I love you! I love you!"

She sank back in her chair, and turned away her head, trying to draw her hands out of his.

"Oh, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I have no right to speak—I am bold, presumptuous—but I love you so entirely, that sometimes I have been mad enough to think it was not possible my heart could have gone out so wholly toward you, without meeting some return."

She did not look at him, but she left her hands in his; she was listening—he could see that, and it gave him renewed courage.

"See," he went on, "I am not so mad as to expect you to relinquish wealth and luxury just for my love—but if you could give me a hope to brighten my life! I will work as no man ever did—I will win position and wealth—oh, Isabel, only tell me that I am not indifferent to you."

She looked at him now; she was very pale, but a beautiful smile wreathed her lips, and softened her eyes.

"I shall not tell you that you are indifferent to me," she said, in a low voice.

"Then I can have courage! If I can only know that when I come back—"

"I do not wish you to go," she interrupted, half laughing, half crying. "You have some money—I should have some—I am not afraid—I—oh, do you mean to make me offer myself to you, after all?"

They were married only six weeks later. It had been decided between them that they were to live in Rome, but they travelled for awhile, after the wedding, and it was winter before they reached the grand old city, which was to be their home.

"I have an apartment there," Isabel had said; "it is ready to live in, so we may as well keep it," and Severn consented, without giving the matter much thought.

So their journeyings ended; they reached Rome. The "apartment" proved to be a stately old palace, gorgeously furnished, with a wonderful studio therein.

"But how comes it that you have this left?" Severn asked. "And—forgive me—it is too fine for us."

"I don't see why," she answered, calmly.

"My dearest life, a palace! Think of the household it involves! You know I am poor, and your fortune is gone—"

"My fortune gone!" she interrupted. "I never told you so."

"But you said—"

"That I wondered what my lovers would say, if they found it must go, in case I married! Oh, Henry! can't you forgive my being rich?"

I think on the whole he did; but any way, since then, he has become one of the most famous painters of our day, and has made so large a fortune of his own, that he need not disquiet himself in regard to hers.

AFTER THE SUMMER.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

The autumn reddens o'er the earth,
The wind comes sighing from the sea;
The birds have hushed their songs of mirth,
The flow'rs lie withered on the lea.
And in the stillness of the dell
A brook chimes like an elfin-knell.

I hear the eerie sound of waves
That break against a rocky shore;
They moan for hopes in buried graves,
That leave me lonely evermore.
O summer fair! O summer sweet!
Life's promise blossomed 'neath your feet;

Bloomed into beauty like a flow'r,
Beneath the kiss of sun and dew,
Then drooped and faded hour by hour,
And died, O summer-time! with you;
And dying left me naught but pain,
And weeping in the autumn rain!

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THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XV.

AND on the hill side, Phil and her lover sat together, talking, dreaming blissful nonsense, and making the most of the sunshine, and summer breeze, and fragrant air. It was Wilfred, who talked the most, however. Philippa's part was to listen, and try to realize that all this was not a dream.

"Suppose I was to wake up, in the sitting-room, in London," she said, at one time. "Suppose I was to wake up to the dingy diners; the hair cloth chairs, and the striped carpet, and the fragrance of Mrs. Trimbleton's dinner in the air."

"You shall never awaken to that again," said Wil.

But Phil laughed, nervously.

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't feel sure—I am almost afraid that I shall."

Not many minutes after, Wilfred glanced upward, and saw that her eyes were wet; and then she laughed the same little nervous laugh again.

"Are you very fond of me," she asked him—"very—*very* fond of me? Is—is—there anything you could not forgive me, if I confessed it to you, and told you that I was sorry with all my heart?"

"Forgive you?" said Wil, rapturously. "There is nothing you could have done, for which you need even *ask* forgiveness!"

"Don't be too sure," she said, turning her face away, and speaking with some tremor in her voice. "Don't trust me too much, I am not worthy of it."

But he did not believe her, of course. He thought her disquiet only arose from the sweet humbleness of an affectionate nature. He looked up at her with adoring eyes, and wondered if the gods had ever so favored a man before.

He could hardly make up his mind to leave the place at all; he would have been glad to have stayed there forever. And Phil shared his reluctance, though, perhaps, from a different reason.

"I wish we need not go," she said, when they rose. "I wish we might stay always. Trouble cannot reach us here. One feels as if one had nothing to do with the world and living."

Wil stood quite near her, with his hand upon her shoulder.

"Yes," he answered, "but, after all, it is a pleasant enough world, Phil, and life is bright enough—or it seems so to me, this morning."

"I am glad of that," she said, softly.

And then he kissed her cheek, and they went down the hill together, hand in hand, like two children.

It was not as bright in the house as it was out of doors. A little chill fell upon them both, as they entered the hall—Wilfred shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the atmosphere of a cathedral," he said. "Let us find Cousin Dorothy and the sun."

But, though they found Cousin Dorothy, she was not alone. Isobel Duval was with her, and Philippa was struck with sudden misgiving, so soon as she saw them. It was not like Mrs. Dorothy to look pale and disquieted, and upon this occasion she was both. There was pain in her face, and anxiety; and even her voice seemed to have altered its tone, when she spoke. Phil felt her heart sink.

"Ah!" she said to herself, "it is as I knew it would be. We have come back to the world, and it is as hard as ever. Are we going to waken up indeed?"

Wilfred was a little out of patience with the constraint he noticed. It jarred upon his mood. All his gaiety did not bring the color back to Mrs. Dorothy's cheek. Luncheon was a dull affair. The cloud had gradually overshadowed Phil also, and she looked unlike herself, and ill at ease. As soon as luncheon was over, she disappeared. Left to himself, Wil sauntered into an adjoining parlor, and took refuge in his violin. It was his panacea for all ills. If he had lost his friends, his fortune, his hopes, he would have found some degree of comfort in this frail shell of an instrument; temporarily thrown upon his own resources, he consoled himself with it. Phil heard him in her room, up stairs, and smiled somewhat sadly.

"He wants me to come down," she said, "but I cannot go just yet. I don't want to try him

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with my humors any more, and I am not in a comfortable frame of mind, at present."

Some one else heard him also. This was Isobel Duval, and, having listened for a short time, she left her seat, and spoke to Mrs. Dorothy.

"I am going to him now," she said. "He is alone."

"Yes," Mrs. Dorothy answered, "he is alone. Philippa has gone to her room. If she was with him, we should hear them talking."

Wil stopped in the midst of a minor chord, when he heard Isobel's footsteps. He hoped that it was Phil, and recognized Mrs. Duval with some surprise, and perhaps, also, with some impatience. She had never impressed him very favorably. He had thought her too cold to be exactly womanly, and had found even her beauty a chilling and unresponsive affair.

"I heard you playing," she said, "and followed the sound of your violin."

"You are fond of music?" he said, placing a chair for her. "Pray sit down."

But she refused the chair, with a gesture, and then he began to see that she also was pale, and that there was, in her fair face, a strange resoluteness—as if she had made, and was carrying out, a painful and desperate resolve.

"I am fond of music," she said, "but it is not because I am fond of it that I came here. I have something—painful—to say to you."

Wil dropped his violin from his shoulder in amazement.

"I am very sorry," he said, hesitantly, and in manifest embarrassment. "I really trust most sincerely—" and there stopped.

"What I have to say," she began again, "is as painful to me as it can be to you. It is a miserable, humiliating business, from beginning to end," with a scornful quiver of her lip. "I have come to you, Mr. Carnegie, to tell you—to speak to you of Philippa Fairfax. Judge for yourself, if my task is a pleasant one."

"It is not a pleasant one," he answered, rather hotly, "if what you have to say is derogatory to Miss Fairfax. Miss Fairfax is my betrothed wife, and her honor is dearer to me than my own."

"Wait a moment," said Isobel. "Forgive me, for saying that I think I have the right to demand of you, as a gentleman, that you should hear me through. In accusing Miss Fairfax, Mr. Carnegie, I am forced to tell a story of my own. Think, for one moment, of the many things you must have noticed, since my arrival at Brackenclough, and then judge again, for yourself, whether my story can be a pleasant one, and whether I must not have a powerful motive for speaking of it, when I might remain silent."

Wil bowed. He understood what she meant, and delicacy held him silent. But he was burning with impatience, and bewilderment, and anger.

"If I was not an unhappy woman, Mr. Carnegie," said Isobel Duval, "I should not be so bitterly in earnest. If I had not suffered wrong, and falseness, and humiliation myself, I should not be so resolute in my determination to rescue you from it. My own wretchedness is my impetus; and when I have finished, I think you will not ask me to apologize. You will not refuse to listen to me?"

"No," said Wil; "I cannot do that. A man of honor cannot refuse to hear a woman, who has made a speech she needs to defend. Excuse me for saying this. Perhaps I am a rather hot-headed fellow. If I do you an injustice, I ask forgiveness. It is not easy to be just, where the woman one loves is concerned. And, perhaps, I ought to tell you—and ask your forgiveness again—that I am listening to your defence, and not to an accusation of Philippa."

"I understand that," said Isobel Duval, proudly. "I understood that it would be so, before I came, and I am prepared to abide by the consequences of my course. Otherwise, I should not be here."

Wilfred bowed again.

"I will be as brief as possible," she went on. "In sparing you many words, I spare myself also. The man I married does not appear in an amiable light, in the story I have to tell you. If he had never existed, it is possible, that Philippa Fairfax would be a better and more honest woman than she is. You know that he was her love; you know why she is not his wife to-day. There was only one obstacle in her path. He was fond of her, I think. If she had been Isobel Farquhar, and I, Philippa Fairfax, she would have been a happier woman than I have been; at least, she would have been spared the humiliation of knowing that she had never possessed his heart for an hour. He loved her, and she loved him—and he married *me*. You know that much, Mr. Carnegie, and it has not made you doubt her."

"Madame," said Wilfred, tempestuously; "must I doubt her, because she was a child, and innocent, and Mr. Ernest Duval was a scoundrel?"

Isobel smiled sadly.

"She did not love him, as she loves you," she said. "Her love for him was only a fleeting fancy. It is easier for you to believe that, than for me to believe it, Mr. Carnegie. I am the woman who married her lover, you remember, and I married him, because I loved him as she

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did. But it was not of that, I came to speak. That is an old story to you. That would be easily forgiven. The rest cannot be. I am going to explain to you, why I have not regarded Miss Fairfax with favor from the first. Not long before I came here, my husband told me that I might expect to meet her here."

"Duval told you?" Wilfred exclaimed.

She looked at his bewildered face, with deep pain in her eyes. She even laid her hand upon the piano, to steady herself, as she spoke.

"If I could spare you, I would," she said, "but I cannot. I must tell you the shameful truth as it stands, and leave the rest to you. My husband told me that I should find her here, and told me that her father had sent her."

"Why should he send her?" Wil demanded, with a desperate effort at calmness. "There is no reason—" And then he broke down. "It is a lie," he cried, savagely. "It is a lie of Duval's."

She answered him, with the little air of chill contempt, with which she always referred to her husband.

"No, it is not a lie," she said. "It is not a lie this time—because he had no purpose to serve. If he had had a purpose to serve, by speaking falsely, he would have spoken falsely. He is more honest than you fancy—he never lies, unless he has an end to reach. The reason for which Philip Fairfax sent his daughter here, was one good enough in his eyes He is a man of the world, and a diplomatist. He is a poor man, and a gentleman of leisure. Do you know what that means? He is a man who needs money, and who has wit enough to scheme for it. He sent the girl here because you were Mrs. Oswald's guest also. He sent her to please *you*—to fascinate *you*—if such a thing was possible, to marry *you*. And she has done her work well."

It seemed to Wilfred that every word and glance of Phil's came back to him, at that moment; every caprice; every petulance; every evidence of coldness, or reluctance to be won. A hundred things he had forgotten rose to taunt and shake him. He felt that the blood died out of his face, but he braced himself, with something like stubborn fierceness.

"I do not believe it," he said. "It is a lie of Duval's. I love her, and I will not believe a word."

"There was a letter," said Isobel, steadily persistent. "A letter Philip Fairfax had written himself. He was in pecuniary difficulties, and wanted money, and when he wrote to ask for it, he spoke of the prospects that lay before him, in the event of his daughter's success. He said that his chances were those of a beautiful, attractive, young creature, with wit enough to understand her position, and spirit enough to hold to her purpose."

"To *her* purpose," cried Wil. "It was no purpose of hers—even if the rest is true. And I will not— How can I believe that it is, unless she should tell me so, with her own lips."

"She will hardly do that," said Isobel. "But I have the right to ask you to do the poor justice of speaking openly to her. It will be justice to her also. If there is a shadow of a chance that I have done wrong, no words of mine would ever express my contrition. It is not *me* you doubt, is it, Mr. Carnegie?"

"No, no," said Wil; "a thousand times, no. It is not you I doubt, at least. But it is Phil I believe—against all the world—against all proof, but the proof of her own words."

Large tears stood in Isobel Duval's eyes, and fell upon her cheeks. Her own lost faith and love seemed to confront her, once again.

"If I had not wrecked my own life," she said; "if I had not staked all and lost—if I had not learned from such a bitter experience, what a mercenary marriage is—the hopeless pangs and suffering it brings upon the man or woman, who has been deceived into it—I should not have had the courage to speak. I am a young woman, Mr. Carnegie, and my life is over. I do not hope; I do not believe; I do not love. Sometimes, I am afraid to think—I grow so hard and scornful of trust. There have been hours when I have scarcely believed in my God—because He has let me suffer so—because He seems to have marked me with such promise, and crushed me with such dull, bitter despair. I think I came to Brackencleugh, more because I wished to make one effort to save you, than for any other reason. I did not know you, but I knew that you were in danger, and I felt that I must stretch out my hand. If we had more than one life, we might afford to throw one away—but there is only one for us on earth; and try, as we may, to think otherwise, it seems a long one, while we are living. One might afford an unhappy episode, but not an unhappy life—not hopelessness, and unbelief, and broken faith, until the unknown end."

Was this the face of a woman, who entered to deceive him? Wil regarded her in passionate misery. She was cold and immovable no longer. Her voice trembled. She held out one hand in an appeal, almost wild. Her tears fell hot and fast.

"I tell you that I wish to God that it was a lie," she cried. "I tell you that if it was, and

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you should prove to me that it was, I should be glad, even for the pain of knowing that I have erred so terribly. Better that I should have unconsciously sinned, than that she should bear this stain upon her womanhood, and you the misery of knowing it."

Then it was—just at this moment—as they faced one another, that each of them heard light feet upon the stairs, the rustle of a dress, the low sound of a girl's voice humming a bar of a song. Wil turned white as death. It was Phil, and Phil had overcome her ghost of depression, and was happy again, and was coming towards them, singing.

"Listen," he said. "She is here now, and she will come into this room. I love her with all my soul—I will believe her against Heaven itself. If she says to me that this is a lie, nothing will move me. If she says to me that it is true, my life is ended."

"Must I remain here?" asked Isobel. "It shall rest with you. What I have said, I abide by. I will stay, or go. Speak quickly. Must I stay?"

"No," he cried, wild with pain. "If it is true, no one shall see her shame, but the man who loves and can only pity her."

Without a word, Isobel turned away, and left him.

CHAPTER XVI.

To the last day of her life, Phil will not forget the face her lover confronted her with, when she crossed the threshold. The shadow of a smile upon its pallor, cut her to the heart. She gave a little cry, and stood still.

"Phil, my dear," he said. "Come here."

Her little cry broke into words.

"What is it?" she said. "What have I done? What have they been saying to you?"

He came to her, and took both her hands, and led her to a seat, making her sit down.

"Darling," he said. "My dear, pretty Phil, I do not believe a word of it. I know it is a lie. It is only, that, for your own sake, I wish you to tell me that it is one, with your own lips. It is that scoundrel again, Phil, though he did not think that his lies would come back to me, and that I would thrust them down his false, cowardly throat, as I will. But they have come back to me—and a woman, who is good and true, believes them, and thought that you were playing me false, my darling, and that it was her duty to warn me against you. Don't tremble so, sweet love—I tell you I do not believe them, and never will. How could I? They say that you do not love me, Phil—that you came here with a purpose—that if I had not been a rich man, you would never have promised to be my wife. They try to persuade me that you are as treacherous and mercenary, as I know you to be unselfish and true. Tell me that is a lie, Phil—only say so, and let me face them with your words."

He stood before her chair, with both hands upon her shoulders, so that her face was turned upward to him. She was shaking from head to foot: her eyes were wide and piteous. She could not utter a word. It had all come back to her—all—all—. She had thought it a thing of the past; it had seemed so far away, that it had lost all its reality; and now here it was again, in a shape so terrible, that it crushed her to the earth. She could not deny the accusation, and yet it was false. The one grain of truth overwhelmed her. Because, in one hour of weakness, she had been tempted, she must suffer, as if she had sinned to the uttermost.

"Philippa," Wilfred said. "Speak to me."

She tried to free herself from his grasp, and get up. No words of hers could ever clear her in his eyes, if she confessed the truth, and she would not tell him a lie—she could not.

"Who said this to you?" she asked. "Who was it?"

"What is that to us?" he answered. "It is not true!"

She burst into wild tears, holding out her trembling hands

"Oh! Wil," she said, "forgive me—forgive me."

For the first time, he faltered. He drew back in amazement, to look at her.

"Forgive you?" he repeated. "What is there to forgive? Phil—"

"Oh!" she cried, despairingly. "I cannot bear it. Don't love me so, Wil—I don't deserve it. It—it is true, and it is not true. Oh! help me to tell you—help me."

He fell back another step, looking at her still, but with a kind of horror in his face.

"One moment," he said. "What is true? *Is* it true, or are you talking wildly? Is it true that you came here, with such a purpose in your mind—you, Philippa? Is it true that your father sent you, as a speculation, and that, knowing that, you came willingly? Is that true? It it is—if it is—let the rest go."

She was blind with her tears. A sense of terrible helplessness and desolation had come upon her. If he would only look at her, as he had looked at her on the hill side—if he would only speak tenderly—if he would only take her in his arms, and bear with her, while she tried to tell him all her pitiful weakness. But he

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made no other movement towards her. He waited in unspeakable dread and terror.

"You will kill me," she said, "if you look at me so. You will kill me."

"Is it true?" he asked her. "Is it true, Philippa?"

"Yes," she burst forth, hopelessly. "It is true, and yet it is false. It is a lie, and yet—you do not believe me—you will not listen!"

She could almost have shrieked aloud, in her excitement and pain. For a moment, it seemed as if he could not speak—a curious change fell upon him—in an instant, he was an altered man.

"No," he said. "I do not believe you. If that is true, I believe nothing."

He dropped into a chair by the piano, and his face fell upon his arm. She felt that he had turned away from her, and that she had lost him forever and ever.

"You are as cruel as death," she said. "And I have no help. We were so happy, only a few hours ago—and now—" She actually stamped her foot, and wrung her hands. "It is you who have done *me* a wrong," she said. "It is I who should blame you."

"Is it?" he said, and laughed a miserable, sardonic laugh.

It was harder to bear than all the rest. It was humiliation to try to speak farther; but she felt that she could bear anything, rather than leave him in such a mind.

"Will you listen to me?" she said. "Will you let me defend myself?"

Because he had loved her so truly, and with such whole-souled fervor; because she had seemed so sweet an ideal to him; because his dreams of her had been so fair and tender, he was not as lenient with her as he would have been with another woman.

"No," he answered her, rising as if to leave her where she stood. "There is nothing more to say—since you have said so much. You have no defence to make—none. You have been acting lies so long, that," with something almost like a sob, "that I could not believe you. Every smile you have given me, every sweet look I have seen on your face, has been the means to an end. I wish you had not smiled so often, Phil—and looked so sweet. The very things for which I loved you, have been the worst. Your girlishness and candor were the most treacherous of them all. You played your part well. There were tears in your eyes, last night and this morning. Can you cry at will—and blush, and look innocent to order? Did you try all those pretty acts on Duval in his day? Perhaps, he is not such a bad fellow, after all; perhaps, you fooled him, too; perhaps, what you say of him, is false as the rest. Why not? If you lie to one man, you will lie to another—and of him—or for him, if need be. My God! do you think it possible that I could trust you again?"

She shook with excitement still, but her tears had dried themselves. Her eyes were fixed upon him; she held fast to the back of a chair with one hand.

"Go on," she said, breathlessly. "Don't stop, because you pity me—if you *do* pity me. Say all that you have to say. It will make the end easier for me. When you have finished, we can bid each other good-bye."

"Yes," he said. "And last night—last night—"

"Last night was last night," she answered. "To-day is to-day."

"I have nothing more to say," he said. "I have finished now."

He could scarcely trust himself to speak. He felt strangely weak. He would have left her; but she stopped him.

"It is good-bye forever," she said. "We shall never see each other again—and—"

He turned back, and caught her hands, almost cracking them, in the fierceness of his grasp.

"I say good-bye to the innocent girl I loved," he said, "to the Philippa Fairfax, who never existed—to the life we were to have spent together. I say it to what I have lost—to what I thought I had won. Good-bye to it all—good-bye, indeed."

And then he flung her hands from him, and went out, and shut the door behind him, and she was alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

She put her hand to her side, and held it there. A sharp, physical pain had seized upon her, but she scarcely recognized that it was physical.

"Now," she said, in a hard, dry voice, "now I must go back to London."

This was the first thought, which occurred to her. She was so far stunned, that she could only think, in a blind, dull way. It was all over, here at least. She must go away. It was disgrace and exposure, which had come upon her. She had been exposed, as she had heard of common adventuresses being! They thought she was like such women—they believed that she had lied and tricked them, and that she would lie and trick them again, if she was allowed to stay. Even Wilfred, even Wilfred, who loved—no, who *had* loved her!

She began to sob, like a child who has been hurt—sharp, quivering sobs.

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"I must go back to London," she said. I must go, to-day. I must go up stairs, and begin to get ready now."

With this purpose in her mind, she left the room. She had not many things to pack up, but she began to put them into her trunk at once. Her hands trembled, as she did it, and she felt driven and hurried. It really seemed to her that she was in a hurry, and must go away as soon as possible. She wondered how long it would be before Mrs. Dorothy would come—if she would come at all—what she would say when she did come—how she would look—whether she would be angry, or cold, or disdainful.

When she had laid away the last of her possessions, she sat down and waited. It was upon the top of her trunk she sat, and she was sitting there, numb and helpless, when she heard Mrs. Dorothy's knock upon the door.

"Come in," she said, and Mrs. Dorothy entered.

Mrs. Dorothy gave a hurried glance around the room. She saw that every stray article had disappeared. And there was the box, and Phil, pale, and trembling, and looking more than ordinarily girlish, as she sat upon it. Wounded and heart-sore as she was, the good gentlewoman was touched by the sight.

"Philippa," she faltered, "what have you been doing?"

"I have been getting ready to go away," was Phil's answer.

They looked at each other, for a moment, and then Phil answered the question in the sad eyes.

"I must go," she said, with one of the childish sobs. "I must go, you know. There—there is no one here who can want me now. It is all true—what Wilfred has told you—though I am not so bad as you think."

Mrs. Dorothy's eyes were moist also. Her kindly voice shook with emotion.

"Philippa," she said, "I cannot believe that you could wrong us so."

"I have not wronged you," said Phil. "I tell you I have been truer than you think."

"And yet you came here, with a purpose—and you bore it in mind, even when my poor boy loved you so."

"No—no!" Phil cried. "Oh, you must believe me—you must."

She crossed the room, and stood before Mrs. Dorothy. She held out her hands—sobbing passionately.

"You must believe me," she said. "I shall die, if you do not. I could not tell him, because he would not listen, and I could not speak to him as I can to you. He said I had told lies from the first, but I did not. If I was weak and false, when I came, you made me ashamed of my falsehood, and taught me to wish to be true. And it was not a lie, to say that I loved you—it was the truth—for I did love you, and I do, and I shall love you always. And Wilfred—it was only last night, that we were so near to each other, and so happy. And he believes even that was a lie, and a pretence, but—but it was not. If all else was false, that was true—the truest truth of all."

Before she had finished, she was down on her knees, holding fast to Mrs. Dorothy's dress, and hiding her face in it. The pity and relenting in the kind eyes, had told her that she would not be repulsed.

"But you see that I must go away," she went on. "You see that nothing I could say, would ever bring his faith back. He could never trust me again, never—never."

"Phil, my dear," said Mrs. Dorothy, "how has it been possible? Nay, I cannot believe yet that such a thing was possible for you."

"Don't ask me any questions," said Phil. "I cannot answer them—that is the worst of all. Only believe that I am not so base, and treacherous, as you thought at first. I am going away forever, and we shall never see each other again. Try and think as well of me as you can."

This was all she would say. Deep as her wrong was, she shrank from telling the whole truth. During the whole of her interview with her old friend, she studiously avoided all mention of her father's name. But Mrs. Dorothy was not dull or blind. Even when Wilfred had been pouring out his miserable, incoherent story, she had begun to conjecture, in the midst of her grief. Hers was the cooler head of the two, she was not so wholly swayed by passion, that she had no room for thought. And her first, clear thought, had been a mental query, as to whether, notwithstanding appearances, such a plot as this could have been the plot of a girl of nineteen—and such a girl as Philippa? Bright, and daring as she was, the child could scarcely have played a part so well. She would have been apt to overplay it, at the best. She would have been more coquettish, less fitful; there would have been more womanly airs and graces, less fanciful girlishness, and fewer idle whims. But she had let Wilfred end his ravings. She knew that he was not in the mood to listen, even had she been in the mood to speak. And just yet she was not. But there had been an older brain than Phil's at work—an older and more worldly one. Of that she had felt convinced. Still she felt that Phil had adopted the only course left to her.

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"You see, I must go away," she said, feverishly and helplessly, over and over again.

And Mrs. Dorothy's answer was: "Yes. I think you must."

CHAPTER XVIII.

And before the day closed, she was gone. There were no farewells to be said. Mr. Farquhar and Duval were absent, and Wil was locked up his room—lying upon a sofa, looking out of the window, with burning eyes. The hill, they had climbed together, rose up against the blue sky, to mock him. From where he lay, he could see the very spot, upon which they had stood, when he kissed her, and told her that the world seemed bright to him. More than once he closed his eyes, to shut out the sight, but they always opened again with greater misery. He heard the carriage roll round; and stop before the hall door: he heard the servants bringing the one small trunk down stairs; he heard Philippa follow it alone; and then there was a murmur of voices—one of them Mrs. Dorothy's; and then the carriage door closed, with a snap, and the wheels moved on—down the avenue, until their sound was lost.

He turned over upon his cushion, and lay face downwards.

"She has gone," he said. "This is the end of the last chapter. Phil, you have ruined my life for me."

Philippa was rolling rapidly over the road, in the well-cushioned carriage. She leaned against the window, and looked out. Her eyes were hot and dry, she had no tears to shed. She looked back at the house, and the hills, and loch, as long as she could see them. She was never to see them again, and she wanted to remember, to the last days of her life, just how they looked, in this miserable hour. Brackencleugh had never been lovelier. The sunlight lay mellow upon the gray, ivy-colored walls; the trees, in the long avenue, were golden with it; the hills stood out, purple and clear. Philippa waved her hand to the place, as if to a living thing.

"Good-bye," she said. "Good-bye—good-bye. If you can understand, and remember: and you look as if you could—please don't quite forget me."

And then she was at the sleepy, little station, and, in a very few moments more, seated in a carriage, with a couple of newspaper-reading merchants, and a languid tourist, who stared at her, and then composed himself, and shut his eyes, resignedly. Whenever, during the remainder of his journey, he opened them, he stared at her again. The fact was, he wondered what could have happened to her, to give her that odd, strained expression, and her checks that hectic blaze of color. It was an unusual thing to see a pretty girl, who did not read, who did not eat bon-bons, who neither lunched, nor dined, nor supped, who only sat still, looking out at the flying landscape, without seeming to see it, her little hands clasped helplessly upon her lap.

But though she did nothing, and saw nothing, Phil did not find the journey a long one She had too many thoughts to occupy her She could not have freed herself from them, if she had tried, and she did not try. She went over the same weary round again, and again, always ending at the same point, always beginning at the same place. She did not feel tired, she would not have cared how long her journey had been. She was not going to reach happiness at the end of it. What did it matter?

At last, however, came London, and the roar of the streets, and the rattle of vehicles, and the stir and bustle that, for a few moments, stunned her. After the quiet of the last few months, the roar seemed louder than ever.

Being accustomed to the sound, Mr. Philip Fairfax was not disturbed by it—scarcely heard it, in fact. He lay upon the sofa, in his second floor parlor, this evening, feeling rather out of spirits. His thoughts also were unpleasant ones. He was thinking of Philippa, and was somewhat dissatisfied. Since the letter, in which she had expressed herself, with so much fire and bitterness, he had marked a great change in her tone. She was not a child any longer, she was not effusive, she had marked out a course for herself, and was following it. As to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, she avoided all mention of his name. On that point, she was plainly more obstinate than he had ever found her. It almost seemed possible, that she would fling fortune away, from mere girlish pride and scruple. He was telling himself this, when the cab drove up to the door. There was a ring, which Mrs. Trimbleton answered; there was that excellent woman's exclamation of bewilderment; there was the sound of the clear, young voice replying: "Yes, Mrs. Trimbleton—and I hope you are well:" and then the sound of the cabman, bringing in the box. Philip Fairfax left his sofa, and made a step towards the door, when he heard feet upon the stairs.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, in sharp impatience; "it is not—" And then the door opened, and Phil stood before him.

"Philippa!" he cried.

She looked up at him, in a curious, steady

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way, with bright eyes, whose expression was strangely changed from their old tender softness.

"Yes, papa," she said; "it is Philippa. Won't you shake hands with me?"

He saw that something was terribly wrong with her—that she had changed even more than he had fancied. She did not call him by the old, foolish, affectionate name; she did not lift up her face to be kissed; she held out her gloved hand, steadily.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" she repeated.

He made a struggle to recover himself, and managed it very well.

"My dear Phil," he said. "How you have annoyed me." And then he bent, and kissed her. "What has happened?" he asked. "Surely something has happened, or I should have known something of your intention of returning."

Freed from his light embrace, she began to draw off her gloves, and remove her wrappings. She folded the gloves neatly, and laid them on the table, with a precision, which, he could not help seeing, was the result of some repressed feeling.

"A great many things have happened," she said. "I have been found out, and sent away," raising her dark eyes to his; "or, perhaps, I should say, that I came away, because I knew they had found me out, and there was no use in staying."

He could only echo her words.

"You have been found out, and sent away? Found out?"

"Yes—that is it. Mr. Wilfred Carnegie had asked me to marry him, and—and there was somebody who knew the truth—what was the truth at first—and they warned him against me, and told him the whole story, and—well, that was the end of it."

"What did they tell him?" he demanded, a cold dew breaking out upon his forehead.

"They told him," still looking at him, and smoothing out the gloves; "they told him that I was an adventuress—that you had sent me to Brackencleugh, because you thought he would fall in love with me, and marry me, and you wanted his money; they told him that I went there, with that purpose in my mind, and no other; they told him that I had deceived him, and told him lies—that I had accepted him, because I had intended to do so from the first, if I could accomplish my end; they told him that I was bad, and false, and bold—that I did not love him, and that if he married me, he would be throwing his life away. That was all—and I think it was Mrs. Duval who said it."

There was a chair near Fairfax, and he dropped into it, catching his breath.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "My dear Phil, this is terrible."

"Yes," said Phil; "you won't get any money. It is like losing a—a game at cards, isn't it? I have not been any use to you, after all. I—I am idle capital." And she stood there, and smoothed the gloves, with a trembling hand—a wild, dreadful smile on her lips.

Almost the next moment, she laid the gloves down, and turned away.

"I must go into my room," she said.

But before she reached the door, she staggered, and caught at the wall.

Fairfax sprang to her assistance, but she shrank from him.

"No," she said; "thank you. I will go alone."

And she went alone, and shut herself in.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHY AND WHEN.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

Heart, why art thou throbbing
So quick and so fast?
Know you not love dreams,
For you are past?

Lips, why art thou longing
For love's tender kiss?
Unto others is given,
Perfection of bliss.

Eyes, why art thou watching
Through gathering tears?
Love is for woman,
In earlier years.

Voice, who art thou calling
The unknown? In vain,
Echo will only
Reëcho the strain.

Ah, me! much I wonder
How old I must be;
To cease longing and hoping,
That love *is* for me.

When will heart hunger
Crave only a stone?
When will the home loving
Be happy alone?

When the heart cease its beating;
Methinks, even then—
At love's tender bidding,
It would throb once again.

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"ONLY A COMPANION."

BY MAGGIE T. SUTHERLAND.

THE carriage drove up the long, wide avenue, and stopped before the main entrance of Dexley Hall, one of the most beautiful places in Devonshire.

Miss Elliott descended with a beating heart. Though brought up in comparative luxury, for her father had been a successful physician, his death had left her penniless, and she was now coming to Dexley Hall as "companion" to the lady of the house. But her nervousness disappeared, in part at least, before the warm welcome of Mrs. Charlton.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," she had said, kissing her, "and hope you will be happy here."

An hour later, when she had changed her toilet, and smoothed the brown braids of her hair, wound like a coronet around her beautifully shaped head, she found herself, as in a dream, following Mrs. Charlton down the stairs, and through the hall, into the old oak-furnished dining-room.

A gentleman, blonde, tall, handsome, and distinguished-looking, turned, as they entered.

"My brother, Sir Hugh Dexley," said Mrs. Charlton. "Hugh, Miss Elliott."

Marion glanced shyly up, wondering to find so young-looking a man, for she had fancied Sir Hugh to be venerable and gray-haired.

On his part, Sir Hugh was equally surprised. He had expected to see, in his sister's companion, a middle-aged woman, a widow perhaps, or an old maid—prim, severe, sour. He saw instead, one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld. Several times, during the dinner, he addressed Marion, on purpose to see the brown eyes raised for an instant to his own; and then the quick droop of the darkly-fringed lids, that followed, with an unconscious blush.

After dinner, when the two ladies were alone in the drawing-room, Mrs. Charlton asked Marion to play a little, if she was not too tired. Our heroine sat down before the magnificent Erard, and ran her fingers caressingly over the keys for an instant; then began one of Beethoven's sonatas. Her playing was exquisite, and when she finished the grandly beautiful symphony, she began the wild, weird notes of a Swiss melody, in which one heard the tinkling of falling waterdrops, mingled with the blast of the Alpine horn, and the call of the mountain girl, as she gathered her flock together, and the far-off din of rushing waters.

As the last note died away, Mrs. Charlton exclaimed, "Where did you learn to play like that, Miss Elliott?" and, in the same breath, "Was it not beautiful, Hugh?"

Marion, looking quickly around, found she had a second listener, in the tall, broad-shouldered baronet, who lounged in an arm-chair, near the open window.

"Beautiful, indeed," said Sir Hugh. "The highest praise I can give, is that I was forced to throw away my after-dinner cigar, and come in to enjoy it." Then, turning to Marion, he said, interrogatively: "I am sure, you sing, Miss Elliott. Do you not?"

Without a word, Marion, striking a few chords, began "The Bridge."

Sôft and low, the words,

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,"

sounded in the quiet room; then higher and higher, clearer and sweeter; until the marvellous voice again sank to a hushed and mournful tone, at the words:

"How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky."

When she finished, there was silence in the room, broken only by Sir Henry's lowly spoken "thanks," and Mrs. Charlton's more demonstrative praise.

The days passed quietly along, and Marion grew more contented than she would ever have believed possible for a "companion" to be. They had very little society, for Mrs. Charlton was far from strong, and visiting and receiving visits tired her. In the morning, Marion read aloud, for a little time after breakfast: then they walked or drove; then letters were written; and after luncheon, a little fancy work, more reading aloud, and occasional visits to Mrs. Charlton's pensioners in the village. The evenings were always passed in the drawing-room; and evening after evening, Marion sang to the sister and brother, both enjoying the rich sweet voice, which, to one at least, grew sweeter and dearer every day. It was a blissful period to Marion:

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she did not know what made the skies seem so bright, and all life so beautiful; she never stopped to enquire.

She was woke from her dream, at last. One day, the arrival of guests was announced for the following morning—the Fentons and Hillyards; but when morning came, Mrs. Charlton was too ill to receive her friends, having one of her nervous headaches. Her maid came to announce this to Marion. "And Mrs. Charlton bade me tell you," she continued, "to take your morning walk as usual. She will not get up till luncheon, at all events."

Marion went down the broad stairs, it must be confessed, a little dreading the *tête-a-tête* breakfast with Sir Hugh. She found herself alone in the breakfast room, and stood, for a few minutes, at the open window, looking at the beautiful rose-garden, and inhaling the sweet breath of the early autumn flowers. When Sir Hugh joined her, he expressed great regret for his sister's headache, saying:

"She sent me word, however, that she would be able to sit up, this afternoon. Meanwhile, Miss Elliott, I see the coffee urn is on the table. Allow me to escort you to it, so you may pour out my coffee for me."

Sir Hugh would gladly have lingered long over that breakfast, enjoying the dainty grace, with which the young girl presided, and watching the delicate color in her face, which, for some reason, was almost stationary.

The meal came to an end, however, as all pleasant things do, and after he had asked Marion how she would spend the morning, and had been quietly informed, "in writing letters," he said, "You will not go without your morning walk, surely?"

"My walk will be to take my letters to the post, when I have finished writing, Sir Hugh."

Sir Hugh consoled himself with the reflection, that the library windows overlooked the path through the park, by which she would pass, and in his own mind, decided that Miss Elliott would have company during her walk to the post. He spent the morning in the library, pretending to read, but really watching the path which wound under the oaks in the direction of Bycliffe. At last, he caught sight of the graceful figure, but it was coming towards the hall, not going away. He bit his lip. "Pon my honor," he said, "I believe that was done on purpose." He had not heard the light footfall that passed the library door, about ten o clock, neither had he seen the slight figure, which passed out of the long French window in the dining-room, and through the rose garden to the circling path that led to the same gate, as the one he had watched so intently.

As Marion came up the broad gravel walk, she caught a glimpse of the figure at the library window, and said to herself, as she smiled a little, "I believe Sir Hugh intended to go with me this morning, but I have not forgotten that I am 'The Companion.'"

No trace of Sir Hugh's vexation showed itself in his face, when he met Miss Elliott at luncheon. Mrs. Charlton was better, but sent word she was not going to dress, till the arrival of her expected guests.

"I feel quite interested in your guests, Sir Hugh, or at least, in one of them," said Marion, when they were seated at the table. "I have just found that one of the Misses Hillyard is the Constance Hillyard, who was at school with me. She was such a beauty. She had blue eyes, long fair hair, a lovely complexion, and features like—"

"Like a wax doll," suggested Sir Hugh. Then he added, "Have you ever seen her sister?"

"No," replied Marion. "Is she like Constance?"

"Not at all," said Sir Hugh. "Miss Hillyard is tall and stately, with smooth black hair, and, I think, grey eyes. She is like their brother, the future Sir John Hillyard."

As Sir Hugh smoked his cigar, after luncheon, he gave way to no very pleasant reflections. "I am more than satisfied about that walk this morning," he said. "She is as proud as she is lovely. If that idiot, John Hillyard, falls in love with her, and he'll be sure to, for he can't help it, I shall have a nice, enjoyable sort of time."

Marion Elliott had certainly no reason to complain of the warmth of Miss Constance Hillyard's greeting. As soon as she had spoken to Mrs. Charlton, she rushed toward Marion, exclaiming, "It's Brownie," and, to Sir Hugh's amusement, introduced the young girl to her sister and brother as, "my old schoolmate, Brownie Elliott."

"Does that name, Brownie, belong to you, Miss Elliott?" asked Sir Hugh, when the guests had gone to their rooms.

"It's too provoking," said Marion, laughing. "They always called me Brownie at school, because I was so much darker than any of the other girls."

Sir Hugh looked at the clear, rich complexion, which, to him, was far more beautiful than purest pink and white, and said, "It is too bad to have one's physical infirmities spoken of in that light manner."

After dinner, all strolled in the park, except Mrs. Charlton, and Marion. But when the light had been lit, they returned.

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Constance immediately sat down near Marion, and began an animated conversation with her, while Sir Hugh enjoyed a *tête-a-tête*, with Miss Hillyard, in the opposite corner, and watched the two young girls. No greater contrast could possibly have been presented. One, with fluffy masses of flaxen hair, resting on the low, white forehead; delicate pink cheeks, and rose-bud mouth, the dainty arm displayed by the loose sleeve, the pretty jewelled hand, that played with the tiny bell in the shell-like ear, and the graceful figure in the exquisite dress. The other, equally graceful in figure; in clinging folds of sombre black, relieved only by masses of white tulle, at throat and wrists; the large brown eyes, and beautifully pencilled eye-brows, the clear, dark complexion, the crimson lips, and the magnificent braid of rich brown hair, resting like a coronet above the lovely face, formed a picture, which Sir Hugh, at least, could not look upon, unmoved.

Mr. Hillyard seemed also to take pleasure in watching the two, or rather, the one, for Miss Constance was his sister, and he knew that little rose-bud mouth could say very unkind things, and that the fair forehead was occasionally contracted with a frown.

When Sir Hugh presently escorted Miss Hillyard to the piano, there was silence, while she went through a dashing Bravura, and then, at Sir Hugh's urgent request, favored them with an air from an Italian opera, which was, of course, charming.

After a good deal of persuasion, Miss Constance allowed herself to be placed at the piano, and, after protesting that she was not accustomed to play without music, &c., &c., played and sang very creditably. To Sir Hugh's surprise, Marion refused to sing at his request, and when he urged her, thinking her refusal arose from girlish hesitancy to play before strangers, she answered, very politely, but with a tone in her voice he had never before heard, "no, Sir Hugh; I cannot sing to-night."

The truth was, her heart was sore. Meeting her old schoolmates had brought vividly back her former prosperity, and made her realize fully her dependent condition.

The evening passed pleasantly: plans for the coming day were discussed, and a ride on horseback, to the old ruins of Enderley Abbey, finally agreed upon. Sir Hugh was a capital host, and, to all appearance, enjoyed himself immensely.

After Miss Hillyard and her sister had retired to their own room, the elder observed, "I think, Constance, you were over-devoted to your old schoolmate to-night. Surely, you know who she is?"

"Yes. Her father was Doctor Elliott, (but he is dead now,) and when she was at school, she had lovely dresses, and lots of spending money."

"Whoever she was at school, she's nothing but an upper servant here. She is Mrs. Charlton's companion."

"I don't believe it," said the younger sister. "Who told you?"

"She did," said Miss Hillyard, "when I asked her if she had been long at Dexley Hall."

"Companion, or not," said the other, "you'd give anything to have Sir Hugh look at you, as he did at her, when he asked her to sing."

The next morning, Marion found a decided difference in Miss Constance Hillyard's manner. She did not wonder at it, though she felt it a little bitterly; for, said she to herself, "Am I not the same girl I was, two years ago?"

She declined to accompany the riding party, for Mrs. Charlton did not feel well enough to go, and Marion preferred remaining with her. While the other ladies were preparing for the ride, she played and sang for Mr. Hillyard, and finished the impression her beauty had made the evening before.

During the ride, Miss Hillyard found an opportunity to inform her brother, of what she called, "Miss Elliott's true position in the house;" but all the answer that benighted individual returned, was, "what difference does that make?"

The guests remained three weeks. All enjoyed, or at least seemed to enjoy, themselves. Miss Hillyard treated Marion with patronizing kindness, which was almost intolerable to the proud young girl. Constance was, by turns, agreeable and disagreeable. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were charmed with her. As for John Hillyard, it was evident to all that he only wanted a little encouragement to propose to Marion; but Marion kept him resolutely at a distance.

As the second week was drawing to a close, Sir Hugh announced, one morning, at breakfast, that business required his presence in London, the following morning; he must, therefore, beg his guests to excuse him, for that day and the next, as he would be obliged to leave by the noon train. When the meal was finished, he went to the library, to write letters. Marion declined Miss Constance's offer to practice duets, on the plea of having a letter to write, and went to her own room. A few minutes later, however, Miss Hillyard (whose room was near the library,) heard a slight foot fall pass her door, and pause before that of the library. All her curiosity was aroused. She stepped from her window, to the wide balcony, which ran along the entire side of the main building, and paused near the open

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window of the library. There she heard a knock at the library door.

"Come in," said the voice of Sir Hugh Dexley. Marion entered, shy and confused. The baronet sprang to his feet at once. "What an unexpected pleasure," he exclaimed.

Marion, speaking a little quicker than usual, and blushing vividly, interrupted, "I will not take up your time, Sir Hugh," she said. "But you know Mrs. Charlton's birthday comes next month, and I wish to make her a little present," at the same time unrolling some silver paper. "This is a hand screen, I worked last year, and I want to ask you to take it to London, and leave it at some shop, to be made up."

"I shall be more than pleased to take it. How beautiful it is," said Sir Hugh. And so in truth it was. On a ground of palest violet, rested a single spray of fuchsias, the crimson and white bells contrasting well with the glossy green leaves, and bringing into bold relief the ruby-throated humming bird, poised before the central bell.

"I think it very pretty," said Marion, frankly, as she rolled up the tiny parcel; "but you understand my difficulty about it, Sir Hugh. I could not get it made up in Bycliffe, I did not know where to send it, and I could not ask Mrs. Charlton, for I did not wish her to know anything about it."

"I understand it all," said Sir Hugh, smiling, "and that nothing but stern necessity compelled you to ask me." As she turned, to leave the room, he said, quietly, "you must say good-bye to me now, for I am going away before luncheon."

"Good-bye, Sir Hugh—" but he paused an instant, with his hand on the door, he was about to open for her, and said, "you are going to shake hands with me, are you not?"

"Certainly, Sir Hugh," and she held out the little, warm, soft hand, he had so longed to touch. As he held it for an instant, a strong desire came over him, to tell her that he loved her, but he feared it would be premature, so, saying, simply, "good-bye," he bent over, and kissed the little hand, resting in his own.

Marion gave him one quick, startled glance, as she drew her hand away, and left him, with the color in her cheeks changed to the deepest carnation.

As Sir Hugh closed the door behind her, he fancied he heard a slight noise on the balcony, outside the window, and, quickly crossing the room, was just in time to see the folds of Miss Hillyard's dove-colored robe disappear through the window of her room. "A remarkable coincidence, Miss Hillyard!" he said to himself. "So you were eaves-dropping, were you?"

Unmindful of his letters, Sir Hugh turned to the table, and unrolled the tiny parcel, Marion had left there, for the mere pleasure of looking at the work her hands had wrought. He was still standing there, when the door opened, and Miss Hillyard came in. She stopped just inside the threshold, with a little cry of astonishment, "I beg pardon, Sir Hugh; I had no idea you were in the library. I felt in the mood for Tennyson this morning, and came in for Locksley Hall."

"Pray, do not mention it," said Sir Hugh, courteously, "Let me find the book for you;" and he walked to one side of the large room, where the poets, from Chaucer down, held undivided sway.

At that instant, Miss Hillyard discovered the bit of fancy work on the table, and exclaimed, rapturously: "What a beautiful little screen! I never saw anything so lovely. Is it some of dear Mrs. Charlton's work, Sir Hugh?"

"No," returned the baronet; "it is intended for Mrs. Charlton. I am going to take it to London, to have it made up— Ah, here is the volume, containing Locksley Hall."

"Thanks, Sir Hugh. *Au revoir.* A thousand pardons for having interrupted you," said Miss Hillyard, sweetly.

"A thousand pardons for having interrupted a man in the act of staring at a bit of woman's work!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, savagely, as he closed the door on his unwelcome visitor. "That is too much—"

Dating from this day, Miss Hillyard took a violent liking to Miss Elliott, or pretended to. She talked with her, made room for her to sit beside her, during the long evenings, and was intensely interested in the numerous bits of fancy work, in Marion's busy fingers.

Sir Hugh returned, and the last day but one of the guests' stay arrived. Miss Hillyard was sitting in Marion's room, that afternoon, to learn some intricate stitch in fancy netting; while Mrs. Charlton and Sir Hugh accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Fenton to the station; they being obliged to leave a day sooner than the others.

"Have you the hand screen for Mrs. Charlton's birthday yet?" asked Miss Hillyard, with an appearance of interest.

Marion looked up in astonishment. "What hand screen do you refer to?"

"Why, the one you sent to London, by Sir Hugh," said Miss Hillyard, serenely.

"How did you know I sent one to London?" asked Marion, impulsively.

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"Sir Hugh told me himself," said Miss Hillyard, smiling, "and for your own good, Marion," she now spoke in a grave, elderly-sister fashion: "I would advise you not to be so intimate with Sir Hugh Dexley."

"I'm not intimate, as you call it, with Sir Hugh Dexley," retorted Marion, crimson to the forehead at the accusation. "I asked him to take the screen to London, because I did not know where to send it; and he expressed himself as quite willing to take it."

"That is what I do not like in Sir Hugh," said Miss Hillyard, calmly. "He told me that he said to you, 'I shall be more than pleased to do it,' and then he said to me, 'it was too laughable to have her come to me, alone in the library, with such a request, as if a gentleman was in the habit of doing errands for his sister's servants."

"Did Sir Hugh say that?" cried Marion, with flashing eyes.

"Of course he did," said Miss Hillyard, "and I told him that he ought not to speak of you in that way; and he laughed, and said, 'that if not a servant, you were, at least, only a companion.' Why, you dear, little innocent," she went on, as Marion did not answer, "didn't you know it wasn't etiquette at all, even to think of making one's mistress a present? It seems to bespeak the hope of a return."

"I am sure Mrs. Charlton would not think of such a thing, in this case," said Marion, quietly, though her voice did not sound just as usual, "she has been very kind to me."

"I know it," said Miss Hillyard, sweetly. "And Sir Hugh treats you with much deference, before people; but you know how satirical he is; and I assure you that, though I was angry with him, I could not help laughing, when he went through the farce of saying 'Good-bye to you,' as he called it."

"Are you telling me the truth, Miss Hillyard," said Marion, as she arose and stood before her, white as any marble statue.

"My dear child," said Miss Hillyard, kindly, "what a question to ask! Who else could have told me the particulars of your interview? Were you not alone with him in the library? To prove to you that he showed me the screen, I can tell you the pattern; a spray of fuchsias, and a humming bird, on a violet ground. Don't look so white," continued she, still more kindly, "you did no real harm, only it was a great mistake; and I thought it but kind to tell you, before I went away."

"It was kind in you, Miss Hillyard," said Marion, the words coming slowly from her pale lips, "and I thank you." Then, still more slowly, "I will be more careful in the future."

Miss Hillyard looked at her watch, and gave an affected little start, "It's nearly five o'clock," she said; "How the time has slipped away! I must go and dress for dinner," and as the estimable young lady stood, a few minutes later, before the large mirror in her room, she said, softly, "I believe I am a little pale myself. I did not know my nerves were so easily upset."

Marion saw Miss Hillyard pass out of the room; then walked, with steady steps, to the door, and turned the key; then locked the other door, leading to Mrs. Charlton's room; and then sank down on the floor, covering her face with her hands. Oh! the agony of her humiliation. She said to herself, again and again, "It cannot be. She must have told me untruths." Then came the cruel thought, "It must be true. How else could she know of his having asked me to say good-bye to him there? And he showed her the screen, that poor, little bit of work. How cruel of him! What a hypocrite he must be, for he looked as if it would be a pleasure to him. And, perhaps, Mrs. Charlton is just the same. But no, it cannot be. She is too truly kind," and the poor child wept bitter tears.

How long she crouched there, she never knew; but she was aroused by hearing a knock at the door, and the voice of Mrs. Charlton's maid, saying, "If you please, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Charlton bade me say, dinner is ready."

Marion calmed herself, by a mighty effort, and answered, "Please tell Mrs. Charlton, Reid, that I have a headache, and cannot come down to dinner."

She heard the woman's retreating footsteps, and felt a vague wonder that she had not heard the dinner bell; had not even heard Mrs. Charlton, who must have spent some time in the adjoining room.

She then bathed her swollen face, took down the heavy masses of hair, and, after unlocking the doors, threw herself on the bed. The storm had passed, and there only remained a bitter sense of injustice and injury.

After dinner was over, Mrs. Charlton came to her, with the maid, bringing hot tea, and a dainty bit of toast. She placed her hand gently on Marion's hot forehead, and said, "I'm so sorry your head aches. I thought you were proof against that terrible malady."

"I very seldom have the headache," said poor Marion, faintly, "but it is very bad to-night," and she sat up, to try and drink the tea. But there was an odd choking in her throat, that made it almost impossible to swallow, and, after drinking a very little, she put the cup down, saying, "I cannot drink any more."

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Mrs. Charlton looked uneasily at the white face and pale lips, and said, "May I not send to the village for Dr. Tate? I am afraid you are really ill."

"Oh, no!" said Marion, quickly: "I assure you it's nothing serious. Very likely I shall be up, early to-morrow, and walk off the remains of it, but it's very bad now"—she added, wearily—"all I want is to go to sleep."

Kind Mrs. Charlton left her unwillingly, and went down to the drawing-room. All professed themselves sorry to hear of Marion's illness, especially Miss Hillyard, who, seeing Sir Hugh's look of anxiety, thought, "If I am any judge of women, Sir Hugh, it will be some time before you have another chance to speak alone, with that dark-haired girl, up-stairs."

The next day, Marion was much better; in fact, she said the headache had entirely left her. Miss Hillyard bade her an affectionate good-bye, and felt no pang of regret at the sight of the pale face. Sir Hugh, as in duty bound, accompanied his guests to the station, and when the train bore them away, he hastened back to Dexley Hall, happier than he had been for some time. But before many days, he found he had no chance of speaking alone, to the girl he loved. Miss Hillyard had been correct in the judgment she had formed. Marion's early morning walk was discontinued. She read, and played, and sang, as before; drove and walked with Mrs. Charlton; and what time Mrs. Charlton spent in her own room, Marion passed alone in hers. Sir Hugh never found her alone in the breakfast room in the morning; never saw her alone; never heard the sweet voice in the drawing-room, unless Mrs. Charlton was also present. There was a decided change in her manner towards him, though he could hardly tell in what it consisted. She listened attentively to all he said to her; played and sang, what he requested in the evenings; and read aloud to Mrs. Charlton, in seeming indifference to his presence. It grew almost unbearable to the proud man.

Mrs. Charlton's birthday came, as the dull, November days were drawing to a close. That morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Charlton called on Marion to admire the exquisite cameos, Sir Hugh had given her. Afterwards, when Mrs. Charlton was sitting by the fire, in the morning-room, Marion came to her, with the dainty screen in her hand, and said, softly, "Dear Mrs. Charlton, here is my little gift, if you will accept it."

"Thank you, Marion," said the elder lady, warmly. "It is perfectly lovely, and I shall prize it very much. Look, Hugh!" she added, as her brother entered the room; "did you ever see anything equal to this?"

Sir Hugh took it in his hand, and admired the beautiful design; and Marion said, quietly, "Sir Hugh has seen it before, Mrs. Charlton; he was kind enough to take it to London, for me, to have it made up."

Sir Hugh looked at her, wonderingly. "Had she forgotten that morning in the library?" he thought. No, indeed, she had not forgotten, she never would forget—"the morning he dared to kiss my hand," she thought, bitterly.

After telling his sister not to expect him back before dinner, Sir Hugh took his gun, and left the house. Mrs. Charlton went to Bycliffe Rectory, about two o'clock, that afternoon, to attend one of the charitable meetings, of which she was a member, and Marion wandered listlessly, from room to room, and finally went to the drawing-room, to await Mrs. Charlton's return.

It was a dull, cheerless afternoon. No rain was falling, but a heavy mist hung over the distant hills, and the east wind moaned dismally through the old trees, in the park. Marion went to one of the north windows, and, raising the sash, sat down before it, feeling inexpressibly desolate. The damp wind, striking her hot face, was a blessing; it cooled the fever of her blood. Suddenly, the door opened, and in walked Sir Hugh.

Marion would have given worlds to have been in her own room. She had never thought of the chance of his returning before Mrs. Charlton: but she was too proud to run away, and so she sat quite still, with one hand resting on the window sill.

Sir Hugh's delight, at finding her alone, was so great, that, at first, he did not notice the open window. When he did, he spoke, earnestly. "Surely, Miss Elliott, you have not been sitting opposite that window any length of time," he said.

"No, Sir Hugh. Only for a few moments," answered Marion. "I have not been out to-day, and I wanted to feel the fresh air."

"Then pray put a shawl around you, and let me take you out on the balcony," said he, earnestly, "where there is no draught. You will certainly take cold here."

"Thanks! But I am very comfortable," replied Marion, indifferently.

Sir Hugh stood for an instant, looking at the young girl; then said, once more, "Do let me put the window down;" and he spoke very gravely.

At that moment, the spring, which held the

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window in place, gave way, and the heavy sash came down on Marion's wrist, which rested on the window sill. Sir Hugh sprang forward, and in an instant released the hand. But there was a terrible mark across the white wrist, and the blood oozed freely from the wound.

Marion, uttering a low cry of pain, grew white to the lips

"Is it broken?" asked Sir Hugh, looking almost as pale as his companion.

"No, I think not. I will go and get Reid to do it up for me." She rose, but staggered from faintness, and had to sit down again.

"You will do no such thing," said Sir Hugh, firmly, at the same time wrapping his handkerchief loosely around her wrist. "If you try to walk you will faint. If your wrist is not broken, I will dress it myself."

Then, taking her arm just above the wrist in one hand, he clasped the fingers of her hand in his, and gently bent it at the wrist, keeping the arm quite steady.

"Sir Hugh!" cried Marion, great drops of pain starting out on her forehead, "please don't do that again. I cannot bear it."

"I wished to satisfy myself that the wrist was not broken," answered Sir Hugh. "You bore it like a martyr. Now, you must sit here, while I go for a bandage."

He left the room, and in a few moments returned, with a glass of wine in one hand, and some linen and a bottle in the other.

"You are to drink this wine first," and, as he held it toward her, Marion took it in her trembling hand, and drank without a word.

He wet the linen with arnica, and said, "Can you bear additional pain, Miss Elliott? This will smart, where the skin is broken; but will do the bruise more good than anything else."

Then he gently removed the handkerchief, and placing the wet linen around the poor, little wrist, wrapped the bandage carefully over it, looking anxiously in Marion's face, to see the effect of what he knew must be excruciating pain. Marion spoke no word, but once or twice a low moan was wrung from her lips; and large tears rolled down her cheeks. Those quiet tears touched Sir Hugh more than anything else could, and he said, "I wish I could bear it for you."

Marion looked up, and spoke with an evident effort. "Don't pity me. You know it was all my own fault."

"But that does not make the pain any easier to bear."

"What is it?" asked Sir Hugh, as she tried to rise.

"I am cold, I want to go to the fire," answered Marion.

"That can be managed very easily," and stepping behind the large arm-chair, in which she sat, Sir Hugh wheeled it across the room to the fire; then, going into the hall, brought a heavy shawl, and placed it around her shoulders. "Is that more comfortable?" he said.

Marion drew the shawl more closely around her, and shivered, but said nothing.

There was silence for a few minutes, then Sir Hugh spoke:

"I must put some more arnica on your wrist," and, sitting down on a low ottoman before her, he took the cold, trembling hand in his, and arranged the linen and bandage to his own satisfaction; but when he finished, he did not relinquish the cold fingers, but held them in his own warm hand.

As Marion tried to withdraw her hand, he said, very earnestly, "Let me hold your hand a few minutes, while I tell you of my love for you."

Amazed, indignant, believing herself mocked, Marion, forgetful of the pain, snatched her hand away, and exclaimed: "How dare you? How dare you speak so, Sir Hugh?"

Sir Hugh drew himself up, haughtily, "What have I done," he said, "that my love, the love of an honorable man, should be an insult to you, Miss Elliott?" Then, seeing the agonized look on her pale face, he continued, but in a different tone, "Forgive me for speaking so hastily: you do not know what I have suffered, the past few weeks. There must be some reason for your changed conduct, for your speaking as you did just now. Why do you dislike me so much?"

Marion looked at the handsome face before her, and the remembrance of the insulting words Sir Hugh had spoken, rose before her. She answered, coldly, even scornfully, speaking slowly and distinctly, "You are not an honorable man, Sir Hugh Dexley."

A deep flush shot over his face. "You must never say those words again," he said, sternly. "I will not bear them, even from you. You have no right to say them. I *am* honorable and true. What do you mean?"

Marion spoke quickly, "All that is necessary, to end this conversation, at once and forever, will be, for me to tell you, that Miss Hillyard was kind enough to tell me, what you said to her. How you rehearsed the amusing scene of my going to the library, to you, to ask you to take the little screen to London. How you told her that gentlemen were not often called upon by servants, to do such errands. How you kindly explained, when she told you, that you ought

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not to speak of me in that way, that I was, if not a servant, at least not much better, being only a companion."

Sir Hugh was unutterably astonished.

"And you believe I told that to Miss Hillyard?" he cried, interrupting the rapid words. "No wonder you hate me."

"I know you told her so," said Marion. "She even described the pattern of the screen you showed her. Now, I had never unrolled it here, till I took it to you, that morning; so no one else saw it, who could have told her. Oh! how could you be so cruel?" and she broke off, with a great gasping sob.

A torrent of feeling swept over Sir Hugh. To think that this little orphan girl should have been made to believe such things of the man who loved her. No wonder she had avoided him. No wonder she had told him he was not honorable.

He raised his right hand. "Miss Elliott," he said, solemnly, "I swear, before heaven, that the story Isabel Hillyard told you, was false in every detail. I never spoke of our interview in the library to any living soul. I have treasured it in my memory too solemnly for that. I can explain to you her knowledge." And then he recounted how she came into the library.

He now once more took the little maimed hand in his, and said, tenderly, "You *must* listen to me now, Marion, while I tell you of my love. I loved you, the first day I saw you—the first night I heard you sing. Day by day since, I have felt that I could ask no greater happiness than to win you for my wife. I offer you all the love of my heart. Be my wife. You hold all my hopes in this little hand;" and he gently touched her right hand, which lay on her lap.

Marion sat quite still, and did not answer, even when he repeated his question. But when he said, "Tell me, my darling," she placed her right hand in his, glancing up at him, shyly, and suffused with blushes. For an instant, there was silence; then Sir Hugh drew her to his side; their eyes met; and then their lips met in the first kiss of acknowledged love.

Half an hour afterwards, after Mrs. Charlton came home, she was shocked to see Marion sitting before the fire, wrapped in a large shawl, with her bandaged hand resting on her lap. Sir Hugh was standing by the mantel piece.

"My dear child, what has happened?" cried Mrs. Charlton, anxiously.

"I have been very foolish," answered Marion. "I raised one of the windows, and sat down before it, with my hand on the sill. I suppose I could not have fastened the spring properly, for it came down, with a crash, on my wrist."

"One of these heavy windows!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlton. "I wonder it did not break your wrist. Who dressed it for you?"

"Sir Hugh," replied Marion, "he came in just before it happened."

"Yes," said that gentleman. "I had no right, then, to prevent this little girl from injuring herself; but I have taken her under my own protection now. You see this, Anna?" he added, triumphantly, holding up something, to his sister's view.

"What! The Dexley ruby!" cried Mrs. Charlton.

"Yes! The Dexley ruby," and, bending before the blushing Marion, he took her hand in his; and, in a moment, there glittered, on her slender finger, the glowing ruby, with which, for generations, the Dexleys had betrothed their brides. "Marion is to be my wife, God bless her!"

When Miss Hillyard received the wedding cards of Sir Hugh and Lady Dexley, cards, which, we are obliged to say, the baronet took great pleasure in sending, she omitted the usual letter of congratulation. She knew that there must have been an explanation, regarding the conversation that October day, when she had represented Sir Hugh as having spoken of his beautiful bride, as, "ONLY A COMPANION."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

Our troubles fade, but leave their trace;
And years of toil and care,
With lines of sorrow mar the face,
That once was fair.

Oh! would that we could feel and know
That grief is sent in Love,
To wean our hearts from earth below,
To God above.

Oh! would that we could understand,
Then calm would follow strife.
Oh! would our eyes could see the Hand,
That guides our life.

For then our feet would choose the way,
That now we strive to shun;
And full of praise, our hearts would pray,
"Thy will be done!"

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FORETOLD.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

KATHERINE LEITH stopped her horse on the brow of the hill, and sat there for some time, looking down into the valley. But it was not on the landscape that she gazed. Her eyes were fixed on two persons, also on horseback, who were loitering along the road, as if lovers.

"How I hate her," she cried, her eyes full of a fierce fire. "And oh! how I love him." And her voice, just now so angry, sank into low, caressing tones.

Faith Raymond, and Gerard Dorne were guests at the country-house of Katherine Leith's father. Before Faith came, Gerard had seemed absorbed by Katherine, so much so that the latter had, unconsciously, given him her heart. When she saw his attentions transferred to another, she first awoke to a consciousness of what she bitterly called her folly. To-day, knowing that Faith and Gerard had gone out together, her jealous fears would not permit her to rest. So she had ordered her horse saddled, and had followed, to watch them, unobserved, from a distance.

You could have told, by her face, as she spoke, that she was not a woman to love lightly. Having given her heart to Gerard Dorne, she had given her all, and given it forever.

"I will win him yet," she said, clenching her hand resolutely, and shutting her mouth hard. "Win him, by foul play or fair; but win him. To think that a chit of a girl, with a face like a wax-doll, should come between me and happiness!"

The pair, by this time, had turned their horses' heads, and as they would have to come back by the road where Miss Leith was waiting, she also turned homeward, and cantered on to escape them.

Suddenly a gipsy-woman, dark, old, and weird-looking, stepped out from some bushes by the road-side. Katherine's steed drew back, frightened for the moment.

"Soho, soh," she cried, patting the restive animal's neck.

"What do you mean?" This, half angrily, to the gipsy, who had laid her hand on the bridle. "Let him alone."

"Not till I have told you the fortune that hangs over you."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Katherine, impressed with the woman's manner nevertheless. "I have no faith in your juggleries."

"Ah! you don't believe I can tell what is going to happen. To convince you, I'll say first, that I don't want your money, but that a higher power than myself forces me to speak." Then, seeing she had made some impression, she added, "And then I'll warn you that you'll win the thing your heart is set on—that you'll be supremely happy for awhile—and that then—"

"Then! What then?" cried Katherine, moved quite out of her skepticism, not less by the words, than by the manner of the woman.

"The clouds shut in. I can see nothing further. But hark! I hear horses' hoofs. Your fate pursues you. Ride on, or you'll be detected. Ha! ha! you turn pale. You know now that the old gipsy woman can read the heart, even if she can't forecast the future, though you'll find yet she can do the last, too."

Katherine also heard the rapidly approaching hoofs, and striking her horse sharply with the spur, darted on, and was lost behind a turn in the road, before Gerard and Faith came up. The old gipsy remained where she stood, but she did not stop the lovers: only she watched them, curiously, as they went by, muttering strange words to herself.

"I wonder if she really can foretell the future," mused Katherine, as she sat, in her room, before her glass, arranging her toilette for dinner. "She spoke so impressively, she seemed so sure, that I half believe in her. She said, 'You'll win the thing your heart is set on.' And I will win! Come what may, I'll win him yet."

Circumstances seemed to favor her from that very afternoon. Faith, quite unlike herself usually, seemed pre-occupied, in the evening. A letter had come, by the late post, at which she had started visibly, as the keen eyes of Miss Leith had observed; and ever since, she had been absent in manner, even to Gerard. So plain was this, that her lover, at last, had left her, and, in a pique, joined Katherine. The latter exerted herself, to the utmost, to keep the truant at her side. Never had she been more charming. She sang Gerard's favorite songs, and sang them as she had never sang before. He was moved quite out of himself. In his half angry mood, he contrasted her fire and passion with what, for the moment, he called the mild weakness of Faith. "How such a woman as this

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could love," he said to himself. At this very instant, Katherine looked up suddenly, as if feeling his glance, and a soft color wavered over her cheeks, while her eyes drooped, and fell in a sweet confusion, she either could not, or did not care to conceal.

"He was more like himself, to-night," she said, with a beating heart, when she had gone up to her bed-room, "than he has been, since Faith came. A little more neglect of him, my lady, and he will transfer his allegiance back again. That was a lucky letter; for me, at least; since it made you so absent-minded. I wonder what was in it? Can she have another lover? Is it possible that she has only been flirting with Gerard out of revenge?" A glad light came to her eyes, and she cried exultantly, "I almost believe it, I am sure the letter was from some old lover; and if so—if so—the gipsy was right, and I shall win."

She was too much agitated to go to bed as yet. Sleep, in her present state of excitement, was impossible. She sat by the open window, with her head leaning on her hand, musing and looking out vacantly, really seeing nothing, until she was roused by the great hall clock striking twelve, when she rose to draw down the sash.

Suddenly something white, moving along by the edge of the garden, at the left of the house, caught her attention. She leaned out, eagerly, now quite aroused, and followed it with her keen eyes. It was a woman's figure.

"Surely," she said, "it can't be Faith? Yes! it is. But what she can be doing there, at this time of night?"

Her heart began to beat faster and faster. Was she about to have confirmation of her vague suspicion about the letter? Had Faith really gone out to meet a lover?

At the lower end of the garden stood three large trees, and between them and the building, some tall shrubs grew, so that the place was hidden from the observation of any one who occupied the rooms in the front of the house. But Miss Leith's room was in the east end, and the three trees were just in range of her vision, beyond the edges of the lilacs and laburnums, which hid all but the tops of them from other eyes. As the figure in white neared them, a man sprang out, and caught it in a close embrace.

"It is—it is, as I thought," muttered Katherine. "The game is in my hands," exulting. "But I must know all."

She threw a shawl about her, as she spoke, and descended to the garden, where she glided silently toward the trees, in the shadow of the great shrubs. When she dared go no further, she stopped and listened. She could hear the low sound of voices, but could distinguish nothing of the conversation.

It was, perhaps, an hour later when the interview terminated. Miss Leith, from her concealment, kept sharp watch of everything that transpired. Faith's mysterious visitor came with her a little way toward the house, and there bade her good-night, with a kiss, to which the girl responded with a long embrace.

"Don't forget to meet me again, on Saturday night," he said to Faith, as she turned to go toward the house.

"I will not forget," she answered, stopping, and looking back. "I will be here at midnight, and bring the money."

Then they separated. Miss Leith waited till Faith was safe in the house, and then crept back, cautiously, to her own room.

"Oh! I will win!" she cried, when there, with a strange, wild sense of coming triumph. "Fate is helping me."

She could not sleep for thinking of it. Should she tell Gerard Dorne what she had seen? After much thought, she decided not to tell him, lest he might imagine she had acted an unwomanly part in playing the spy. In some way, however, he must be told, she said to herself. But how?

Faith had held her stolen interview on Thursday night. On Saturday she was to meet her mysterious visitor again. During these two days, her pre-occupation increased, rather than diminished. More and more, Gerard Dorne devoted himself to Katherine, seeming more and more alienated from Faith. Miss Leith tried to form some plan, by which she could reveal the secret to him, indirectly, without seeming to do it intentionally. At last she hit upon a plan.

When Saturday evening came, Faith was more absent than ever. She was restless, and uneasy; kept starting at the sound of steps in the hall, or on the garden paths; and, finally, said good-night, at an early hour, and went up to her room.

"I wish you would stay with me, to-night," Miss Leith said to Margaret Dorne, Gerard's sister, as the guests broke up, about an hour after Faith's disappearance. "I want some one to talk to."

"I'm at your disposal," answered Miss Dorne, quite unconscious of the part she was to play; and presently they went up stairs together.

"I don't feel at all like going to bed," said Miss Leith, sitting down by the window. "It is very pleasant here, Margaret. Come and see the moonlight on the sea. It's like a dream-world."

Miss Dorne sat down on a low ottoman, at Miss Leith's feet, and they conversed in low tones.

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The night was a wonderfully pleasant one. The sea was like silver. The deep murmur of the waves came to them like the sound of hushed voices, heard afar off.

Suddenly, Miss Dorne caught hold of Miss Leith's arm.

"See!" she whispered, pointing to the path, leading to the trees, at the farther end of the garden. "There is Faith. I saw her face as distinctly as I see yours, when she passed through that patch of moonlight. What can she be doing there, at this hour of night?"

"Wait, and see," answered Miss Leith. Her plan was succeeding as well as she had hoped it might.

The trees cast a heavy shadow about their feet, but between them and the shadow of the shrubbery, there was a wide belt of moonlight. As Faith came to this, a man came forward to meet her, and she sprang into his arms, and lifted her face to receive his kisses. Both of the women in the window saw the meeting, and looked at each other, with a wordless question in their eyes.

At last, Miss Dorne spoke.

"Who is it that she meets, in this extraordinary fashion? I would never have believed it of her."

Miss Leith thought it best to keep her counsel to herself. Her plan was working admirably. "Leave well enough alone," she said to h[illegible] But aloud she answered, "I do not know. It is very strange, isn't it?" All this, so innocently, that it quite deceived her companion.

"I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it," said Miss Dorne. "What would Gerard say? I have thought, lately, that he cared for Faith. She was the last one I should have suspected of such deceit. I shall have to tell him."

Miss Leith's face was full of triumph. "You will win!" rang in her ears again.

They waited by the window, until Faith came back to the house. The man she had gone to meet, accompanied her part of the way. When they parted, he kissed her again and again, and she clung about his neck, as if dreading to let him go.

"Come away," said Miss Dorne, drawing the other from the window, her face full of scorn and disgust. "I have seen enough. Drop the curtain, Kate."

The next day, Margaret Dorne went to her brother, with the story of what she had seen. At first, he was incredulous. She was mistaken, he declared.

"I am not mistaken," she said. "I saw her, when she went to meet her lover, and when she came back. And Miss Leith saw it, also."

"I can't believe it," he insisted.

"Do you think I would try to deceive you?" she asked.

"No, I don't think that," he answered; "I know you too well to harbor such a thought for an instant. But,—but Faith is too pure and womanly—too true to be capable of deceit. I will ask her what it all means. There must be some solution that will be satisfactory."

That afternoon, Gerard saw Faith in the garden alone, and joined her.

She looked up, at the sound of his footsteps, and a glad light broke through the shadow in her eyes.

"Faith," he cried, and something in the sound of his voice startled her, and made her turn pale: "Margaret saw something, last night, which she cannot understand. Neither can I. You know, you must have guessed, how I regard you, though, for a few days, a shadow has seemed to come between us. It is this love for you, which makes me seek an explanation."

Faith lifted a scared face to his, trembling so, that the lily in her hand shook, as if a wind was blowing over it. "I think I know what you mean," she said, in a low voice. Then she added, with an effort, "But I can explain nothing."

"You must!" he cried, impetuously. "Don't you see how bad it makes things look for you? If you *can* explain why you met that man, for God's sake, do so! I would not believe a word against you, when I heard of it. I told Margaret, I knew you could explain it all."

"I am glad you had faith in me," she said, with a grateful look. "But I can explain nothing. At least, not now. By and by, I may."

"Faith!" he said, almost sternly, "you have no right to refuse me an explanation. Was that man your lover?"

"I tell you, I can explain nothing," she cried. "If you have faith in me, wait. Some time, I may tell you. I cannot do it now."

"Do you want to gain time, to manufacture some plausible story?" he cried, stung to quick anger. He was ashamed of himself the moment he had said it.

"I shall tell you nothing but the truth, if I ever tell you anything," she answered, a grieved expression coming into her troubled eyes. "I am as worthy of your trust and confidence now, as ever I have been. I have done nothing I am ashamed of. I have done nothing, you would reproach me for, if you understood it."

"Then I fail to see why you cannot explain," he said, coldly.

"Let me be the judge of that," she said, her lip quivering like a child's, when it feels its

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father's displeasure, and her eyes filling with tears.

"I shall never ask you to answer my question again," he said, and turned away, with a stormy face.

Miss Leith understood very well what had taken place, and was, consequently, in one of her most fascinating moods. She could be all grace and tenderness, if she chose, and now, she thought best to assume that *role*. Her sympathy, given in an unobtrusive, wordless way, might prove a pleasant balm to Gerard Dorne's heart.

She had calculated rightly. Faith's refusal to give any explanation, had shaken Gerard's confidence in her in a measure; and yet he could not believe that he had been so completely deceived in her. But it angered him, to know that she would not acknowledge his right to be taken into her confidence; and he avoided her now, as much as possible, devoting himself, assiduously, to Miss Leith.

During the days that followed, Gerard could not understand himself. The sight of Faith's grieved eyes haunted him, and often made him long to take her in his arms, and kiss the shadow from her face. The thought of her midnight interview, on the other hand, and the embraces, which she had accepted from the unknown visitor, steeled his heart against her. Perplexed and tormented by conflicting emotions, Gerard was glad to find consolation in Miss Leith's society; and sought her, more and more, as we have said. On her part, she contrived to weave the web of her fascinations about him, and so skilfully, that he was not aware of what she was doing. She had nothing to fear from Faith, meantime, for the girl, feeling keenly the unpleasantness of her position, and too proud to ask for sympathy, kept herself aloof, and waited for—she hardly knew what.

And so a week went by.

The day which brought to Katherine Leith the fulfilment of her dream, the day when she lived a lifetime of wild, passionate happiness, in an hour, dawned fair and full of promise. There was to be an excursion to an island, a mile or two from the mainland. Everybody was going. Lunch was to be eaten there, and it bade fair to be a pleasant trip.

Faith did not care to join the party, but Mrs. Keith insisted that no one should stay at home, and, at last, she consented to go. The sight of her pathetic eyes struck a remorseful chord in Gerard Dorne's heart, as they walked down to the shore, quite near each other. He pitied her, and, try as he might, he could not believe that she was quite the deceitful creature that circumstances made her appear.

Miss Leith, by whose side Gerard walked, was in her brightest mood. She was radiant, and fascinating beyond any former experience. The spell of her subtle, mesmeric influence, finally drove away all remorseful thoughts from Gerard's mind, and made him willing to linger at her side, happy to come and go at her bidding, all the morning.

The sun was half way down the west, when her crowning triumph came. She saw Gerard standing apart from the group, about the camp fire, with his eyes upon Faith Raymond's pale and sorrowful face; and she knew that a great pity was stirring in his heart. He was longing to comfort Faith. Miss Leith's face darkened. Her influence, after all, was not strong enough, she said to herself, to make the man she loved forget this woman, whom she hated.

But she rallied immediately. The game was too nearly won, to give it up now. Going up to him, she touched him on the arm. He looked around, and smiled.

"You promised to show me where the gulls nested," she said. "I was afraid you would forget it, if I did not remind you."

"I had forgotten," he answered. "But we have plenty of time yet. Shall we go now?"

"Yes, I would like to," she answered. And then they left the group on the beach, and strolled away unnoticed.

They stood a long time on the cliffs, watching the gulls circling below them. Gradually the magnetic influence of his companion overpowered and possessed Gerard. Something led to the remark, on his part, of what his sister had seen, that memorable night. "Do you, too, think that Faith went to meet a lover?" he said. "Margaret says you know all about it."

Katherine lifted her eyes, timidly, to his face. "How can I tell?" she faltered. "Your sister should not have mentioned my name, and you must not ask me. Dear Faith, I would not misjudge her in the least, but—but all seems inexplicable. Remember, she is my guest. Go to your sister, Mr. Dorne, and not to me."

How it came about, after this, Gerard never could tell. but before long he had asked Katherine to be his wife. In a vague way, he remembered saying to himself, "Faith can never be mine, I could never trust her again—why should I be unhappy forever, why deny myself the sweet sympathy, the passionate affection of this devoted girl at my side?"

And Katherine answered, and, as he thought, with noble frankness.

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"I am yours, Gerard, if you want me." And her face glowed with happiness, like a glory, as she spoke. Few women have known such rapture, in a life-time, as she felt then. It seemed to her that all the joy in the world, all its wildest, deepest bliss, had been concentrated, and poured into her heart. *She had won!*

The sky filled suddenly with black clouds, and roused them from their pre-occupation.

"We must hurry back, or they will get impatient, and leave us," Gerard said.

"One moment," said Katherine. "You really love me? It is not all a dream."

In answer, he took her in his arms, and kissed her. But as he did so, there came a wild, miserable wish, that his kisses were being given to Faith, or to the Faith he had believed in, before the shadow came. He knew, in that moment, as by a revelation, that this woman, with all her passionate love, could never be quite all to him that Faith would have been. But he gave no utterance to the thought.

When they reached the landing, they found it, to their dismay, deserted. Nothing was to be seen of the party they had left behind them. All the boats were gone.

"They must have thought that we had left," said Gerard. "We shall have to stay here, until they discover their mistake."

The wind was blowing in from the sea in great gusts. The sky was black and threatening. A few drops of rain began to fall. It was evident that the storm would soon break upon them in all its fury.

"We must find shelter somewhere," Gerard said. "Perhaps the rocks yonder will afford it."

They hurried along the beach, to some rocks, which rose up grim and forbidding, from the water's edge. A woman came hastening towards them, with a white, scared face, as they approached.

It was Faith.

"They have forsaken us!" she cried. "I came back, just in time to see the last boat going out of sight, around the point yonder. I thought I was left here alone."

"I will find shelter for us," Gerard said. "Wait here, while I look among the rocks."

Pretty soon he came running back to them.

"We are fortunate, after all," he said. "I have found a cave in the rocks yonder. It will give us the shelter we need."

He hurried them towards it. By stooping somewhat, they effected an entrance. The cave was quite large. A few rocks were scattered about in it, showing dimly in the gray gloom, which filled the place.

"I am afraid of it," Miss Leith said, with a shiver. "You are sure there is no danger?"

"None at all," he answered. "We shall have to sit in darkness, for awhile; for when the storm breaks, it will probably make the place like night. But beyond that, there is nothing to dread. These rocks will afford us seats, and we shall be quite comfortable."

He sat down, and Miss Leith nestled close to his side, happy, as she had imagined people were, who were so fortunate as to get to Heaven. With him beside her, now!—what cared she for the coming storm?

It broke soon. The fury of its force shook even the stout rocks. The wind shrieked outside, like a lost spirit, striving to find entrance into Heaven. The waves dashed against the opening of the cave, sending little jets of salt spray into their faces, now and then. The darkness was intense. For a long time no one spoke.

Suddenly, Faith cried out, sharply. Her voice, in the roar of the tempest, seemed far-off and indistinct.

"What is it?" asked Gerard, springing to his feet.

"The water!" she answered. "It is rising in the cave. It touches my feet!"

"My God!" cried Gerard, and there was a ring of agony in his voice; "*it is the tide!*"

He was right. The tide was coming in, and already, the opening of the cave was submerged. Seated on the rocks, to which they had climbed, they had not discovered the fact, until the water had risen, and cut off all chance of escape.

"Can't we get out?" cried Miss Leith, in terror. How could she die, when the happiness of life was just begun?

"There is no escape for us," answered Gerard. "Perhaps, the water may not cover the rocks. If it does not, we are safe. But we are prisoners."

Oh! that awful waiting! It was waiting for death.

The tide rose swiftly and surely. They climbed, in silence, to the summit of the rock, upon which they had taken refuge, each one busy with his, and her, own thoughts.

"I am not afraid to die, since I can die with you, Gerard," Miss Leith said, at last.

He bent, and kissed her lips.

She flung her arms about his neck in a long, passionate embrace, and he knew then, as he never had before, how strong her love was for him. Stronger even than death, for it gave her courage to face death.

In the darkness, Faith did not see this. Suddenly, she cried, "Gerard! are you there?" And when he answered, she said, "I must speak

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now. I can't die, thinking that you believe me to have been bad and false. It was my brother that I went to meet. He has been wild, reckless, and they accused him of a terrible crime. He ran away, and was gone a long time, and I supposed he was out of reach of the men, who were trying to find him, that he might suffer for their own wrong-doing, until he sent me a letter, about two weeks ago, asking me to meet him at midnight. I met him twice, giving him money, the second time, to get away with. I promised to keep his visit secret. So I could not tell you what you wanted to know. But with death so near, I must speak out. I cannot die, knowing that your heart is hard and bitter against me."

"Oh, Faith! Faith!" cried Gerard, reaching out in the darkness towards her; "is it, indeed, so? Can you, then, forgive me? How I wronged you. I ought to have known better. God help me!"

A fierce cry rose to Miss Leith's lips, as she heard these passionate words. Must she lose what she had won? Sudden, and keen with bitterest pain, the thought came to her, that if life were ages long, she could never lay claim to Gerard Dorne's heart now. Knowing that the woman he had loved, was all he had believed her to be, he would love her always, even if his honor forbade his retracting the pledge of betrothal he had given her. Her heart was up in arms against the girl, who stood between her and happiness. A swift, mad passion shook her. She felt Faith seeking a new foothold on the rock beside her—she put out a merciless hand—and then, there was a cry—a sound of troubled waters—and where three had stood, an instant before, there were only two.

Gerard heard the splash, and though ignorant of Miss Leith's act, divined that Faith was drowning.

"Faith! oh, my darling!" he cried, flinging off Katherine's arm, as she strove to hold him back

He sprang into the water, as he spoke.

"Thank God!" he cried, a moment later, and Katherine, though she could not see, knew that he had found what he sought for.

A moan of despair broke from her lips. She had lost him, after all. He was not to be hers in death even, as she had thought, a moment ago. The old gipsy woman's words rang through her brain like the voice of doom. "A life-time in an hour!" She knew what it meant, now. For one brief hour, she had experienced the rapture of Heaven. But the end was coming. It was even now at hand!

Gerard Dorne, when he found Faith, found also a place of safety—a rock jutting out from the walls of the cave, and to this he lifted her. He forgot, for a moment, the existence of any other woman in the world.

When he thought of Miss Leith, after awhile, he called to her. She made some reply, but the wild shrieking of the tempest rendered it inaudible. Then no one spoke for a long time. The wind held high carnival outside; the rocks were stirred with thunderous echoings; and it seemed as if they were in the dwelling of the storm-king.

By and by, the din began to die away. Then Gerard called to Miss Leith again. There was no answer.

Frightened, he swam to the rock upon which he had left her. She was not there!

In the darkness, he could do nothing but wait, and dread what would be revealed when light came. It was a terrible waiting, but it would have been vastly more terrible, if love had not waited with them.

And when the waves went down—when light began to make its way into their prison, Gerard and Faith knew that they had kept their vigil in the chamber of death. For, lying in a tangled web of seaweed, they saw the white, dead face of Katherine Leith. After her one brief hour of sunshine, the end had come, swift and terrible, and her life had gone out in the storm of its despair.

The gipsy was never seen again in the neighborhood. Whether what she predicted brought about its own fulfilment, or whether there are some who have the gift of forecasting events, is beyond our philosophy. All we know is, that what happened to Katherine Leith, came about just as it was FORETOLD.

MILTON.

BY ERNEST MYERS.

He left the upland lawns and serene air
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare
Of his young brow amid the tumult there
Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;
Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew
The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.
But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain climb, now bleak and frore,
And with the awful Night he dwelt alone,
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XLI.

SPITE of her anxieties, La Costa had enjoyed the airs of Olympia Weed too much for an attempt at interruption; but, when that young lady subsided into silent dignity, she spoke to David.

"This is all very generous," she said. "Still, but for you, the paper would have been lost"

"No, it would not," interrupted Olympia. "I should have found it myself."

La Costa merely glanced toward the girl, and went on, or would have done so, but this time Dave interrupted her.

"Besides, I had no more to do with it than Hooker did, and we both got it sort of surrutiterous. He found it on the floor of our—our room, after it had dropped out of my cap, and told me to take care of it."

"Very well, no one shall be forgotten. Didn't some person tell me that Hooker wanted something of me. Perhaps that can be done—what was it, my lad?"

"I did want something," answered Hooker, looking reproachfully at Olympia. "Wanted it like anything; but I don't seem to care now."

"Yes, you do care, jist as much as ever," interposed Olympia, allowing a broad smile to beam through the clouds on her face. "You want to learn a trade with grandpa, and board with us, and look down on them as alus making condesentions between us, jist as much as ever. That's what he wants, Miss Costa, and that is what grandpar would like; but the head man don't want no boys about him, and so I told him to come here, and see if any one in that opera house would say no to you."

"Is that all?" said La Costa, going to her table, and dashing off a note; "take that to the office, at once, if you like, they will let you go to work to-morrow."

"Didn't I tell you so," cried Olympia, beaming upon Hooker, whose face was flushed with satisfaction. "Isn't she jest lovely."

"I will arrange with Mrs. Weed, about your tools and things," said La Costa, with gracious benevolence, for she loved the very act of giving.

"Now, youngster, have you a wish that I can secure?"

"Yes," answered Dave, burning with generous chivalry. "When I came in, Joe said I might do something that would please you. Tell me what it is?"

The fine eyes of La Costa were bent on the boy, with absolute admiration. He answered her smile frankly.

"I'm bound to do it. No mistake about that."

"Come this way," said La Costa.

Dave followed her through the portère, and stood in the very sanctuary of her private cabinet, which was half boudoir, half dressing room. The rich twilight, and splendid appointments of this pretty nest, took away his breath. La Costa drew a torn telegram from her portemonnaie, and told him to read it. He took the paper, spread it on the little mosaic table, and was, in half a minute, master of its contents.

"Well, lady, what am it?" he questioned.

"I want the original of that."

"The what?"

"The paper which was first taken to the office."

"Oh!"

"Such telegrams are kept on file, I suppose?"

"Yes, marm, they're kept on file; but it s agin orders to take 'em off."

"But it might be done!"

"Yes, it might; but if a feller was ketched at it, he'd lose his place so quick it ed make his head swim."

"Is that all—the place is nothing. Besides, I only wish to look at the paper."

"Ah!"

"It need not be out of the office an hour."

"Could be took right back—any way, I'm a-going to get it for you. Made up my mind to that, afore I knew what it was. The only trouble is, it's so alfired easy, that I feel limp about it. If you'd asked me to stop a wild horse, or—"

"Yes, yes, I understand, but this is far more important to me than all the wild horses that ever broke loose," said the actress, so earnestly, that Dave began to realize the importance of his mission.

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"Any way, it's a-going to be done," he said; "jist give me them scraps of paper."

"No—no: I dare not part with them. Can you write?"

"Write! Well—yes, I can. Not at full gallop, but well enough to pass, if you don't examine too close."

"Sit down there, and copy the telegram, while I go into the next room."

Dave seated himself at the little table; spread a sheet of paper upon the delicate mosaic; planted his feet on the gilded supporter; squared both elbows, and bent himself to work.

La Costa joined Mrs. Weed, who was just beginning to feel a warm glow of expectation dispelling the bitter anxiety, which had followed her.

"This has been a golden day for you, and an important one to me, Sarah Weed," she said, kissing the worn face of her friend. "The paper would have been an awful loss. The thought of it fairly made me heartsick."

"I can hardly realize it yet," answered the widow, shivering. "Days and days, I have been searching for it. When Olympia—I have no patience with her, though it is found—told me of the burning, I was afraid to see you."

"Well, well; it is all over now. I have the paper, and you shall have no cause for want hereafter. I will take care of that, before I sleep. You must adopt the boy yonder. I will see that you have the means. And Sarah, if you only could suppress that girl of yours—just a little."

Mrs. Weed shook her head, and a faint smile stirred her lips.

"That is beyond me—"

"Well—now go home, my old friend. There is nothing to be anxious about now—at any rate, for you. Are the rooms you have taken, pleasant?"

"Very pleasant. Even you might think them so. The best has been given to father, as you desired."

"Is he content? Does he seem pleased?"

"Wonderfully pleased."

"Dear old man. You must not let him hate me always. If I should die, Sarah, you may tell him, that I tried my best to make him comfortable, at the last."

"I will tell him anything you desire," answered the widow, with tears in her eyes.

"Well, when I am gone, either beyond seas, or on the long, long journey, you may tell him—now kiss me, Sarah, and say once more that I have done you some good."

"You have! You have, indeed, Lucinda! I bless the day you came home again."

The two women kissed each other, and Mrs. Weed went away, followed by Olympia and Hooker.

When La Costa entered the next room, she found Dave Saunders, with his elbows squared, and his feet pressed hard against the delicate pedestal of her table, completing his copy of the telegram.

"There," said he, laying down the pen, as she came in; "I've got it, word for word, reads like print. There are the pieces, if you think so much of 'em, and here am I ready to go. This thing can't be done in a second; but I'll watch the office, like a cat does a mouse, and the minute the job is to be did, it's going to be done."

"I am sure of that," said La Costa; "and you may be certain of a full reward for your trouble."

"Please don't speak of that, Miss Coster. You wouldn't, if you only knew how it hurts my feelings. Good-bye, marm. I'll be here again the minute I can."

Dave took his cap from the carpet, and, with his copy of the telegram folded in his hand, went away, full of the importance of his mission.

After he was gone, La Costa went softly into the room, where her wounded husband lay. He was sleeping uneasily, and it seemed to the anxious woman, that darker shadows were gathering under his eyes. It is only the shaded light, she thought, and stole out of the room.

CHAPTER XLII.

The terrible fatigue, which three days and nights of excitement, had left unabated, fell heavily on La Costa, now that she was alone. A drowsy sense of loneliness crept over her, and her heart was so sadly laden, that it almost forgot to beat.

"He sleeps," she thought, dropping into an easy chair; "but I feel as if I never should sleep again. Dreary, dreary, dreary—the very light tires me; but I cannot rest. What is it that bears down so heavily upon me? He is in no danger. The doctor told me so. He was clear enough about that. His concealment is perfect. In a few days, he will be safe on the ocean. Then, why do I feel as if tons of lead were holding me to the earth, the moment I am alone. If I could sleep now; if I only could! What! more people crowding in?"

La Costa lifted her face from the cushions, and looked toward the door, rather in hopes that some one was coming. She was given to sudden storms of passion, and corresponding depths of despondency, from which she struggled to escape

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always—just now, more than ever—for she felt a great need of strength.

After awhile, the door opened, very softly, and Harmer Cole came in. He seldom had his presence announced, and made no change now.

La Costa aroused herself. With that awful feeling of depression upon her, she was glad to see even him.

"I have called to enquire about him. Gaston tells me that he is asleep. The doctor, what does he say?"

"That there is no need of anxiety," answered the actress. "Of course, we know that, but it is a comfort to have it in words."

"I am glad of that, for now we can talk of other affairs with some certainty. Since we have been so anxious about him, all other minor interests have been overlooked; but you will find that I have had your wishes uppermost all the time."

"I hope so. Indeed, I do," said the actress.

"Sometimes, I fancy—or have fancied—of late, that you doubted this."

La Costa did not speak.

"But the doubt was cruelly unjust," he added, with apparent feeling.

"Sometimes, I doubt everything," said La Costa, closing her eyes, weary of keeping back her tears, that now broke through the lashes. "Ah, me! Who has better reason?"

"But that should not lead you to be unjust. You thought that I did not exert myself to the utmost, about that pardon. No man ever worked more faithfully; but every effort I made was undermined."

"Undermined, how? By whom?"

"By Mr. Cameron."

"Mr. Cameron!" exclaimed the actress, with bitter warmth.

"What his interest can be in the matter, I do not know," said Cole; "but the fact that the forged bills were made on him, does not account for a persecution kept up so persistently. But for him, I might have succeeded. With any other opponent, I could have acted openly; while against his influence, I was compelled to employ agents, and keep in the background."

La Costa listened with kindly interest. She had no wish to believe this man a traitor. Having attached him to herself by so many obligations, she had, from the first, found it hard to turn against him; impossible, without some better proof than the suspicions of the sick man, whose charges were always reckless, and often false.

"I will not doubt you. Will not judge you without double proof," she said. "Let all that relates to the pardon pass, but if any blacker perfidy remains behind, perfidy against *him*. I hold all other things as nothing; his vengeance will be terrible, and mine more relentless than his."

Cole did not change color. The woman's eyes were upon him, and he had wonderful self-control. He even smiled, when the gentle reply fell from his lips.

"I should expect no less," he said, "and deserve more than that; but my father has been fearfully changed and embittered by imprisonment, and sometimes has harbored the ideas almost of a madman. At one time, he was jealous—"

"I know—I know," interposed the actress, "but it was only the madness of a moment."

"When he is well, and in his old state, all these other fancies will pass away," said Cole, becoming more and more confidential; "but now for another subject. You desired me to make myself agreeable to a certain young lady. If I have not reported, from time to time, it is because the progress of a love affair is so indefinite—so intangible, that the best proof to the party in question is nothing, when conveyed to another in words; but, as the sun imperceptibly opens the heart of a flower, my suit has been prospering."

"She loves you, then?"

"If I can believe her lips, in every way that lips express love—yes."

"But Mrs. Cameron—his wife. Will they consent?"

"They have consented. He had no very earnest objection. As to the lady, I was compelled to bring in my heirship to the marquisite, before she gave way. That settled the matter."

"No doubt—no doubt," answered La Costa, with supreme scorn in her voice and eyes; "but the other—the grand, beautiful girl, who was to marry the superb man I saw in the house that night. What of her and him? Their marriage, remember, was to precede yours."

"His wedding is set down for Tuesday next."

"Tuesday next! Then all will be settled. That beautiful, queenly young creature, will be mistress of boundless wealth, the wife of a kingly man, for he is kingly in soul, as well as body. I have made inquiries, and every one says that—you have told me so often."

"And I repeat it, Dana is a grand character; no one can question that."

"And she will be married to him on Tuesday night. Only two days from now."

"You forget my poor fortunes, in this enthusiasm, for Dana and his bride."

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"No—no, I shall never forget them. In this marriage your own fortune is made, and I am— But no matter; you had something more to say."

"It was this: On Tuesday night, I too shall be married."

"On Tuesday night—on Tuesday night!"

"Their day was set long ago. Mine was a subject of more recent discussion; but it is settled in that way. Only, in consideration of my father's illness, the ceremony is to be perfectly private."

"In the church?" inquired the actress, eagerly.

"No, at Mr. Cameron's residence."

The quick light died out of La Costa's face.

"Do they know that your father is here?" she questioned.

"Yes, the arrival of the Marquis de La Croix was in all the papers; besides, I was compelled to give proofs of my birth; but for them, I could not have won even a reluctant consent. With them, I carried the old lady off her feet"

La Costa was not listening, but sat with her eyes wide open, looking far off, and smiling at the thoughts that seemed to flash lightning through her brain.

"Tuesday, only two days. If I could but see her—if I only could!" she said; "but I shall be singing—oh, this slavery is awful!"

"What is it that you wish so much, my friend?" inquired Cole.

"Only for one short hour of liberty. Only for the power of becoming invisible!"

"But as that cannot be, pray remember, that I have some anxieties—that you have promised to release me from."

"What anxieties?"

"The note you hold, and promised to give up, when this marriage was settled."

"And accomplished. Yes, I made that promise."

"Must I wait till then. Must I go to the altar, with that horrible shadow on me?"

"A moment will sweep it away."

"But I cannot endure the torture of waiting."

"You shall not wait. Come to me with your bride, at any moment; half an hour after the the ceremony, if that is possible."

"But you know it is impossible. What excuse could I make? Still, there is a way. Will the marriage certificate be enough?"

"Yes, bring me that—then I will give you the note. And oh, Harman, if you could only manage it, that I could see them—Dana, bride and all—could you—could you?"

"It may be possible."

"Make it so—make it so, if you wish to please me. Now I must go. He has been left alone too long."

"But the certificate, La Costa—when I bring that, you will not refuse to give up the note?"

"Refuse! No! Why are you so anxious? But, I hear him calling."

La Costa lifted the portière as she spoke; hurried through her dressing-room, and into the next chamber, as she spoke, leaving Cole quite alone.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Let them wait; let them howl. I will not go to-night. Do not ask me. Do not urge me. I have a terror of leaving you."

La Costa was kneeling by the wounded man's bed, when she made this passionate protest, his hot hand was clasped in hers, and, when words failed, she enforced her resolution with wild kisses, that irritated de La Croix.

"You must go!" he said, with that sharp, feverish strength. "It will break your engagement. It will ruin everything. We must have money."

"What is money, compared to your life?"

"What is my life without it?—a sham, a struggle."

"But I have money. All my grand savings for the time you have been away from me, I hoarded them like a miser. I would not call them my own. With a fortune at control, I made myself a pauper; pledged my jewels, after they were redeemed, when an emergency came, rather than touch a dollar of it. This is love-money, to be held sacred. I said in my heart, I will earn more, and with that, win his freedom; but this shall be his fortune. Perhaps he will wish to purchase more territory, and make his estate worthy of the old name. Perhaps he will want me there sometimes, when the yearly season of rest comes, and his people will know me as the honored wife of their lord; but not till I have earned more money for him—not till he is satisfied with gold."

"Is this sum large?" questioned the sick man, with greed, as well as fever, in his eyes.

La Costa lifted his hand again, and named the sum. His eyes blazed out their sudden satisfaction. He pulled her towards him, and kissed her with his hot lips, smoothed her hair with his burning hand.

"Still, we must have more," he said; "more and more yet. Then all the sooner will the day you speak of come."

"Ah, yes! I have thought of that."

"Then there must be no broken engagements, because of a little illness. It is time. Go, now."

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"But I will not leave you alone."

"Bring the bell from your dressing-room. With that I can summon Gaston."

La Costa brought the bell—an exquisite antique, of tangled gold and silver, oxydized by age, which she placed upon a table, within reach of the patient's hand.

"Perhaps your son will be here," she said, thinking of Cole in her own generous way.

"I hope not. His presence is more aggravating than this wound, which burns like fire, when he comes near me. Now, that you speak of him, I charge you place no trust there. If the proof ever comes, that he was the one to betray me, and I should not be near to avenge myself, do it for your husband. That bit of justice will be dearer to him, than all the money you have saved. When the proof comes, and it will come out on the moment, you promise this?"

"I promise!" said La Costa; "I promise!"

"That is well—now, go."

La Costa went out, and returned again with a cloak of thick, soft wool wrapped around her, and a white nubia flung over her head, and twisted around her throat.

"My singing will be long cries of impatience to-night," she said. "My heart will be heavy with pain till I come back; but you will try to sleep, love. You will try to sleep!"

"Yes," answered the sick man; "but, if I am asleep when you come in, wake me."

"I will. Only don't wake up cross—there, now, good-bye. "Do you know the singing bird seems dead in my throat to-night."

"Madame, the carriage waits!"

"I am coming, Gaston—once more, good-bye—sleep sweetly, love. I shall know it, if you do not, by the pain here."

With one hand pressed to her heart, the woman bent her face, and kissed those hot lips, again and again.

"Do not forget to wake me, if I am asleep," they murmured, faintly, as she went out, carrying the words in her mind.

The performance, at the opera house that night, was strangely unequal. La Costa went through her part with reckless impatience. Her voice was variable, her acting uncertain. She got less applause than usual, and, at the end, trampled over her flowers upon the stage, forgetting to take them up.

When the performance was over, she waited for no change of costume, but wrapped the white cloak around her scarlet garments, and hurried across the stage, toward the private entrance, where the carriage stood. On her way, she met the old carpenter Weed, who opened the door for her. She was wild with impatience, but paused long enough to shake the old man's hand.

"Come to me in the morning," she said. "I wish to speak with you."

The carpenter bowed, and, opening the carriage door, looked kindly into her face.

"God bless you, good joy, lady—I will come."

Before that old man could have asked God to bless the actress, he must have forgiven her. She thought of this, and began to cry.

The carriage seemed to drag along the street. To her fancy, it took hours in going the short distance that lay between the opera house and her hotel; but it stopped at last, and then all sense of haste left her. She entered the hotel, and slowly mounted the stairs, looked down the corridor, which led to her own apartments. Everything was quiet. Gaston sat at his post, as usual. Still she hesitated, and made painful struggles for breath.

Gaston started, when his mistress called him by name. She had come up in swift haste, that the rattle of the golden fringes on her train, was the first indication he had of her presence.

"Is he better? Does he sleep?" she questioned.

Gaston looked up. The woman's voice was hoarse, her face white, and anxious.

"He has been sleeping all along. Once he rang the bell, and asked for drink. That is all."

"Thank God!"

The actress, like most women, mingled a holy glow of religion with her gratitude, which, like love, draws us close to God. Surely, the good angel was with her then. The angel, which I think, never entirely leaves a human soul.

Under the flood of gaslight, in her parlor, through the fainter illumination of her dressing-room, the woman went, her scarlet garments flowing—the gold laces on them glittering; for she flung off her cloak as she went, and left the nubia, trailing like a foam wreath, on the carpet. Then she stood within the twilight of the sick room.

"I am here, my beloved, awake, I am here."

No answer. A hush, like that of death, was all around her. It seemed to drink up her strength.

"Gustave, my husband, awake now. You made me promise, Gustave!"

She was close to the bed now. The strange silence struck to her heart. She stooped, and threw her arms over the man, who lay there. He did not move. An awful pallor swept the woman's face, as she turned it upon Gaston, who stood in the dressing-room door, awe-stricken.

"It—it is only that he sleeps so well," she

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said, in a low, frightened way. "He always did, you know."

The strength left her limbs. She fell to the bedside, helpless. Still her arms were flung out, and her pleadings were pitiful.

"Oh, Gustave, you made me promise. Don't torment me so. I would not stay for anything, because of my haste to see you. Come, now, speak to me!"

The woman waited a moment, listening with her heart. Again that weird stillness.

"Come to me, Gaston," she said, with piteous humility. "Lean over. I dare not. Listen?"

Gaston obeyed her, and bent his face close to the head, which lay among the shadows on the pillow.

"Does he—does he breathe?" whispered the woman.

"He will never breathe again in this world," answered the man.

Then La Costa sunk down to the floor, like a statue of snow, undermined by the sun; and there, from the golden and scarlet glory of her dress, that pale face looked out, still and white, as that which rested on the pillow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

There had been no confusion; no outcry in that chamber, even when the widow lay in that state of solemn insensibility. The two servants understood the exigencies of the case too well for that. With gentle care they bore La Costa into the next room, and used such restoratives as were known to them, freely. Then they drew the curtains close, and, in obedience to her piteous entreaties, left her alone.

All that day a strange sight presented itself in the stillness of that death chamber. In and out, through the shadowy gorgeousness of those rooms, a woman in scarlet robes, with jewels matted in her hair, and lace torn, in paroxysms of anguish, from her bosom, raved continually. Her face was pale as dead lilies; her lips were sometimes in motion, but no sobs stirred her bosom—no tears clouded the painful outlook of her eyes. She had given orders that no word should be spoken of the awful treasure she had locked in that room, with her own cold hands. For awhile she would be alone, with her dead. That was all she asked for as yet.

During the day, Harmer Cole came to the outer door, and held a whispered conversation with Gaston.

"She is acting wisely," he said. Be careful that no word of the death gets out before Wednesday. Then it shall be in all the journals. Tell the lady that I am here. That must be done."

Gaston went into the darkened room, where the woman was sitting on the floor, with her head resting upon an ottoman.

"It is Mr. Cole," he said.

La Costa turned her heavy eyes upon the servant, but seemed unconscious that an answer was waited for.

"It is Mr. Cole, who wishes to come in," he said again.

Then she spoke.

"Not now. I cannot see him now."

Gaston went out, bearing this message. Cole accepted it quietly, and took his leave.

Before this, a boy had come up, with great eagerness of manner, and insisted on seeing the lady. Gaston refused him outright, but Dave Saunders was not a person who could be disposed of with one refusal. Still, he went away, under clamorous protest—or rather seemed to go, for the curtained window, at the end of the corridor, offered a safe retreat, and of this he availed himself. When Cole came up, and went away, Gaston accompanied him down stairs for some reason. Then Dave, seeing his opportunity, darted out of his concealment, and opening the door of La Costa's parlor for himself, went in.

The woman lifted her face from the weary arms, folded on the ottoman, and turned it upon the lad.

"What is the matter? Oh, Miss Coster, what *is* the matter? I wouldn't a-come, if I had known you was sick, but I had the paper, and couldn't wait."

While the eager lad was speaking, La Costa looked at him in a vague, bewildered way; but, when he mentioned the paper, a flash of light shot through the heaviness of her eyes, and she gathered herself up from the floor with some show of strength.

The paper! The paper which murdered him—have you got that?"

"I don't know about any murder, but I've got the telegram you wanted to look at. Here it is."

La Costa took the telegram, looked at it, drearily, an instant, as if she saw the words without reading them. Then a swift rush of intelligence swept her features, and she examined the paper keenly.

"Is it all right?" questioned Saunders, who had been gazing in wonder on the splendor of her garments.

"It is enough," answered the lady. "Let me read it once again. I must be certain. I *will* be certain!"

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"Jist as many times as you want to. Only I must take it back afore long."

La Costa went to the window, drew back the heavy curtains, and examined the writing a third time, comparing it with a note signed by Cole, which she took from her desk. After this scrutiny, she folded the telegram, and gave it to the boy.

"You have done me a great service," she said; "one I shall never forget."

"I don't want you to think about it, never agin, only don't please forgit the shaver that done it for you. That's all he wants."

"You are a noble boy. How could I forget you?" answered La Costa, with sad gentleness.

She reached out her hand. The lad received it, timidly; searched her face with wistful eyes; then bent his head, and touched it with his lips, as a knight of old would have done.

"Good-bye, lady. I wish I was a man, and could do something worth while for you," he said, moving towards the door. Some time or other, mebby you'll want me agin, and remember, please, when you do, I am on hand. Good-bye, marm, good-bye!"

CHAPTER XLV.

Once more, La Costa was alone. But the dumb anguish of her grief had changed—a new spirit, fierce and implacable, had sprung out of it. The sight of that telegram in Harmer Cole's undoubted writing, had wrought this change. It reminded her, with awful force, of her promise to the dead man, lying stark and cold, in the next room. That promise must be fulfilled. The small vengeance she had intended to take on the lover, who had deserted her youth, and the sister who had betrayed her, was nothing to that which should fall on this unnatural son, whose falsehood had slain his own father. Yes, she argued, retribution was justice, and that lay in her power. It should seize that traitor in the very zenith of his success—in the presence of his bride, and drag him into a prison cell, like that his father had escaped, only to sink into the tomb. That cell should be the bridal chamber of Harmer Cole.

To her, this terrible revenge seemed a solemn duty—her pledge given to the dead, a sacred promise. She went into the death-chamber, knelt down by her dead husband, and repeated her promise aloud, as if he could hear her. She told him that the pride, the glory, the very liberty of his enemies, those who had persecuted him—that one who had murdered him, was so knotted and entangled together, that one blow would have retribution upon all. She told him this; pressed her lips to his cold forehead, and went away to her work.

La Costa had seen the telegram, and burnt its writing into her brain. She was the sole judge of its authenticity, and of its punishment, therefore, needed no advisers.

She opened the bronze box, took out the paper, with its fragment-soiled yellow ribbon, and read it carefully. With it was a letter in her own handwriting, a letter written years before, in such anguish of spirit, that the words were almost illegible, and in places blotted with tears.

Ah! how well she remembered that letter. It was written to old Mrs. Weed, the mother of her first husband, with whom her child had been left, and who had also taken charge of the Cameron heiress, immediately after its birth. La Costa read this letter through. At another time, it would have wrung tears from her, for the very memory of such anguish, as she had felt in writing it, was heart-rending. But that appeared as nothing to her now. It was an important paper in her plan of retribution. She did not call it revenge—poor perverted woman—but justice. So that, with the other document, she replaced in the box, and drew forth the note with its forged endorsements, which Cole had been so anxious to secure, only that morning. To these, she added the certificate of her own marriage with the Marquis de La Croix, and her preparations were complete.

As she was closing the box, Gaston appeared at the door.

"Madame, forgive the intrusion, but an old man who calls himself Weed, insists upon it, that you told him to come."

It was half a minute before La Costa could wrench her mind from the subject that grasped it. At last, she comprehended what Gaston had said, and answered him.

"Let the old man come in. It is God who sends him."

These last words she murmured to herself, and they were, perhaps, true; for Weed was a gentle, good old man, and such men are always God's messengers. Old Mr. Weed came into the room, quietly, but without much hesitation. The simplicity of his nature forbade that amount of self-consciousness. La Costa arose, and went forward to meet him, forgetful of her theatrical costume, or that the jewels burning in her hair, revealed the deathly whiteness of her face, with ghastly contrast.

"You have come," she said, "and I thank you. Sit awhile. Your face reminds me that I have something to do."

There was one chair in the room, which La

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Costa never offered to visitors, holding it as exclusively her own; but she wheeled this chair forward, and gently forced the old man into it. Then she went to the table, placed a sheet of ruled paper upon it, and, after a few minutes given to thought, began to write rapidly, and with great earnestness.

After that, she read and re-read the paper, then touched the bell upon her table, which brought Gaston into the room.

"Go to the office, Gaston. Bring two of the clerks here, and some seals."

Gaston disappeared, and directly two young men came up from the office, desiring to know what they could do to serve the lady."

"Step this way," said La Costa, taking up the paper, and passing behind the portière. "Only this. Have the goodness to sign this paper, as witnesses. It is my last will and testament," she said.

She took up the pen, while speaking. and wrote her own name—Lucinda, Marquise de La Croix, nee Warner. The two young men read the signature, wondering at it, and placed their own names, to which La Costa attached the seals.

When they went out, she took the small valise—still covered with dust from the railroad—laid the paper among its contents, and went out, with the valise in one hand, and its key in the other.

"Take these," she said, giving both to the old man, "and keep them carefully, until I ask for them, or you know that I shall never want them again."

The old man took the valise, looking all the time, wistfully, into the woman's face. The pale anguish stamped there seemed to have a touching fascination for him.

"Lucinda!"

The woman fell upon her knees before that humble old carpenter, and covered her white face with her hands.

"You know me, then?"

"Yes, I knew you from the first."

"You call me Lucinda—the old name, without cursing it."

The old man shook his head.

"*He* never cursed it. Should I be more cruel?"

La Costa groveled closer to the floor.

"Oh, father—father, forgive me! Say that you forgive me. No human soul ever needed forgiveness as I do now."

"Poor child—poor unhappy child! I do forgive you, as he did."

The old man laid his two hands on the bowed head of the actress, and rested his face on them. Two or three of the slow tears, that grief wrings so painfully from age, fell down and trembled among the jewels in her hair.

A few moments the woman rested under this benediction, then she lifted her face.

"Oh, father! *Did* he forgive me?"

"'I am forgiving her with my last breath.' These were the last words, my son—your husband—ever said," answered the old man, with solemn tenderness.

La Costa had not wept, during all that day and night, but now a sudden rush of tears deluged her pale face, and with both trembling hands, she clung to the old man.

"Thank you! oh, thank you, father!" On this, the blackest day of my life, you have come with forgiveness."

The old man bent down, and kissed the white forehead, on which the blue veins were swelling.

"May God turn forgiveness into blessings," he said. "I will be faithful to your trust, Lucinda."

La Costa, still upon her knees, watched the old man, until the door closed upon him. Then she rested her head upon the chair he had left, and closed her eyes, worn out with fatigue, excitement, and overpowering wretchedness.

Early the next morning, a hearse drove from the private entrance of the hotel, so quietly, that few persons observed it, and following close was a carriage, in which a woman, clothed in black, sat quite alone, so thickly veiled that no one could distinguish her features.

Both hearse and carriage drove slowly towards the Catholic cathedral, into which a black coffin, glittering with silver, was carried, and placed at the foot of the great altar, where lights were burning, and priests stood ready to receive it, such priests as watch close by the gates of eternity, whenever a human soul passes through.

There, in the stillness of that vast edifice, the prisoner Massieu, and the Marquis de La Croix, were left in lonely state, until the time for high mass should arrive.

The lady in the carriage watched the little procession, till it passed into the cathedral; then she was driven away to some place, that the coachman volunteered to find for her, and for half an hour was closeted with a magistrate, who accompanied her, deferentially, to the carriage.

"The officer shall be at your command, madam; but remember, when the warrant is once delivered to him, the affair is out of your control."

La Costa bent her head, and the carriage drove away, bearing a stern, but heavy hearted woman with it.

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It was true, Harmer Cole had won the consent of Mrs. Cameron to his marriage with Hester. The credentials of his high birth were, in themselves, sufficient to silence all reasonable objection to a man of the banker's great wealth. The fact that he had entered business in America, under a changed name, was no reasonable objection, as the young man had lost no time, after his first introduction into the Cameron family, in stating to them, confidentially, his real position, and the reason why he was under that not uncommon name, working zealously to enlarge an income, that was altogether inefficient for the requirements of the ancient rank he was born to.

In all this, the banker found little to condemn, and much to excite his admiration. So little opposition had been made to a match, that had thrown his wife into an ecstasy of delight, and in which his daughter seemed to have staked all chances of happiness

Thus, all went smoothly on, and preparations for a splendid double wedding were in progress, when the public journals announced the arrival of the Marquis de La Croix, in New York. While this news struck his son with consternation, it inspired Hester, and her mother, with a wild wish for more splendid display at the wedding, and an announcement, then and there, of the relationship between the intended bridegroom and the French nobleman. Mr. Cameron was entreated to call on the marquis without delay, that the invitations might be sent at once. They could not understand his coming to America, at this time, for any purpose, but to grace the nuptials of his son and heir, the splendor of whose nuptials, the ladies determined, should be proportionate to his high rank.

Mr. Cameron lost no time in calling upon the marquis, but was informed that the noble stranger was confined to his room, by severe indisposition. That day, Cole brought a note from his father, bearing the crest of the family, and written in the florid style, that men of high foreign birth use on occasions of ceremony. The note stated that the marquis had undertaken a tedious sea voyage, in order to be present at the wedding of his son, with a young lady, whose beauty and many attractions would give more splendor to his house; but the sudden attack of a disorder, under which, he had sometimes suffered, would render it impossible for him to remain in the country long enough, for the details of a public ceremony to be carried out, as he could feel no safety, until he was under the direct care of his own medical attendants. Would it be asking too much, if he desired, that the actual ceremony might be private, and at once. He hoped to be sufficiently well to be present in person. At any rate, he should return home, with the assurance that the happiness of his son was complete. The marquis added, that the strong necessity that compelled him to take the next steamer for France, must be his excuse for asking that the ceremony might take place within the next two days.

This letter had been written by Cole, after his interview with the physician, who had assured him that the marquis could not live more than two days. This note, with all the family crests and emblazonments, he delivered to Mrs. Cameron, in person, and it was sufficient to enforce a private ceremony, though that lady broke her heart under the necessity.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A SONG.

BY GEORGE MERTYN.

Oh, for the days when our love was young,
  Yours like mine for you;
A thing of the heart and not the tongue—
  And you were kind and true.
Fickle and frail, as the wildwood gale,
  That floats from tree to tree,
Was that false love I prized above—
  The hope of heaven for me.

Like the roving bee, that every hour,
  Doth wander where he will,
Sipping the sweet of every flower,
  Nor caring if he kill.
Like the bonny boat that off doth float
  On the sunny summer sea;
And its prow doth lave in every wave—
  Was the love you bore to me.

How could I know that the love would pall,
  On which I cast my fate,
That you gave naught, and I gave all,
  I knew not till too late.
Dark as the aisles where the wildwood gales
  Make music sad to hear,
Is my heart bereft, and lonely left,
  Lonely, and sad, and drear.

I still will bear the bitter grief,
  And without plaint or cry,
Of living where each fond belief
  Hath turned to mockery.
You still may range, and seek for change,
  As does the bonny bee;
And I will die for thy memory,
  nd dying, pray for thee.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a house-dress, which is one of the newest and simplest of the various so called Breton dresses. This dress can be made

of cashmere, delaine, bunting, or of any material that may suit the fancy of the wearer. The skirt is demi-long, and without trimming, except three rows of very broad white cotton braid; the long jacket is half tight-fitting at the back, and must have a "dart" taken in on the bust in front; this jacket does not meet, but has a vest of either the same material, or of a different material, if preferred; this vest is several inches shorter than the jacket, and is buttoned with large pearl buttons; the vest is finished with very narrow white braid, and the jacket has three rows of wider braid around it, but much narrower than that on the skirt; the collar, cuffs and pockets are all finished with braid and buttons. A white worsted braid may be substituted for the cotton braid, or any other kind of flat trimming may be used.

Next we give the now universal mode of making the under-skirt to all costumes. There is first, the front breadth gored, then on either side a

narrow gore, then one plain width, half length, for the back, to which is gathered, or plaited, the fan-shaped train, which consists of two or more breadths, according to the length of the train; these widths must be sloped at the bottom to form a graceful train. We are happy to hear that the round skirt, without any train, will be the most fashionable for walking costumes, (and it certainly is the most sensible,) the coming season. It is already being adopted by the most fashionable ladies of Paris.

Next we have a very pretty street costume for early autumn, also suitable for later winter wear, by adding wadding to the paletot. This costume has first a cashmere skirt, with a row of knife-plaiting five inches deep—headed by a puffing, with the fullness put in groups. The over-skirt,

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basque and paletot are made of camel's hair cloth, of small diamond-shaped pattern, woven in, all of one color—dark green, blue, or prune will be the most fashionable. The tunic is cut very long, and is looped on the right side, in three deep plaits, fastened with a button on each plait. The

opposite side is not looped so high, and the back forms a point. Trim with worsted ball fringe. The basque is a short one, with coat-tail back, and closely-fitting coat sleeve with turned-back cuff. The paletot is cut with five seams at the back, and is half-fitting, no darts in the front. This is simply corded on the edge, with a thick cord, covered with silk to match. The edge of the tunic and basque the same. A double row of buttons ornaments the front of the paletot. For winter wear, add a wadded lining, or, what is better, make it large enough to wear something under it, as the cold season advances. Six to eight yards of plain cashmere for the skirt, and eight to twelve yards camel's hair cloth, according to the width.

Next, a child's costume, of which we give the front and back view, is embroidered on the material. The stitches are worked in silk of a contrasting color, such as crimson, white, or black or grey cashmere on merino, blue or cardinal on white. The front is princess, and the back kilt-

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plaited to the elongated waist. In fact this design of the princess dress is universal for all

children's suits, the only variety being in the trimming and color.

Another, for a little girl of six, buttons up the back. It is of brown woolen matelassé goods,

princess front, with a coat-shaped back, kilted skirt, and ribbon sash, falling below the basque. It is ornamented in front with ribbon bows of brown, lined with cream color, also the sash lined to match; bows ornament the pockets and cuffs of the sleeves.

Next is a dress for either a little boy or girl, of three or four years. The front is princess,

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and the back has a kilt-plaited skirt added to the elongated waist, where it is finished with a ribbon bow, with double loops and ends. Pockets

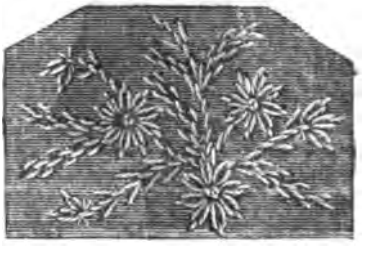
ornament the front, which may be cut single or double-breasted, at pleasure, but we give the preference to the latter, as it necessitates the double row of buttons, always an improvement to these princess dresses. Coat sleeves, with turned-back cuff.

A paletot for a little girl of ten or twelve, will be very useful for this season. It is of fawn-colored diagonal cloth, with stitched bands forming the trimming. There is a small circular cape, with double collar tied in front with long ribbons. This will look well in water-proof cloaking, or blue and green plaid woolen goods, with the bands cut on the bias.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

ORNAMENTAL PEN-WIPER: WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The penwiper is made of cardboard, covered with dark green cloth, and lined with black twill. It is then fitted with vandyked folds of black cloth.

The penwiper, outside, is embroidered with two shades of green silk in feather stitch, chain stitch, and point russe, to be sewn on with gold thread. The handle is of gold cord.

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FICHU MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This style of mantelet is very fashionable in Paris, and is usually made of either cachemire des Indes or Sicilienne. It has the advantage of giving the shoulders and arms that compressed look, which appears to be the aim of all the new mantles; and this is effected by knotting over the ends of the fichu closely in front of the waist. Our pattern consists of two pieces—the front,

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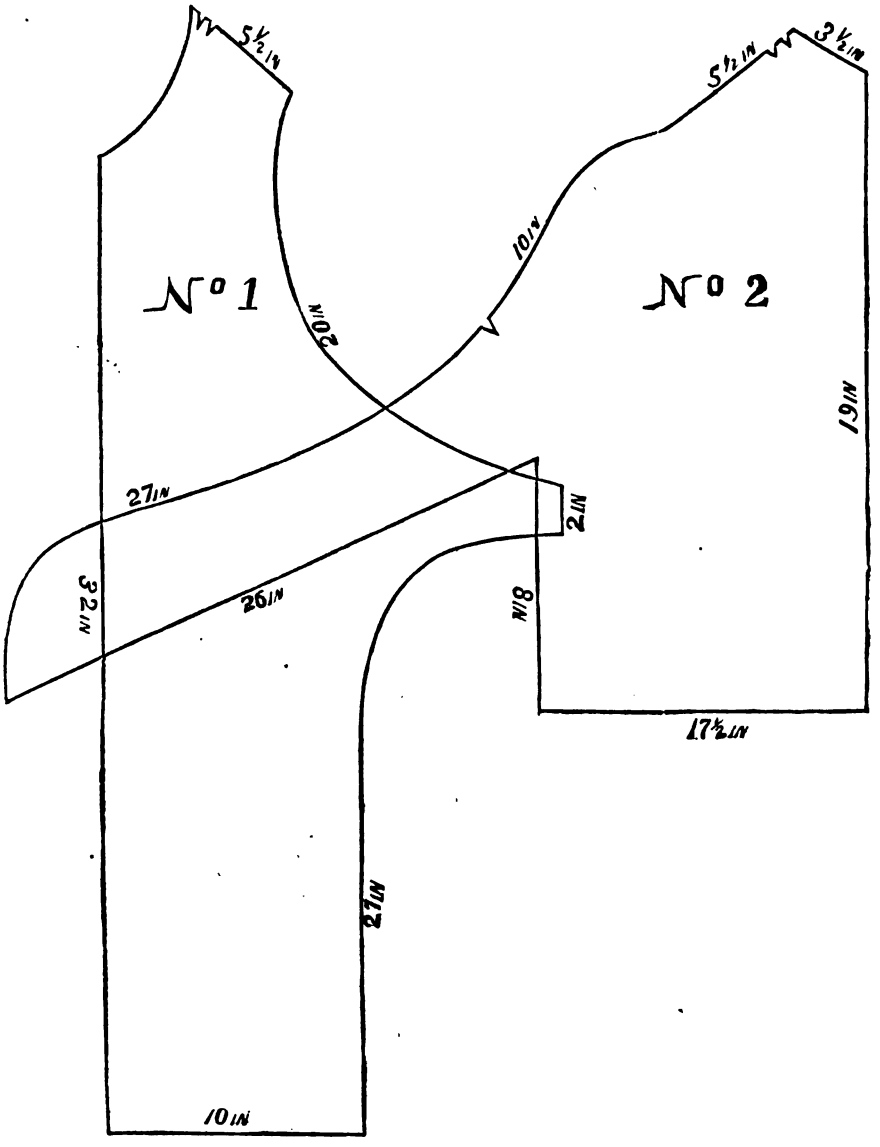
which has square ends, and the fichu, which has round ends; they are joined at the neck, commencing by the two notches at the side of the paper, and continuing until the seam reaches the one notch. The trimmings may be either lace fringe, crimped bordering, ruching, etc.



No. 1. Half of Front. | No. 2. Half of Back.

DESIGN IN PATCHWORK.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a new and effective design for patchwork. It may be used for covering a chair, ottoman, or footstool, or for a cushion, &c., &c. The material may be silk, velvet, etc., etc. Seam the pieces together at the back, according to the colored design, adding the long stitches afterwards with purse silk.

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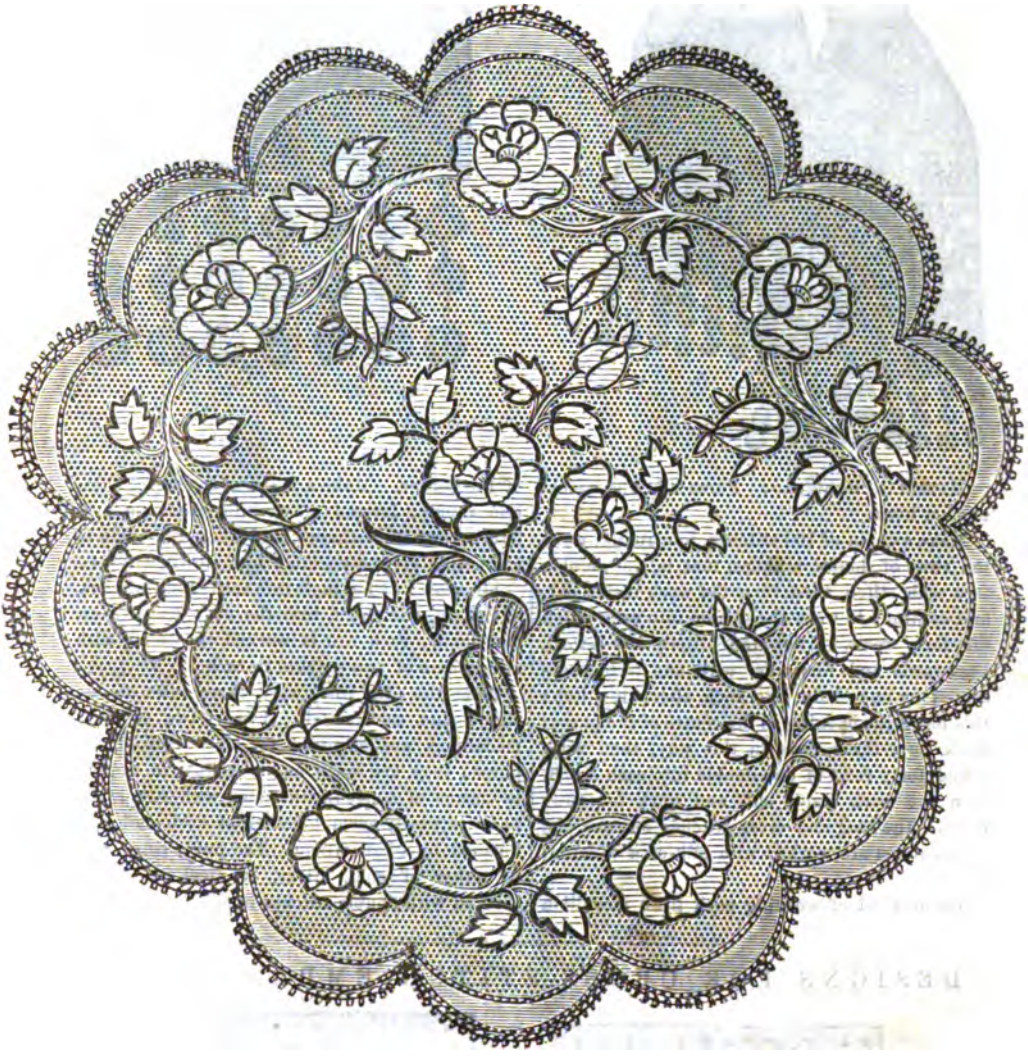
D'OYLEY: APPLICATION ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a very beautiful design for a D'Oyley on net, the pattern to be worked in application. The groundwork is Brussels net; the application may be either batiste or nainsook, stitched down with a thin cord. The scollops, at the edge, are likewise appliqué, and are ornamented with a woven picot, which is sewed neatly on to the edge of the D'Oyley.

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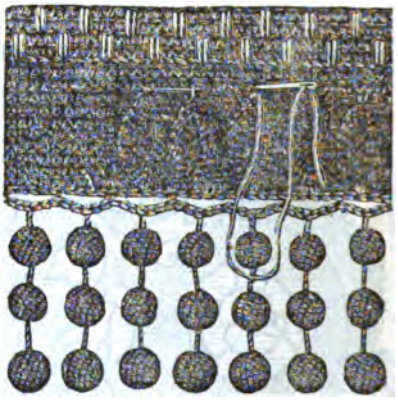
PURSE: CROCHET, WITH DETAIL OF FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS REQUIRED: Purse silk, and a steel crochet hook.

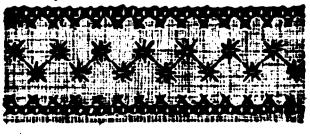
Make a chain of 100 stitches, join round, work ten rows of double stitches, that is, one double into each stitch, then turn the work inside out, and continue to work the double into each stitch for forty rows. After the fiftieth row—work backwards and forwards, with one treble separated by one chain into each alternate stitch; this forms the opening in the centre of the purse; work forty-three rows in this way, then work round forty rows of one double into each stitch, turn the work inside out, and work ten rows more. The long and cross stitches on each end of the purse are worked with silk of a different color.

The method of working each little medallion of the border. Make a chain of twelve stitches, join round; instead of working from right to left, reverse the stitches, and work from left to right, this gives a peculiar form to the stitches.

First row: One single into each of six stitches, one chain, one single into the next six stitches, one chain; each row is worked the same, with an increase of two stitches in each.

After the fifth row, work three rows of one single into each stitch. Twenty-two of these medallions are required for each end of the purse; they are sewn on, as shown in design, by means of a needle threaded with silk. The purse is neatly sewn together at each end, and finished by a ball fringe. The purse-rings may be either of gold, silver, or steel, or brass, covered with double stitches in silk.

DESIGNS FOR CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Worked entirely in cross stitch, with colored working cottons. Very much used for bordering towels of fine huckaback; also, suitable for ornamenting children's dresses, aprons, etc.

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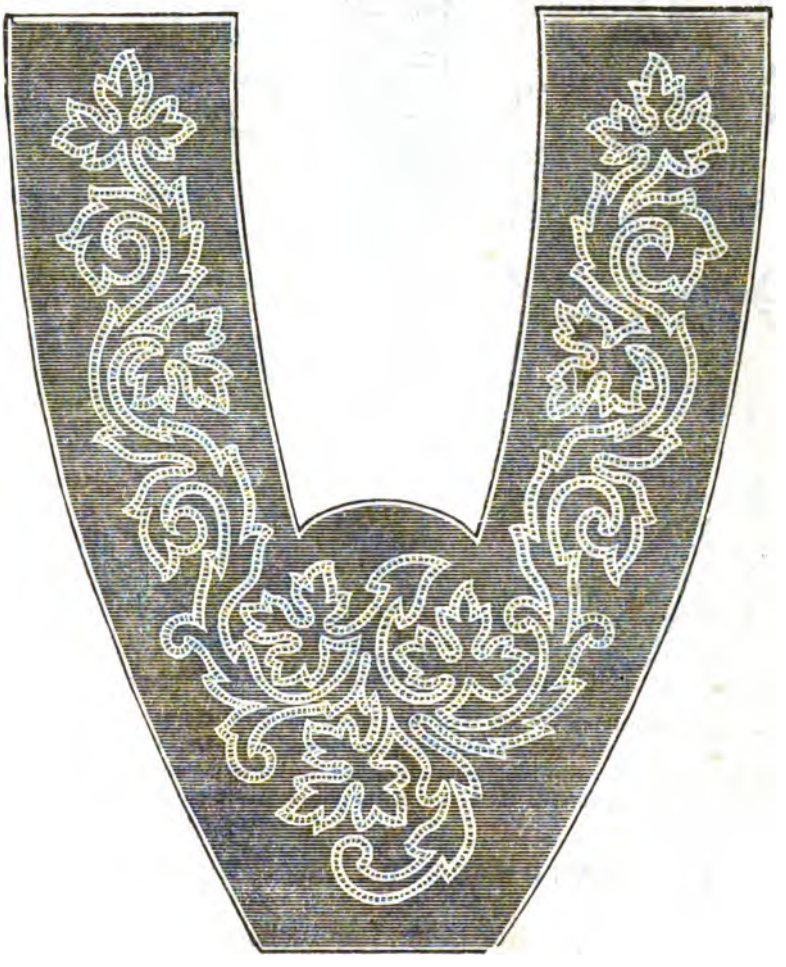
SLIPPER IN BRAIDING AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials for this pretty slipper are violet cloth, gold thread, No. 5, five skeins, and black beads, No. 2, two ounces.

The braiding is simple enough, all you have to do is to follow the pattern. To put the beads on, thread some strong black silk, with as fine a needle as will carry it. Make a knot, and draw the needle through at any point; thread on some beads, and, with a second needle and silk, sew the first silk down on the cloth, between every two beads. The great object in this work is to take care that the beads do not lie too close together.

The gold thread is sewn down on each side, with silk of the same color, the ends being drawn to the wrong side. There is a richness in these brilliant, glittering beads, edged on each side with massive gold cord, which no other material can give.

A pretty affair for a Christmas gift.

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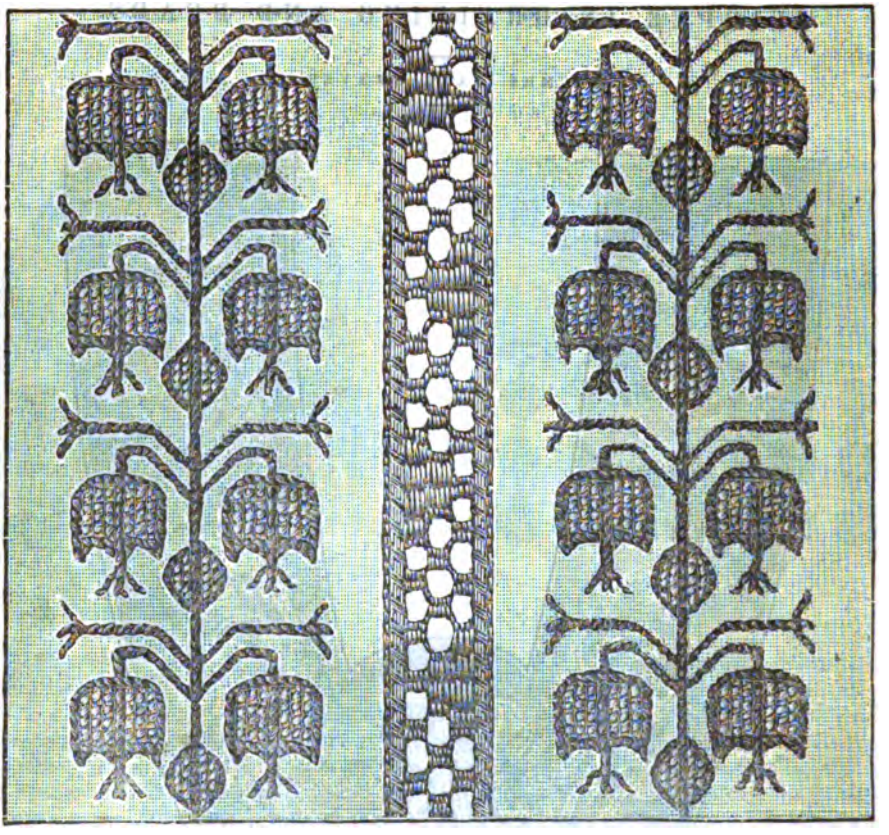
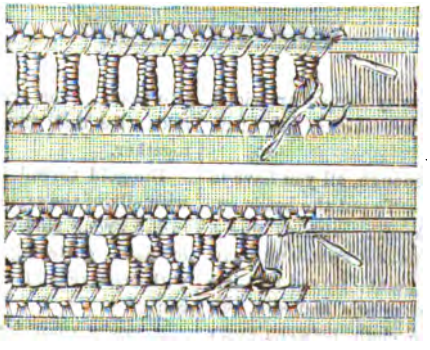
STRIPE FOR ANTIMACCASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is something entirely new for tidys, etc., and is worked with crewels, on a coarse linen canvas, each stripe being separated by an insertion of drawn threads, the design of which we give, showing the stitches, and the manner of working. For these insertions, use the French working cotton—either red, blue, or brown—or combine two colors.

INSERTION OF DRAWN THREADS.



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ROCKING CHAIR AND CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give engravings of a rocking-chair, and cushion. The rocking-chair is cane, and the cover for the cushion is ornamented in a very effective manner, with fancy stitches and application. The foundation is Java canvas, or crash may be used, if preferred. Stripes of various materials are then tacked upon the foundation, and a corner of the first stripe is designedly turned back in our illustration, to show the manner of working. Any desirable combination of colors may be used; in our model the vandyked band in the centre is dark blue gros grain, and those at the sides black velvet. Silver grey and pale blue wools are used for working the horizontal and perpendicular stitches between the stripes; the fancy stitches are in maize and red filoselle. The stripes, in wool of two colors, are first worked in long stitches, as explained; the gros grain appliqué is then added, the edges being notched, and the silk turned under to form points, and these are kept in place with clusters of long stitches of unequal length, put in with filoselle, the squares in the centre being formed with floss silk braids. At each side of the velvet band there is a perpendicular line of several strands of purse silk, barred across with a contrasting color, and the centre of the band is ornamented with Russian embroidery.

DESIGN FOR TOILET COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a design, full-size, for a stripe, which, when repeated, and the several stripes fastened together, make a toilet cover for a chest of drawers. The upper part of the chest of drawers (so as to show the toilet cover), we also engrave. The drawing pattern, to be done on net, is to be worked with tatting cotton. (See the full-size illustration.) The ends of cotton are tied on the wrong side of the work in a weaver's knot. The cover is worked in a striped pattern, and is vandyked in a kind of sexagonal star-shaped pattern. Begin the work at the point of a ray of the centre star-pattern, and darn the outer edge, missing seven holes of the net. Finish this part of the work according to the illustration, which shows clearly the order of the stitches. The star figure is then edged round with a vandyked border, which is worked over three, and sometimes over four holes of net. Besides this, the pattern has a very narrow border, which is begun at the upper centre of the work, and takes in two rows of holes.

Now for the leaf pattern. First darn the outline, and then put in the veins according to the illustration. In continuing the work proceed to the right-hand half of the next star-pattern with the adjoining leaf, then the left-hand half of the following sexagonal pattern, and fill up the other halves as you return. The lower half of the first sexagonal pattern is worked rather shorter than the upper half in order to bring the leaves nearer (see full-size illustration), and the other three corners must of course correspond. The outer edge of the cover is darned through in a straight row of holes, and the net is turned under and hemmed on the wrong side. The cover is also edged with a row of double crochet, and with tassels knotted out of the tatting-cotton. The tassels are made of eleven strands of tatting-cotton folded in half; then five double buttonhole knots with two strands of thread. Second row: Take the eleventh of the twenty-two strands as a foundation thread, and knot two buttonhole loops with each strand from right to left. Third to tenth row: Like the last row, leaving unnoticed the strands used in the last row as foundation threads, so that there are two ends less used in each succeeding row. Eleventh row: seven double knots with the four centre strands, then knot every three of the strands used as foundation threads, and cut the ends even

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1878! FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1878 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

For 1878, "Peterson" will deserve this circulation still more. The full-size paper patterns, to be given, in every number, will make "Peterson" absolutely indispensable in the family, *even as a matter of economy.* In other respects, also,—in the stories, engravings and fashions—the magazine will be better than ever.

We continue to offer three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1878. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." No other magazine offers such inducements.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

DESIGN IN PATCHWORK.—For our colored pattern, this month, we give a very handsome design in patchwork, to be worked in black, red and yellow. It may not be out of place to add a few hints about patchwork generally. It is best to have each figure and a pattern cut in wood, or tin, though stiff pasteboard will do. Cretonne chintz can be used for patchwork, and with a centre of color, and an outer edge of black-grounded chintz, many pretty pieces of work can be made. The box pattern is an easy one, (we gave an engraving of it, a few months ago), and for seats and backs of chairs is preferable to any other. Besides which small pieces are used for this shape, whereas in the diamond, also a favorite pattern, only large pieces are necessary, and are not always easy to obtain. Octagonal shapes are very pretty for patchwork, and for footstool covers, handkerchief cases, and nightdress sachets there are none better. Mix as many reds and yellows as possible in the work, and plenty of colored satins. We have used black velveteen instead of satin occasionally, but we found it did not wear so well, and soon became rusty-looking on a chair back. If you want to make a diamond pattern, cut a piece of black satin to the size of a sofa cushion, and in the centre arrange a diamond-shaped star in colored silk; each shape must be made over rather stiff paper, and must be of exactly the same size, or they will not fit into each other when tacked together. The pattern we generally have is four inches in length, and two and a half wide. All the inside papers must be taken out, when the piece of work is completed, and the pieces should be sewn together with stout cotton, and must be very neatly done, or the stitching will show.

OUR NEW FEATURE FOR 1878.—We have had so many letters about the difficulty of enlarging our diagrams for cutting out dresses, that in 1878, we shall give paper pattern diagrams, full size, as a Supplement, with every number. This improvement involves a very serious expense—thousands of dollars, in fact—but as our object is to make "Peterson" perfect in all respects, we do not hesitate. By this new feature, every lady will be enabled to cut out her own dresses, and every mother to prepare for herself the wardrobe for her children. In this sense, "Peterson" will become a necessity in every household. The paper patterns will be worth, themselves, twice the subscription price. The patterns, too, will be the very latest Paris ones, and not those of second-rate dressmakers, as are the patterns generally given elsewhere: they will also be adapted to moderate incomes: in short, they will render "Peterson" more indispensable than ever. And they will be given, let us say in conclusion, without interfering, in any way, with the other unrivalled attractions of the magazine.

DOWN TO "GOLD PRICES."—Our fair correspondent, LUCY, is correct. The price of "Peterson" for 1878, to clubs, as well as to single subscribers, is lower, considering that we prepay the postage, than it was even before the war. In other words, it is *down to a gold basis.* And this, although we now give a double-size fashion plate, instead of a single one. Never was "Peterson" really so cheap, and never was it so good as we shall make it in 1878.

DUPLICATING OUR STEEL PLATES.—Hereafter, beginning with this number, we shall duplicate our steel engravings. Our edition is so large that even steel will not stand it, but becomes worn. In order that every impression may be perfect, therefore, we shall, in future, have two plates made. Long ago we had to duplicate our fashion plates: now we are compelled to duplicate our other engravings.

THE NEW FASHION of combining chemise and drawers is gaining ground in Paris. The drawers are gathered scantily to a plain bodice of percale, or cambric muslin, which is embroidered, or tucked like a chemise. Buttons are added to the belt, and on these the flannel, or underskirt, may be fastened.

RED RIDING HOOD.—We have, more than once, engraved illustrations of Red Riding Hood, a story that is always new, and always absorbing to the little ones, though always old. But we have never engraved, we think, one finer than that in this month's number.

DO NOT MAKE UP too much under-linen. Great changes are going on in the styles of chemises, petticoats, etc. If you wish to be in the fashion, keep your stock of underclothing small, and renew it as styles alter.

HIGH PETTICOAT BODICES are now very generally worn, especially under-dresses of thick materials. They have short sleeves, are cut low at the throat, and are trimmed with narrow embroidery.

EVERY NUMBER of this magazine contains as many pages of reading as a fifty cent novel, and yet is sold for less than half that price, with all its costly illustrations thrown in.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1878.—For next year, our premium engraving to be given to persons getting up clubs, will be something rarely beautiful. It will be called "The Angels of Christmas." It is no old plate vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with most of those offered by other publishers, but has been designed and engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers. The impressions are such as would sell, at retail, for five dollars each.

The infantine beauty, the cherubic innocence of the angels' faces, in this engraving, have never been equaled on canvass. This part of the picture is after Sir Joshua Reynolds. These angels' faces are hovering in the sky, gazing, from afar, on Bethlehem, over which shines, refulgent, the Star of the East. It is an engraving that ought to be on the walls *of every family in the land.* In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement on the cover.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the advertisement on the cover.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY ONE.—An old subscriber writes: "We have been taking 'Peterson' for more than twenty years. My mother took it before me, and my daughters, I hope, will take it after me. We have tried other magazines, and take others still, but 'Peterson' is the favorite. The reason is that it combines more attractions than any other. With its fashions, steel engravings, stories, work-table patterns, music, etc., it has *something for every one.*"

NIGHT-GOWNS are now frequently made with Watteau plaits, the fronts being ornamented with long tucks each side of the centre plait; the collar and deep cuffs are embroidered, and a frill of embroidery is added on each side of the tucks. The buttons are no longer put on a flap, the buttonholes being worked on the inside plait, down the centre of the night-gown.

HANDKERCHIEFS OF LAWN have now, sometimes, silk or percale borders. Others are a mixture of silk and linen, plaided with colors, and having a wide band for a border. But the most desirable handkerchiefs, for full dress, are of fine lawn, embroidered by hand, in bright colors and delicate patterns, or else trimmed with insertions and edgings of Torchon lace.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson" for 1878. Other lady's books, even those not first class, ask three and four dollars. But we prefer a small profit on a large edition to a large profit on a small one. In "Peterson" you get all you get in others, and for nearly half the price.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS should be embroidered only in the simplest patterns. The best material is Shetland wool, as it wears better than floss, or linen thread, and after once washing, presents a soft appearance, amalgamating with the flannel.

IN STOCKINGS, all the ornamentation is in the front, and arranged lengthwise upon the foot, extending above the ankle. Sometimes the stocking is half of one color, and half of another; but we think this is in bad taste, in fact, is vulgar.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Theo. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a republication of a novelet, which appeared in this magazine in 1873. Of the many excellent stories, written by Mrs. Burnett, it is one of the very best. Few characters in modern fiction are as loveable as the noble, warm-hearted, impulsive girl, from whom the tale takes its name. She dares everything for the man she loves, with a self-sacrifice, that, for once at least, has its reward. Mrs. Burnett, however, is always happy in her heroines. There are no two of them alike, yet all are "tender and true:" full of womanliness and refinement, and at the same time full of individuality; Philippa Fairfax, Theo, Kathleen, all are high and exalted types, all women that you cannot help loving. We predict for our contributor a continually increasing reputation. She is a born story-teller, for her genius is dramatic, not didactic; she writes, because she has a tale to tell, not because she has a homily to preach. Then, too, her artistic insight is of the keenest. Her characters always act naturally. The volume is very neatly printed, and ought to have a large sale.

Personal Appearance, and The Culture of Beauty, With Hints As to Character. By T. S. Sozinskey, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.*—The title of this volume explains its purpose. The author discusses, not only the various types of male and female beauty, but also the several features that go to make up beauty: the forehead, the eyes, the eyebrows, the nose, the cheeks, the chin, the lips, the teeth, etc., etc. He gives numerous hints as to the best way of improving the personal appearance. Of the value of his recommendations we do not pretend, in the least, to pronounce, but we call attention to the book as one which many ladies would like to possess. It is the natural wish, we might almost say the duty, of every woman to look as handsome as possible, and if beauty can be heightened, without using injurious cosmetics, or resorting to other exceptionable means, it is as well to know the process, or processes.

That Husband of Mine. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is one of those successful hits in literature, which owe their popularity less to their artistic merits, than to their opportuneness. The time had come for just such a novel. But the story has also substantial merit. It deals with life as it is, rather than with romantic abstractions. It is full of every-day incidents, the truth of which every one can recognize. A cheap edition.

Thackeray's Irish Sketch-Book. With Thirty-Eight Original Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new edition of a book, which made a great sensation when it first appeared. We find it to be as fresh and interesting now, after the lapse of years, as when we read it then. It is full of caustic wit. The illustrations are from the pencil of Thackeray himself, and abound in humor. A cheap edition: paper covers.

The Cavalier. By G. P. R. James. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here another of the popular "Dollar Series," of which so many persons have been availing themselves, to fill up their libraries, with handsomely bound, standard fictions, at a cheap rate. "The Cavalier" is one of the best novels of the late G. P. R. James. A portrait of the author adds to the attractions of the volume.

Four Irrepressibles. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—Three boys and a girl, children of a Boston banker, are the "Four Irrepressibles." The story is intended to be in the vein of that popular "Helen's Babies." A charming love-idyl runs through the tale. A visit to the Centennial closes the book, which is full of humorous incidents.

The Travellers' Complete Note-Book. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Souvenir Publishing House.*—A very useful book for travellers, intended as a record of events during a tour, blank pages being provided for that purpose, ruled and lined with appropriate headings and divisions. It is equally adapted for commercial travellers and pleasure seekers.

Pauola. By Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* A love story of Southern life, written by a Mississippi lady, and full of local color as well as romantic incidents.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—No other magazine is so favorably received by the newspapers as this. The press, universally, pronounces it the best and cheapest of the lady's books. Says the Annapolis (Md.) Republican: "Every family ought to take 'Peterson,' the cheapest and best of the lady's books." Says the Trenton (N. J.) Free Press, speaking of our last number: "It is better, if possible, than any preceding one, this year; the steel engraving is worth the whole cost of the book." Says the Newbern (S. C.) Herald: "Though this is a magazine of art and fashion, primarily, it is also one of literature; and no lady's book at all approaches it in its powerful stories and novelets." The Colfax (Cal.) Enterprise says: "There is no use in trying to get along without this book; it would be like trying to keep house without a cooking stove." The Tallula (Ill.) Observer says: "Should be in the hands of every lady." Says the Tiffin (O.) Herald: "No lady can allow it to be absent from her table." The Philadelphia (Pa.) Christian Instructor says: "We know of no monthly, that, for its size and character, is so welcome in every home." "Sensible and useful," says the St. John (N. B.) Globe. "Rich in the latest fashions," says the Philadelphia (Pa.) Journal. The Mt. Airy (N. C.) Visitor says: "Ahead of all others." We give these as a few out of hundreds of similar notices. If you are getting up a club, it would be as well to show these notices, in order to prove that we are fully sustained in claiming "Peterson" as *the cheapest and best.*

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

"BEST PUBLISHED ANYWHERE."—The Norristown (Pa.) Herald, says: "'Peterson's Magazine,' ably sustains a reputation of being the best ladies' book, for the money, published anywhere."

MEN BOW TO BEAUTY, and all women who have it not desire it. This preeminent charm is acquired by using Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Sold by all druggists everywhere.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[DEPARTMENT OF NURSING.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—EXTERNAL REMEDIAL MEASURES.

The preparation and application of outward remedies, with the exception of preparing blisters, medicated and adhesive plasters, and the like, are duties that belong almost exclusively to the jurisdiction of the nurse; and to be able to acquit herself, when required thus to officiate to the advantage of the patient, and the satisfaction of herself, cannot but be a desideratum of no ordinary moment to the patient.

Sponging the surface of the body of the sick, is too often neglected to be recommended and enforced by the medical adviser. In many cases, this act not only produces most refreshing, as well as soothing sensations, but frequently affords great and permanent relief. It is done by taking any material that may, or may not, be ordered by the physician, as vinegar and water, diluted alcohol or common spirits, or solution of soda or saleratus (if the patient presents an acid odor) at a given temperature—tepid or cool, as may be most agreeable—and with a sponge or cloth, well saturated with the liquid, and moderately wrung, rubbed over the surface of the body, with some degree of force—first taking the necessary precaution to protect the bed, so as to guard the patient against the liability to take cold, by subsequently being obliged to lie in damp clothing. This is best done by placing a gum cloth beneath a folded sheet under her, till the operation is over, then removing it, and having changed her linen, and wiped her dry, she will rest sweetly, and be refreshed.

Bathing, or washing the feet of the patient, frequently, is a duty which the nurse should never neglect, even though inadvertently overlooked and unadvised by the doctor. As a derivative to relieve headache, heat of head, or if the feet be cold, a little mustard or salt, can be advantageously added to the water. When the feet are removed from the bath, they should be wiped dry, and enveloped in flannel or woolen stockings. When mustard poultices are ordered to any part, a very neat form is to take a sufficient quantity of breadcrumbs, rubbed finely, add mustard to the required strength, and form a poultice of the proper consistence, by adding warm water, as some *sharp* vinegars seem to destroy the essential property of the mustard. A ready method is, to take equal quantities of flour and mustard, mix with water, spread on thick paper, and apply. This poultice adheres with much greater tenacity to the part, than when made with breadcrumbs. The pharmaceutist now, however, is displacing all forms of mustard plasters, by the "mustard leaves," which can be purchased at any drug store, by the dozen, and are readily applied. When the poultices are removed, the part should be carefully wiped dry with a soft linen cloth. Horse radish leaves—the hard stems made soft by a rolling pin, and then withered by pouring over them a little scalding water—may be substituted when mustard cannot be procured, and applied to the feet. But, in this case, the nurse must not neglect frequently examining them, for if they are allowed to remain a length of time, and get cold, more harm than good will result.

Burdock and cabbage leaves are frequently directed to be applied to the feet also, which are prepared in the same manner.

Onion poultices are favorite applications, in domestic practice, for children, partially made by roasting them, mashing them, and spreading upon folds of thin muslin, and applied to the legs, arms, and stomach, in cases of convulsions; also, to the throat and breast, in croupy and catarrhal affections. If kept warm, they may be of service; if permitted to get cold, and remain on, harm will result.

AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

NEW FIGURES FOR COTILLIONS.—At a very splendid entertainment, lately given by the Countess of Donoughmore, at her husband's seat, in Ireland, the principal feature was a spirited cotillion, with which the ball concluded, and which lasted over an hour and a-half. Some amusing figures were introduced, the most original being the apron figure, the bell figure, and the screen figure. The first of these, the apron one, was danced in this way—knotted white aprons were thrown to the gentlemen, and the one who could first untie the knot and put on the apron, claimed the lady for his partner. The bell figure was uproariously amusing. A gentleman rings a large hand bell, until some lady takes pity on him, and stops the bell, by becoming his partner, the fun consisting in seeing how long he will be kept ringing. The looking-glass figure, the basket of presents, the flower figure, and the drinking figure, viz.; the glass of lemonade, the glass of water to be quaffed by the successful and unsuccessful aspirants, were all capitally arranged and danced. The Earl of Donoughmore and Lady Mary Hutchinson were the leaders of the cotillion, keeping it up with the greatest spirit.

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HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE.

WINDOW GARDENING—I.

Window plants are rarely allowed to enjoy the comfort of having their feet kept warm. Even in a south window, the pots, being unsightly, are usually placed out of view, below the line of the sash's woodwork, so that the sun's rays never fall upon them; or they are incased in pretty envelopes of card-paper, wood, or porcelain; or they are so crowded as to shade each other from the vivifying influence of sunshine, except for a brief moment. The plants suffer accordingly from a never-ceasing chill at the roots, especially if too freely watered. The obvious remedy is to raise the pots sufficiently to let the roots (the plant's purveyors) bask in the sun, as well as the foliage and the flowers. If the window-sill or shelf does not lend itself easily to this purpose, a simple mode of raising the pots, that need exposure to warmth, is to set each pot on another empty pot of the same size inverted. This plan involves no fixtures, and allows changes of plants to be made as often as is wished. Carrying out the same principle, water always with tepid water, never with water colder than the air of the room in which the plants are growing.

Earthworms are a great nuisance in a flower-pot in which a plant is well established; and it is easier to let them get in than to get them out. Often they are introduced with the soil when the plant is potted; search should therefore be made for them (as well as for even more destructive larvæ) during that process. But they are inquisitive as well as curious creatures, and if a pot is left standing on the open border, they will wriggle themselves in at the hole made for drainage, to try whether its contents are to their taste or not. To prevent this intrusion, pot-plants set out-doors, should be placed on a board, or on bricks, or on a layer of dry cinders.

Not only do worms disfigure the surface of a flower-pot, but they rob the plants. Like every other living creature, they must feed on something; and their diet is earth, which they afterwards reject, impoverished of some of its nutritive elements. The better the worms are fed, the worse will the flowers fare. They may often be dislodged by a sudden fright. Perhaps, in changing the place of a pot, you may give it a blow quite unintentionally, and a bright-red tenant, of whose presence you were unaware, will emerge in all haste to escape from fancied danger. Present him immediately, as a treat, to your gold fish. By tapping the pot, or disturbing the earth with a stick, the worm will sometimes show his nose above ground. Seize him, and pull him out firmly, but gradually; for if he breaks, the remaining half will form a new head, and become a perfect worm. If he succeeds in drawing himself back unhurt, you will not easily play him the same trick again. He is as cunning as you are, and knows what you are at. Suddenly dosing a pot with quite warm water, but not hot enough to injure the roots, will sometimes make a worm shift his quarters, for fear of being scalded the next time of watering.

FANCY WORK.

PENWIPERS.—Very pretty penwipers can be made in the shape of butterflies with scraps of silk and satin. Eight pieces of card should be cut into the semblance of wings. These should be covered with silk or satin, firmly sewn over, and then the covered pieces put together and sewn. These four wings must be attached to a piece of black cloth, twisted up to form the body, with a sealing-wax head, and a horsehair put through, touched with a dot of sealing-wax at each end. The butterfly's upper wings should be different to the under ones, and should be raised up a little. The under ones are most effective in plain colors, particularly yellow, and the two upper ones of brocades or fancy silk. The butterfly, when finished, should be sewn on to a cloth circular penwiper. Pretty pincushions may also be made in this way, with the pins put into the edge of the wings. Another easy way of making a penwiper is to cut out a circular piece of red or black cloth about ten inches in diameter, and make a ring of small circles, previously cut out in different colored cloth. There should be eighteen small circles, and each one should half cover the preceding one, and be notched out round the edge. Any tiny scraps will do, and the effect is excessively bright and pretty. The circles should be about the size of a two-shilling piece, and one should be in the centre, with a smaller one partially covering it, and a small button in the centre as a finish. A tuft of small feathers arranged in a rosette, and gummed with very stong gum on to red or black cloth, looks very well, and is easy to make. Any feathers can be used, and soft white duck ones look well.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Soup made of Liebig's Extract.—Cut up two carrots, two turnips, and three leeks, or, if leeks are not procurable, one onion into small dice. Put these into a stewpan, with one good tablespoonful of lard. Brown the vegetables in this, and then add boiling water in proportion to the quantity of soup required, salt and pepper to taste. The whole must go on boiling, and every now and then must be carefully skimmed to take off every particle of grease. Remember also to keep up the supply of boiling water, as if you allow it to reduce too much the goodness of the soup is gone. Half an hour before serving throw in about a tablespoonful of Liebig's extract of meat and a small lump of sugar. If Brussels sprouts are in season, a few of these boiled with the soup are an excellent addition. The vegetables ought to be put on three hours before dinner.

White Soup made of Vegetable Marrow.—Cut about two pound of the vegetable marrow without the skin into large dice, put them into a pan with three ounces of salt butter, add two tablespoonfuls of salt, a little pepper, and half a pint of water; set it on the fire, and stew gently for twenty minutes. When soft, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir, and moisten with three pints of milk; serve with fried bread cut into small pieces.

Oyster Soup.—Beard six dozen oysters, and scald them in their own liquor; then add it, well strained, to two quarts of mutton broth, thicken with two ounces butter, and one ounce flour; simmer for a quarter of an hour. Add the oysters; stir well but do not let it boil. Serve very hot.

CHEAP MEAT DISHES.

Casserole of Mutton.—Boil six large potatoes; when done add salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, three yolks of egg, one ounce of butter; beat all well together over the fire a few minutes, then pass through a sieve. Butter a large baking sheet; place the potato on it in a flat heap an inch and a-half high. When cold cut them out with a plain cutter the size of a patty, egg and breadcrumb; make an impression at one end with a small cutter, to represent the top of the patty: fry a golden color in hot lard. Remove the inside, and fill them with the mince moistened in the same way as for patties. Serve very hot on a napkin.

Minced Mutton.—Take some meat from a joint of roast, boiled, or braised mutton; remove the skin and outside parts, mince it very fine; put a small piece of butter into a stewpan, when melted add half a tablespoonful of flour; stir two or three minutes over the fire; add a gill of well-

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flavored stock, when boiling put in the mince; add salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, a few leaves of thyme, and the yolk of one egg; stir all on the fire for some minutes; then serve with bread sippets or croquettes of potatoes. If put aside until cold this mince can be used in various ways, such as:

Patties of Mutton.—Make a quarter of a pound of paste as described above, roll thin, and line with it four, six, or nine patty pans; the pans must be previously buttered, and the paste cut with a crimped cutter; fill with rice. When baked remove the rice, fill the patties with mince made a little more moist with gravy. Serve on a napkin, arranging them nicely on the dish. Serve very hot. The patties can be ornamented with fried parsley, or in any way you please. The smaller the patty pans the more pretty will the effect be. With care the rice can be used several times.

Rissoles of Mutton.—Make a short paste with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, one whole egg, and two yolks; mix all into a paste, roll it out to the thickness of a penny piece; place the mince at equal distances, say an inch and a-half; egg lightly, cover with paste of a similar thickness, press the paste around each piece of mince, and cut it out with a crimped cutter. Egg each rissole, and pass it in breadcrumbs; fry in hot lard, and serve on mashed potato.

Mutton Scullops.—Trim the mutton in the same way as for mince, but it must be cut so small. It should be as thin as possible, about the size of threepenny pieces; make a sauce as for mince, and place it in scallop shells; sprinkle with brown breadcrumbs, pour a little warm butter over; arrange them on a napkin, and serve hot.

Kromeskys of Mutton.—Cut some pieces of fat bacon as thin as possible, in size one and a-half inches by two inches, lay them flat, place a small piece of mince on each; roll up tightly, taking care that the mince does not escape; put aside in a cold place, dip each in batter, and fry a light brown color. Serve with fried parsley.

Croquettes of Mutton.—Roll up the mince in balls, egg and breadcrumb, and fry them in hot lard. They can be made into any shape, such as round balls, diamonds, sugar loafs, or cutlets. They must be served with fried parsley, and very hot.

DESSERTS.

French Pancakes.—Half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, two eggs, two ounces of loaf sugar, two ounces of flour. Put the milk, sugar, and butter into a saucepan, to make them hot, but do not let them boil; beat the eggs and flour together, and when quite smooth add the milk, sugar, and butter, and mix all well together. Take four saucers, (not too large), warm them, and butter them well. Pour the mixture into the saucers, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. When done take the pancakes out of the saucers, lay them in a hot dish, and spread one-half of them with any kind of jam; then take the pancakes that you have hot, put over the others, press them down lightly, and serve very hot; they should be very light.

Almond Cheesecakes.—Blanch and pound one quarter pound sweet almonds smoothly in a mortar, with a little rose or spring water; stir in three eggs, which should be well beaten, two ounces butter, which should be warmed; add the rind of a quarter of a lemon, grated, and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and three ounces sugar; stir well until the whole is thoroughly mixed. Line some patty-pans with puff-paste, put in the mixture, and bake for twenty minutes, or rather less, in a quick oven.

Lemon Sponge.—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in three-quarters of a pint of water, add the juice of two lemons, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the whites of three new-laid eggs, whisk the whole up for three-quarters of an hour, or till it becomes white and stiff. It is a good plan to let it stand before the fire for some time previous to beating it up. Put it in a mould, and allow it to remain for some hours.

Lemon Pudding.—I have pleasure in sending recipes for lemon pudding and sponge. *Lemon Pudding.*—Grate finely six ounces of bread, also the peel of three lemons, add six ounces of sugar, three ounces of clarified butter, the yolks of three eggs, and the whites of two, and a pint of cream. Mix them all well together, line a pudding dish with thin paste, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Brown Bread Ice.—Make a custard of eggs and milk, flavored with vanilla. Cut up some brown bread into dice, dry it in the oven, and put it hot into the cold custard; freeze; pour iced custard round it in the dish in which it is to be served.

Molasses Pie.—Line a pie-dish with thin paste, cover with treacle as for roly-poly pudding, and continue alternate layers of paste and treacle till the dish is full, finishing with paste; bake in a moderate oven.

CAKES.

Queen's Cake.—One pound of sugar, three quarters pound of butter, one pound of flour, six eggs, one wine-glass of wine, one of brandy, mix it together with milk; then add one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins, one quarter pound of citron, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of mace. Bake for two hours.

Spanish Buns.—Three quarters pound of flour sifted, one quarter pound of butter, cut up fine in the flour, three eggs beaten light, one wine-glass of yeast, a little rose water, wine, and brandy, one-half pint of milk, one quarter pound of sugar, a little cinnamon and nutmeg; set it to rise; then bake, and sift sugar over them.

Waverly Jumbles.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, three quarters pound of brown sugar, two eggs, one-half of a nutmeg, two tablespoons of rose water, or any kind of seasoning. Cream together the butter and sugar; add the beaten eggs, and then the flour; roll them out thin, and cut with a shape.

Scotch Cakes.—Three pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, one and a-half pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoons of caraway seed, two of cinnamon, and a little citron, cut in small pieces. Cream the butter and sugar; add the flour and seasoning, and bake in small cakes.

Rice Cakes.—Melt one quarter pound of butter in three pints of milk, stir in two tablespoons of wheat flour, and as much rice flour as will make a stiff batter; add two eggs, well beaten, one tea-cup of yeast, one teaspoon of salt. Bake on the griddle.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. I.—Walking Dress of Blue Cashmere; the lower skirt is rather short, and trimmed with one deep flounce; the upper skirt has also one ruffle, is long in front, and gathered up carelessly in the back; the long jacket is trimmed with braid and fur, and is buttoned diagonally from the right side to the left. Black felt hat, trimmed with a long blue plume, and red wing.

Fig. II.—Carriage Dress of Olive Green Silk; the front is trimmed with bands and plaitings of a lighter shade of green, the long train at the back is untrimmed; black silk mantle, very much trimmed with wide figured galloon and lace. Bonnet of black velvet, with black lace strings, and olive green plumes.

Fig. III.—House Dress of Light Blue Silk; the front is closely puffed and with the wide lower ruffle is of plain

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silk; the waist, the "panels" at the side, and the upper skirts at the back are of blue brocaded silk; these skirts are trimmed with wide ball fringe; the square necked waist is of the cuirass shape, and cut in one with the long panel-shaped side pieces, which are trimmed with large mother-of-pearl buttons; the lower part of the sleeves, the ruffle under the lower fringe, and a small puffing under the basque at the back are of fawn-colored silk.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS OF GREY-GREEN BOURETTE; the skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, which is edged with a knife plaiting of silk of the same color. The very long paletot is of cloth, trimmed with a band of brown fur; the deep cuffs, pockets and collar are of the same fur. Round felt hat, with a narrow band of the fur, a cardinal red wing and cock's plumes.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK: a very deep knife-plaited flounce is around the bottom of the skirt; scarf over-dress of crêpe, richly embroidered; crêpe sash on the right side; deep basque waist, cut slightly open in front, made of the embroidered crêpe; elbow sleeves of puffed tulle trimmed with blue ribbons.

FIG. VI. AND VII.—Front and back of walking dress made of light grey cashmere; the under-skirt is of black silk, trimmed with two knife-plaited ruffles; the grey over skirt and half-tight fitting sacque are trimmed with a band of fur; the pockets at the back, and the collar and muff are of the same fur.

FIG. VIII.—CAMEL'S HAIR COSTUME of olive green, trimmed with silk of the same color, and galloon embroidered with pale blue. The skirt is bordered with rows of kiltings, two in front and three at the back. The tunic, trimmed to simulate a slantwise fastening, is draped high at the back, beneath a silk sash; the buttons are of embroidered silk to match the galloon. The paletot is demi-fitting; it fastens slantwise, and has a pointed collar; the trimmings consist of a kilting of faille and a band of embroidered braid.

FIG. IX.—PRINCESS DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with open square bodice fastening at the side. The skirt is bouillonné in front, the fulness terminating with velvet bows, lined with colored faille. The back is train-shaped and puffed; it is trimmed with gathered flounces and plaitings arranged alternately. The sleeves are ornamented with plaitings and bands, and two bows mark the square opening of the bodice.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, also, two head dresses; the first has the hair turned loosely back, and short curls arranged on the forehead; the hair is dressed high on the top of the head, with a rose bud and leaves as the only ornaments; a long, loose curl, falls a little on one side at the back. The other head dress is for a young lady; the hair is crimped, then plaited very loosely at the back, and tied near the ends with a black velvet bow; a black velvet bow is placed near the top of the head.

We also give the back and front of a black silk paletot made of very heavy silk; it is loose in front, and close fitting at the back: the pockets are trimmed with a deep jet fringe, which still holds its own, especially on black, notwithstanding all the rich galloons and embroideries that are so much used; the distinguishing beauty of this paletot is the triple collar, each collar is piped with silk, and a long loop and ends of rich gros-grain finishes the collar at the neck; the cuffs are made to correspond with the collar.

In addition to the many new style bonnets given in October, we give, this month, a black felt bonnet trimmed with black velvet; the face trimming has a narrow jet band across the band of velvet, and velvet strings; a gay plume of stiff feathers is placed back on the left side. Next is a toque, or round hat, of chestnut-brown felt; the brim is of chestnut-brown plush, and the hat is trimmed with brown velvet, pheasant's wings and autumn green feathers. The other hat is of grey felt, bound and trimmed with black velvet, and dark green cock's plumes. We also give a fichu made of *crêpe de chine*, or grenadine, or soft twilled silk, and trimmed with a colored galloon and soft fringe. This makes a pretty addition to a house dress, but looks better when worn by slender people.

Styles are gradually changing to something more severe, as was noted in our October number; drapery is still clinging when there is any; the "habit basque," or redingote is very popular with those who are the quickest to adopt the newest fashions, and looks remarkably well on fine figures.

For very dressy occasions an embroidered satin vest, in the Louis XV. style, is worn, and this vest is then always of a lighter color than the basque, is very deep, has side pockets, etc., all of which are hand embroidered. One of the prettiest of these habit basques was of rich brocaded chestnut-colored velvet, with a delicate, creamy satin vest, embroidered in pink rose-buds and green vines. The skirt worn with this was plain chestnut-colored silk. Another, equally pretty, was of plain myrtle green silk, with a silver grey satin vest, embroidered in forget-me-nots and green leaves. The skirt of this beautiful costume was of the myrtle green silk. For house-dresses the Princess or polonaise, slightly draped at the back, is still the most popular, though its reign is somewhat disputed by the cuirass waist, which is so becoming to many figures; these cuirass waists have often coat backs, which are cut long, and are looped up in various styles to suit the fancy of the wearer, and which give a variety to the toilette.

Plain silk and figured silk, silk and velvet, brocaded silk and velvet, are all used now in combination, for all kinds of dresses. This is an admirable fashion, as it enables those who study economy, to make beautiful dresses, and of the newest fashion, out of old ones. Shorter walking-dresses are getting more popular, though many still cling to the untidy demi-train. These shorter costumes will necessitate great care in the selection of boots and shoes. We are glad that the excessive high heels are no longer fashionable; they produced a most ungraceful walk, and ruined the feet.

CLOAKS are usually made long, loose in front, and half-tight at the back, with sleeves. Cloak jackets are also larger than those of last year, and are closer fitting.

BONNETS are still close to the side of the head, but otherwise, any style that is considered the most becoming, is the one selected.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR FOR A LITTLE GIRL; the dress is Princess shape, plain fitting in front, and fuller at the back; the long jacket is of brown cloth, double-breasted, and fastened with large brown buttons; very large collar, deep cuffs and pockets, the only trimming of which is large buttons and two or three rows of machine stitching. White felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet.

FIG. II.—BOY'S ULSTER COAT, of dark blue pilot cloth, with large brown buttons; the front is double-breasted; pockets at the sides, blue cloth cap.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME of dark blue velveteen; the dress is of a dark blue woolen material, striped with a thin line of red; the over-skirt is of the blue velveteen, made quite plain, and the jacket is of the new coat shape, cut square at the back and sloping away at the sides; a line of light blue ribbon is placed on the left side, piping of the velveteen finishes the bottom of the skirt, the pockets, cuffs, and across the shoulders. Dark blue felt hat, trimmed with light blue.

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NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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WINTER HOUSE-DRESS. HEAD-DRESS.

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WINTER CARRIAGE-DRESS. HEAD-DRESS.

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NEW STYLE PROMENADE DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLE ULSTER TRAVELING COAT: BACK AND FRONT

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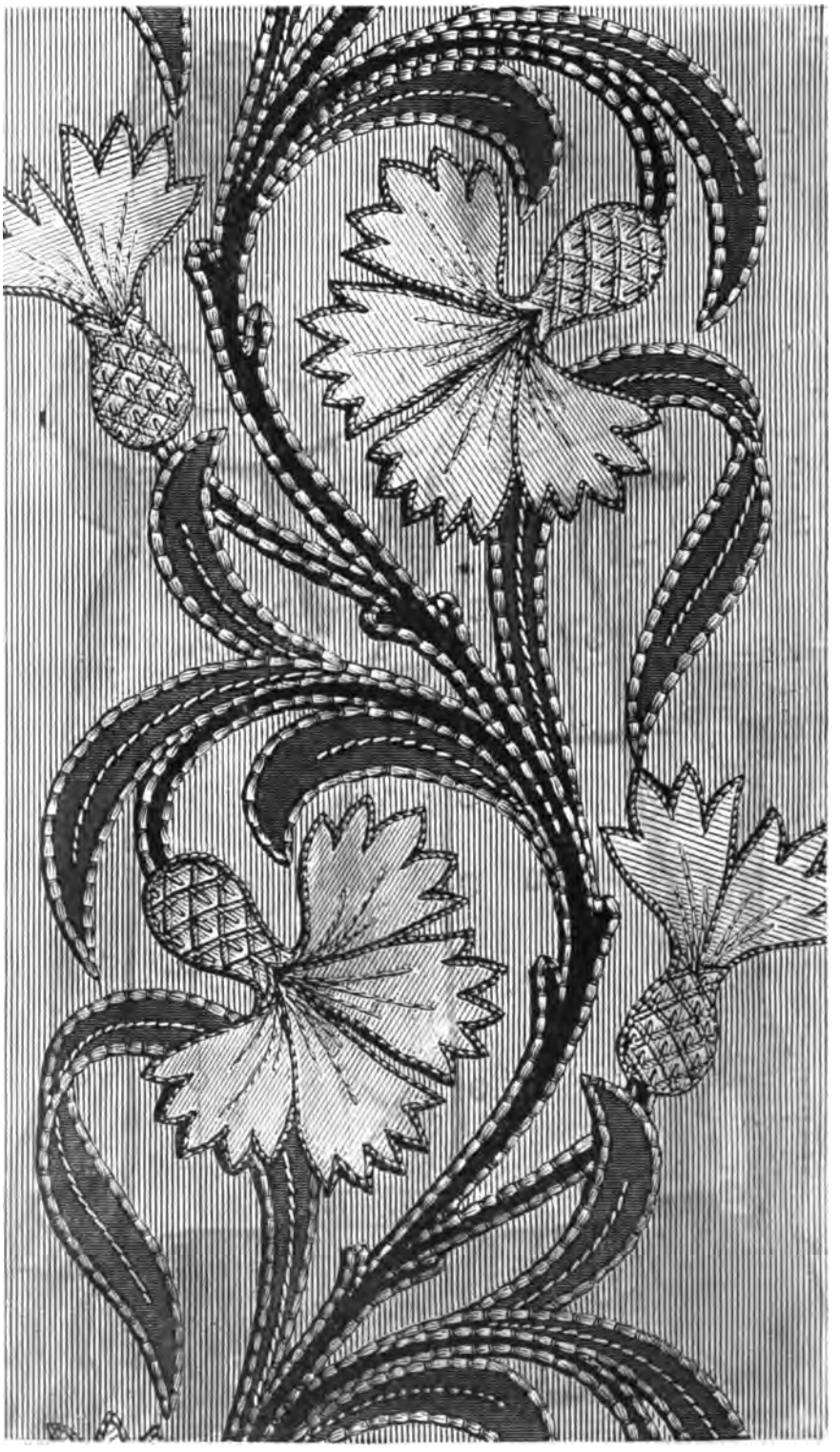

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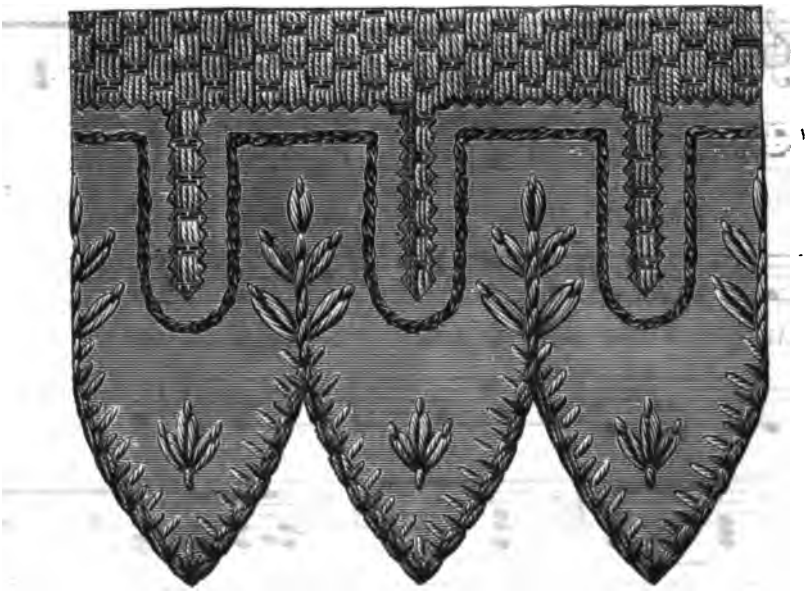

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H. CRAMER.

Moderato.

p *f*

AIR.

1. How can I leave thee? Oh, it can nev-er be!

Alto.

p

All of my heart is thine, True, as I live.

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All of my soul is thine, Whol - ly and sole - ly thine,

My spir - it's min - strel - sy Breathes but for thee.

cres.

p

f

2.
Hid in the vine leaves,
Sweet blows the vintage bud
Take it and cherish it:
It speaks of me.
What though the blossom fade
Swiftly as hope decayed,
Love, like the mortal fruit,
Clings to its root.

3.
Had I a dove's wings,
How would I speed to thee!
Falcon and falconet
Holding for naught.
What if a feather'd dart
Fell'd me upon thy heart!
Under thy tearful eye
I crave to die.

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WINTER BONNETS AND HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

CHRISTMAS was near at hand, and they were very busy at Walnut Hill. The house was filled with company, and there was a great deal of work to do.

Nellie had been on her little feet ever since sunrise. She was very tired, and ill, too, with something worse than mere bodily ailment, hopeless, heart-broken sorrow.

Little Nellie was an orphan. Years before, when she was so young she could only dimly remember the sad event, her father had died. They lived in the heart of a great city at the time. But being left very poor, and in feeble health, the widow was led, by the hope of obtaining respectable employment, and the expectation of finding an old friend, to remove to the neighborhood of Walnut Hill.

The friend she hoped to find was in his grave, and as the place afforded her employment, having no alternative, but to support herself and her child by constant labor, she settled down, and went to work, doing plain sewing for the shops in the village.

Years drifted by, and the widow toiled patiently and uncomplainingly, and little Nellie grew up a happy, promising child.

She and her mother were all in all to each other. During the day they were inseparable, and at night they slept in each other's arms.

One night, a night that Nellie, never in all her after life forgot, the child was roused by her mother's voice. "Nellie, Nellie, get up and light the candle, my darling."

The child obeyed, something in her mother's voice thrilling her little heart with vague terror. She brought the light near to the bed-side, and, seeing her mother's face, cried out in wild anguish.

"Oh! Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Come closer, my little girl, and don't be frightened; let me clasp you in my arms, darling! There now, I'll tell you what it is, Nellie My last hour has come; I am dying, my child."

Nellie's cry filled the silent night with piteous echoes.

"Hush, my love," panted the dying mother, struggling hard for power to speak. "You will not be left to perish. The Father of the fatherless will have you in His tender care, my little Nell. The loving Father, who cares even for the young sparrows, will care for you. When I am gone, Nellie, some one will be raised up to befriend you. You have heard me speak of my dear friend, Mrs. Goldthwaite; if you could only find her, Nellie! But, alas, I have not heard of her for years! But there's a letter; I wrote it when I was ill before; you will find it under the cover of my Bible, Nellie! It is addressed to my dear friend, Alice Goldthwaite. If by any chance you ever hear of her, send that letter, and she will be your second mother. You won't forget, Nellie?"

"No, Mamma, I won't forget."

Then there was silence. The laboring breath became slower, the white face more ghastly. Nellie shrieked aloud in her terror and agony.

"Mamma, Mamma, tell me what to do?"

"You can do nothing, my darling! Only kiss me, Nellie. Oh! Father in Heaven, into Thy tender hands I commit my fatherless child!"

And that was the end. The white lips spoke no more. Nellie's mother was dead.

Nellie was now wholly friendless. But Mrs. Hathaway, of Walnut Hill, being in need of a girl to look after her baby, offered her a home. Nellie had no choice but to accept the offer.

For a long, weary year, she had lived there, until that wintry afternoon, which opens our story. A little maid of all work, doing any and everything that came to hand, and receiving small thanks and encouragement, and smaller pay.

"Take Robbie into the library, Nellie, while Jane tidies up the nursery," commanded Mrs.

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Hathaway; "and be sure you don't let him get into mischief."

Nellie obeyed. Robbie was a restless little fellow, and for some minutes he kept her close at his heels; but, at last, she got him quieted over a picture book; and then she drew a small scrap of paper from the pocket of her dress, and began to examine it closely. "Charles Goldthwaite, Esq., Attorney-at-law, Grafton," were all the legible words the bit of newspaper contained. For weeks Nellie had carried it in her pocket.

"I wonder where Grafton is, and if Charles Goldthwaite knows anything of Mamma's friend?" she thought, looking wistfully out into the falling twilight.

Crash! and a loud scream from Master Robbie. Nellie turned round. The little fellow had climbed in a chair, and pulled down his mother's pet Dresden vase, and shivered it into fragments.

"Oh! My buttons! See what Rob's done! Won't you catch it, Nell?" cried Rosabel, putting her head in at the door; "I'm going straight to tell Mamma."

In two minutes Mrs. Hathawav appeared.

"You wicked, idle, disobedient girl," she cried, pale with anger; "didn't I charge you to keep Robbie out of mischief? Take that, and that, and that; and I wish you'd take yourself out of my house; you're not worth your salt." She struck the child savagely, as she spoke, blow after blow. Then, gathering up the fragments of the vase, she flounced out of the room.

Nellie had not uttered one word, but her dark eyes were filled with tears, her lips quivered, her little heart throbbed, almost to bursting. Poor, motherless child. There was no one to take her part. She lifted Robbie in her arms, and carried him to the nursery; then, taking her shawl and hood from the rack, she put them on, and stole silently from the house.

"I will not stay another hour," she said. "I must try and find poor Mamma's friend."

Away she went across the yard, a little, homeless bird, seeking shelter from the storm. On and on, past the village church, past her mother's grave, white with the winter snow; over the fields, and down to the station, where the lights were twinkling in the darkness. The train was on the point of moving out.

"Please, sir, will this train take me to Grafton?" she inquired.

"Grafton? Not quite! That's some miles on ahead from the next station. All aboard!"

The train was moving Nellie went in with the rest. When the fare was collected, she took her little purse from her pocket, and poured its contents into the conductor's hand.

"I hope there's enough to pay, sir," she said, simply.

He gave her back some change, and smiled kindly at her, as he disappeared. And through the wintry darkness, the train flew on. With her little face close to the glass, Nellie watched the flying trees, as the slow hours went by.

At last, the train stopped at a little way-side station.

"Passengers for Grafton!" somebody shouted.

Some half-a-dozen persons got out, and Nellie followed them; but they soon disappeared, and she found herself standing, utterly alone, under the dim light of the winter stars.

A sudden sense of desolation possessed her, and she began to cry, and to regret the rash step she had taken. While she stood thus, an old man came along, with a lantern in his hand. He stopped short, at sight of the lonely, little figure.

"Hello! what's this?"

"Please, sir, I want to go to Grafton. Can you tell me the way?" asked Nellie, plaintively.

"Grafton? Why that's full five miles off, you can't get there to-night."

"Then I don't know what I shall do."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

The old man whistled.

"Such a midge as you, alone; and at this hour of the night! Come along with me. I've a good fire down here in the station house."

Nellie followed him gladly, and soon found herself in a small room, heated by a stove. Her new friend gave her some bread and sausages for her supper, and then made her a snug bed in a warm corner; and she lay down, and slept until broad daylight.

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Goldthwaite, in Grafton?" she asked, after she had shared the old station master's breakfast, and was about to bid him adieu.

He shook his head.

"Dunno as I ever did. I can't remember names, and I don't go to Grafton often."

"But you can show me which way to go, sir?"

"Yes, yes! you take that road to the left, there, and keep straight on. Grafton's a bit beyond Cedar Creek. But you'll have snow about your ears before you get there, if you don't hurry."

Nellie wrapt her shawl close, bade her friend a grateful farewell, and set forth on her journey. The cold was bitter, the sky overcast and lowering, and a wailing wind filled the desolate wood, through which the road ran, with mournful music.

Nellie's little heart ached, and so did her weary

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limbs: but she went bravely on. Noon passed, and the short-lived winter afternoon went like a dream.

"Please, sir," she asked of a teamster, "will you tell me how far Grafton is?"

"Oh! not very far. Just beyond Cedar Creek."

Nellie struggled on. The snow had begun to fall rapidly, and it would soon be dark. She was so tired, so cold, so hungry; and it was Christmas Eve. Trudging on, she recalled Christmas Eves, when she had her mother; and blinding tears fell from her eyes.

At last, just as the night came down, she reached a turbid stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. It must be Cedar Creek, and Grafton was not far.

She took heart again; but the cruel winds tore off her hood, and sent it whirling away through the snow. Panting, breathless, her dark locks tossing in the storm, she paused at the foot of the bridge, her limbs failing her, and unable to proceed.

Far off, faintly borne on the winds, she heard a sweet chime of Christmas bells. All the world was so happy. Yet she was out in the storm, she had no friend, her strength was gone, she felt she must lie down and die. Her mother's last words came back to her, at this moment, to comfort her. "The loving Father, who cares for the young sparrows, will care for you."

The words gave her temporary strength. She struggled on again, in the teeth of the storm, and crossed the bridge. But in the ravine beyond, her strength failed utterly, and she sank down by the way-side. She tried to get up, but fell back. Her eyes closed. The fatal torpor, which is the messenger of death, clouded her brain; she murmured, "Mother, dear mother," and lost consciousness.

It was about this hour, that in a luxurious mansion, near Grafton, the door of the principal apartment opened, and a young lad came in.

"Here's Fred, at last! Oh, Fred! you're going to Grafton for the girls?" cried several voices, those of his sisters.

Fred came in, stamping the snow from his feet.

"To be sure. I told Dick to put black Bess to the big sleigh. Let me get my overcoat, and I'm off."

Mrs. Goldthwaite looked up from her needlework.

"It is late, and so stormy. Maybe you'd better not go, Fred."

"Bless your heart, Mamma, I don't mind the storm; and the girls can wrap up well."

"Oh, Mamma! let him go," cried Flora. "We shall have no Christmas without Lizzie and Belle."

"What do you say, Papa?" asked the mother. "Is it quite safe?"

Her husband looked up from his paper.

"Oh! yes, I think so. Black Bess is sure-footed, and Fred's the prince of good drivers."

Flushing with pleasure, at his father's praise, Fred hurried out.

"Here's that notice again, my dear," said Mr. Goldthwaite, addressing his wife, "to the heirs of James Coburn. I made inquiries about it, and there's a snug little fortune awaiting them, if they can only be found."

"I wish they could," replied his wife, earnestly; "poor, dear Ellen, I wonder if she is living! It seems so strange, I should have lost all trace of her, so entirely; and we were like dear sisters once. I wish you'd give the matter some attention, Charles."

"I will; I'll hunt them up yet. Never fear, my dear."

Mr. Goldthwaite returned to his paper, and his wife to her work. But in a little while, there came a shrill tinkling of sleighbells, and Elora rushed in, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mamma! here's Fred back again. Something's the matter."

All hands hurried to the piazza. The sleigh was at the gate. Fred leaped out, and, taking something in his arms, hastened through the driving snow.

"Why, it's a child," screamed the girls.

"I found her right beyond the bridge," explained Fred, quite out of breath. "Black Bess shied, and the reins broke, and I jumped out, and there she lay in the snow. Mother, I hope she's not dead."

Mr. Goldthwaite took the little, snowy form, from his son, and carried it into the warm sitting-room.

"Lay her on the lounge, Charles; and, Flora, ring for Jane, and order hot blankets. Poor, little waif, I wonder who she can be."

The Christmas merriment was all hushed, and for an hour, Mrs. Goldthwaite and Jane worked earnestly. At last, Nellie opened her eyes. The room was warm, and bright, and luxurious. In one corner stood a glittering Christmas tree. She looked from one object to another, and a sudden smile lit her white face.

"This is Heaven," she said, softly, "and, oh! where is Mamma?"

Mrs. Goldthwaite bent down and kissed her, her tears falling.

"No, dear, it is not Heaven. But you are with kind friends, who will take the best care of you."

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For a minute the child looked troubled. Then she tried to rise.

"I must go on, I want to get to Grafton, and try to find Mr. Goldthwaite."

"Why, my dear, there is Mr. Goldthwaite, and I am his wife. Were you coming to see us?"

Nellie's eyes widened, and her little face brightened again.

"I am so glad. Are you Mrs. Goldthwaite? Mrs. Alice Goldthwaite?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, I've a letter for you. Mamma wrote it before she died, and I've kept it so long."

Nellie struggled up, and drew forth the worn letter from her bosom. The lady took it eagerly, tore it open, read a line or two, and then caught the child in her arms.

"Oh! Charles, come here!" she cried. "Read this letter! She is poor Ellen Coburn's child. She was coming to us."

Mr. Goldthwaite read the letter, with lawyer-like precision; then he held out his hand to Nellie.

"You come just in the nick of time, my dear," he said, genially, "and have saved me the trouble of hunting you up. There's a fortune waiting for you, my little girl. Do you know you are an heiress?"

Nellie made no answer; she turned to the lady, and put her arms about her neck.

"Will you be my second mother?" she asked, her eyes filling. "Mamma said you would; and I'm so tired, and I want a mother so bad."

"Indeed, I will," cried Mrs. Goldthwaite, "You're loving mother. You shall never be tired, or sad again, my little Nell. Children, come here, and kiss your new little sister."

The girls came willingly, but Fred, flushing to the roots of his curly hair, hurried out of the room.

"Well, I can't go to Grafton for the Tudor girls, to-night," he said. "But, hurrah for Christmas Eve!"

"Hurrah for Christmas Eve," chimed in papa, and the happy house fairly rang.

Years and years after, and it was Christmas Eve again. The hallowed day never grows old; no matter how often it returns to us, it always brings Peace and Good Will.

The Goldthwaite home was in a blaze of light. Papa sat in his arm-chair, silver threads on his brow. Mamma was busy with the Christmas cheer.

Fred, a tall, bewhiskered young fellow, his father's junior partner, made his way into the drawing-room, where Nellie sat at the piano.

"I say, Nellie, haven't you a Christmas gift for me?"

She looked up, with a smile and a blush.

"I've ever so many pretty things, Fred; but you're so hard to please."

"Am I? Shall I tell you what I'd like to have, Nellie, above everything else in the world?"

"Yes, Fred," she said, softly, her eyes drooping.

"Well, I will. It is just seven years, since that Christmas Eve, when I found you down yonder in the snow. Nell, I was a boy then, but I fell in love with you that night, and I love you yet. I want *you*, Nell, for my Christmas gift."

Nellie answered not a word, but she held forth her slender, little hand, and the happy fellow caught it, and carried it to his lips.

And this was Nellie's happiest Christmas Eve.

THE REST OF THE WAY ALONE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Slowly he passed from the house of God,
O'er the path his feet from his youth had trod.
And he said, in a sad, grief-laden tone,
"The rest of the way, I must go alone."

He had lived for nearly three-score years,
And she, who had shared his hopes and fears,
To rest 'neath the summer flowers had gone,
And the rest of the way, he must go alone.

He thought of the time, long years ago,
When the form, now laid in the church-yard low,
Beside him, a fair young bride had gone
From that church he was leaving now alone.

The sunbeams, to-day, as brightly glow
As on that morning, so long ago.
But the light from his heart and home had gone,
The way was dark, he must go alone.

And ever, in thought, he lived each year,
When she walked beside him, to bless and cheer;
And he pined for the gentle, loving tone
Of the sweet, sweet voice; he was all alone.

Few tears he wept, and few words he said,
When others spake of the loved one dead;
But ever, a still small voice made moan,
In his silent heart, alone, alone.

And the drops his eyes refused to shed,
Fell on his heart, like molten lead;
And his form grew bent, and his face was strewn
With lines of grief, he was all alone.

Thick fell the frost on his wrinkled brow,
Till his raven locks grew white as snow.
Not long had the weary man to moan,
"The rest of the way, I must go alone."

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THE WIDDER DOODLE AS A COMFERTER.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

NANCY CYPHER is dead. Yes, Solomon has lost his wife with the typus. She was a likely wemen, had a swelled neck, but that wasn't nothin' aginst her, I never laid it up against her for a moment.

I told Thomas Jefferson, when he brought me the news, that I wished "he and I was as likely a wemen as she was," for it come sudden onto me, and I wanted to praise her up. And, says I, still more warmly, "If the hull world was as likely a wemen as she was, there wouldn't be so much cuttin' up and actin', as there is now. And," says I, "Thomas Jefferson, it stands us on hand to be prepared."

But, sometimes, I get almost discouraged with that boy. I can't solemnize him down, and get him to take a realizin' sense of things. His morals are as sound as brass. But he has, a good deal of the time, a light and triflin' demeanor, and his mind don't seem so sound and stabled as I could wish it to be.

I don't spose anybody would believe me, but the very day after that boy told me of Nancy Cypher's death, that boy began to poke his aunt Doodle about the relict.

I told him I never see nothin', in my hull life, so wicked, and awful, and I asked him, where he sposed "he'd go to?"

He was fixin' on a paper coller, to the lookin' glass, and he says, in a kind of cherk, genteel way, and with a polite tone,

"I spose I shall go to the weddin'."

You might jist as well exhort the winds to stop blowin', when it is out on a regular spree, as to stop him, when he gets to behavin'. But I guess he got the worst of it in this affair. I guess his aunt Doodle skeert him, she took on so, when he sejested the idea of her marryin' to another man.

She bust right out a cryin', took her handkerchif out, and rubbed both her eyes with both hands, her elbows standin' out most straight. She took on awful.

"Oh, Doodle! Doodle!" says she. "What if you had lived to hear your relict laughed at about marryin' to another man. Oh! what agony it would have brought to your dear linements. Oh! I can't bear it, I can't. Oh! when I think of that dear man, how he worshipped the ground I walked on, and the neighbors said he did, they said he thought more of the ground, than he did of me; but he didn't, he worshipped us both; and what his feelings be, if he had lived, to hear his widder laughed at about another man?"

She sobbed like an infant babe, and I came to the buttery door, I was a makin' some cherry pies and fruit-cake, and I came to the door, with my nutmeg-grater in my hand, and winked at Thomas, not to say another word to hurt her feelin's. I winked two or three times at him, real, severe winks. And he took up one of his law books, and went to readin', and I went back to my cake. But I kep one eye out at her, not knowin' what trouble of mind might lead her into. She kep her handkerchif over her eyes, and groaned bad for nearly nine minutes, I should judge. And then she spoke out from under it.

"Do you call Solomon Cypher good lookin', Tommy?"

"Oh! from fair to middlin'," says Thomas J.

And then she bust out again. "Oh! when I think what a linement Mr. Doodle had on him, how can I think of any other man? I can't! I cant!"

And she groaned out the loudest she had yet. And Thomas J., feelin' sorry, I guess, for what he had done, got up, and said, "He guessed he'd go out to the barn, and help his father a spell." Josiah was puttin' some new stanchils on the stable.

Thomas J. had'n more'n got to the barn, and I had finished my cake, and had got my hands into the pie crust, a mixin' it up, when there came a knock at the door, and my hands bein' in the condition they was, the widder wipes up, and went to the door, and opened it. It was Solemen Cypher. come to borry my bembazine dress and crape veil, for some of the mourners. I made a practice of lendin' 'em. The veil was one I had mourned for father Allen in, and the dress was one I had mourned for grandmother Smith in. They was as good as new. I thought, seein' the widder and he was some acquainted with each other, I would'nt go out till I had got my pies done.

And so I kep on a mixin' up my crust, and pretty soon, I heard him say to her, after she had set him a chair, and they had set down, and he had told his errant, says he,

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"This is a dretful blow to me, widder."

"Yes," says she, "I can feel to sympathize with you. I know well what feelin's I felt, when I lost my Doodle."

Not one word does she say about brother Timothy. But I hold firm, and so does Josiah. We do well by the widder.

"I believe you never wus acquainted with the corpse, was you, widder?" says Solemen.

"No," says she. "But I have heard her well spoke of. Sister Samantha wus jest a sayin' that she was a likely wemen."

"She wuz, widder! she wuz. My heart-strings was completely wrapped round that wemen. Not a pair of pantaloons have I hired made, sense we wus married, nor a vest. I tell you it is hard to give her up. It is the hardest day's work, I ever done in my life. Nobody but jest me knows what, for a wemen, she wus. She was healthy, savin', hard workin', pious, equinomical. And I never knew how dear she wus to me—how I loved her, as I did my own soul, till I see I had got to give her up, and hire a girl at two dollars a week; and they waste more'n their necks are worth."

And he sithed so loud, that it sounded considerable like a groan. Solemen takes her death hard. He sithed two or three times right along; and the widder sithed too. It was dretful affectin' to hear 'em go on; and if I hadn't been so busy, I don't know but it would have drawed tears from me. But I was jest puttin' in my sweetnin' into my cherry pies, and I felt it my duty to be calm. So I composed myself, and kep on with my work, and heard 'em a talkin' and a sympathizin' with each other.

"Oh!" says Solemen, in a mournful voice, "I can tell you, widder Doodle, there are tender memeries in my heart for that wemen. When I think how good dispositioned she was, how she would get up and build fires in the winter, without sayin' a word, it seems as if my heart must break."

"I love to build fires," says sister Doodle. "I always used to build the fire, when I was a livin' with my Doodle."

"Did you, widder? I wish you had known the corpse, I believe you would have loved each other, like sisters."

His tone sounded considerable chirker than it had sounded, and he went on "I believe you look like her, widder You look out of your eyes as she looked out of her'n; you put me in mind of her."

The widder's voice seemed some chirker, too, and, says she, "You must chirk up, Mr Cypher, you must look forward to happier days."

"I know it," and he put on the tone he used to evenin' meetin's. "I know there is another spear, and I try to keep my mind on it; a happy spear, where hired girls are unknown, and partin's are no more."

"I hate hired girls," says sister Doodle, almost warmly.

"Do you, widder? Do you hate 'em?" says he, in almost glad tones, and then, says he, in real, convinced axents, "You do look like her, I know you do; I can see it plainer and plainer every minute. Oh! what a wemen she was! So afraid of infringin' on men. She knew her place so well. I couldn't have made that wemen think she was my equal, not if I had knocked her down. How many times she has said to me, that no wemen was strong enough to go to the poles, and she had rather dig potatoes any time, than to vote. She was as good as a man at that. Many a time, when I would get backward with my fall's work, she would go out on the lot, and dig as fast as I could."

"I love to dig potatoes," says sister Doodle, "and no money would have me to vote."

"You do look like her, widder. If my own father disputed me on it, I d stand my ground. You look like her, you make me think on her.'

"Well, then, you must think on me all you can; don t be delicate about it at all I d love to think I could chirk you up, and be a comfort to you, in that way, or any other."

"You do chirk me up, widder. I feel better than I did feel, when I came here, to-day."

"Well, then. you must come, and be chirked up, often.'

"I will, widder."

"Come Sunday nights, or any time."

"I will, widder, I will.'

I must say, that, as I heard her go on, I couldn't help askin' myself this mathematical question, and doin' in my mind, this little sum in figures.

"Samantha, ort from ort, leaves how many? And how many to carry?"

And though I answered myself, calmly and firmly, "ort," still I realized that figures wus made to differ from each other in value and glory. from figure one, clear up to figure nine, and "orts" was made "orts" unbeknown to them. And if sister Doodle wouldn't never be killed for knowin' too much, still she was a clever critter, and what little sense she had run to goodness, and that is more than could be said of some folks'es sense; some runs to meanness, every mite of it

I was jest a thinkin' this over, as I finished up my last pie; and I washed my hands at the

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sink, and went and carried 'em out, and put 'em into the oven. And, as I did so, I said, "Good mornin', Mr. Cypher," in jest as friendly and sympathizin' a way, as them words wus ever said. I then went and done up the dress, and veil, ready for him, and laid 'em on the table. And, thinkin' that I must say sumthin' to comfort him up, I says to him, in consolin' axents, "That she was a likely wemen, and I dared persume to say, was better off than she was here."

But, though my words wus said with such a good motive, he didn't seem to like 'em, and he spoke right up, and says he,

"I don't know about that, I don't know about her bein' better off. It was only a year ago, last winter, that I bought her a new calico dress, and carried it home to her unexpected. And on her last sickness, she took it into her head that she could eat some chicken, and, though we had half a barrell of pork in the house, I went right out that same day and killed a hen. I done well by her, and I don't know about her bein' better off, I don't know about it."

I heerd my pies a sizzlin' over in the oven, and I hastened to their relief. And while I wus a turnin' 'em round, Solemen took the bundle offer the table, and started off. The widder, that clever critter, went to the door with him. She said sumthin' to him, I couldn't really hear what it wus, as I wus a turnin' my last pie, as she said it, but I heerd his last words, as he went down the steps. They wus,

"I feel better, widder, I feel better than I did feel."

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. EVA SPAFORD

APPLE blossoms! apple blossoms!
Dainty sweet, and dainty fair.
What on earth to me so lovely?
What on earth to me so rare?

In the spring-time, in the spring-time,
In the childhood of the year;
When the birds come back to forests,
Now no longer dark and drear.

Then the modest little violet,
And the snow-drop, pure and white,
Ope their eyes and hail the spring-time,
Smiling in its happy light.

Then I hail ye, apple blossoms,
Then I watch ye bud and bloom,
And I give ye gladdest welcome,
As I breathe your sweet perfume.

For a happy recollection
Comes to me of long ago,
Of words spoken in the spring-time,
Of words spoken sweet and low.

And to me they are far sweeter,
Better, dearer every way;
For I sat beneath their branches,
On that glad and happy day.

Branches bending loving o'er me,
Waving gently in the air,
Ringing sweet congratulations,
Crowning me with blossoms fair.

Do you wonder that I love them?
That to me they still are dear?
That I call them my "good angels?"
Sweetest blossoms of the year?

Apple blossoms! Apple blossoms!
Dainty pink, and dainty white,
Blessings shower down upon me,
Strew my path with flowers bright.

In the spring-time, in the spring-time,
Come ye back to me each year,
Bringing with your fairy presence,
Mem'ries bright, old age to cheer.

THE REFUSAL.

BY FREEDOM JAYNES.

JUDGE me not harshly, when you find
Me cold, and to your love unkind;
Call me not heartless, when I say
To your impassioned pleading—nay!

Think not my heart hath not the power,
To value right affection's dower;
It is not so—the love you crave,
Is buried in a living grave.

Deem me not cold, because my face
Hath learned to wear no outward trace
Of the great anguish of my heart;
The deepest wound conceals the dart.

The stricken deer its suffering hides,
The deepest current smoothest glides,
The ice sheet, and the glacier's snow
Hide the volcano's fire below.

There is a depth of misery,
To which e'en death would welcome be.
Methinks, if all the truth you knew,
You'd deem no other heart so true.

Go then, and give your love to one,
Whose heart shall echo to your own,
And in the years to come, forget
That you and I have ever met.

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AMONG THE ROSES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MADGE VERNON made as pretty a picture, in her Gainesborough hat and Marie Antoinette fichu, as ever Sir Joshua Reynolds himself painted. Madge was one of the few girls, who could venture to dress picturesquely, and she knew it; and with her keen, artistic feeling, she hit the mark invariably; for though always original and effective, she was never conspicuous, or loud. To-day she was out in the garden, gathering roses to adorn the parlors, intending, however, to select a few of the choicest for her hair, for she was going to a dinner-party in an hour or two at Mrs. Lyttimer's. But it was late in the season, and the finest of the roses were gone. She found plenty that were good enough for her vases, but none that were sufficiently beautiful for her hair. "Dear me," she said, "what shall I do? I had set my heart on natural flowers, for to-night; and there is'nt one here that's fit to wear."

Just at that instant, looking through the garden-gate, she saw an old woman, with a basket on her arm, passing down the village street. "Oh! there's Mrs. Crowe," she cried, "the very person I want." Mrs. Crowe was a vendor of flowers, well known to the neighborhood, who always had the choicest hot-house roses, "real Boston beauties," as she boasted to her customers. In a moment Madge had darted through the gate, and stood at her side. So sudden was the appearance of the young girl, however, that a vicious looking dog, a mirror of ugliness, which was trotting at Mrs. Crowe's side, led by a cord, began to bark furiously at our heroine, struggling to spring at her, and making as great an uproar, as if he had a little apparatus for producing thunder inside his horrid, dwarfed body.

"Law me, Miss Madge, if it ain't you!" exclaimed the elderly dame, apparently as much astonished to see the young lady at the entrance of her own domain, as if she had encountered her on the top of Mount Ararat. "Well, I never did! Blowsy, you bad dog, if you don't stop barking, I don't know what I won't do to you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Crowe," cried Madge. "Haven't you some flowers for me?"

"Lord bless your innocent soul, hain't I jist!" responded Mrs. Crowe. "Roses, buds and full-blown, my dear, that would outdo any of Solomon's, or Absolom's, or any of the rest of 'em in Shiray or Sheba. There's wi'lets, too, and crociases and sich, for there's doin's at the Temperance Hotel to-night, and they engaged me to bring 'em; but law, Miss Madge, you may flower a supper-table, till it's worse than the desert a bustin' into rose, as the Scriptur says; you can't make the men see how pretty it is, as well I ought to know, after all the trouble I've had in my day, a raisin' five on 'em, not to mention Crowe hisself and his old pa, which was a deal wearinger than the whole caboodle put together, and him on crutches at that."

By this time, she had set the basket on the ground, and taken off the paper laid over the top, though sorely impeded in her movements by the leaps and springs of Blowsy, who barked incessantly.

"What lovely rose-buds," cried Madge, "the very things I wanted."

"And have 'em you shall," said Mrs. Crowe, "if all the Temperance folks in the town should get angry."

Here Mrs. Crowe was interrupted by Blowsy's artfully twitching the cord from her hand, and disappearing round the corner. The old woman shouted after him in vain, and to add to her distress, the barks and yelps of sundry dogs rose high in the air, and it was apparent that a battle was being waged.

"He'll be killed—he'll be killed—the ungrateful little beast!" moaned Blowsy's owner. "And he knows that my eyesight is a-getting so bad, I really need him to get along!"

"I will watch your basket while you go after him," Madge said, kindly; and Mrs. Crowe set off round the corner, in her turn, alternately coaxing and execrating the wicked Blowsy, as she fled.

There Madge stood, guarding the basket, with a bunch of her own roses in her hand, as if she were a flower-girl, holding out her fragrant wares, for sale to any chance passer-by. Nearly opposite where she was standing, a street debouched into the broad road, and a gentleman, coming up that street, caught sight of the pretty figure, and stared with all his might; for, though he was a man who had wandered in many climes, and thought himself, as sated travelers are apt to do, worlds beyond the reach of a new expe-

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rience or a surprise, this graceful, elegant creature, certainly was a revelation in the way of a flower-seller, such as neither Florence or Naples had ever shown him. Before he could recover sufficiently from his astonishment, to decide what could be the meaning of the tableau, round the corner opposite that down which Mrs. Crowe had disappeared, a trio of drunken fellows approached from the direction of one of the factories.

"H-here's a go!" cried one. "I s-say, my girl, give us a kiss, and we'll buy your whole basket."

Before Madge had even time to know that she was frightened, the gentleman who had been watching her, dashed across the road, treated the speaker to a blow, which sent him sprawling in the dust, and with his other arm knocked the second man backward, though the wall saved him from a tumble.

"Just step inside the gate," he said to Madge; and Madge obeyed, mechanically, snatching up the basket as she fled.

But there was to be no battle. The man who had been knocked down, got up swearing. But his companions pulled him hastily away, either sufficiently sober to be able to recognize that he had received his just deserts, or else too wise to attempt a struggle with so powerful and skilful an antagonist as the strange gentleman. Madge, looking through the gate, thought this new Perseus handsome enough, and big enough, to have served as a model for Hercules, in the full maturity of manhood.

"Be off, you two there," he said. "You are sober enough to know what you are about—and take that rascal with you."

The ruffians evidently considered his advice worth following, and slunk round the corner as rapidly as their unsteady legs would carry them.

At the same instant, up rushed Mrs. Crowe, dragging Blowsy, he barking wildly, and she so completely out of breath, that she could only gasp: "Oh, Miss Madge—I beg pardon—to think of leaving you—a basket—this ungrateful beast—oh!"

Madge got her wits back.

"It is no matter, Mrs. Crowe," she said. "See, I have taken several rose-buds—come to the house to-morrow." Then she turned to the gentleman, and added, "I owe you a great many thanks," and her lips began to tremble, as she realized from what annoyance he had saved her.

The handsome Hercules, or Perseus—which shall we call him?—only lifted his hat, and bowed, and Madge rushed away up to the house, just stopping on the verandah long enough to cast back one glance. Hercules was still standing at the gate with Mrs. Crowe, and her basket before him, and Blowsy frisking amicably about his legs.

Miss Evans, and her niece Madge, were somewhat late in entering Mrs. Lyttimer's drawing-room. The rest of the company were already assembled, and were all known to Madge except one, a stranger, and that stranger her Hercules.

"Miss Evans, you have heard me talk of my nephew, Hugh Greatorex," said Mrs. Lyttimer, "and here he is." Then, turning to Madge, she said: "Hugh—Mr. Greatorex—Miss Vernon."

Madge saw that he wore, in the button-hole of his coat, a tiny rose-bud, an own sister to that which decorated her hair. Dinner was now announced. It devolved upon Mr. Greatorex to lead her in, and somehow, the roses, and the little secret shared between them, seemed to make them old acquaintances at once.

But Aunt Jane watched their animated conversation with angry eyes. She had never seen Hugh Greatorex before, but she had heard of him; and heard of him as one of the worst men that ever lived. Mrs. Lyttimer knew it; had groaned often when she talked of him; and now, here he was, a guest under her roof, sitting by Madge at table, and talking as easily as if he had not a mountain-load of unrepented sins on his soul; laughing, too—actually laughing. Aunt Jane shuddered.

She would have it out with Laura Lyttimer, she said to herself, before she left the house—that she was determined on! But she broke her vow. For after dinner, Hugh Greatorex came up, and began talking to her, and he was so pleasant that she forgot all about her resolve—forgot who he was, and his wickedness, until she had asked him to come over to The Nest, and had been so cordial and friendly, that to retreat from the position would be difficult.

He came the very next day. Back of Miss Jane's old house there were pleasant shrubberies, the flower-garden being in front; and back of the shrubberies was a steep hill; and as Miss Jane and her niece were walking in the shrubberies, down the hill plunged Hercules.

"I did not dream that I was entering your domain pell-mell," said he, after making his salutations. "I meant to call—you said I might, Miss Evans—but I went out for a stroll—lost my way—tumbled down the hill and here I am."

He laughed so pleasantly, that Miss Jane laughed, too. More than that, the usually inflexible old woman forgot the vows she had formed during the night, and talked a long while with the young man, before she recollected his

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wickedness, and the necessity for guarding Madge against his machinations. She had not yet told her niece all the dreadful stories connected with Hugh Greatorex's name—she meant to—but during this visit, he made himself so charming again, that she began to wonder if he could be so black as he was painted; and determined to put off exposing him, and his sins, until she had seen Mrs. Lyttimer.

But Mrs. Lyttimer had caught cold the evening of her dinner, and had now an attack of lumbago; and was so miserable for a fortnight, that she would not even see her friend, Miss Evans; and when that fortnight ended, Hugh Greatorex had become an almost daily visitor at The Nest. Aunt Jane liked him immensely, and had never told Madge a word of his history, for she had now decided that it would not be necessary. She had received a letter from Morton Walsh, a distant relative. Morton was coming back from the South; had determined to propose to Madge, and had written to Aunt Jane, asking her to keep his secret. Now a union between the pair was what Miss Evans had always intended. She had only been vexed at Morton's negligence. That Madge could refuse, never entered her head any more than I presume it did Mr. Walsh's, who was accustomed to having Miss Jane and his pretty cousin do whatever he wished, and had always meant to marry Madge, whenever it should be his lordly will and pleasure.

As soon as Mrs. Lyttimer was better, she decided to leave home for a few weeks, in order to consult some pet physician in New York. Aunt Jane went twice to see her, but on both occasions, other visitors were present, and no conversation of a private nature could take place.

Hugh Greatorex accompanied his aunt, so Miss Evans concluded that the matter had arranged itself. He was gone, and Morton would soon arrive. She was certain Madge had appeared quite excited over the idea of Morton's visit. No doubt, she had loved him all her life: and Aunt Jane heaved a sigh of content, to think that her imprudence in so freely admitting Greatorex, had done no harm. Madge had not even seemed to think twice about his going away. But he was charming, in spite of his wickedness, thought Aunt Jane, and often she caught herself wishing that her model Morton were half as pleasant; and she wondered, as life has often forced many of us to do, why virtue should so frequently be stiff and priggish, and vice sometimes wear a front so enticing.

But Aunt Jane's comfortable state of mind was suddenly disturbed, for only three days after Hugh Greatorex's departure, he appeared at The Nest again; and any surprise at his coming was confined to the spinster, for Madge did not show the slightest.

"I did not dream of seeing you," said Aunt Jane.

"Oh, I only went to take care of my aunt," he replied, "and returned at once, for she wanted me to be in the house, while she was gone. She is remodelling a portion of the old wing, you know, and was afraid the workmen would make mistakes, if I did not promise to superintend them."

"Much you must know about it!" quoth the spinster, giving vent to her vexation in this way.

"I ought," he said, smiling, "I once studied under an architect, expecting to adopt his profession."

"And why didn't you?" Aunt Jane asked, a little irritably, thinking that if he had done so, he would be out of the way now.

"Because an old uncle, good naturedly, left me so much money, that I was able to follow my own devices," he said.

"People's devices are very often only Satan's, in disguise," cried Aunt Jane, and felt herself growing so cross, that she decided it would be better bred to leave the room, at least till she had recovered her equanimity.

She went off to the garden, and the fresh air put her in such good humor, that she was able again to remember Morton's intention, of at last claiming Madge, and that, therefore, Hugh Greatorex's return was a matter of no consequence.

But she felt now that she must tell Madge something of the reports, since Hugh was to remain an indefinite length of time in the neighborhood. Morton might be displeased. Morton was very particular, and so dreadfully good himself, that he was apt to be very severe upon the weaknesses of frailer mortals.

Yet, an hour after Aunt Jane had formed these wise resolves, she, with an inconsistency which was delightful, positively asked Hugh Greatorex to come back to dinner that night, and never remembered till it was too late, that she ought not to have done so Some tiresome visitors having come in, and absorbed Madge's attention, Hugh went off into the garden, and joined Miss Jane, and talked her leagues away from the recollection of her prejudices, in less than fifteen minutes. And in taking leave, he had said, "It is so stupid taking one's dinner alone in that great room." On which she had answered, impulsively, "Then, come and eat it here—we are not stupid—seven, sharp," and the young fellow was so grateful, and said so many amusing

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things, that it was not until he had gone, and she was on her way into the drawing-room, to be civil to Madge's guests, that she had leisure to repent, and promise her conscience never so to err again.

But it would do no harm, she said to herself, Morton would soon arrive. And so Miss Jane consoled herself, only, she must caution Madge, she added.

But fate sent the spinster to bed that very night, for a week, with a vile, neuralgic attack; and she could think of nothing, save her aches and pains. Madge was the most delightful, patient nurse, in the world; but Aunt Jane, with all her little faults, was not selfish, and took care that the girl should spare time, each day, from her duties, to have a long walk or ride.

Sometimes Madge mentioned having met Hugh Greatorex; but, latterly, she seldom did that; and Aunt Jane concluded that he was very busy about the alterations in Mrs. Lyttimer's house, and considered Madge's slight mention of him a good sign—only, of course, no good sign was needed. Morton had written that he meant to propose to Madge, and there could be no doubt of her answer; she had always done what Morton bade her. Aunt Jane had brought her up for Morton's future wife, and, naturally, she would only find her greatest happiness in accepting the decrees.

Altogether, by the time Aunt Jane began to consider herself quite reëstablished in health, these young people had known each other exactly a month, and my wise philosophers, say what you like, there are seasons in this existence, as we less sternly practical people well know, when a month counts for a great deal. Four whole weeks, and nearly half a one over—thirty-one complete days! Ah! yes, it is possible to live as much in that length of time—real life—as could be spread over the space of years, and yet leave the years comfortably filled—philosophy and common sense to the contrary notwithstanding.

Hugh Greatorex was very kind and attentive to Miss Jane, when she was able again to go down stairs. He ransacked all the florists' hot houses within leagues, for flowers. He quite made the fortune of Mrs. Crowe; he sent to New York for delicious tropical fruits; he came daily to drive her out, refusing to believe that she could be safe under the guardianship of any other Jehu. He showed himself in every way so delightful, that more than once, Aunt Jane was horrified to find her vagrant fancy wishing that Morton could acquire something of his manners, then rejoiced to think that Madge was so much wiser than her elderly self, and perfectly content with Morton, and his doings and sayings.

Aunt Jane was not given to confidences; indeed, she enjoyed the unenviable reputation of possessing a "strong mind;" and, certainly, if she had felt in need of a confidant, when her plans for Madge and Morton were concerned, she would not have chosen Hugh Greatorex. Yet she told him the secret, though she did not realize that she had so done. It came about in this way. Hugh had taken her for a drive, and as the carriage turned into the highroad, they met the postman going up to the house.

"Any letters for me?" called Aunt Jane, and the conscientious postman handed her two.

Hugh insisted on her reading her epistles. The last she opened was from Morton. He might be expected, he wrote, in the course of a week, and he talked, too, so freely of his intentions in regard to Madge—evidently considering the affair as completely settled as the old maid herself—that the spinster had her head and heart so full of the matter, that she began talking to Hugh, and as I said, without knowing what she was doing, had revealed the secret, only with a variation from the exact truth which was perfectly unintentional, for Aunt Jane would rather have gone to the stake than prevaricate; but her way of relating the matter gave the impression to her listener, that Madge and the model Morton were positively engaged.

A very quiet listener Hugh proved, and this encouraged Aunt Jane to enlarge upon her theme. If she had looked at him, she might have been startled to see how pale he had grown; how hard and firm his mouth was set, under the curves of his moustache, and how strangely dead and cold his eyes stared straight before him; but she did not look. We seldom notice other people, when we are full of ourselves, or our plans—and that is almost always.

"But, bless me!" cried the old maid, at last. "I am talking riddles, and you must be wishing me in Jericho."

She laughed, as if it were the best joke in the world, and Hugh laughed, too. If the exigencies of this hard old world ever forced you to laugh, when the sound of your own merriment cut your heart, like a two-edged sword, you may understand how Hugh Greatorex felt.

They talked of other things. Aunt Jane had a charming drive, for Hugh was uncommonly amusing, and she was sorry when it ended. Hugh refused to go into the house; excused himself when she invited him to come back, and share their dinner; but Aunt Jane was occupied

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with Morton's coming, and thought little of the young man's refusal, and nothing of his manner; and, indeed, was unconscious that she had given him more than the vaguest hint of how matters stood in her family.

Hugh Greatorex did come to the house, the next day, however. But Miss Jane was out. So Hugh Greatorex found Madge alone, in the pretty, old fashioned, morning room; and Madge, more observant of his every mood than she was conscious, perceived, the moment he entered, a great, inexplicable change in his demeanor.

Now, though this pair had quickly drifted into a pleasant intimacy, I must do them the justice to say that there had not been the slightest approach to flirtation, or love-passages of any sort, as yet. Madge was not a flirt, and as for loving the man, or being loved by him, I dare say that the bare idea would have appeared unmaidenly to her, considering how brief had been the term of their acquaintance, though it did not seem brief to Madge, all the same. She had grown so rapidly accustomed to his friendship, that it appeared as natural a possession as if she had owned it all her life.

But, this morning, there was a change in him —he was odd, constrained; began a topic, and left it, abruptly; twice answered her almost fretfully, then apologized; and finally, out came the truth.

"I believe I am cross," he said.

"I am quite certain of it," returned Madge, laughing. "Not exactly that either, but out of spirits."

"And no wonder," said he; "I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated, not well knowing what she said.

"Yes; I leave for New York this evening."

"Indeed!" said she, having found time to be puzzled by a strange flutter at her heart—a little vexed, too, but whether with him for going away, or herself for caring, she could not have told. "I wish you a pleasant journey, I am sure."

"And that is all?" cried he.

"Well, I think that is the most appropriate wish I could make," she answered, laughing again, though not so easily as before.

"I suppose it is," said he, with a gloom as deep as Hamlet's.

"Your journey is rather sudden, is it not?" she asked, just because silence was so intolerable, that she must say something. "I suppose you are tired of this dull place—and no wonder—I quite envy you being a man, and going where you please."

"I am not tired, and heaven knows nobody need envy me!" he cried, roused to a pitch of desperation by her words, which, in his general feeling of ill-usage, sounded downright cruel. "I never dreamed, until yesterday, of going—but I shall—I must—I have nothing to stay for."

"Oh!" gasped Madge, so bewildered, between surprise at his conduct, and this inexplicable pain, which seemed to take her breath, that she could not articulate another syllable.

"I am going," he repeated. "I—I don't expect you to miss me; you will not have time."

"One has always time to miss one's friends," Madge said, his confusion somehow giving her a little confidence, though his words hurt her so, that she could not resist adding, "You ought not to say such things; it is very unkind."

"I did not mean to be—I—I beg your pardon!" he fairly groaned. "I—I'm making a fool of myself—but you see it was so sudden. I have just been living in a dream, and now I am awake, and—and this is all I have left!"

And out of his pocket he pulled an envelope; opened it, and showed her a glimpse of a withered rose.

"Oh!" gasped Madge again, and in a second wished that her guardian angel had had the presence of mind to choke her, before she could utter the ejaculation. But she was a sensible young woman, and hated mysteries, and she got her courage back, and said, bravely, "I don't understand you in the least, and—and I wish you would explain." There was such pain and anguish in his face and eyes, that she could only remember he suffered—though why, she could not tell.

"Explain?" repeated he. "There's no need to explain! I—I have been a fool—I told you so—and you are engaged to your cousin Morton; so there's nothing for it but to go away, and I am going. Of course, I could not expect you to tell me; there's nobody to blame but myself."

"Who told you I was engaged to my cousin Morton?" broke in Madge, so outraged by the idea, that she forgot everything else.

"Well—perhaps nobody in so many words—but—but I quite understood! I'm very impertinent—I beg your pardon! You see I've been a fool, and when I knew from what your Aunt Jane said—"

"Hey-day, who is taking my name in vain?" cried the spinster, appearing in the open doorway, just in time to catch his last words. "Are you abusing me behind my back, Hugh Greatorex? I shall write to Laura Lyttimer at once, and—"

Aunt Jane had returned from her walk, in

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excellent spirits. But, as she approached near enough to see the faces and attitudes of the young people, she stopped, and her sentence died in a gurgle.

There Hugh stood, grasping the envelope that contained the treasured flower. There stood Madge, regarding Aunt Jane, like a young Nemesis, with something so appalling in her wrathful glance, that if the spinster had had leisure to think of mythology, she would have compared her to Medusa, at least.

"Aunt Jane," cried Madge, in her clear, youthful voice, "come in and shut the door, if you please."

Aunt Jane had been an obstinate creature from babyhood, and had never obeyed anybody, until she received good reasons therefor; but she was so startled by Madge's tone, that she advanced and closed the door, at once.

Her very unexpected submission restored Madge's composure. She said, quite calmly:—

"Aunt Jane, you could not have told Mr. Greatorex, that I am engaged to my cousin Morton? Please explain! He misunderstood something you said—I do not like it, and Morton would not."

Poor Aunt Jane's presence of mind, for once, deserted her.

"Morton expects—why you know—ever since you were a child," she stammered. Then she caught Hugh's eyes, and grew angry. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she cried. "What do you come here for, trying to make mischief between Madge and me? I never ought to have let you into the house. Oh! Madge, don't mind him—his aunt says he's as bad as he can be; oh! it isn't—oh! you don't——" and Aunt Jane burst out crying, reading such revelations in the faces of the young people, that she lost her head completely.

"I am at a loss to understand what you mean by making mischief, Miss Evans," said Hugh, white and wrathful, "and——"

"Will you please both be silent!" exclaimed Madge.

"No," said Hugh, obstinately. "I—I am going—I will leave you, ladies."

"I wish you would," moaned Aunt Jane.

"Some explanation of my conduct is due myself," pursued Hugh, with his eyes fixed on Madge; "I had not meant to say a word. I—the truth is—do not be angry—I have learned to love you very dearly, during these weeks. When Miss Evans gave me, yesterday, to understand that you were engaged to your cousin, it opened my eyes. I think I had just been dreaming—I think I will go—I cannot explain—I—I beg your pardon, Miss Madge—I am going."

Those last words roused the girl, she turned toward her aunt.

"Be good enough, at least, to tell Mr. Greatorex, that he misunderstood you," said she, in an icy voice.

"No such thing!" groaned the spinster. "I always expected it, so did Morton. Why he wrote—he will be here in a week. He is coming on purpose to ask you to marry him," and Aunt Jane sobbed, bitterly.

"Which I shall not do," cried Madge. "Mr. Greatorex, if you will excuse us, I will say, good morning—my aunt is not well."

"One moment," said Hugh; he had suddenly recovered his composure. "I meant to go without speaking. I have known you too short a time to venture to speak—but I must now—I love you, Madge, I love you!"

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" cried Aunt Jane. "When your own relative says the most dreadful things of you. When—when—oh, Madge! if you don't send him about his business, I'll never forgive you."

She dashed out of the room, so near hysterics, that she dared not stop an instant longer. The young pair were alone, free to arrive at an explanation, if they saw fit.

And the spinster had brought about this state of affairs, by her own imbecile conduct—she realized that—and it was the only thing she had sanity left to realize, as she fled through the hall. She was dashing up the stairs, regardless of the fact that Susan, the housemaid, stood in the outer doorway, holding parley with a woman.

"Miss Evans, here is a person wishes to see you—very particular," called Susan. Miss Jane stopped. "She does not know you, she says, but she wants to see you—very particular."

Miss Jane furtively dried her eyes in a corner of her shawl, and turned toward the vestibule. By Susan's side stood a meek-looking, little, middle-aged woman, dressed in mourning, with an old-fashioned, black bonnet on her head, which looked conscious of its shortcomings, and yet had, somehow, an impudent expression, totally at variance with its wearer's appearance, as if it meant to compensate for its defects, by an extra amount of assurance.

"You wished to see me?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Yes, I do," answered the woman, in a voice at once fretful and frightened, though the bonnet was so entirely the prominent thing about her, that Miss Evans, in her confused state of mind, had an insane feeling that it was the bonnet which made reply. "I do want to see

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you. I came on purpose; can I speak to you, ma'am?"

"Of course," said the spinster. She descended the two steps she had mounted, crossed the hall, and opened the door of the library, adding, "Will you walk in here, if you please."

She concluded that the meek stranger had come for advice or help. Aunt Jane was liberal with her money—notably so—and not averse to offering counsel, and very frequently received applications, at least, for the first article, from people she had never seen before, so the woman's visit caused neither her or Susan any surprise.

She led the way into the library, and the belligerent bonnet followed, the woman under it looking as meek as Moses, all the while.

"Pray, sit down," said Aunt Jane, addressing the bonnet. She knew how crazy her feeling was, but she could not overcome it; and in the troubled state of her nerves, the wearer of that head gear seemed of slight consequence, in comparison with the thing itself.

The little woman complied with the request; but she sat on the very edge of her chair, and made Aunt Jane more nervous than ever, for she fully expected to see her tumble off.

"You wanted to see me," at last said the spinster, "I wish you would tell me what I can do for you. I am a little in a hurry;" and it seemed to her as if she must rush off, and end the interview, she had so insanely left that youthful couple to enjoy.

"I—I'm sorry to be a trouble," sobbed the woman.

"Oh, it's not the trouble—"

"I—I hadn't maybe a right to come; but I couldn't help it—oh, I couldn't!"

"No, I am sure you could not! There, there, tell me all about it. Lord bless us, don't cry like that!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, driven nearly out of her senses, by contending emotions. "Now, do tell me, that's a good soul—whatever it is, I dare say, we can set it right—if—if it's any bother about money—"

"Oh, it's not money!" broke in the woman. "It's our Emily—the doctor says she'll die, if her mind ain't set at rest. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's my sister," she went on, sobbing. "And a prettier creetur never lived; and she with more book-learnin' than you could name in a week; and a-dyin'. I tell you, the doctor says she'll die?"

"I am very, very sorry. Anything I can do—"

"Oh, deary me, deary me; I know I'm telling it all wrong end up," sobbed the woman, again. "I couldn't bear it no longer. It was a made-up name and all. But they was lawfully married—we've the 'stificates—and I found it all out—how he'd been deceiving of us—how that he was at his aunt's, and all: and I just slipped into the train, and off I came, and when I got there, the hired gal—she said, she was gone—"

"Oh, who was gone?" cried Aunt Jane, nearly maddened.

"As I'm telling you—Mrs. Lyttimer—but the gal, she know'd all about him, and just how he's been a-going on with your niece, that the neighborhood says he's to marry, and it was likely I'd find him here now, and so on I came—and, oh, ma'am, he's lawfully married to our Emily."

"You will drive me out of my senses, if you do not stop!" groaned Aunt Jane. "Now, tell me whom you are talking of."

"Just him, I tell you, and tell you, and—"

"Do you mean Mr. Greatorex?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Of course. Ain't I saying it, and a-saying it?" sobbed the woman, slipping out of her chair, and sitting, huddled, a helpless heap of misery, on the floor, while the black bonnet danced an insane jig over her head.

Aunt Jane rose. A strange, icy wrath stilled the confusion in her brain. It was all plain to her; she needed no further explanations.

"Get up," she said, sternly; "get up, and come with me."

There was such command in her voice, that the women obeyed, at once. Even her tears were checked, and she stood, staring at the spinster, in a kind of imbecile trance of fright.

"She'll die! The doctor says our Emily 'll die," she whispered, in a faint, husky tone.

"Come with me," repeated Aunt Jane, so completely, body and soul, under the control of that strange, frozen rage, that it was as if she obeyed the command of a spirit, rather than any impulse of her own mind. "Come with me."

She seized the woman's arm, and hurried her, too much frightened for words, along the hall. Aunt Jane threw open the door of the breakfast room; fairly dragged the woman in; shut the door; and startled the pair standing at the window, by exclaiming:

"Mr. Hugh Greatorex, here is your wife's sister. She wants you to go home. Your wife is dying."

Miss Jane ended her sentence, and a sudden faintness came over her. She dropped the woman's arm, sank into the nearest chair, and closed her eyes. There was an instant's complete silence, then Miss Jane heard the woman croak:

"That ain't Emily's husband. I never set

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eyes on the man before. Oh! sir, if so be your name is Greatorex—though you hain't got no family look to him—and if so be you know where he is, speak it out, or you'll have a murder on your soul—yes, you will—I tell you, the doctor says our Emily 'll die—she 'll die!"

Miss Jane could not open her eyes, or speak; the little woman's voice had risen to a shrill cry and cut the spinster's ears like a knife. She was conscious that Madge and Hugh had gone up to the woman, and were trying to comfort the poor creature; but Miss Jane herself could only sit helpless and dumb. Then she heard Hugh's voice.

"I think you mistook me for my cousin, Harvey," he said.

"That's your name—I mean his—but I'm so worn out, I don't know nothing," moaned the woman in black. "Only, I never set eyes on you before—and I'm sure you're very good, and the young lady, too—and thanks to her for pokin' the little bottle under my nose. And, oh! if so be you have any mercy on our Emily, do tell me where to find him; for she'll die, the doctor says, unless I bring him."

It was a long while before the woman could be quieted; but when she was restored, the explanation proved easy enough.

Miss Jane had confused Mrs. Lyttimer's account, concerning the two cousins, and had put all Harvey's sins on Hugh's shoulders.

Perhaps, you will like to know, that poor Emily did not die. Hugh went in search of his cousin, and took him to his wife; and they say, Harvey repented, and made a tolerable husband, as such uncomfortable possessions go. I hope so, I am sure.

A very unpleasant task devolved upon Aunt Jane; that of writing to Morton Walsh, and telling him that he might spare himself the trouble of a journey, at least, on Madge's account. Morton was very indignant, at first—then, very sorry for Madge, and, later, he sent her a wedding present, accompanied by a letter of pitying counsel, at which Aunt Jane laughed louder than anybody.

Madge and Hugh were married in the autumn. Mrs. Crowe learned of the event in advance, and appeared at the house in due season, basket, Blowsy and all, to state her views.

"My dear," she said, "excusin' the freedom—It's all along o' them—o' them roses. And when you're married, you shall have more, the finest I can get, at this season. Garden roses is not, nor crociases neither, but you'll have chrysanthemumers, and geraniannas in beauchiful abundiance, and so I tells you clearly; and, oh! such real Boston beauties of roses as I'll bring!"

She kept her word, and the old mansion was a pretty sight, one glorious morning; and Aunt Jane, the happiest, elderly spinster, you ever set eyes on.

BRINGING HOME THE FLOCK.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

THROUGH pastures fair,
And sea-girt paths all wild with rock and foam,
O'er velvet sward, and desert stern and bare,
The flock comes home.

A weary way,
Now smooth, then rugged with a thousand snares,
Now dim with rain, then sweet with blossoms gay
And summer's airs.

Yet, safe at last,
Within the fold they gather, and are still;
Sheltered from driving shower and stormy blast,
They fear no ill.

Through life's dark ways,
Through flowery paths where evil angels roam,
Through restless nights, and long, heart-wasting days,
Christ's flock comes home.

Safe to the fold,
The happy fold, where fears are never known,
Love-guarded, fenced about with walls of gold,
He leads His own.

O shepherd-king,
With wounded hands, whose slightest touch is blest!
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power, to bring
Thy flock to rest!

TO A PICTURE.

BY MARIE J. M'CALL.

O, PERFECT face, that long I sought in vain,
Throughout the weary world, until with pain,
The bitter pain of finding idols clay,
Of gathering only dead sea fruit alway.
Heart weary, I the useless quest gave o'er.
E'en as an exile on a foreign shore,
Notes with an eager gaze each passing face,
Remembering one with lines of tender grace,
Yet as lone years pass by, and all hope dies,
Slowly and sad he walks with downcast eyes.
Careless, I too went on life's weary way,
Heedless, unmoved by features grave or gay.
Until one day, from Heaven, to me it seems,
Low, tender came the voice I heard in dreams,
Thrilling me with a joy almost divine,
E'er we clasped hands, I knew that thou wert mine.

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THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER XIX.

FAIRFAX did not see her again, until the next morning. Then she appeared at breakfast, and took her old seat, at the head of the table. But the meal was a different one from those they had been wont to share together in the past. This was a new Philippa, who poured out the tea, and handed him the toast. She was no longer a loving enthusiast; she looked at him with clear, far-sighted eyes, whose steady brightness disturbed his equanimity.

"You have changed greatly, Phil," he said to her. "Brackencleugh has had a singular effect upon you."

"Yes," she answered, briefly, "I think I am changed."

But if she was not very responsive, she was, at least, very attentive to his little wants. She remembered all the trifling tasks she had been in the habit of performing. She brought his hat and gloves, and brushed his coat, when he was going out; but she scarcely returned his kiss; and after the front door closed upon him, he was unpleasantly haunted by the remembrance of his last view of her—a slight, erect figure, standing at the head of the dark, narrow stairs, a pale face, whose shadowy eyes looked down upon him, with a cold air of ungirlish sternness and silent reproach.

It was hard enough for Phil to turn back to the empty room. The whole world seemed empty, and only three days ago, it had been so full. But hard as it was to-day, it became harder to face, on the many dull, desolate days that followed. Sometimes she could not bear it, and was obliged to put on her hat, and go out into the streets, to get rid of it. She got into the habit of wandering about a good deal, in an aimless fashion, trying to become interested in the outside world, staring at shop windows, without comprehending what they contained, endeavoring to find mute companionship in the people who elbowed her as they passed. But on one such excursion as this, she was so suddenly stricken with a new sense of her utter loneliness among the busy throng, that she was overwhelmed. She burst into tears, behind the shelter of her veil, and hurried home, feeling almost frightened. She was so utterly alone among these hurrying thousands, she had no claim upon any one, she might have dropped dead in the wide, noisy street, and the tramp would not have cared for her—no one would have known who she was—the idle crowd, that stood and stared at her white face, would have forgotten it in a moment, and scarcely have remembered that they had been passing when a human heart had ceased to beat.

That day, when she came home, she found Mrs. Dorothy's letter waiting for her, and when she had read it, she laid her cheek against it, on the table, and cried afresh.

"Wilfred has left me," it said. "He could not rest. He said to me, the night before he went, that the place was full of frosts, and it was driving him mad. He has been very wretched and ill. He is totally unlike himself. Some day, Philippa, I feel sure that you will see him again. I think he will come to you, in spite of himself; though, when I tried to speak of you to him, he would only smile piteously, and shake his head. He loved you very truly, Phil, my dear, and, notwithstanding his misery, I can see that he loves you very truly still."

"But he will never forgive me," wept Phil; "or if he forgave me, he could never forget. There is no help for me. Oh, Wil—Wil! we have lost each other!"

Kindly, heart-warming letters came to her from Mrs. Dorothy, at intervals, but none of them told her that Wilfred had returned, or had spoken of returning. He was in Berlin; he was in Vienna; he had gone to Stockholm; he was on his way to Constantinople; and a dozen other places. "I never know where my letters will find him," Mrs. Dorothy said. "And he does not give me any very clear idea of what he is doing."

In fact, he was doing nothing, but wandering, aimlessly, here and there, and everywhere. Remaining in one place for a day, or a week, or a month, and then, suddenly leaving it when the caprice seized him. He was intolerably ennuied, and constantly intolerably irritated and rest-

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less. And this was such a new experience for him, that it was wearing him out, and working him harm, both mental and physical. He had lived in the sun, heretofore, and had felt no chill of adversity. His own temperament had been a sunny one, and now it seemed wholly altered. He was becoming morbid, nervous, petulant and fanciful. He had given up his first struggle to conquer his unhappy passion. He had found it unconquerable; it grew with his wretchedness, instead of waning. He could think of nothing but Philippa and Brackenclough. He fell into moods of desolate brooding. He lived the old, bright scenes over again. He was stretched upon the heather, fanned by the soft, west wind. Phil sat near him, flushed, and radiant, beautiful, and to be believed in. He heard her laugh, or he saw her turn her face away, with the tears in her eyes A thousand times she said again to him, "Do you love me very much—very, very much? Is there anything you could not forgive me, if I confessed it to you, and told you that I was sorry, with all my heart?" And then came the memory of how he had kissed her cheek, and they had gone down the hillside, back to the world, and sorrow, hand in hand, like a couple of children. She said that she was glad that the world seemed bright to him that morning; and yet, she had brought upon him the first, bitter grief he had ever known.

When Phil lay awake in her little room in London, Wilfred tossed upon his pillow in some Continental city. And each of the young hearts cried out in vain to the other. "He could never forgive me," said Phil. "She never loved me," groaned the poor fellow. It was scarcely harder for one than for the other; but if there was any difference in the weight of the burden to be borne, the extra heaviness was on Philippa's side. There was poverty for her, and dull care, and a growing anxiousness, which stood apart from all else. Philip Fairfax was failing fast There were days when he lay, helplessly, upon the sofa, from morning until night. He was so frail, that his cough shook him from head to foot, in spite of his efforts to hold his own. And truly, he made effort enough. He would not give up. When he was well enough to be up, he insisted on keeping up the pretence of being in perfect health. He went out, and dined with his friends, and played, and tried to live his accustomed life And then he came home at night, hollow-eyed, and haggard, or excited and flushed with fever, frightening Phil into heartache, and secret tears. But, at last, he grew restless. He was tired of London: he was tired of England. It was beginning to be damp, and chilly, and the fogs increased his cough. They must go away. What did Phil say to going away—to France or Germany?

Phil answered him, weariedly. She did not care; she had nothing to say. If the change would do him good, she was ready to accompany him.

Well, he thought it would do him good. At any rate, it would do him no harm, and he wanted a little excitement. So she might make her little preparations, and they would go.

Philippa was used to these sudden journeys, and her preparations were small enough. She packed her modest trunk, and wrote to Mrs Dorothy, and the next day, was on her way to Vienna, where it had been determined, at the last moment, that they should go.

The change was not a very great one for her. Vienna wore as homelike an aspect for her as London. It was only a change from one shabby, genteel lodgings, to another. She was utterly alone, and was left to amuse herself in her own way. She arranged her own wardrobe, and her father's. She tried to read. She stood at the window, and looked out. She took solitary walks, as she had done in London. The window was, perhaps, her greatest consolation. She sat upon the floor, with her hands upon the sill, for hours sometimes; and thought of the very things Wilfred Carnegie brooded upon. The students, on the second floor of the house across the way, found her out, and began to watch for her. One, who was sentimental, watched her constantly, and wrote a mystical little poem about the sadness of her eyes. "Ah!" he said, "there is a sorrow—a sorrow." His comrade, who was of a sanguine and ardent nature, fell desperately in love with her, and neglected his books altogether. He curled his little, blonde moustache, and anointed himself. He bought transcendent neckties, and poured out the vials of his wrath upon his laundress, when she failed to bestow resplendent gloss upon his linen. Phil saw neither of them, or, if she saw them, did not know one from the other. There was only one man on earth, whose existence was a matter of interest and importance to the universe, and that man was Wilfred Carnegie, who was going through life with savage sombrero pulled down over his eyes, and with the air of a bandit, because he had been defrauded and deceived.

CHAPTER XX.

One day, the sentimental student, looking across the street, saw his pretty girl at the window, with a letter in her hand. She was

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reading it, with some evidence of mental disturbance, and before she had turned the first page, he saw her stop suddenly, with a start, and put her hand to her heart, in an unconscious gesture, which was full of significance.

"She has a lover, perhaps," sighed the watcher; "and the letter comes from him."

But he was mistaken. The letter was merely one of Mrs. Dorothy Oswald's. The sentence, which had caused Philippa's start, was the following one:

"If Wilfred is not in Vienna now, he will be there soon. He knows nothing of your having left London, and in his last letter, he mentioned his intention of joining some people he knows—some people who are in Vienna."

To Phil it seemed almost dreadful that he should be so near her. She felt that she could not bear to see him. She entertained no such hope as Mrs. Dorothy evidently cherished. He would never forgive her, and since she was sure of this, it was better that they should remain apart.

"I will not go out at all, in the day-time," she said. "If I have any shopping to do, I will do it when there can be no chance of his recognizing me, even if we should meet."

And so it happened that her admirer, across the way, saw her pass in and out no more, for several days. She remained at home, abiding by her resolution to run no risk.

But one evening, her father came in with some news. He seemed a little excited, and was in the best of high spirits.

"You remember Bayham, Phil, he said.

"Yes," Phil answered, smiling slightly.

It would not have been easy for her to forget Bayham. The Bayhams were the only human beings, with whom she had ever held anything like intimate companionship, in her childish days. Bayham himself—Barney Bayham, as his friends called him—was a rollicking artist, with a homely, rollicking, good-natured wife, and six homely, rollicking, good-natured daughters, girls who had been amiable enough to admire Phil desperately, and to vie with each other, in adoring and making much of her. Fanny, and 'Gena, and Lottie, and Kitty, and Jenny, and Anne, had formed themselves into a kind of court around the pretty child, Philip Fairfax brought among them, and Phil had enjoyed their simple homage wondrously. They were not a refined, or brilliant family. The women were ill-dressed, and loud-voiced, and voluble; and Barney Bayham's "pot-boilers" scarcely brought them bread and butter, and often did not pay their debts; but they were honest, and warm-hearted, and Phil's soul had often yearned for their queer fireside, in her lonely days. Ah, yes! she remembered the Bayhams.

"I met Barney Bayham, to-day," said her father. "They have been here for some time, it appears. I went home with him to see Mrs. Bayham and the girls, and when I told them you were with me, they were delighted. They all talked at once. To-morrow, they will be here, in a body, to call upon you."

Phil was glad to hear it. At least, there would be somebody to care for her a little. They would take possession of her, and make her life somewhat more bearable. When, as her father had prophesied, they came, in a body, to call, the next morning, she received them gratefully. They filled her room to overflowing, and talked until she was bewildered; but they were bashful, and affectionate, and their pleasure at seeing her again, was manifest in every word and tone.

"Your papa told us you had been to Scotland, visiting Mrs. Oswald," said Mrs. Bayham. "We have all been envying you. We like Scotland. We all went to the Highlands, last year. Barnes took us with him, when he went to paint his big picture for the 'Cadamy—the one he didn't get hung. The Scotch people are very nice, though they do say they are stingy. Kitty has a Scotch beau, and he isn't stingy—is he, Kitty?"

"No, that he isn't," said Kitty, laughing as heartily as the rest did. "The rest of them is jealous of me, Phil, because I get such fine bouquets."

"If I was you, Kitty, I wouldn't invite Phil to my party," said 'Gena. "She is prettier than she ever was, and he will be sure to fall in love with her, and leave you in the lurch."

"Then let him," said Kitty, with the best of good humor. "If he is going to fall in love with a handsomer girl, he had better do it now. And I'm sure I'd rather it would be Phil than any one else. You must be sure to come to the party, Phil. If we had known you were here, you would have been invited before anyone else."

And then it was explained that in the week following, Kitty's birthday occurred, and she was going to celebrate it with suitable rejoicings. "Never mind how old I am," she said to Philippa. She was the oldest of the seven, in fact, and her numerous flirtations with the callow ones, who were numbered among her father's friends and patrons, were her best joke. She pretended to neither youth nor beauty, and was so bright, and light of heart, and quick of tongue, that she had quite a circle of youthful satellites who revolved around her, and told her their love

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troubles, and poured forth their plaints. "They are all in love with Kitty," says Barnes Bayham, delightedly. "And no wonder! She is a good listener, and doesn't want them to be sentimental, unless when they are talking about another girl. There are very few well-meaning spooney youngsters, who would not be glad of such a friend as Kitty."

The whole family had set their hearts upon seeing Phil at the birthday party, but Kitty was more eager than any of them.

"I won't hear of your staying away," she said. "This is to be my last birthday party. I can't afford to grow any older. You must come, Phil."

So Phil, at length, consented, though not without some inward misgiving as to the reliance to be placed upon her wardrobe.

"Never mind about dress," said Mrs. Bayham. "Bless you! the girls are going to wear their old, white muslins, that's been washed twenty times, and they do them up themselves, too. They've had their wear out of them white muslins, I can tell you."

Phil had no white muslin, but she had something rather better. It was a dress pattern of white tarlatan, her father had once bought for her, in a generous mood, when she had not needed it at all. When the Bayhams were gone, she went to her trunk, and brought it forth in its paper wrapping, from the bottom. Nobody but the Bayhams could have induced her to forsake her solitude for an evening, but the Bayhams managed to warm her, as it were. She even felt a little interest in her toilet, though, perhaps, not so much because she cared herself, as because she knew that, if she looked her prettiest, the girls would be delighted. She unfolded her dress, and shook out a yard or so, to look at.

"There is plenty of it," she said, with a little approving nod, "and I know how to make it."

She wasted no time, but began at once, and before the day ended, was actually somewhat excited over her work. When the week had rolled around, and the night of Kitty's party came, she had evolved, from her twenty-five yards of material, a wonderfully pretty and elaborate piece of attire, which she donned with some satisfaction. She was almost ashamed of the pleasure she felt, on seeing her old self look back from the glass, and yet it was a natural enough youthful emotion.

The Bayhams received her with manifestations of enthusiasm. She made the old muslins appear dubious; but little recked they. Their admiration knew no bounds. They carried her into the sitting room, where Mr Bayham was completing his toilet, standing before the cracked pier glass, with a cup of hot water on the hob. Barney approved of her as warmly as his family.

Phil stood up before them all, and laughed, and blushed. Indeed, it was no wonder they thought her pretty. There were little loops and knots of black velvet, here and there, among her diaphonous white folds; there was a rose on her breast, and one in her sash; and the little scarlet wing of some tiny tropical bird was in her dark hair.

"Ah!" said Barnes Bayham, stepping back to look at her, his shaving brush in his hand, "that's something like, girls. Nothing but white, and a bit of black, and a touch of scarlet. No mixing of colors. Look at that red rose on her black velvet, and"—with a gallant wave of the shaving brush—"those on her cheeks."

"And I have got a bouquet of roses, up-stairs, I will give you," said Kitty. "It is the very thing for you; it was sent to me, to-day."

"But," said Phil, rather dismayed by such lavish generosity, "what will the gentleman, who sent it, think?"

"He will think I have better taste than he gave me credit for. Besides, I told him I had promised little Johnny Ruthven, that I would carry his flowers to-night."

So in spite of herself, and it must be confessed, rather reluctantly, Phil found herself carrying the roses in question. Notwithstanding Kitty's candor and eloquence, she could not help wondering what the giver would think, when he found himself confronted by his in her hand.

She forgot her scruples, however, in the bustle and excitement that followed. The small house was crowded, the parlors were filled, and the overflowing guests—the younger portion, at least—found seats in the hall, and on the stairs, and seemed to enjoy themselves beyond measure. Every one appeared to enjoy themselves, in fact Phil heard more laughter and racy speeches, and saw more innocently energetic flirtation, than she would have been likely to observe in a dozen more select entertainments. Mrs. Bayham and the girls dispensed ices and light refreshments, and Barnes did not scorn to assist. Phil slipped into the back room, and begged to be allowed to help, and being good naturedly permitted to do so, enjoyed herself more than ever. When the supper was ready, she packed up her roses, and ran back into the hall. She wanted to see if the people would enjoy the banquet, as much as they had enjoyed the dancing, and flirting and sitting in convenient corners. Since she had left the room, several late guests had arrived She saw one or two, as she made her way through

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the crowd. She intended to go into the front room and join Kitty, who was holding her court there, and making jokes among half a dozen of her satellites.

She got no farther than the parlor door, however. There she stopped, checked by what caught her eye, the moment she set foot upon the threshold.

She held fast to her roses, turning deadly pale and deadly sick. The satellites were laughing uproariously, and the sound of their laughter seemed to deafen her. She wanted to turn and go away, but she could not. She might have been spell-bound. Some one was standing near Kitty, laughing with the rest, and in a moment, as if the spell had fallen upon him, too, he turned towards her quickly.

"Who—who is that?" she heard him exclaim. "The girl in white and black—with the roses?"

But she knew he had no need to ask, for it was Wilfred Carnegie, who was looking at her.

She did not know how she got away. She knew she made a desperate effort, and that almost immediately she was at the door of the supper room, catching at 'Gena's arm.

"Take me somewhere," she panted, "'Gena, take me away from here—up stairs—anywhere. I think I am—going to be ill."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed 'Gena. "Where's ma? It has been too warm for you. You are going to faint, Phil."

"No!" said Phil, "no—only take me away somewhere."

There was a small side-room near, into which 'Gena piloted her. Philippa sat down, trembling, and drank the glass of water they gave her. Mrs. Bayham attended her, in great excitement, and affectionate trepidation. Mr. Bayham came in, and patted her shoulder, and advised divers impossible remedies. In his opinion, burnt feathers were the only things to be entirely relied upon, and he was, with difficulty, restrained from going into the sitting-room, and plucking a stuffed owl, which ornamented a book case Phil tried to protest, jokingly, though her laugh was somewhat nervous and hysterical.

"Take the wing out of my hair, Mr. Bayham," she said, "or the feathers out of Mrs. Grigsby's turban. She looks good-natured, and might be willing to sacrifice them to oblige us. Don't rob the poor owl."

She was not well enough to go back to the company, she said, and, at last, prevailed upon them to call a carriage, and let her go home The girls bewailed her departure loudly, as they wrapped her up, and kissed her. Until she was in the carriage with Mr. Bayham, Kitty did not know she was going; but, at the last moment, she discovered the fact, and came running out into the street

"Oh, Phil, it is too bad!" she said. "Just when *he* came, too—Carnegie, you know. He says he has seen you before, and—"

"Oh, Phil!" interrupted 'Gena, coming out the door in a great hurry. "You almost left your roses."

"But they are Kitty's roses," said Phil, faintly; "and I don't want them, thank you."

"But you must keep them," protested Kitty, putting them through the carriage window, into her lap. "I meant you to keep them: and I am sure, it will please him to know you have them You must be well by to-morrow, Phil; I am coming to see you."

"There, there, girls! Let her alone!" said Barnes Bayham.

And then the carriage drove off, and Philippa sat silent in the corner, with the red roses dying on her knee.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Phil reached home, she went up-stairs, at once. Her father was there, lying with closed eyes in his chair, and if she had been quite herself, she could not have failed to see that he looked more wretchedly ill than usual. But she was blind with the pain of the shock she had received She believed that he had known all, when he encouraged the Bayhams to seek her out. He had had a purpose then, as he had had one before. He had not pitied her, in the least

He opened his eyes, and looked at her.

"You have returned early," he said

She laid her roses upon the table, and went and stood near him

"I have seen Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," she said "I came home, because he was there."

She hardened her heart against him, growing stern and unforgiving. He had not spared her, and she could not spare him.

"You knew that he would be there," she said, in a wild, tremulous voice. "You knew that I should meet him, face to face, and you let me go"

Perhaps, physical suffering made the man weak. For the first time in his life, he faltered miserably

"If I did," he said, "it—it was for your own good, Phil"

"No, it was not," she cried out. "No, it was not It was for your own good—to serve your own ends You have never spared me, all your life, when you have had an end to serve, and you could not even spare me now—this once

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—this miserable once—when it was so hard to bear. Did you spare me, when you sent me to Brackencleugh? Did you spare me, when I began to be happy? Did you spare me, when you wrote to that man, asking for money—speculating on my chances of marrying a man, who—who loved me as he did? But for that, he would never have known, until I told him the whole truth, as I meant to do—and he would have believed me—yes, he would. And it was you, who broke his heart—and mine, too. And I—and I—" with sobs breaking her words. "I loved *you* once better than all the world, and I believed you loved me, too."

"Phil—" he began.

"No," she interrupted him; "I won't listen—I can't. My faith is gone; my hope is gone, and all my love is lost. You have made me so hard and wicked, that I cannot even forgive you. I do not think I shall ever forgive you. You have been too false and cruel."

She caught up her flowers, sobbing still, and hurried away, up to her own room. She threw herself upon the bed, in all her finery, and lay there, holding fast to the roses, her tears falling hot and heavy upon them.

"Kitty will tell him that I have them," she said. "And, perhaps, he will be angry."

She looked very unlike the Philippa of the night before, when Kitty arrived the next morning. And she looked so ill and unhappy, that Kitty was glad she had been discreet enough to come alone.

"You have had a bad night, Phil," she said.

"I have not had a good one," Phil answered.

Kitty regarded her with honest sympathy. She did not believe in beating about the bush. She was an honest and business-like young woman. It was her way to be candid.

"And I could mention some one else, who has had a bad night, I think, Phil," she said, courageously.

Phil's eyes met her's, with some unsteadiness and reluctance; but Kitty was not to be baffled by a momentary embarrassment so very natural

"I mean Wilfred Carnegie, Phil," she added.

It was evident to Philippa, that she might as well make up her mind to be frank, too. Evasion was not only out of the question, but would be unjust to the warm-hearted creature, who wished to be her friend

"It is not so hard for him, as it is for me, Kitty," she broke out. "He is not so unhappy as I am."

"Yes, he is," was Kitty's answer. "Sit down, Phil, and let me tell you"

It is needless to repeat what she did tell her She had a great deal to say, however, and it all tended to one point. Hopeless and reckless as he was, Wilfred had not outlived his tenderness The momentary glimpse of Phil's face, as she stood in the doorway, had quite broken him down. Only Kitty's presence of mind had saved him from betraying himself. Kitty Bayham had managed too many youthful love affairs, not to comprehend at once what his sudden agitation meant. And so she had managed to distract general attention, and had manœuvered for a quiet seat, where they might remain unnoticed

"And then," she said to Phil, "I made him tell me the whole story, from beginning to end, poor boy. And when he had finished, I saw plain enough where the trouble lay, and I knew I could understand it better than he did. Bless you! I know the ways of the world—and I think I know you, Phil; and so I told him, and gave him a bit of a scolding, for being so foolish and passionate. And it did him good, I could see—just to feel that somebody had faith in you, and would not believe anything against you."

Phil smiled sadly. It comforted her a little, to hear that he could not quite forget; but she was not at all hopeful.

"You are very good, Kitty, and thank you," she said. "But I do not think we shall ever see each other again. Even if he forgave me he could not forget; and I have nothing but my own word to defend myself with. And I could not marry a man, who might look back, and feel that his faith faltered—though he will never ask me again to be his wife, I am sure."

"Well, never mind," said Kitty, kissing her. "Never mind. Only keep up your spirits, and remember what I say—he loves you after all."

"Thank you,' said Phil, again.

To her great relief, her father was absent during the greater part of that day; but the next he did not go out at all. It was one of his bad days, and he lay upon the sofa, fairly exhausted. He looked so ill, that Philippa's heart began to melt towards him. She prepared a dainty dish or so to tempt his appetite, but he ate nothing, though he seemed truly grateful for her relenting. Towards night, he became feverish and restless, and could not be still. He left the sofa, and came to the fire, where Phil was sitting.

"I am weaker than usual, to-night, Phil," he said.

"Yes," said Phil, "I am very sorry."

He gave her a faint smile.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, and then added, not ungently, "Yes, I think you are, my dear. You have been very unhappy, and you are very

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young. but I think you would forgive me, if—under some circumstances, Phil."

She heard him coughing all the night, but in the morning, to her surprise, he came to breakfast, dressed as if to go out.

"You are not well enough to go out," she said, anxiously.

"I shall be worse, to-morrow," he answered "And there is something I must do."

When she looked at his face, and saw how worn and sharp it was, how hollow and bright his eyes were, her fears increased. She could not let him go without making a last effort to detain him. So when he took his hat, she followed him to the door, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't go," she pleaded, "don't go, Governor."

Since her return from Brackencleugh, the old, childish name had never passed her lips; but at this moment, her anxiety and emotion got the better of her.

"Don't go, Governor," she said, and the tears rose to her eyes

"My dear," he answered, evidently moved, "I am going for your sake."

"For my sake!" she said. "Then for my sake, don't go. Stay for my sake."

But he shook his head.

"I have something to do, Phil, my dear," was the reply. "And I must do it to-day." And he kissed her cheek, smiling, and went out.

It was night when he returned Phil spent the dreary day alone. She was beginning to realize the truth. It could not be very long before she would stand alone in the world He had been right, when he had told her, months before, that he was a dying man. He had been a dying man then, and to-day he stood upon the edge of the grave. And bitter as was the wrong he had done her, at least he had never been openly cruel. She might not forget the wrong, but she was too young and unselfish not to remember, sadly, that she had loved him dearly, and that he had seemed to return all her innocent affection. She had spent her life with him: she had shared his wanderings; she had obeyed him implicitly; she had sacrificed much for him through all her youth; and now the sight of his haggard, handsome face, and the thought of his wasted life, touched her deeply. What a wasted life it had been: how empty it was: how it had frittered itself away. It had been a long strife for money and ease; it had been a strife from first to last; and, in the end, it had come to nothing: he was dying without having attained his object. She thought of him all the day, and was full of sorrow and pity, when night came. She felt that the time had come, when she must forget her own unhappiness.

"I can only be sorry for him," she said "How could I remember anything but that he suffers, and that his life is over?"

At ten o clock, she heard his latch key turn in the door, and she got up from her seat upon the hearth As he came up the stairs, he stopped twice, as if his strength failed him. Philippa went to the top of the staircase, and waited for him in the darkness.

"Is that you, Governor?" she said. "I am so glad"

When the light in the room fell upon him, he made an effort to recover himself, and treat his fatigue lightly.

"I am tired," he said, "but not so tired as I expected to be. I will rest, to-morrow."

He did not remain up long, but took a glass of wine, and went to his own room. At the door, he paused, and looked back.

"I have been trying to retrieve myself, to-day," he said, quite airily. "I have been righting a blunder. You would call it a wrong, Phil, my dear. I was anxious to right it, if possible, before—before I was entirely invalided Good-night, my dear."

Scarcely half an hour later, Philippa, who had lingered in the room—she scarcely knew why—was startled by a little sound coming from his chamber—a sound not unlike a low, inarticulate cry. She sprang to the door, and stood there for a moment.

"Governor!" she cried; "Governor!" And then too much alarmed for hesitation, she entered, without delay.

He had flung himself upon the bed and lay there, his face drooping downwards, and the moment she approached him, Philippa saw what the sound she had heard had meant His handkerchief lay upon the carpet, stained as she had seen it before, and the same stain was upon the pillow, and upon the coverlid, only that it was a stain much larger, and so much more terrible, that she cried aloud, when she saw it

"Governor!" she said; "Governor! Oh! try to speak to me!"

She said it, even though she knew that all was over; that he would not speak again; that he had uttered his last words to her, when he turned, smiling, at the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Bayhams came, the next day, and took charge of her, and were sympathetic as usual. Barnes Bayham took all responsibility off her

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shoulders, and Mrs. Bayham and the girls cried over her, and petted her

"You will go home with us, my dear," said Barnes, on the day of the funeral, "and Mrs B. and the girls will do their best to make you comfortable. We are poor folks, Phil. and shabby enough at best, but there isn't one among us who isn't fond of you, and—well, as I say, we will do our best"

"Yes, indeed," protested Mrs. Bayham "It isn't me, with six helpless girls of my own, as wouldn't try to be a mother to one, that's all alone in the world, without a soul to look after her."

"And we'll be sisters to you, Phil," cried the six, in chorus.

So they carried Phil home with them, and helped her to make her two mourning dresses, and Kitty trimmed her black hat, and, in fact, the whole family were as affectionate, and unselfish, and warm of heart, as it was possible for human beings to be. Kitty specially took Phil under her charge. She shared her room with her, and was almost motherly, in her constant attentions to the poor child.

It was not until several days had elapsed, that she spoke again of Wilfred. Phil was not very well, and looked sad and listless She quite drooped, during the first week, in spite of all the efforts made to rouse her.

It was at the beginning of the second week, that Kitty referred to Wilfred Carnegie.

"Phil," she said, "you have not asked me where Wilfred Carnegie is"

They were sitting together, in the little back-room—Phil at her friend's feet, her black dress making her sad, young face appear additionally colorless, in the dim light.

"No," she said. "I have not asked. Why should I have asked, Kitty? What good would it do?"

"He has not gone away, yet," said Kitty.

"I wish—I wish he would," Phil faltered.

"But he won't," returned Kitty, "at least, he won't, until he has seen you again."

A certain significance in her tone caused Phil to start.

"Until he has seen me!" she exclaimed.

Kitty laid her hand on her arm, as if she meant to control her.

"Yes," she said. "And he is coming to see you, this evening. He ought to be here now—"

And she had hardly finished speaking, before there came a summons at the door, and they heard 'Gena answering. Phil sprang up, trembling, and faced Kitty, almost reproachfully.

"Oh, Kitty!" she cried. "I can't. What must I do?"

"You must do nothing," said Kitty, stoutly, "but stay here with me, and be a brave girl, and hear what he has to say. He has something to say, though I do not know what it is. He has heard something—learned something, and he has only stayed away, because I would not let him come, at first. And you must not be a coward, Phil; you must be a woman, and speak for yourself."

"They are in there," both heard 'Gena saying "You can go in."

And then, as the door opened, Kitty threw her arm round Phil's waist, and Phil hid her face upon her shoulder.

"Don't leave me, Kitty," she said; "don't go away."

"No," said Wil, "don't go away, Kitty. I need you even more than she does. I want you to stand by me, too."

But really he did not seem as if he required any support. It was the impetuous, tender lover she had lost at Brackencleugh, who took one of Phil's hands prisoner, and held it fast, while he appealed to her.

"If you had not once told me that you loved me, Phil, dear," he said, "I should not have dared to come here, to-night. I have been wretched enough, but I deserved to be. I know now what injustice I did you—but if I had loved you less, I could have been cooler, and more patient—that is my only excuse. The day your father died, he came to me—"

Phil lifted her face, with a sob.

"Oh! Governor," she said, "was that it—was it that?"

"Yes," said Wilfred. "He said that he had made a mistake, and wanted to set it all right—and he showed me the letters you had written, and he proved to me that I had wronged you, after all. And he told me that he had come, because he knew he had no time to spare."

"Oh! Governor," cried Phil. "You did love me—you must have loved me."

"Yes, my dear," said sensible Kitty. "He loved you in his way—everybody's way is not alike, Phil, any more than people are alike themselves. But love of any sort is a good thing to have—anybody's love."

"And I should have come before," said Wilfred, "but Kitty would not let me. She said you ought to have rest."

"But when I saw you were not resting, I gave in," Kitty interposed. "There, Phil, you understand now, and you must forgive him, and make friends."

"But," said Phil, faintly, "what I told you at Brackencleugh, was true, Wil. I was bad enough

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when I went there. It was only when—when I began—"

"Kitty! Kitty!" Barnes Bayham called out, from the door of his studio. "Where's Kitty? Here's Ruthven asking for Kitty."

Kitty drew her arm from Phil's waist.

"You can spare me now," she said. "It's little Jack Ruthven who wants me, and he has a love affair in hand, too."

There was scarce a yard's distance between the two, when she left them alone together, but Wilfred found it too wide, and lessened it by taking a quick step forward.

"Shall we begin again, Phil?" he said, "just where we left off, that day upon the hillside?"

"If you can forgive me," said Phil, "I can forgive you."

* * * * * *

When they were married at Brackencleugh, a few months later, not a single Bayham was omitted from their list of invitations. The six girls were Phil's six bridesmaids, and from that day dated acquaintances, which terminated in making Barnes Bayham a richer man, by lightening his responsibilities to the extent of three daughters, at least, and after their respective marriages, 'Gena, and Letty, and Jenny did their duty to the rest, with a most laudable energy. Only Kitty remained unmarried, and Brackencleugh and five other establishments kept Kitty's hands full.

"I would rather attend to other people's love affairs, than to be kept awake by one of my own The children will all come to Aunt Kitty, when they are old enough for heart aches. See if they don't, Phil. There ought always to be an old maid in a family—and I was born one."

THE END.

A WREATH OF SUMMER ROSES.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Oh, locust trees! with waves of odorous flowers,
Whose fragrance floats across the dreaming hills!
Oh, elm trees bending with your weight of glory,
While your sweet breath the evening air distills.

Oh, columbines! your purple trumpets waving,
And nestling tender in your dark green leaves!
Oh, robin red-breast! chorister of summer,
Chanting your hymn beneath the dripping eaves.

Oh, blue-eyed pansies! strewing summer's pathway,
With velvet blooms enshrined in wreaths of gold;
And wavelets, o'er the pebbled path low murmuring,
Never so sweet a song, 'though so oft' told.

Yet in my soul, despite this wierd enchantment,
There dwells a heaviness I could not tell,
If I could gather from its wealth of sweetness,
One soothing thought, my sorrow to dispel.

Oh, trembling roses! listen while I whisper,
Of how I waited at my darling's side,
And heard from her fond lips the blushing answer,
That gave to me a proud, and happy bride.

While heaven bowed low, our hearts with love expanded,
And opened up to us a nobler life;
Till flushed with joy, we knelt before the altar,
And breathed the vows, that made us man and wife.

In one short year—ah! roses, sadly sighing,
And bowing low your crowns of waxen white;
With reverent hands, a wreath of summer roses
I laid upon my darling's grave to-night

WEARY.

BY MILTON M. SMITH.

The gates of every earthly hope
Seem barred against my entering tread;
And gloomily my way I grope,
Through untried paths of care and dread.

Chill are affections soft, warm showers,
That make life beautiful and gay;
And all the wayside buds and flowers,
From my bleak path have died away.

No twilight lingers in the west,
Where pleasure's golden sun went down.
But winds wail out their wild unrest,
And starless skies in anger frown.

Alone I walk the dangerous way,
Trembling and faint with doubt and fear;
The night grows cold, the shadows grey,
There is no rest nor shelter near.

Oh! I am tired and sick and faint,
My heart, most heavily oppressed,
Moans forth its own, unvarying plaint,
"Oh, pitying Father, let me rest."

Father, hast thou forgotten me,
And left me in this dreary wild?
Thine eyes each falling sparrow see,
Have they o'erlooked Thy fainting child?

Father, life's wayside blossoms bright
Give or withhold: Thou knowest best.
I do not importune for light.
But, Father, Father! let me rest.

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"AFTER ALL."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

MADELINE sat out in the big swing, that hung from the great oak tree in the garden. The swing had hung there every summer since she could remember, and this was the sixteenth summer of sweet Madeline Gray's life.

The garden gate clicked, and a step came up the walk. Madeline's round cheek flushed softly, and she lifted two dark eyes to meet two blue ones, regarding her with a merry smile.

A handsome, lithe-built young man, in a hunter's dress, was coming up the path, with his gun slung over his shoulder. A young man who, despite his dress of brown jean, and heavy boots, and slouched hat, carried with him and about him, that air of culture and refinement, which is as unmistakable, as it is indescribable.

A handsome, well-bred, superficially educated young man of the world was Guy Reding, who had hurried through college, raced through Europe, danced through society for two or three seasons, and was now taking a summer of rest and idle sport in the country, two score miles from New York city.

He had known a younger brother of Mr. Gray's, at college: and afterward, in business relations, they had been thrown together. So when John Gray, a staid lawyer and a Benedict, heard his old chum and client longing for a sylvan retreat, away from the noise and dust of the city, and afar from the folly and fashion of watering places, he sent him, with a note of introduction, to his now widowed sister, at Woodville.

"You'll find it a nice sort of a place to spend a few weeks," quoth John Gray. "A trout stream, plenty of game, &c., &c."

So Guy had sailied out to Woodville, one early July day. He was fond of beauty, in an idle way, and in this fair Madeline he found a very pleasant companion for lazy afternoons, and moonlight evenings. There was a vein of the artist in him, and he liked to watch her fine profile, and graceful shape, as she sat in the cool veranda, and sewed or crotched, while he lounged at her side, and talked, or read aloud to her.

They were much together, necessarily. They waded knee deep through clover fields, hunting "four-leafed clovers." He gave her glorious "send-offs" in the great swing. He sat with her in the moonlight, and told her she was beautiful as an houri; but he did it with an air of superiority and age, that exasperated her. He knew she admired him, and suspected that her heart had awakened beneath his smile to its first knowledge of a woman's affection; but he judged her by himself, and thought the emotion would be as fleeting as had been his own. She amused and interested him, and he did not conceal it. Other men would have been more wicked —none could have been more cruel. Though, to do him justice, he never dreamed that he *was* cruel—never dreamed that, under the childish exterior, a woman's heart was blossoming into sudden life and beauty.

He placed his gun by a tree, and threw himself at her feet, one day.

"Pussy!" he said—it was the name he always called her—"Pussy, I am tired and hungry. I have hunted all day, and never made a hit. The birds have all learned to know me, and they keep out of my way, because I made such slaughter among them those first weeks. I think I will have to finish up my sojourn among you, with a grand haul of trout, to-morrow, and return city-ward next week."

Madeline looked down at the handsome, blonde face, at her feet, and her soul seemed to be in her eyes.

"Are you tired of us so soon?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice.

He heard the quiver, and he saw the soul that beamed in her eyes, and in his heart was thankful that he had done nothing—so he termed it—nothing to win this girl's heart. She cared for him as it was; but he would completely banish any luring hope there might be in her foolish, little heart, before he left her.

"No," he said, "I am not tired of you. This is a nice place, and I have enjoyed life here during seven weeks. But I begin to feel a longing for the world again. I think I will run down to the sea-shore, and join my friends there, next week, and go back to the city with them."

"We shall miss you very much," she said, simply, but there were unshed tears in her voice "I suppose, though, you will come again, some time, and see us?"

Poor child, she could not hide the eager hope in her heart.

"Perhaps," he answered, indifferently "But it is not likely."

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She thought she should die, for a moment. But she conquered herself, and made out to laugh gaily. That laugh was the first thing Madeline Gray had ever feigned in her life. She saw she was nothing to him; that he had been only amusing himself; and, in a moment, she was transformed from a frank, open-hearted, trusting child, to a wary, cautious woman. She might die, she said to herself, but he should not see how she suffered

"If I ever do come back," he went on, "I have no doubt I shall find you married."

"Perhaps," she said, half scornfully.

"Not perhaps, but really. You will find plenty of admirers."

Madeline was swinging herself gently to and fro, and pulling a wild rose to pieces as she listened. "I suppose," she said, slowly, after he had finished, "I suppose there are a great many kinds of women in the world. I have never thought much about it—I used to think we were all the same, but you have shown me my error. But of all the different styles that you have ever seen, what is your ideal? Will you tell me?"

"Why, yes!" he said, laughing. "I will tell you, if you care to hear," and he secretly congratulated himself that here was opportunity to show her how far from his ideal she was. "I may as well tell you to begin with, that it is very different from the ideal of most men. The average man may be fascinated and charmed for a time by a brilliant woman, but in his heart, he worships a sweet, pure, gentle, household fairy, as his ideal. As for me, while I bow at the shrine of all beauty, and am the willing captive of all the fair sex, my ideal woman—the woman whom I should choose to reign queen over my heart and home, must be one worthy of a crown. I have dreamed of her ever since boyhood, but I have never found her, as I would have her in all respects. First and foremost, she must be beautiful. I could not kneel to a plain goddess. She must be at least medium height—I would prefer her above. She must be erect as an Indian Princess, with a free, graceful carriage. She must have black eyes, and dusky hair, arranged in some artistic fashion, high on her head. She must be accomplished, and polished, and know how to dance, ride, row, and drive. In fact, I want a wife who will excel her own sex in all feminine graces, and be able to do many things that men do. I want a star, that all men gaze at, admire, and long for. I am willing she should enjoy their admiration, and even use all her powers of fascination to charm them, though I want her to be true to me, and never stoop to actual flirtation. When I find a woman with all these qualities, I will kneel to her. Do you know of such a woman, Pussy?"

"It is a difficult combination," she answered, simply

"Yes Still I have seen a few married ladies, who were almost all I have described. They had tempers usually, or were sad scolds, or possessed some serious fault, but I would be willing to put up with that. I like a showy, brilliant woman. I always did, and always shall. Nothing palls upon my taste so quickly, as too much sweetness and docility. Let other men wed their doves—give me a bird of Paradise. Pussy, I am hungry, take me in, and give me a lunch; and if you ever come across the woman I have described, box her up, and send her to me by express; or, at the least, telegraph to me where to find her.

"I will," Madeline answered, so earnestly, that Guy laughed aloud, as they went up the shaded garden path together, and passed in through the low French window, to seek the lunch, demanded by the voracious young hunter.

Just eleven years from the June preceding our story, we find Guy Reding on board one of the Cunard line steamers, bound for New York. These eleven years have not changed the man greatly, outwardly or inwardly. The handsome blonde face looks a trifle older, the bonny blue eyes have a shade of weariness in their encircling depths, perhaps, but he is to all appearances, the same jovial, self-satisfied man, at thirty-four, that he was at twenty-three. He has roamed about the world, and sought for pleasure, but has found her a fickle goddess. Still he has enjoyed life, but just now begins to long for a home and a fireside, apart from the roar and rattle of the loud-tongued world.

As he walks up and down the deck, and bids a silent farewell to the rapidly receding shores of old England, he observes a group of ladies, who have just seated themselves at a little distance from him. With one of them he is slightly acquainted, having boarded at the same table with her and her daughter, while in Paris. The two others he does not know. One is an elderly lady of prepossessing appearance; and the other is a young lady of most remarkable beauty, and with an air of elegance and composure, which at once attracts his attention. Besides, there is something in her face that puzzles him An odd resemblance to somebody or something, which grows tantalizing the more he gazes. He passes by her several times, and each look but increases his admiration, and his curiosity By-and-by, she glances up, meets his eye, starts

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slightly, and bows. He returns the bow, still more puzzled, and goes forward to speak to his Paris acquaintance, Mrs. Ward. The young lady turns, and smiles, charmingly. "I see you do not know me, Mr. Reding," she said. "Can it be you have entirely forgotten 'Pussy?'"

Of course, he is astonished and delighted, and renews the old acquaintance with fervor. The elderly lady is Mrs. Grisdel, Madeline's chaperon, with whom she has been abroad the last two years, she tells him.

"Precisely the length of time I have been abroad," he says. "Strange that we have not met before. Where have you been?"

She tells him, and he is even more and more astonished, to find she has almost literally followed in his footsteps, arriving in Paris, Switzerland, Rome, Venice, almost to a day after he left. She left New York, too, just one steamer behind him, when she sailed for Liverpool "It is, indeed, a strange coincidence," she says, and smiles. "It seems as if I have been 'shadowing' you, as the Detective force would call it. How much pleasanter it would have been, had we met abroad."

Then he asks her of the years since he last parted from her, at Woodville, where she has been, and how she has spent them.

"It is a long story," she says, "and we will leave it for another time. Sometime I will tell it to you. You knew, perhaps, that my uncle, John Gray, died, making me his heir, three years ago."

"No," he answers. "I have heard nothing of you since we parted, almost eleven years ago."

He watches her narrowly as he speaks. Does she remember the tears she could not conceal that day? But the beautiful face is calm and composed, and betrays nothing She was lovely at sixteen—she is glorious at twenty-seven. The dark eyes are larger and darker. Her figure is taller and rounded into queenly proportions She carries herself with the air of a Princess. Guy Reding is fascinated, and is her devoted slave during the voyage. He is sorry when they draw near home, for he fears he cannot claim so much of her time and attention there.

She makes her home with Mrs. Grisdel for the present, she tells him. In July she goes to the sea-shore, with a party of friends He avails himself of her invitation to call upon her at Mrs. Grisdel's, at an early day. He finds her infinitely more fascinating and lovely than on shipboard. The advantages of dress, which she could not indulge in there, add wonderfully to her beauty.

Her conversational powers are really marvellous. She sings and plays like a professional.

He followed her to the sea-shore in July. She and her party were the centre of attraction. She was, without exception, the most beautiful woman of the season. Her personal beauty, accomplishments, elegant toilets, and the fact of her being an heiress, all together rendered her a star and belle.

A week after she arrived, her phæton and saddle horse were sent down. She was a splendid horsewoman, as well as whip. Half the young ladies screamed with affright, when witnessing the antics of her spirited animals But the men were all in ecstacies over her nerve and daring

She carried off the palm, too, for her matchless grace in the dance. The beaux flocked about her All were treated graciously, and all shared her smiles.

"Fools, fops and fortune hunters," Guy Reding called them. He watched his chances, and was by her side, whenever it was possible. He fancied she had a warmer smile for him than for the others, and yet he could not tell She gave him no opportunity for sentiment, with her wit, repartee, and love of raillery. And yet there was something in her face—in her manner, at times, that gave him hope.

He heard the men raving over her, and even the ladies yielded to the spell of her fascinations. She was a sorceress, surely, and for the first time, Guy Reding acknowledged to himself that he was in love.

He had found his ideal.

When he once confessed that to himself, he was like a school boy, until he could gain his lady's side, and know his fate. All one evening he strove to get near her, but she was so surrounded, he had only a formal greeting from her.

That night he lay awake until almost morning. His restless passion would not let him sleep.

The next morning he found her gone. She left regrets and good-byes for him and other friends. She and Mrs Grisdel had decided, suddenly, to go to the White Mountains, and had left. A day later found him following.

The greeting she gave him, when he suddenly walked into the Hotel, the day after her arrival, made his heart palpitate. There was surely a light in her eyes, that he never had seen there before, and her hand was not unwilling to linger in his clasp.

For one perfect week, he had her almost entirely to himself. They walked, climbed the mountains, sat in the moonlight, and did all the foolish things young people are given to doing in love and summer. This preliminary state was so perfect, Guy felt in no hurry now to speak He believed himself sure of his prize.

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But, at the end of that blissful week, a crowd of people came, and Guy knew just how they would monopolize her, unless he had the rightful claim to keep her to himself. He would speak, he said to himself, and make her all his own.

They were out in the starlight together. The moon was not up yet. She had been singing in the parlor, and he brought her out for a breath of air.

He had thought what he should say—something very fine and poetical, but when he looked into her dark eyes, the words all left him, and he only took her hand, and said: "I love you, Madeline—I love you."

She looked him full in the eyes, and did not withdraw her hand. A glow came into her face She smiled, and answered, very slowly:

"I have waited a long time to hear you say these words, Guy."

He covered her hand with kisses, and would have drawn her into his arms, but she slipped away. "No," she said. "Wait until I am through speaking, and until you are through also. For have you anything more to say?"

He did not notice her strange words and manner; he was too madly in love to notice anything, just then. "More!" he said. "Yes; volumes more. But it is all the same thing, over and over again—I love you, love you, love you, Madeline. I want you for my wife. I never said these words to any woman before. I say them to you, now, from the depths of my heart. Madeline, I love you."

"And, I repeat, that I have waited a long time to hear you say them."

"But how could I know it? You gave no sign. You kept me from speaking sooner," he interrupted.

"That was because I knew the sex so well," she said, laughing, slightly. "The old Roman spirit yet remains in man. He likes best to find the Sabine maid fleeing from him, that he may pursue and capture."

"And so you fled from Newport?" he queried.

"Yes, I fled, expecting you would follow. And now, permit me to tell you a story. Eleven years ago, this very month, you said good-bye to a little girl, who could not hide her tears at your departure. You left her, knowing how she loved you, yet secretly scorning her love. But before you left, you had been kind enough to inform her what your ideal of woman was. She possessed a good memory, and a very strong will. You had not been gone a month, when she persuaded her mother to send her away to boarding school. Such progress as she made, during the next year, was astonishing to teachers, and gratifying to her parent. Still another year, and then came a great sorrow. Her mother died, and left her with no relative, in the wide world, but an uncle, John Gray, in New York. He proved a kind friend, and guardian, and proud of the little girl's progress in her studies, allowed her every advantage that money could procure. She was a very ambitious little girl. She took a thorough course at school, and then applied herself to music. The best masters were employed, and the result was a brilliant musical education. Then she attended a famous riding school, and became a most accomplished horsewoman. All through these years, this girl had known one aim—one ambition, and that was to make herself, as nearly as possible, the reality of the ideal you had described to her."

She paused a moment, and Guy Reding caught her hand again, and pressed it to his lips.

"My darling! my queen!" he murmured "And all this has been for me. Oh! I do not deserve so much happiness!"

"Wait!" she said. "I am not through yet. During all these years, this girl never wholly lost track of you. She heard of you here, there, everywhere, and a few times she saw you, but you did not know it. She was not ready to meet you yet; she wanted her plans perfected first. So she studied, as woman never studied before, to make herself perfect in the accomplishments you had praised. She danced, she sang, she rowed, she drove, and at twenty-two, she felt herself ready to meet you. She knew but one desire—one hope, and that was to meet you once again Other men admired and praised her. She had lovers in plenty, but one memory held her heart in thrall, and she waited, confident time would bring about her desire."

"My love, my beauty!" he murmured, again "To think you have been so constant to me all these years."

"Yes, very constant," she went on, quietly. "She heard that you were in California She joined a party, and went thither. But she did not meet you. You had gone to Japan before she arrived. She returned to New York, and waited as best she could, for your return. She was the rage wherever she went, and her triumphs were too numerous to recount."

"I know," he interrupted. "I heard of you but how could I dream the Miss Gray, that was setting New York wild, was the 'Pussy' I had known? Otherwise, if I had known, I would have come from the ends of the world to claim you."

"The very year of your return," she continued, "my uncle died, and I secluded myself

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from society. Fate seemed to be against me, and yet, I waited and hoped. At the end of that year, you sailed for Europe. I followed in the next steamer. You thought it very strange that I trod almost in your footsteps, during these two years. It was no coincidence; it was a plan. I hoped to meet you, somewhere, but again fate baffled my efforts. I kept track of your route, and followed you, but never overtook you. Still, I did not despair, and, as you know, we met on the steamer at last. It was not accidental. I knew that you were to sail, that day, in the Scythia. I arranged our meeting."

She paused again, and again he took her hand, this time kneeling before her. "Madeline," he said, "my queen, you have made me inexpressibly happy by this confession. I am not worthy of such devotion, but God helping me, I will repay it by a love greater than man ever gave to woman before, Madeline, my queen, my wife."

She withdrew her hand, and stood, haughtily, before him. "Rise, Mr. Reding!" she said, coldly. "I am not your love—much less your wife—nor will I ever be. I have had my revenge now. You may go."

He rose, and stood before her, white and motionless.

"What!" he said, hoarsely "Are you in earnest? Do you speak the truth?"

"Yes," she said, and laughed, lightly. "I told you, when we first met, I would tell you my story, sometime The opportunity has come, and I have told it."

"You are a demon," he muttered, between his teeth."

"No. Only a woman scorned," she said. "I loved you, passionately, at sixteen. I did not blame you for not loving me. I only blamed you for treating my love with scorn. I resolved to be revenged. It has been a long, weary work, but I have succeeded; and in succeeding, I have avenged, not only myself, but my sex. If you suffer half what I suffered, eleven years ago, I shall be content. Good-night!" And she turned, and left him standing alone in the starlight, and went up to her room.

The next morning found Guy Reding raving in delirium. The physician pronounced it a case of typhus fever of the most malignant nature. People fled from the hotel in affright. All but Madeline and Mrs. Grisdel. Madeline would not go, and Mrs. Grisdel was obliged to yield to her, as she always had done.

"He needs care," Madeline said. "I shall install myself as his nurse."

For three weeks, she watched beside him, relieved only by Mrs. Grisdel. Then he was pronounced out of danger, and Madeline prepared to go away. But she drooped, and had to take to her bed in the midst of her preparations.

At the end of a week, the physicians told Mrs. Grisdel that Madeline must die. No skill could save her. She smiled, when they told her the same. "It is all for the best," she said. "Send Guy here."

He came, weak, and languid, hardly able to walk from his room across the hall to hers.

He sat down by her bed, and took her hand between his transparent palms. She looked up, with great, wistful, dark eyes.

"Guy," she whispered. "I want to tell you before I die, that—that I love you—that I have always loved you. I thought I was living for revenge, but I know now I was living for you, and the love of you."

"Thank God!" he said, and his tears dropped on her poor, pale face, and he put his cheek beside her on the pillow.

An hour later, they found Madeline sleeping a sweet, healthful sleep, and Guy watching beside her. The next day, she was better, and in two weeks, she was able to be moved home.

Guy and she were married in the winter.

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY GEORGE WHARTON.

An old man, as the shadows fall,
Telling that eventide is nigh—
That mystic time when thoughts enthrall—
Sits musing on the end of all,
And trustful waits his summoning cry—
The trumpet-call.

For each of us the time must be
When we look back adown the years,
And all our old-time conflicts see,
Past happiness and misery,
The record of our hopes and fears—
Such time must be.

How happy then if, as we look,
A dreamy sense of quiet rest
Steals over us, and as a brook
That babbles on through quiet nook,
Life ripples with unruffled breast
Where'er we look.

And when the shadows gather round
That guard the valley all must tread,
How well if we the gate have found,
And trustful hear the trumpet sound,
And know that though the way be dread,
We're homeward bound.

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"LADY JANE."

BY AGNES JAMES.

It was Christmas eve, two years ago, and the girls and young men, of St. John's church, were putting up the Christmas evergreens, and arranging the flowers in the font, their lively chatter, and occasional half-repressed laughter, echoing strangely through the long aisles and arched roof of the old building. Among them was little Janie Grey.

A very pretty picture she made, sitting there beneath the blaze of light, in a black dress, with "touches" of scarlet ribbon, here and there, with holly leaves and berries in her fair hair, her soft, hazel eyes bent gravely on her work, and her little, slender hands gleaming white amidst the dark green leaves. Janie was not always so sober. There was not in all the village, a merrier little girl than she usually was. But of late, there were times when, suddenly, in the midst of a laugh, there would come a sigh, and a little cloud would overshadow her bright, young face.

Just now, she was arranging the letters for a motto, on the floor before her; and almost unconsciously, she repeated the words to herself.

"'Peace on earth,'" she read, in soft, tranquil tones. "Oh, dear me; why can't we always be at peace? Why did I quarrel with Rob Marston? And for such a little thing—so little, that I can't remember what it was. I danced with some one else, I believe, when he thought I had promised him, and he was provoked, and I was proud, and we quarrelled. How *could* he go off and leave me, without giving me a chance to say, 'I am so sorry.' I would have said it. And that was last Christmas! When we dressed the church then, he was *here*—and we hadn't quarrelled. If I looked up, I met *his* eyes—his dear, beautiful, dark eyes—instead of Eugene Frazier's near-sighted, pale blue things."

Here Janie caught the "pale blue things" glaring rather too tenderly upon her, and she abruptly turned to Fred McLain, and began a lively, conversation with him. But under all the stream of idle chatter flowing round her, she heard, in memory, the cadences of Rob Marston's voice. "Lady Jane," she heard him calling her, now in gay, teasing accents—now soft, and low, and tender—"Lady Jane," his pet name for her.

She was fast sinking into silence and reverie again. She roused herself with a start. "What folly!" she thought; "to be wasting my time, thinking of a man who forgot me, and left me a year ago. Jane Grey—you little idiot! I am ashamed of you!" So to lively chatter with Fred again, in the midst of which, the side-door near the chancel opened, and a tall individual, with a dark moustache, and keen, dark eyes, entered, quietly, and stood, looking at the pretty picture under the gaslights.

"Why, Mr. Marston! Is that really you?" cried Nelly Drew, running forward to meet him.

What had happened! Was there an earthquake? Had the skies fallen? Something sent a shock and jar through Janie's brain, and made the lights, and the people, and the solid walls of the old church seem to float before her eyes in a vague, tremulous mist. It was only for an instant. She had not turned her head, or spoken, or done anything, but get as white as the lilies in the font. But no one happened to be looking at her, all eyes being fixed on the new comer, and so, when at last, in the course of the hand-shaking that welcomed him, Mr. Marston came towards her, and bowed gravely, she was able to look up quietly, with a slight smile and nod. She even gave him her hand, and spoke to him in a civilly, careless fashion. She felt the stern necessity of keeping up appearances. People who had, last year, watched the "flirtation" between Janie Grey and Rob Marston, should never know that he had forsaken her, and her heart was breaking for love of him.

And Rob—well, he had come back, because with the Christmas time had come such a flood of memories of Janie—of her bright, lovely face, her gay laugh, of the dresses she had worn, the ribbons that nestled in her hair, of the touch of her little hand, the flitting color on her cheeks, the bright eyes that drooped beneath his gaze—such a flood of these sweet memories, that he was swept irresistibly back with them—and found her chatting gaily with a couple of empty headed fops, smiling on them as she had smiled on him, and greeting him with cool civility, while the touch of her hand made his heart beat like a sledge-hammer. Little flirt! she had played with him last year till she was tired of the game, and had then coolly thrown him over. But she should never know how much he had suffered in consequence of her perfidy—how much he

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was suffering *now*, as he talked idle, airy nonsense to Nelly Drew, and stole glances towards Janie, that revealed her, bright, animated, smiling, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, apparently perfectly entranced with Fred McLain's whispered nonsense.

You see it was a case of "misunderstanding" between these two young people, which a few words of explanation would have cleared up a year ago. It was not yet too late, if only some fortunate accident, some special messenger of Cupid, would come and cause these words to be spoken.

It was a weary evening to them both, and they were glad when the decorations were finished, and it was time to go home.

The last glimpse they had of each other, Janie going home with her hand on Fred's arm, turned round with a laugh to answer some gay remark of Nelly Drew's, who triumphed greatly in having secured rich, handsome Rob Marston, as her escort. How clearly Janie's laugh rang out in the quiet street, where the snow glittered cold in the starlight! And how absorbed Rob was with Nelly's lively sarcasms!

After this, Mr. Marston sat late in the night, smoking and gazing gloomily into the dying fire in his dreary room at the Hotel, and Janie sobbed herself to sleep in the grey, winter dawn, and came down late to breakfast, with pale cheeks and heavy eyes.

"Headache, dear?" questioned gentle Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, a little," Janie answered, listlessly tasting her coffee.

"You'd better not go out to-day," said her mother, kindly.

"Oh, yes! I must go, mother. I have to sing those solos. They can't do without me," Janie replied. So, when church time came, she crept languidly up into the choir, and was a long time unfastening the thick barége veil that hid her colorless face.

She was wondering if it were possible for her to sing at all, with such an aching head and heavy heart; but while she wondered, the congregation streamed into church, the bell ceased to ring, the white-robed minister appeared at the reading desk, and the full notes of the organ rolled out on the warm air that was so fragrant with the odor of flowers and cedar, so radiant with the winter sunlight streaming in through richly stained windows. The choir stood up for the voluntary, and Janie's eyes wandered from the book before her to the crowded church below. Yes, there he was! That instant's glance revealed him in his old seat, under the side gallery, with his face turned towards the choir, and his eyes looking straight into her's. Love, pride, resentment—something—thrilled through the girl's head, sent a sudden flush to her cheeks, and roused her from the chill apathy she had felt. Could she sing? Ah! there was no doubt about that. "Glory to God in the highest! On earth peace, good-will towards men!" came in a joyous burst of harmony from the choir, and Janie's clear soprano led the chorus.

"Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!" sweet and glad was the sound that filled the old church with its Christmas melody.

The service went on, and in the Te Deum came the solos Janie was to sing.

Never once did her voice falter. The sweeping chorus of voices, the instant's pause, and the soft throb of the organ, and then would come the girl's clear, steady tones, soft, exquisite as an angel's song. No wonder people turned their heads to look up at the choir, and wonder if it were really little Janie Grey singing, for she had never sung so well before in all her life. But the Te Deum service over, she did not wait for the sermon, but slipped quietly out of the gallery, and went home. She was leaving the churchyard, when she heard a quick step behind her. Some one was evidently following her, and—"maybe it is Rob!" was her quick thought.

She turned her head, and saw the colored organ-blower, "Mr. Moses Washington," a very grand and pompous youth, who, besides his profession of organ-blower, was employed as general errand goer in the village. Many a note he had brought to Janie from the admirers, who sought the honor of escorting her to church, or to parties, and many an answer he had carried back from her. Moses was not in the habit of hurrying himself, and his pursuit of Janie had rendered him breathless.

"Miss Janie!" he gasped out, "Is you gwine to be at home dis evenin'?"

"Yes, Moses," she said, wondering why he asked.

"Case ef you is, an' ef you ain't got no 'ticlar company comin', I was gwine to ask you fur to write a letter fur me?" Moses, having made this remark, paused and gazed into vacancy. Janie was silent for a moment. It was a little trying to have such a request made, when she was trembling all over with nervous excitement, and was longing to get away by herself, and make her headache worse, by crying her eyes out. But Janie was a good, little thing, and she did not like to refuse this little kindness, on Christmas day, too, the day for "Peace and good-will."

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"Well, Moses," she said, at last, "come round, after dinner, and I'll write your letter."

Moses' eyes came back from their search into space, and rolled solemnly in Janie's direction.

"Thank you, marm. Much obleeged," he remarked.

Janie did not stay to hear his thanks, but fled homeward, swiftly, over the snow.

But at home she had very little peace, for there were the little children anxious to exhibit their Christmas gifts; and soon everybody came back from church; and there was company at dinner; and Janie, to avoid a thousand inquiries and "pities" about her head, was forced to pretend it was better, and to go through the dismal pretence of enjoying herself very much. Late in the afternoon, when the company had left, there came a lull in the house, and Janie ran away to her own quiet room, and sat down before the fire, on the rug, resting her head on the cushion of her low easy chair.

But, instead of the tears that had seemed to be just under her eyelids all day, came a sudden sting of accusing conscience.

"This has been a miserable Christmas day," she thought; "but I don't deserve any better. I've been a wicked girl, to-day. I've been cross, and selfish, and impatient; and when I sang in church, I didn't think about the words at all, but just tried to keep my voice clear and steady, so that nobody should find out how miserable I was. Now, I *won't* cry any more selfish tears, but try to read my Bible, and be a better girl."

She reached out for her little Bible, and her pretty new copy of the "Christian Year," and tried hard to think about what she was reading. Poor child! it was difficult work. She found herself, at last, reading the joyous, solemn Christmas hymn, with her eyes, through thick, gathering tears, while, in her heart, she saw nothing but Rob's face, pale and proud as it was when he left her, last Christmas, and heard nothing but his last hasty words to her—"Of course, I understand you, Miss Grey. You are tired of me. Well, I shall never trouble you again."

The book fell from her hand, and she buried her face in the cushions. "Oh, Rob! how mistaken you were!" she sobbed. "I wasn't tired of you. I am tired of my life without you, and you *have* troubled me every minute since you left me."

Tap, tap, at her door, which was locked, and Betsy's voice informed her, "Miss Janie, Moses Washington say, kin you write dat letter for him now?"

Very patiently, Janie rose up, bathed her face, and taking her desk, went down to the dining-room, where she had directed Moses to be sent.

"Sarvent, Miss Janie! How is your health, dis evenin'," he inquired, with a flourishing bow.

"I've a headache, Moses; but it doesn't matter. Now tell me, what am I to write for you?" said Janie, opening her desk, and arranging her paper.

"Well, you see, Miss Janie, I wants you to write to a young lady fur me. De cicumstances is dis." Moses threw himself into an attitude, and emphasized his words, by beating on the open palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other. "You see, I went wid another gent'man to see a young lady. He 'companied me dar, you notice. De lady were Mrs. Wood's Cassandry. Well, while we was dar, she went out de room, an' she never come back no mo'. An' she 'pologize to de odder gent'man, and she never 'pologize to me. Does you comprehen' dat, Miss Janie?"

"Yes," said Janie, gravely. "And you want to call her to account, I suppose."

"'Zactly dat, Miss Janie. I want you to ax her"—(a beat at every pause)—"ef I is *significance*. 'Case ef I *is* significance, she ought to 'pologize to me, same as de odder gent'man. An' ef I *ain't* significance, I vacates my absence." With which surprising conclusion, Moses drew himself up, proudly, as if waiting for the applause of "listening senates."

Janie repressed a smile, and soberly wrote exactly what Moses had dictated, thinking, meantime, how like her own quarrel with Rob, was this "dark romance," which she was assisting. "But oh, if Rob had only written to ask me if he was 'significance.' He *couldn't* have cared, or he wouldn't have gone off without a word."

The letter finished, she directed it, and handed it to Moses, accompanied with a word of advice. "Now, Moses," she said; "Cassie is a nice girl, and if you really want to make up with her, you'd better go and see her."

Moses looked slightly embarrassed, and pretended to be very busy depositing the note in his pocket. "Well, you see, Miss Janie, she heerd I said—she wa'n't no lady; (I wonder ef dis pocket ain't got no bottom), and I went dar, las' night, an' she slam de do' in my face. Hi! whar is dat letter gone to!"

Moses' pocket appeared to be a very deep one. He reached down, down to the very end of the skirt of his overcoat, and presently, brought out, not only his own letter, but another paper besides, which he regarded with a puzzled face. "Well, now, dat's singular," he said. "Dar was a hole in dis pocket, las' winter, I reckon, and dis here mus' a' got in dar den. I ain't

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wore de coat befo' dis winter. I wonder what dis is, anyhow?"

He slowly turned it over and over, and round and round in his hand, and was clumsily breaking the sealed envelope, when Janie sprang from her chair, and snatched it from his hand.

"Miss Janie Grey," she had read, in Rob Marston's hand.

"Why, Moses, where did you get this? It is mine," she cried, hurriedly.

"Is it, sho' nuf? Well, I declar'! Who writ it, Miss Janie?" inquired the amazed Moses.

"Mr. Marston. Tell me when he gave it to you?" was the imperative answer.

"Laws, Miss Janie! I done tole you I ain't had on de coat sence las' winter. I 'clare I dunno how it come dar," stammered Moses.

"Don't tell me a story, Moses," said Janie, with her eyes fixed on his face keenly. "You *do* know. Tell me at once."

Moses paused a moment for reflection.

Oh, Mr. Washington! Mr. Washington! Why of all names, did you choose this one wherewith to crown yourself, for the thing which your great namesake could not do, but that you could accomplish with most entire celerity, and comfort!

His face brightened at last, as if with a sudden ray of recollection. "Dar now!" he exclaimed. "Dat's de note Marse Rob give me for you las' Christmas, and I los' it. I tole him I los' it, and he say, never mind. He was gwine to see you. Thank you, 'marm, Miss Janie. I is everlastin' obleeged to you. Good evenin', marm," and Moses retreated hastily, glad to be so easily out of the difficulty.

Safely locked in her own room, Janie's trembling fingers broke the seal of her note at last.

One year ago his hand traced the lines she read so eagerly.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that I was so rude and unreasonable last night. I have but *one* excuse to offer. Dear 'Lady Jane,' may I come this evening and give you that? Send me permission by the bearer. You need write but one word—'come.' Sincerely yours,

ROBERT MARSTON."

A dozen times Janie read the note, before her bewildered brain could quite understand it. She was glad; she was sorry; she hoped and despaired, all in a breath. "He did love me, then," she thought; "but not much, or he would have come, as he told Moses he would. Oh, why did he not come, I wonder? Was it pride? Did he repent having written the note? Maybe, he was glad I didn't get it. Oh, I can't understand it! If it only had come straight to me, how happy I might have been! Shall I write to him, and say I have just got his letter? But he doesn't care now. I can't do that. It can never be set right now, and I shall be miserable all my life."

Poor little "Lady Jane" lying there, with her flushed face hid in her hands, her fair hair tumbling over her shoulders! The "ten days' queen" herself, was scarcely more unhappy than her poor little namesake.

Meantime, Mr. Washington wended his way along the street, slightly dissatisfied with himself. The truth was, he had lost the note, but, fearing Mr. Marston's displeasure, he had gone back to him, with the statement that there was "no answer." Mr. Marston could scarcely believe this; but Moses, finding himself "in for it," had given a circumstantial account of the interview with Janie, and declared she had read the note, dropped it in the fire, and said there was no answer. As Mr. Marston left town the next day, he had fondly imagined that he had heard the last of the affair. But the unlucky discovery of the note in Janie's presence, had ruined him. She would see Mr. Marston, and tell him about it. Then, disgrace, dire wrath of "Marse Rob," and no more "quarters" from him, for carrying notes. A bright thought occurred to Moses, just here. As discovery was inevitable—in Mr. Washington's words, as "Marse Rob was boun' to fine it out, anyway," why not try confession, humble entreaties for forgiveness, and unlimited promises of faithfulness in the future?

Marse Rob was at the hotel, he knew. He had seen him there, an hour ago; and to the hotel he hastened accordingly. Marse Rob was in his room, a cheerless apartment, with a sulking fire in a small, rusty grate. He was smoking, a thing he had been doing to a dangerous extent all day, and was in what Moses called a "turrible bad humor." Moses quaked in his boots, at the sight of his gloomy face; but he desperately rushed into the confession he had come to make, beginning with "Marse Rob, I 'spects you gwine to kill me dead, 'fore I gits out o' here agin." Fifteen minutes later, he emerged from the door, smiling slily to himself, and gazing affectionately upon a fifty cent note, which was spread out in his hand.

"Well! ef dat don't beat all!" he chuckled. "Harf a dollar fur tellin' de truth. Hi! Marse Rob," he exclaimed, as that gentleman hastily passed him, and ran down stairs, "'pears like you is in a hurry."

"A gent'man down in de parlor wants to see you, Miss Janie," announced Betsey, at Janie's door. "Say he bleeged to see you on business."

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Janie hesitated for a moment, but finally bathed her face, arranged her falling hair, and went down stairs, reflecting with satisfaction, that the parlor, at this time of the evening, was lit only by fire-light, which was scarcely bright enough to betray the trace of her tears.

She entered the room with a quiet step, and the air of gentle dignity, with which Lady Jane always welcomed strangers: entered in her dress of soft, thick grey silk, with her favorite scarlet ribbons at her neck, and in her fair hair.

Such a pretty picture! Rob Marston had time to feel its beauty, before Janie raised her eyes to his, and paused in silent bewilderment. She did not know what to say or do, but Rob did. In a moment her hand was in his, and he was telling her rapidly the history of Mr. Washington's perfidy, and his, Rob's, unhappiness during this long absence.

"I was coming, that night, to tell you how dearly I loved you," he said. "I meant to ask you to marry me. Janie, may I dare to ask you *now?*"

He held her hand in both his, and looked gravely and anxiously, down into her face.

No answer, but a sudden, shy lifting of her eyes, and then her head drooped lower yet, and she tried to snatch away her hands, to cover the deep blush, and quick tears, that came together.

In another instant, she was sobbing in his arms, and his kisses covered her burning cheeks and lips.

"Little Janie, do you really love me?" he cried, as if scarcely believing in his good fortune.

"Would I let you kiss me, if I didn't?" said Janie, laughing through her tears. "There, that will do! Sit down, and be sensible!"

Could anything be more "sensible," than to sit there on the soft-cushioned sofa, in the warm firelight, with his arm round her waist, her soft cheek pressed against his shoulder, and her happy eyes now looking up to his face, and now drooping beneath his fervent gaze?

"Rob," said Janie, presently; "I have been very bad all day to-day. I have been cross as I could be. I haven't done a thing to make other people happy—oh, yes; I wrote that letter for Moses. And just see, Rob, how I am rewarded, for it has brought me *you*."

"You are a little goose, my 'Lady Jane,'" said Rob, with his old gay laugh. "I was coming anyway."

"You *were!*" cried Janie, raising her head to look up in astonishment.

"Yes. And I'll tell you why. I saw a little face in the choir, this morning, that was very pale, and very sad, and I thought: 'Well, she can't, after all, be so happy with that idiot, Fred McLain.' Then somebody blushed, when she saw me looking at her. That gave me a *little* hope. And when you sang, my darling, your dear voice went right to my heart. I said over again, what I had said more than a year ago. 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.' And I determined to come, and beg you again to forgive me, on this day of 'peace and good-will.'"

Janie's cheek rested on his shoulder again, and she gave a little sigh of perfect happiness.

"Fred McLain, indeed!" she exclaimed, presently, in a tone of indignation, that made Rob laugh aloud. Then, with a sudden quiver in her soft voice, she said, gently: "I haven't asked you to forgive *me*, Rob. Will you, please?"

"No, certainly not. I wonder you can make such a reasonable request," replied Rob, promptly, his dark eyes sparkling with mischief. Then, with sudden passion, he drew her closer to him, and bent to kiss her. "My 'Lady Jane!' my sweet little queen! Is there anybody on earth as happy as I am to-night? And to think, that but for that scoundrelly Moses, I might have been just as happy all this year. I have a great mind to go now, and break every bone in his body."

Janie looked up, and laughed. Then she took his hand in both hers, and held it tight. "Peace! Peace!" she sang, softly. "'Peace on earth; good-will to men.'"

"MEET AGAIN."

BY CLARA MONTGOMERY.

Wherefore this half-rebellious cry?
The dead are dead, and they were dear.
Yet in my eyelid is no tear;
I half deplore to find it dry.

'Tis not because his toils are o'er;
Not only that the radiant sun
Here sunk to rest, hath but begun
To shine upon a happier shore.

That happier shore, where is no night!
I bow beneath the chast'ning rod,
With more than resignation—God
Hath turned my darkness into light.

Tears fall at last. Love's gentle rain.
I give my heart's best treasure o'er
To Him, who each one shall restore—
There, where the parted "meet again."

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THE DEPENDENT COUSIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 360.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MRS. CAMERON'S disappointment, when she saw all the splendor of her preparations lost in a private wedding, was somewhat modified by Coles' suggestion, that an after series of receptions might follow the ceremony, when, with his noble father's sanction, the bride would be presented both at home and in Europe, as the future Marquise de La Croix. In his present critical position, time was of the utmost importance to the young man, who was willing to yield any point, rather than run the risk of a public wedding. So it was at length settled, much to Clifford Dana's satisfaction, that the double marriage should take place at once, and in private, some weeks sooner than had been at first arranged. As for Ethel Church, her wishes had no influence whatever in the decisions of Mrs. Cameron.

Before making these arrangements, Cole went to La Costa, as the reader will remember, and made a vain effort to obtain the forged note, which was now the principal object of his solicitude. In that way La Costa learned the time and place of his marriage.

The breath had hardly left the Marquis de La Croix's body, before his son was informed of the fact, by Gaston, but he made no appearance at the hotel, that day, and so arranged that no announcement of the death should be made until he was ready to give the intelligence.

That night, when his father was lying in the great cathedral, with solemn altar lights gleaming over him, and the smoke of censors rising in a soft cloud above his holy resting place, the young man descended, in full dress, from his carriage, and entered the Cameron mansion. In the hall, he met the lady of the house, arrayed in crimson velvet and rich, old lace, with diamonds scattered bright and thick as stars in her hair, for she persisted in wearing the grand toilet ordered for the public wedding, in compliment to the expected Marquis.

"Is he coming? Will the Marquis be here?" she questioned. "Oh, I am dying to see your noble father. Tell me, is he coming?"

The young man looked decorously grave, and laid his gloved hand with gentle emphasis on that which so impatiently pressed his arm.

"My father is worse to-night, much worse; but I bear his request that the ceremony shall go on."

"Worse, worse! Is it serious, then?"

"So serious, dear lady, that I fear if the ceremony is delayed at all, it must be for a year, at least."

A wicked idea was sure to penetrate that woman's brain at once. She looked up suddenly, her hand tightened on his arm.

"You don't really mean—"

"I mean—sadly enough, heaven knows—that unless the marriage is delayed, your daughter will be Marquise de La Croix within the week. Nothing but a miracle can prevent it."

"But it shall not be delayed a year. No, no! it shall not be put off an hour."

Cole lifted her hand to his lips.

"You have always been my best friend," he said; "you know how bitter a disappointment delay would bring to me."

"Yes, yes! but not a word to Mr. Cameron or Dana and the girl he marries. It must be enough for them that your father, the Marquis, is not well enough to come, and you have his excuses, otherwise all three would stand in the way."

Cole was about to speak, but Mrs. Cameron put her hand to his mouth.

"They are coming!"

That moment Mr. Cameron and Dana came out from the library, and were informed of the continued illness which would prevent the Marquis from appearing at the ceremony, which he particularly desired should go on. While Cole was giving this explanation, Hester appeared upon the broad platform of the staircase, clad in her bridal dress. For one instant she paused, in all the glow and glory of her loveliness; for her eyes had met the upturned glance of her bridegroom, and a thrill of feminine modesty held her fast. Directly, she broke loose from this sweet enthrallment, and came downwards,

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sweeping a cloud of white satin, and foam-like lace, along the steps as she moved. White roses trembled here and there among the lace, and a cluster, pink at the heart, tangled in the mist-like veil, with her golden hair

As she came nearer, Cole could see the pearls around her neck rise and fall with the proud beating of her heart. When she gave her hand to him, the color in her cheeks was bright as opening roses, the smile upon her lips sweetly triumphant.

Another white robed figure hovered in the shadows above, hesitating, trembling. Then, the girl known as Ethel Church, came gently down, her step, like her garments, soft as newly fallen snow, her eyes downcast, and the gossamer bridal veil gathered up to her bosom, as if that could shield its tremulous rise and fall, from the eyes that she knew were turned upon her.

In this fashion the two brides came into the hall. There was no real difference in their garments, yet one appeared like a rose, flooded with sunshine, the other, like a lily in the moonlight. Hester looked smilingly into her bridegroom's face, and leaned on his arm with caressing weight; but Ethel stole toward the stately man, who came forward to receive her, shyly, softly, as a bird hides itself among the apple blossoms, smiling, too, but with downcast eyes that dared not look up for a single glance.

Dana's face was softly flushed, and his fine eyes were bright with manly satisfaction, as he took possession of this fair girl; but Cole seemed pre-occupied and so strangely nervous, that Mrs. Cameron remarked it with sympathy, thinking that she alone knew the secret of his suppressed agitation.

These six persons entered the library in a group. No guests were present, and the clergyman stood up to receive them, with an open prayer-book, ready for the double service. Before it was commenced, the household servants had crowded into the hall, and gathering about the library door, watched the ceremony with eager faces. When it was over, they withdrew in suppressed excitement, and held a revel down stairs, which was the only hilarity known to the house that evening.

After awhile the clergyman took his leave, and while passing to the sidewalk, observed that a close carriage had drawn up before the entrance, from which a lady looked out and seemed to be watching him with keen anxiety. A fit of impatience must have seized the woman, for, while he was still within hearing, she opened the carriage door with evident force, and slipped out upon the pavement, speaking sharply to a man who sat within.

"Wait! Neither get out nor speak, unless I call for you The paper, no. When I give you that you will understand how to act. Till then, wait."

Wondering a little at this strange dialogue, the clergyman passed on; while the lady ascended the steps leading to the mansion.

After the clergyman withdrew, the stillness natural to a very small party, occupied with one train of thought, fell on the group within the library. This was broken by a loud ringing of the door bell, and the entrance of a servant, with a card lying on the tiny tray in his hand.

"La Marquise de La Croix."

"What can this mean? The Marquise de La Croix. Who has dared?" cried Mrs. Cameron, reading the card a second time, and turning upon Cole, who started from his seat, pale as death, and with the look of a hunted animal in his eyes. "Who has dared, I say?"

Before the young man could speak, the pale form and black garments of La Costa came into the room, like a swift storm driving all sunshine before it.

Without giving heed to any other person, she went directly up to Mrs. Cameron, and there, for the first time in twenty years, the sisters stood face to face. The one white, stern, and implacable—the other, shrinking, coward-like, from the being she had wronged; but with a gleam of gathering malice in her wavering eyes.

Thus they stood for a moment, looking at each other, the crimson train of the betrayer mingling with the black garments of the betrayed, as if fire were creeping around them both.

"Lucinda Warner!"

The name broke from the Cameron woman's lips while they were writhing into a scornful smile—a smile that La Costa answered in cold irony.

"Call me Marquise de La Croix. That title should make me a welcome guest with Nancy Warner, the head of our house."

"How dare this woman use your father's title?" demanded Mrs. Cameron, of Cole.

The young man gave a swift, deprecating look at La Costa, before he answered.

"This lady has the right of my father's wife—his second wife, not my mother; but no man ever had a better friend than she has been to me."

La Costa had long regarded this young man as a son, and his words, his look, so full of contrition, shook her purpose a little.

Mrs. Cameron, trembling with fear and rage, turned upon Cole again.

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"This woman—the Marquise de La Croix. Then what is your wife?"

"What is she?" exclaimed La Costa, turning toward Ethel, who stood wondering by. "What is she? Why your own daughter—I came to prove that—your own daughter, Nancy Warner, but do not droop under it. She will have a title, a fine, old title, that is what you need most. Understand me, this young man is Marquis de La Croix; now, perhaps, he has not told you that his father is dead; but it is true, I have just left him lying in the great Catholic Cathedral. The title and estate belong to your son-in-law. You do not seem surprised—I say your son-in-law. A marriage and a funeral in one night—you do not understand—nothing surprises you. You and I have not given each other much pleasure in our lives; but I thought the knowledge that your daughter was a Marquise, might elate you a little, though she must share the honors with an opera-singer—and with a man, to whom I will give another title, before the evening is over."

Cole understood the threat and the look, she cast upon him. A gray pallor crept up to his face. The hand he placed on La Costa's arm struck cold through her sleeve.

"For *his* sake, have mercy," he whispered.

La Costa shook off his hand, whispering back, "It is for *his* sake."

"This murderer!"

Not a syllable of these whispers reached the persons who stood around; for they scarcely rose above the breath that uttered them, though the glances that each cast on the other were terrible. Mr. Cameron, who had stood in the midst of this scene, amazed by the confusion, now came forward.

"Lucinda!" he said. "There is some misapprehension here. You have come with some purpose."

"For the purpose of proving my right to be recognized as the mother of my own child. She is all I have now."

"No one will dispute that right. Her husband is aware of it already."

La Costa herself was bewildered now.

"I have been rash. I have plunged into the subject too hotly. Oliver Cameron, read this. It was written, and sworn to, as you will see, by the wife of Seth Weed, my first husband's mother."

"The woman, Nancy Cameron, with whom you left your child, two years, while you traveled in Europe—she had my child, too; people said I abandoned it; but you—you were a good mother. You left your daughter, because it might interfere with your pleasures. I left mine, as a woman parts with her own soul; for it was dearer to me than that. I left it, because I would not rob the man who loved me of everything. When I gave up my title once, it was as the patriarch of old bound his son to the altar wood."

Tears were streaming down the white face of La Costa now. For the first time, she cast a look of unutterable yearning on the fair girl, whom she supposed to be Dana's bride; but the look gained no response, and, with a half moan, she went on:

"Read this paper, Oliver Cameron. Nature has been strong within you, and I am glad that you will have less pain than others. Read it. Then you will understand more clearly."

Cameron took the paper, and went into the next room.

CHAPTER XLVII.

While Cameron read old Mrs. Weed's confession, in the next room, La Costa seated herself, wearily, but the silence that followed Cameron's departure, stung her into speech again.

"I will tell you what the paper will reveal to him. Nancy Warner, listen! Your sister is about to bring herself down nearer to your level. She is here in her womanhood, to meet and strike back the blow, with which you smote down her youth. I left my child with old Mrs. Weed, my husband's mother—left it, when I abandoned him, to find my own way, in the world you had made dark as midnight to me. God is my judge, that I gave up my child as an atonement to the good man, whom I could not love, and could not make happy without love. We were both ambitious—we handsome Warner girls—full of romantic selfishness. But I was not bad enough to leave my child among strangers, even when I gave it up as a sacrifice. She was given to her own father, and a kind grandmother. You gave yours to a stranger—left it, two whole years, scarcely caring to inquire after it. My husband died. There came a time when you reflected, that a pretty child was no despicable ornament in a rich man's home. Then it was, that you thought it best to look after the little creature, left with old Mrs. Weed. This child—Sarah Weed—another son's wife, had nursed with mine, as if the little ones had been twins. The two women lived in the same house, you remember, if you ever cared to inquire. Oliver Cameron would have cared for his child, beyond the money he paid: but you had persuaded him to join you in Europe, I heard of you there, but never went near you. Your ambition was grat-

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ified; mine was yet to come. I was studying hard, practising seven hours a day, supporting myself, by playing small parts at any theatre that would have me, but progressing all the time. Of course, I gave up my husband's name, and in language, habits, everything, made myself a French woman. While I was poor—working hard, but struggling onward—you returned to America. A letter informed me that Oliver Cameron was kind to my husband, in his last sickness; that he had promised to adopt my child as his own. I heard this, and was grateful. That which I did for the father's sake, I now repeated for the good of my child. What life could I give her, a friendless young woman, working for bread in a theatre? Yes, I was determined to trust her to Oliver Cameron, for I knew him to be kind and good; but I determined to protect her from you, Nancy Warner, because I knew how hard, how false and cruel your heart was. I came to America, unknown to every human being, except Mrs. Weed, my mother-in-law, and her son's wife, now living in this city. Both these women loved the two children as I did, but my daughter was so close to their hearts, that, like me, they were ready to protect her with a fraud. It was easily done. When you left your child, it was a few weeks old. When you came back, two lovely children were brought out for inspection. Both were pretty, but mine was beautiful. Of course, your great motherly heart turned to that first. You did not even wait to be deceived, but took the most beautiful to your bosom, and she has been there ever since."

Here Hester, who had listened, breathlessly, sprang to her feet, but Cole drew her back. Over his face, came a look of wonderful relief. Swift as lightning, he saw a means of possible escape, and watched keenly for the opportunity.

La Costa had cast one eager, yearning glance on her daughter, as she sprang to her feet; had even half held out her arms, but fell back, with a heavy sigh, when Hester turned her face away.

"God is my judge," continued the woman, with a depth and force of earnestness, that brought conviction with it. "I had no wish to obtain Cameron's money for my child. It was only to save her from that woman's cruelty, that I proposed it, and that the women who loved her, helped me in the deception. I only wished to rescue her childhood from oppression. It was my ambition to win a fortune for her, myself. If I toiled, it was for her; if I had a success, her independence was the first thought that blessed me. My fame, my work, my life, if she wants it, are her inheritance. No, no: it was to protect her childhood, that I allowed that woman's vanity to take its way, and my child to take the place of Cameron's heiress. We reasoned in this fashion. If the woman, who was once my sister, is honorable and kind, both these children will be generously dealt with; if she is not, her own child will be the sufferer, and when the time comes, that knowledge shall be her punishment. I knew that the poor child, whose misery was intended for mine, did suffer a hard, cruel lot, and looked forward to the time, when this woman should be made to feel every cruel taunt, every insolent word, deep in her own heart—when the girl herself should be released, and take her proper place in the Cameron household. But fame is a thing of growth. Genius itself is only developed by severe labor. For years, I toiled for a bare living. Then came a swift and rapid turn of popularity—a rich harvest for all the labor of my life. That woman knows how the love of my youth was crushed out; but she never will comprehend the broader, grander passion, that a mature woman feels for the man, who has power to awake her heart a second time. No matter why—no matter how—this come about with me. I became the wife of De La Croix; loved him worthily—if self-sacrifice is worthy, and how well, he alone knew. Because his name was an honor in the land, I consented to keep our marriage private. It should not be said that La Costa, the singer, had dragged the lord of an ancient line down to the level of her profession. When the toil of that profession had brought a full harvest, and the gold I earned, had won back the splendor lost to an ancient title, the time would come when I might claim my child, not as Mrs. Weed, the mechanic's widow, not as La Costa, the singer, but as the honored wife of the Marquis de La Croix."

La Costa paused here, as one draws back on the brink of an abyss. She drew her breath with difficulty; her eyes took a wild expression. She looked at Cole, warily, as if she feared that he might speak of the wretched thoughts toiling in her mind. The young man saw his advantage, and knew that he had a fresh hold on her forbearance. For his life, he would not have told the secret of his father's disgrace, which was gnawing at the poor woman's heart; but he saw that, on this cruel point, she feared him.

"You look at me, Nancy Warner, as if all this were idle talk—as if wealth had lifted you beyond the reach of stern retribution. Perhaps, you give me credit for a power of forgiveness, that hardly lives in any woman's heart. Did

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you think I should content myself with the paltry device, which made your own child the victim of wrongs, intended for mine?"

"No," answered Mrs. Cameron, with spiteful sincerity. "I suspect you of nothing good, nor, do I believe one word of this romance."

"But you will be forced to believe that, and more. Your husband, if a man won by falsehood, and married in fraud, can be called husband, is satisfied, by this time, that one point of my assertion is true. But more is behind, which may touch you nearer. My husband had one son, the heir of his title, and all the estate left to it. I looked upon him as my own. He became dear to me, as the heir of a name I loved. For him, my ambition was bold and daring. I sent him here. I planned that he should be thrown into the society of your daughter—that he should marry, as he has. You see, Nancy Warner, I was helping on the greed of your ambition—aiding your child to marry a grand title, giving my husband's son a claim on the Cameron wealth, while my own daughter took her free heart to the man she loved."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

As La Costa paused for breath, Mr. Cameron came into the room, with the sworn confession of Mrs. Weed in his hand. His face was agitated with contending feelings; but relief came. Elation was mingled with the pain of a strange discovery.

"It is true," he said; "undoubtedly true;" and, going up to Ethel, he took her in his arms, and kissed her with infinite tenderness. "My heart told me this long ago, but I could not understand it. Thank God, this dear girl has always been a child to me. There is no change; there can be no change."

Edith clung to him. Her eyes were full of tears. She trembled from head to foot, with the great joy that possessed her.

"Father!" she said, "my father!"

Then Mr. Cameron drew this newly-found child toward his wife.

"She is our child," he said, with touching simplicity: "our child—yours and mine."

Mrs. Cameron drew back, repulsing the girl with both hands.

"I do not believe it. Nothing on earth will make me believe it. Of all the frauds practised upon me, by this woman—this actress—this singing ballet dancer, this last is the weakest and coarsest. I repudiate her, and the person she attempts to force upon me as my own child."

Here La Costa broke forth, in all the passionate power, that had made her great upon the stage. Her eyes flashed fire; her lips curved with a wild, scornful smile.

"I have proven that this girl is your daughter. I have given her one of the oldest and grandest titles in France, one that has outlived time and revolutions. But there is another title yet, which will be better recognized in America, a title that will bear all the Cameron honors from one end of the country to the other. That title I will secure to you, within the next ten minutes. I promised a dying man that it should be so; but for that, I might have relented; for one cannot punish the guilty without wounding the innocent. For the sake of Oliver Cameron, who is a good man, and that fair girl, who has been the victim of so much injustice, I would have spared the honor of a proud family—broken a solemn pledge made to the dying; but, Nancy Warner, you have dared the worst, and shall have it."

Here La Costa took some papers from her pocket, and handed one, apparently a torn telegram, to Cole, who stood near her, pale and vigilant, listening to every word, and watching every motion.

"That came to his knowledge before he died," she said. "Now I will redeem my promise."

With the larger paper in her hand, La Costa went swiftly into the hall. Cole glanced at the torn telegram, crushed it with a spasmodic grasp, in his hand, and followed her like the wind. She had opened the street door, and in another instant, would have passed the vestibule; but Cole's hand was on her arm. His white face was close to hers. He spake in a whisper, but his voice thrilled through her like frost, congealing the blood in her veins.

"Stop, before you curse yourself to all eternity—before you trample down your own daughter, for it is her that I have married."

La Costa stood, mute and frozen, staring at him.

"I say again, I was married an hour ago, to the girl known as Hester Cameron. If she is your daughter, I can only be reached through her heart, for she loves me."

A low groan broke from the woman. She began to tremble from head to foot. Her eyes turned wildly toward the carriage window, through which an eager face was looking. With a spasm of keen apprehension, she shrunk back through the inner door, and closed it, cautiously.

"My child! your wife?" she questioned, in a whisper, low as his own had been.

"I swear to you, she is my wife."

"And the other—Cameron's daughter?"

"Is married to Clifford Cole."

La Costa lifted both hands to her temples,

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pressing them hard. The warrant, still in her grasp, rustled. She dropped the hand that held it, and stared down at the folded paper, as if trying to think what it was. All at once, a colorless flash shot across her face. She looked up at the gaslight, quivering through prisms of cut glass, above her head. It was far out of reach. Then she hurried forward, and reëntered the library, twisting the warrant in her hand.

A low grate, mounted, and hedged in with bright steel, was heaped up with burning coals. Straight to this fire, the woman went, and leaning over it, thrust the warrant into the coals, holding on to one end, as if she feared that it might be snatched from her, until the flames licked her fingers, and the black velvet of her dress smoked in the dangerous heat.

Then she turned—was stung by some fresh remembrance—drew forth another slip of paper, and flung it into the blaze. It was the forged note. Then, and not till then, La Costa turned her face to the group of persons, that stood gazing upon her movements in dumb amazement. Her eyes fell upon Hester, at whose side, Cole was standing, still white with agony so deep, that it could not pass away at once.

"My child! My own, own child!"

The thrilling pathos in that voice might have won tenderness from a rock, but Hester shrunk back from those trembling arms, smiled scornfully into the pleading face.

"Your child! No, no!"

The woman's arms dropped. She turned her face to the people that stood by, with a look of piteous appeal; then lifted her eyes, imploringly, to that beautiful creature.

"Do not dare to call me your child. My mother does not believe a word of it. Neither do I."

"But it is true. As God is my witness, it is true," pleaded the poor mother. "Think a moment. It is not a hard thing. I will work to win money for you, more than you can spend, no matter how prodigal you may choose to be. You shall have the title all to yourself. I do not care for it now. No one need even know that your mother is an actress. I will keep the secret. Have no fear."

"And that my father was Weed, the mechanic. Thank you! I decline the parentage," broke in the bride, flinging back her bridal veil, that no shadow might hide the scorn on her beautiful face. "If it were so, how dare you claim me now? How dare you attempt to put that street waif—"

"Hush!" said Dana, leaving Ethel to her father, "Hush! This language must not be used regarding my wife, or Cameron's daughter. The evidence that satisfies him should be enough for us."

Hester answered only with an impatient movement, and turned again to La Costa.

"If it were so, from my first remembrance, I have been a Cameron—the only child of a Cameron, held in honor; lapped in luxury; taught to look upon no one as my superior. Now, when I am at last married to the mate of a Cameron, you ask me to own myself the child of an opera singer; to share her gains; and, with them, no no doubt, her reputation—"

"Hold!"

La Costa drew herself up to the regal height, which, at times, made her presence so imposing. The tenderness and loving pathos of her voice was gone. Her eyes flashed. Her lips burned red. This last insult had transfigured her.

"Hold!" she repeated. "Before worse falsehoods blister the lips of a child, who hints impious slanders against her own mother!"

All at once, the passion broke down. A look of terrible pain locked the woman's features. She pressed one hand to her heart, as if moans were struggling there; looked dumbly around, from face to face, seeking for help or pity; then, breaking away from her place of torment, swift as the flight of a storm-bird, she reached the door, and went down the steps, heedless of the carriage, or the officer who waited for her orders; heedless of the storm of sleet and snow, that stung her unveiled face, or of the sharp wind that buffeted her.

The officer saw her sweep by him, and ordered the carriage to follow. But she had turned a corner, and was lost in the storm. Those three men in the library, amazed by her sudden departure, were in the hall directly after the street door closed. When they reached it, a carriage was driving away.

Neither friend nor carriage reached that poor woman that night. Like a ghost, she glided through the storm, along the wet snow of one street, the black mud of another, until she reached the cathedral, standing vast, bleak, and lonely, in a poverty-stricken neighborhood, miles from the house she had left.

The dense gloom of the edifice would have appalled a happy woman, but this poor soul did not feel it even as strange. Near the great altar, tapers were burning, like stars in the darkness. She passed towards it, leaving a wet trail from her garments, which swept the floor, with a sound that thrilled mournfully through the weird stillness. The tapers guided her, and she stood by her husband's coffin, shrouded by a black

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pall, on which the solemn light fell in fitful glows. The noise of her footsteps and her sweeping garments, had seemed awful to her, but it could not have been great, for a priest, who knelt at the altar, praying, had not been disturbed by her approach. With her wet, shaking hands she drew back the pall, and through the clear crystal of the coffin lid, looked down on the face she had loved.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my beloved! I could not do it. His eyes were like yours, when they pleaded with me. I could not do it. Forgive me, forgive me!"

The woman sunk down upon her knees. Her cheeks rested on the cold crystal of the coffin. She could not weep, but faint, dry moans broke from her.

A hand was laid on her shoulder. She lifted her face to that of the priest.

"Let me stay!" she said. "I think my heart is breaking."

She saw that his eyes were full of holy pity, and that he was about to seek the altar again.

"Pray for me, when you pray for the dead," she pleaded, clinging faintly to his garments; "for I need it most."

He did pray for her, that good man, hour after hour, till the gray of morning crept like a mist into the cathedral. Then he arose from his knees, and again approached that mournful group. The woman was kneeling as he had left her, with her pale cheek resting against the crystal, and one arm thrown across the waves of the pall, where it had been flung back. The hand which lay upon the sombre cloth was white as marble, cold as marble, when he touched it.

He had, indeed, been praying for the dead.

CHAPTER XLIX.

That day the solemn twilight of that cathedral was invaded by many curious, and some mournful visitors. For the people, who had been angry and turbulent, because of La Costa's non-appearance at the Grand Opera, the night before, knew that she was dead. But there was one group that came very early in the morning, for she had endeared herself to the Weed family, and those two boys, and when she was missing from the stage they had been searching for her all night.

Of all that anxious little party, Sarah Weed was the only one who was aware of La Costa's relationship with the Marquis de La Croix, or that his remains had been taken to the cathedral. It was she who proposed seeking her there. They found her lying upon a step of the altar. The pall had been taken from the coffin, and laid reverently over her. The velvet bonnet, with its wet plumes, had been removed from her head, and the rich, damp masses of her hair fell in waves, and loosened braids, to the marble, which was hardly whiter than her face.

The old man, whose life she had darkened, knelt down and kissed this cold face. Sarah Weed, the sister-in-law, attempted to smooth and arrange the hair, but she was so shaken with sobs that her hands refused their help.

Olympia broke into a loud passion of weeping, and reproached the two boys in angry whispers, because they had not discovered their benefactress in the night, and thus saved her life; but when she saw that they were in tears, she resigned herself to the common sorrow, and wept with the rest.

That day the journals were full of La Costa. Her life, her career, her romantic attachment to the Marquis de La Croix, who had come to this country to celebrate the marriage of his son, with the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished citizen, and died suddenly on the wedding night.

In the same papers was a paragraph, offering a reward for the capture of one Massieu, a convict, who had escaped from prison, and as yet had eluded all efforts at pursuit.

There was but one man living who knew the secret of these two paragraphs. That man was the young Marquis de La Croix, who, with his bride, was preparing to follow his father's remains to Europe. But to the whole world his lips were forever sealed.

At the funeral of La Costa, one man alone appeared in the carriage following nearest the hearse. That man was Oliver Cameron, sorrowful and lonely in his grief, for he had loved the woman in his youth, and the memory fell mournfully upon him now.

In another carriage came old Mr. Weed and his daughter-in-law. In the front seat sat Olympia, between Joe Hooker and Saunders, sometimes with a handkerchief at her eyes, but more frequently her time was occupied in regulating the grief of the boys, or in upbraiding them, because they had forgotten to bring handkerchiefs. She even refusing to be appeased when they whispered her, in confidence, that no such articles were supplied in the old methodist woman's contribution.

A few days after this funeral, two very different scenes were transpiring, among those who had known something of La Costa. Clifford Dana and his bride had departed on their wedding trip, after having arranged with Mr. Cameron, that no explanation of the charges made by La Costa's evidence, was necessary to the public. It was enough for these three persons that their

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close relationship was known and accepted by the parties most concerned. Mrs. Cameron, however, refused to accept the relationship offered her, and persisted in claiming the Marquise de Louisa as her daughter, and the young Marquis as her son-in-law. So bitterly did she protest against receiving her former victim into closer relationship, that she made the matter a reason for demanding a separate maintenance in Europe, where she could share the honors of Hester's rank, beyond all reach of Ethel's claims as a daughter.

If Mr. Cameron felt any unhappiness from this fashionable semi-divorce, he gave no visible evidence of distress; but made arrangements for his wife's separate support, with a liberality that satisfied even her grasping selfishness. With somewhat more reluctance, he secured to Hester the liberal share he had hitherto set apart for Edith, when he supposed her the adopted child.

There was but little feeling exhibited in this affair. The young Marquis kept delicate but vigilant watch over his bride's interest, yet never seemed to interfere. He understood the value of Mr. Cameron's income too thoroughly, for any protest against sharing his position with her. He also made some quiet inquiries about the property La Costa must have left, but so far, had failed to gain the slightest information regarding it; for Gaston and Ninette had packed all the rich belongings in her room, and disappeared with them.

CHAPTER L.

One day, when all was over, and La Costa lay in her grave, a scene that partook of the solemn and the ludicrous, was enacted in the comfortable apartments, that the actress had provided for the Weed family, before her death. There, the old carpenter, his daughter-in-law, with the two boys, and the inevitable Olympia were gathered. I think Mr. Weed had sent for the two boys, from a delicate sense of responsibility, for he was reluctant to open the little valise the actress had given him, in the presence of his family alone. At any rate, the boys were there, well dressed, and looking decorously solemn.

When the valise was mentioned, Olympia ran to the old chest, in the other room, and brought it forth, burning with curiosity to know its contents, which would have been gratified long ago, if Mr. Weed had not insisted on keeping the key in his vest pocket.

"There," she said, setting the valise down upon a table, with as much noise as she could bring out of it. "I've lifted it over and over, but never heard a jingle. Nothing but papers, I dare say."

"Papers are in it, I know," said the old man, turning the lock, with some little trepidation. "But you will all take notice what the case holds."

As he spoke, the old man opened the valise, and revealed a folded paper, and under it several thick packages of greenbacks.

"Greenbacks!" exclaimed Olympia, thrusting her hand into the valise. "Greenbacks, as sure as you live."

Old Mr. Weed seized the girl's hand with nervous haste. Then he took the folded paper from among the packages, and locked the valise.

"This must be read first of all. Sit down, and listen."

The boys sat down. Olympia crowded herself into Hooker's chair, giving him the extreme edge, and prepared herself to be silent a minute or two.

"It is the last will and testament."

"Testament! How can you, grandpar? There isn't a sign of a testament in that little concern," cried Olympia. "Didn't I look in, for myself? Testament—the idea!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Weed, severely. "Another word, and you leave the room."

Olympia gave her head a toss, and crowded Hooker a little further off the chair; but her mother had become more positive of late, and repressed her occasionally.

"The last will and testament of Lucinda, Marquise de La Croix, born Warner."

The old man looked at his daughter-in-law, greatly bewildered.

"It is right. Lucinda, the widow of your son, was afterward married to the Marquis de La Croix, who died in her rooms," answered the woman. "No doubt you will find the certificate of that marriage in the valise."

The old man glanced slowly over the will.

"She leaves to Joseph Hooker, enough money to give him a good common school education, and any trade he may choose, and five thousand dollars to commence business with, when he is of age."

"Oh, Jerusalem! Oh, how good of her," cried Joe, with a jump; for Olympia had dislodged him entirely from the chair, by a joyous plunge of her elbow into his side.

"Didn't I tell you to go to her? Wasn't it me that did it?" she cried. "What's that? Five thousand for David Saunders, with schooling, too? Did you ever? Well, if I haven't brought luck on two of you. What comes next, grandpar? Anything for me?"

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"She does not mention you," answered the old man, with a sigh of regret.

"Not mention me, when I just dragged them into their good luck. It's just the meanest thing I ever heard of—the very meanest."

"You know mine is the same as yours," whispered Joe, looking miserable over his good fortune. "I shall put it all into the carpentering business, you know."

"The rest and residue of my property, I give and bequeath to the father of my first husband—Seth Weed, carpenter—the income to be used for his own benefit during life. After his death, to be given to his daughter-in-law, Sarah Weed, and her heirs, whose welfare he is at all times entrusted with.

"Oh, mar! did you ever? Grandpar has got it all. You and I are just left out in the cold," grumbled Olympia.

"Hush! Not another word," sobbed Mrs. Weed, who was weeping soft, grateful tears. "Is there anything more, father?"

"Yes. I make and appoint Seth Weed as the sole executor and trustee of my will. Here," said the old man, "is a schedule of her property."

Mrs. Weed was fairly frightened by the amount, for, compared to her former poverty, it seemed fabulous.

"What is it, mar? How much did she give to grandpar? Not as I ought to care, being nobody, and treated worse than nobody. She's just made orphans of Celestina and me."

"You do not understand," explained the old carpenter, gently. "I am to take good care of you all, while I live, and that won't be long, Olympia, then it will all go to your mother, and her heirs."

"But she hasn't got a sign of an heir. That means boys. But Celestina and I are both girls—cut off, and left out to perish in the cold. Come here, Celestina; come to your poor sister. She'll know how to 'preciate your forlorn condition, 'cause she's got to partake of it. Come here, I say, when I tell you. Don't go near your rich relations. Don't you look at Dave Saunders and Joe Hooker. They are millioners, they are, and will look down on us; but, never mind—oh, never mind."

"Oh, Limpera, how cruel you be to a feller as is ready to give you the last red cent," pleaded Joe, in great perturbation. "Mr. Weed, jist you give over every cent, edication and all, to her. It ain't of no use to me, if she's a-going to keep mad about it."

Old Mr. Weed smiled, though his eyes were moist. In his own placid way, he explained to Olympia, that females could be heirs, and that young lady instantly entered upon her position as heiress of the Weed family, forgetting little Celestina, as young children are apt to be overlooked, when older claimants are in the way.

While this explanation was going on, Saunders and Joe Hooker had withdrawn to a corner of the room, and were holding an earnest conversation. When Olympia had subsided, they came forward, and drew the old man into the passage, where Dave addressed him:

"We want to pay up for some clothes we got, sort of cheating, like. We've been uneasy about it, ever so long."

The old man smiled through the soft tears, that filled his eyes, then patted both boys on the shoulder, and said, kindly:

"Yes, yes, boys; that debt must be paid. I am glad, very glad, you have had the grace to think of it."

THE END.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

While yet the meadows, here and there,
  Are fringed and ruffled with the snow;
While leaves and buds are still asleep,
  And sweet south winds begin to blow;
When rain, in silvery gusts of balm,
  Slants suddenly, the sunshine through;
And faint mists wave their soft gray wings
  Along the hills, against the blue;
    Then, in the wood that long was mute,
    We hear a sound, like far-off flute:
    A wild, a sweet, melodious strain—
    The robin has come back again!

Ah! then we feel the soft gales blow
  From green shores of our bygone springs:
Love breathes his tender vows once more,
  While blithe, and glad, the robin sings.
And by the green and mournful graves,
  Snowed over by the daisies white;
By "still rains washed." To sing one note—
  The robin stays his breezy flight.
    So up through dim and lonely ways,
    Throng memories of dear dead days;
    But joy, or grief, whate'er they bring,
    Through all, we hear the robin sing.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a very pretty costume for a young lady, suitable for either house or street. The material is striped camel's hair

cloth, in two shades of blue. The skirt, which has only a very slight demi train, is trimmed with a plaiting, six inches deep, cut straight, headed by a puffing, edged at both sides with a frill, which is bound with a narrow binding of navy blue, either silk or cashmere. The polonaise buttons at the side, with two rows of navy blue buttons. One side of the garment is cut close to the throat; the other forms a surplice, buttoning from the left to the right side. The collar and sleeves are of the plain blue stuff. Cuffs of the striped material, over a plaiting of the plain. The garment is draped quite close at the sides, and at the back, with plaits, and a sash of the plain blue is added. The edge is bordered with a worsted tassel fringe. This, however, is optional. A binding of the plain blue, put on as a facing, with the edge to show, will make a very neat and stylish finish, preferable to the fringe for ordinary wear. This costume would require sixteen to eighteen yards of twenty-six-inch material; nine to ten yards of double width; two yards of plain for sleeves, collar, bindings, etc. The buttons may be common moulds, covered with the plain material. Price of material, from twenty-five cents up to one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

Next, we give the front and back of a Breton jacket, for a girl of fourteen, of light cream or

grey colored cloth, or else navy blue. This is trimmed simply with a binding of braid, and buttons. The jacket fastens at the side, as is shown in the design, with buttons, and an under flap for the button-holes. Square pockets. Three and a-half dozen small mother-of-pearl buttons for the outside; one dozen larger and less expensive for the under vest. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

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Next, is a mourning dress of black merino, cashmere, serge, or alpaca, trimmed with black silk or crêpe. Demi long skirt, bordered with a plaiting, six inches deep, which is all the trimming on the skirt. The polonaise is cut very long—almost to the edge of the skirt in front, sloping off into a demi train at the back, where it is looped up, only enough to escape the plaited trimming on the skirt. This is trimmed with a wide band, cut on the bias. The front is ornamented from top to bottom, with two bias bands, one and a-half inches wide, studded with buttons, and between these bands, there are chevrons of silk, likewise in bands, one and a-half inches wide. Coat-shaped sleeves trimmed to match the front. The cuffs turn back with revers, and a plaiting finishes the edge. High standing collar. This design will be very effective for a black dress, either to be worn in mourning, or out of it. The underskirt may be entirely of silk, and an old one, with a new plaited trimming, will economize the costume. Good merinos can be had from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per yard; cashmeres, from one dollar up; serges and alpacas, for fifty cents. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

Next, is a Princess tunic of very dark olive green serge, trimmed with a checked galloon, or, when that cannot be obtained, a band of narrow black and white shepherd's plaid may be substituted, stitched on by the machine. In front, this tunic forms a long, square tablier, and is slashed at the back, a few inches from the waist, and tied together six inches below, with a baby

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sash of silk to match. There is a gathered silk pocket at the side. This is worn over a plain demi trained skirt of the same color, either silk or serge, ornamented with a narrow plaiting, put on with a heading to stand up. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

A walking or house dress for a little girl is of cashmere, trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon.

The dress fastens at the back. Sash, with long looped bow and ends, is tied over the waistband. This would look well in two shades of one color material, and make a very effective and inexpensive dress, making the bands cut on this bias, one and a-half inches wide, and stitched on. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Costume for a girl of eight, or a boy of five to six years. Striped blue and red diagonal cloth or flannel is very stylish, but any striped flannel or woolen goods may be used. It is cut in the Princess form, with a large box plait coming from under the elongated waist, at the back. The trimming is wide, navy blue braid, which is put on down the fronts, crossing the shoulders, coming down the side seams, to where it joins the fronts. Cuffs and pockets trimmed to match. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

We also give a new paletot for the approaching season, made of honey-comb cloth, trimmed with

a wide mohair braid, which, at the back, forms loops and points. The cuff is ornamented in the same style. The bordering is of fur, which may be omitted, if preferred. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

A blue linen apron for a school girl, will be found very pretty and serviceable. It is trimmed with bands of white linen, embroidered with blue working cotton, in a simple pattern, done in cross-stitch. The Swiss bretelles are entirely of the embroidered bands. Bands of Hamburg insertion may be substituted. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

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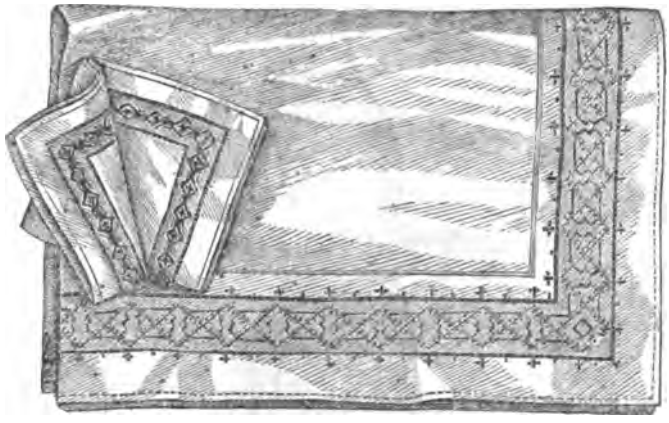
PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

ORNAMENTAL TABLE-CLOTH AND NAPKIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A table-cloth and napkin to match. This ornamental table linen has the design either woven in colors, or in white, when it can be embroidered. This is generally done in cross-stitch, but chain-stitch can be likewise employed where it adapts itself to the pattern. Fast colors, such as red, blue, and black, ought to be chosen for the embroidery cotton to wash well.

BORDER FOR CHIMNEY-PIECE, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a border for a chimney-piece. This design is to be worked on cloth in silks. The ground is dark maroon; the leaves are worked in green, the flowers in shades of grey, purple, and rose color, varying them in each scollop. The stitches used are French knots, chain stitch, and embroidery stitch. The design may be used also for a table, or a bracket, and is one of the very prettiest recently out.

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BORDER IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a very beautiful design for a border, which is intended for curtains, footstools, chairs, etc., etc., and is an appliqué either of cloth on cloth, or of reps on velvet. The foundation of our model is pale blue reps; the stalks are dark blue velvet, bordered with thick maize silk, barred at intervals with blue silk. All the motifs are edged in the same style. The leaves are bronze velvet, and the flowers pale blue velvet.

POLONAISE FOR YOUNG GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, an engraving of a polonaise, for a young girl, say about fourteen years old. We also give, on the next page, a diagram, by which, when enlarged, to cut it out.

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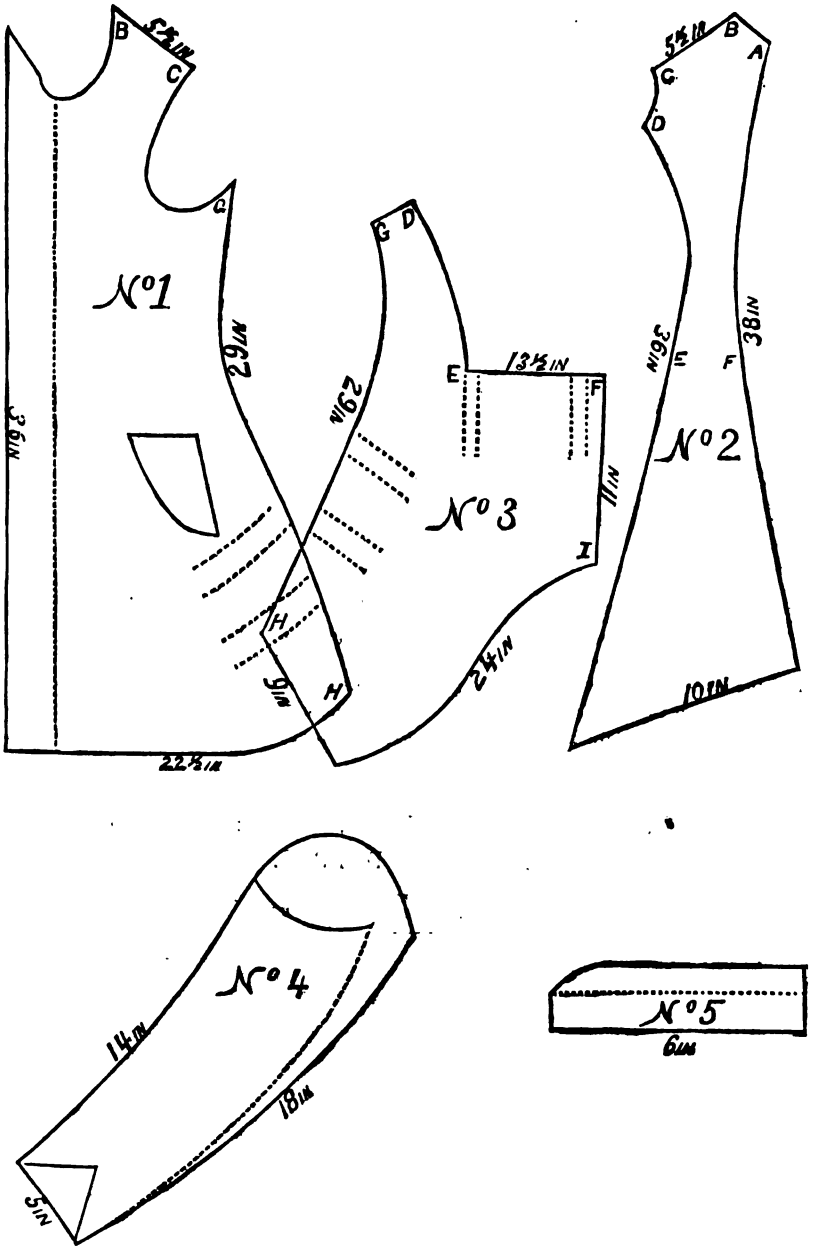
Next month, we shall begin to give these *diagrams full size*, as supplements, and shall continue them in every number for 1878. But see the advertisements on the cover.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side, Body, and Back Box Plait.
No. 4. Half of Sleeve.
No. 5. Half of Collar. (Dotted lines show where the plaits are put.)

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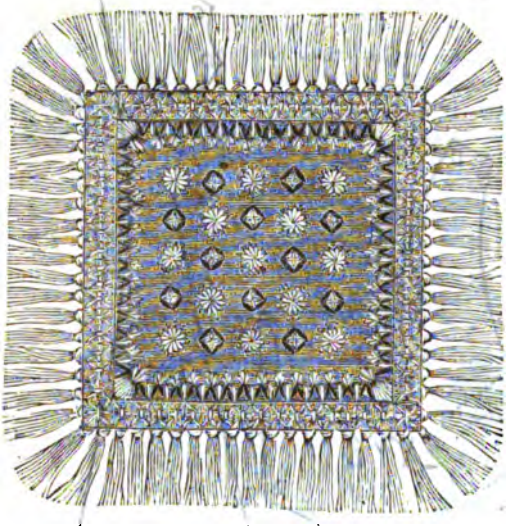
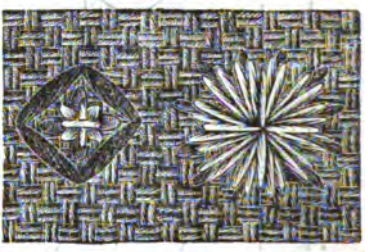
BREAKFAST D'OYLEY, WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



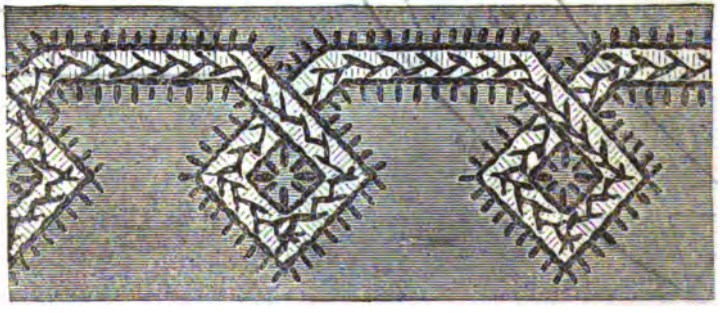


The finished D'Oyley is shown above. The ground may be of white or écru canvas, according to taste. The D'Oyley measures about seven and a-half inches without the fringe. We give, also, an engraving of the pattern, in detail.

Ingrain, Berlin, or Andalusian wool may be used, at choice. The colors of the wool used must correspond with the service with which they are used. Cut the canvas about two and a-half inches larger than you require the D'Oyley to be. Fray the edges, and knot a few threads close up to the canvas to form the fringe, as shown.

TRIMMING FOR JACKETS, ETC.: IN RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pattern is to be copied in Russian embroidery, with an application of braid. The foundation may be either cashmere or cloth; the braid should be either a lighter shade than the ground, although if a very effective trimming were required, it should contrast strongly with it. The braid is then worked with feather stitch, and barred down at each edge with silk.

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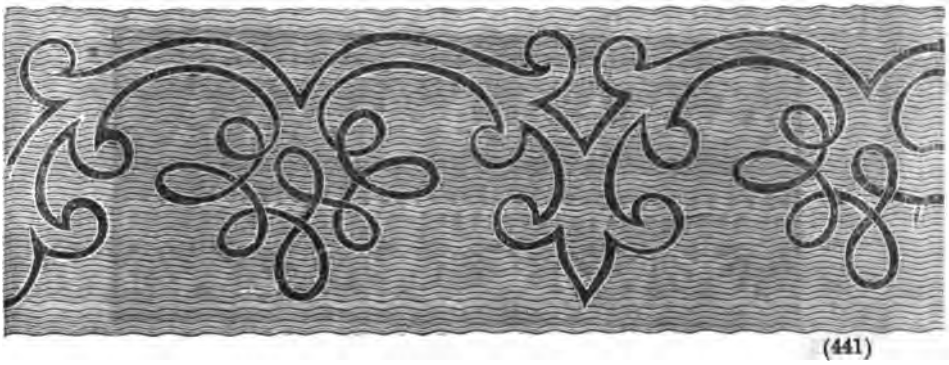
DESIGN FOR HEARTH OR WINDOW RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design is suitable for hearth or window rugs, and, by a slight alteration, could be made available for piano back or counterpane. For a piano back, we should advise the work to be done in filoselle on cloth or silk, *en suite* with the color of the furniture. The design has the advantage also, of being capable of being worked in appliqué, crewels, or embroidery, and is very suitable for a carriage rug or blanket, or would be pretty on holland for an open carriage dust wrapper for summer use. The border is formed by a broad braid or galloon, ornamented with ticking stitches, and is finished with or without fringe, according to the taste of the worker.

DESIGN FOR BRAIDING

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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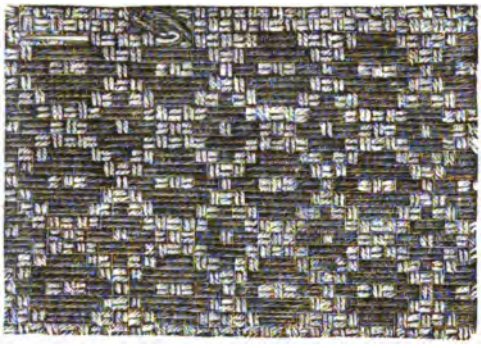
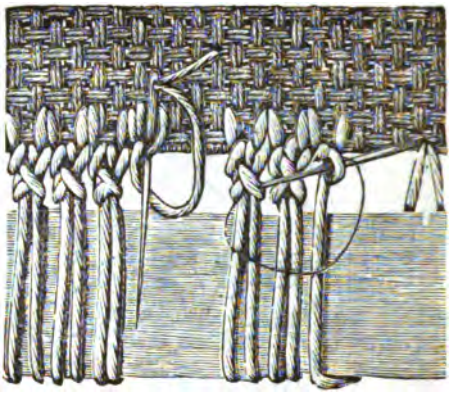
TOWEL-WORK: DARNING AND FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





All have heard of the highly ornamented towels used by Russian ladies, and some have seen most elaborate specimens. There are always a certain number of people who render even the best fashions ridiculous by running into extremes, and we have already heard a grumbling about "the absurdity of using elaborate embroidery, and colored embroidery, for a bath towel." This is not what the Russian ladies do; only the English, to be quite in the fashion. The Russian ladies use these embroidered towels as a "blind," "curtain," or screen to the towels which are in use, and they are hung on the outer rail of the towel horse. Where a fresh daily supply is not available in a bed-room, no doubt something ornamental, to hide those in use, is an acquisition in a well-arranged bed-room. The design we give for darning may be worked in ingrain red, or blue cotton, or silk. The two fringes show

The second cut shows the manner in which the ends are finished, with cotton. A mesh from two and a-half to three inches wide is required; the first loop and position of the needle is given, as may be seen in the design; also, the second and last. The line above the heading is worked in afterwards, first on one side, then on the other side of the work, so that both sides are alike, when the work is complete.

EDGING IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

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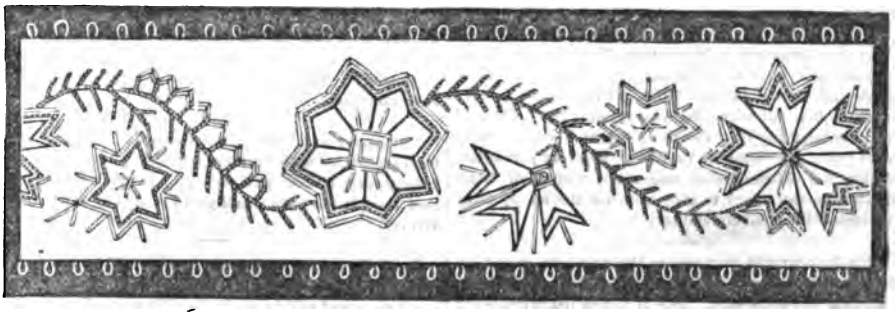
ORNAMENTAL WORK CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The case itself is made of puffings of scarlet satin, and has in the centre an embroidery worked on a ground of black cashmere. It is slightly wadded, and lined with white silk quilted. Handle of scarlet silk cord, arranged as shown in our illustration. The embroidery with different bright-colored silks in feather stitch, and point russe. A box-pleated ruching of scarlet satin ribbon finishes off the case, which fastens with a button, covered with scarlet silk. A handsome tassel, of all the colors used in the embroidery, is introduced below the button, and on each side of the embroidery is a leaf-shaped ruching of satin ribbon.

EMBROIDERED GALLOON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These embroidered galloons are very fashionable, and are much used for trimming dresses, blouses, jackets, and children's aprons, etc. They may be worked on either cashmere or holland.

This pretty design is done in Russian embroidery. The large rosettes are copied alternately with three shades of pink, and the leaves with two shades of green; the sprays are brown. The ray and hearts are golden silk.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1878! FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1878 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

For 1878, "Peterson" will deserve this circulation still more. The full-size paper patterns, to be given, in every number, will make "Peterson" absolutely indispensable in the family, *even as a matter of economy.* In other respects, also,—in the stories, engravings and fashions—the magazine will be better than ever.

We continue to offer three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1878. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." No other magazine offers such inducements.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

OUR PARIS FASHIONS.—"Why are your fashions not only more stylish, but more beautiful in execution and color, than others?" asks an old subscriber. The answer is, that they come from Paris, and are not those of second-rate dressmakers. We have no interest in any shop of that kind, no temptation to puff any goods; we are mere chroniclers of what comes out in Paris, and we select the prettiest. Then our plates are engraved on steel, and printed from the steel, while those of other magazines are lithographs. If we lithographed our fashions, we could save several thousands of dollars a year; but our rule is, and always will be, *to give the best, regardless of cost.* The plates are then colored by hand. All this adds greatly to the expense. But then our subscribers get the real Paris fashions, every month, in a plate of that exceptional brilliancy and beauty of which our correspondent speaks.

THE OLD-ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES, like "Peterson," are the only safe ones to subscribe for. New enterprises promise all sorts of impossibilities, get in people's money, and then often fail before the year is out. But no risk is run in subscribing for "Peterson," which, for more than thirty years, has "kept its promises" in every particular. Besides, the old-established magazines, with their large circulations, can afford to give more for the money than new ones, with small circulations.

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS may secure the premium engraving for 1878, "The Angels of Christmas," if they wish it, by remitting fifty cents each. This is a nominal price, being merely the cost of taking the impression, and not representing any of the money expended on engraving the plate. Hence the offer is confined strictly to subscribers to "Peterson."

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART is the true sunshine. A cheerful disposition irradiates a home with happiness.

OUR FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS, to be given in every number, next year, as Supplements, have already created quite a flutter. "I did not think there was anything left for 'Peterson' to do," writes an old friend, "but the magazine, I see, is to be more in the van than ever." Yes! with "Peterson," now as always, the word is, "Forward." These full-size paper pattern diagrams will cost us several thousands of dollars extra; but as our object is to make the magazine *perfect as a lady's book,* we do not hesitate. By this new feature, every lady will be enabled to cut out her own dresses, and every mother to prepare for herself the wardrobe for her children. In this sense, "Peterson" will become, more than ever, a necessity in the household. The paper patterns will be worth, themselves, twice the subscription price. The patterns, too, will be the very latest Paris ones, and not those of second-rate dressmakers, as are the patterns generally given elsewhere; they will also be adapted to moderate incomes; and they will be given, let us say in conclusion, without interfering, in any way, with the other unrivalled attractions of the magazine.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.—Among the novelets for next year, it will be seen, is "The Mystery of Monk's Hollow," *by a new contributor.* We are always looking out for fresh talent, and always welcome new writers of real ability. "Peterson" has introduced more authors of reputation to the public than any other magazine in America. Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett, Marietta Holley, the author of "The Second Life," and a host of others, now famous, made their first appearance in "Peterson."

THE GEMS OF ART, or, the Pictorial Annual, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, instead of "The Angels of Christmas," if preferred. Each of these beautiful gift-books contains twenty-five steel engravings, similar to those published in "Peterson," and may be preferred, by many persons, to the premium plate. Or they will be sent to subscribers on the same terms as the premium plate; viz., for fifty cents, extra, each. To persons, not subscribers, the price is one dollar each.

OUR TITLE-PAGE for 1877 is in a different vein from any we have ever had. It has the merit of novelty as well as beauty. Where else do you see such steel engravings as in "Peterson?" The title-page, and "Among the Flowers," have no rivals.

"MORALITY AND VIRTUE."—A clergyman writes: "I have been acquainted with your magazine for more than five-and-twenty years, and can bear testimony to the fact, that, in all that time, it has been steadily on the side of morality and virtue."

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready about the twentieth of November, or a little in advance of the usual time, and will be a miracle of beauty. Everybody of taste will be on the *qui vive* to see it. Remit early.

MORE MONEY IS SPENT, annually, by this magazine, or steel plates, colored fashion plates, Berlin patterns, and other embellishments, than by any other periodical in America, or, so far as we know, in the world.

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Our Premium Engraving for 1878.—For next year, our premium engraving to be given to persons getting up clubs, will be "The Angels of Christmas." This is no old plate vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with most of those offered by other publishers, but has been designed and engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers. The infantine beauty, the cherubic innocence of the angels' faces, in this engraving, have never been equaled on canvas. This part of the picture is after Sir Joshua Reynolds. These angels' faces are hovering in the sky, gazing, from afar, on Bethlehem, over which shines, refulgent, the Star of the East. It is an engraving that ought to be on the walls *of every family in the land.* In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement on the cover.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the advertisement on the cover.

Our Colored Pattern for this month is altogether the most costly, as well as the most beautiful, we have ever issued in a December number. The size is exceptionally large. The pattern is one of extraordinary elegance and refinement. The swallows really seem to be alive. It can be worked by any lady of taste, without a description. We offer it to our subscribers as *Our Christmas Gift* for 1877.

Embroidery for Flannel Petticoats.—In the front of the number, we give a pretty design for embroidering a flannel petticoat. The upper part of the petticoat is of honeycomb pattern flannel; but, this is optional. The embroidery is on plain flannel and is done either in silk, linen floselle, or Shetland wool, which is best of all, as it stands washing.

"To the Least of These."—Forget not, this Christmastide, the needy and the suffering. Have you much? Give of your abundance. Have you little? Share a mite of it with those worse off than yourself, and so bring on your family and all about you a blessing. "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least one of these, ye did it unto Me."

"Lonesome Without It."—A lady writes to us: "I have got up clubs for your magazine for four years, till this year, when sickness prevented. I have been so lonesome without it, that I must raise a club for 1878." And we receive scores of such letters.

We May Think Ourselves unhappy, friendless, unjustly treated by fate; but there are always others less fortunate than ourselves; and, after all, a brave soul can only be conquered by itself.

"Will Not Do Without It."—A lady writes: "This year is the first year, for eight years, that I have forborne to take 'Peterson.' I will not do without it again."

To Look Pretty is the duty of every woman, and to dress stylishly is half the battle, provided she can do it without exceeding her means.

Save a Dollar, by subscribing to "Peterson" for 1878. Other lady's books, "not half so advanced," says a cotemporary, "ask three or four."

Homes of Refinement.—A magazine, on the centre-table, is a sure sign that the home is one of refinement.

The Improvement in the Times is everywhere recognised. What did we say, on this subject, last July?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

China Painting. By M. Louise McLaughlin. 1 *vol., square* 12*mo. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.* The author of this little book has a wide reputation as an artist, and specimens of her china painting were among the attractions, in the Woman's Department, at the Centennial, last year. The volume is mainly a record of her experience in painting on china, during the past ten years. She is careful to explain every detail of the process, in such a way as to enable an amateur, in a very little while, to acquire a practical knowledge of this now fashionable art. The book comes at an opportune time, and will satisfy a very general want. It is printed, illustrated and bound with exceptionally good taste.

A Miracle of Stone: or, the Great Pyramid of Egypt. By John A. Seiss, D. D. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—The author of this volume is a distinguished Philadelphia divine, already well known to the religious reading public; his "Lectures on the Gospels," "Lecture on the Apocalypse," and "The Gospel of Leviticus," having taken high rank among books of their class. His present work, as stated in the preface, is designed to give a succinct, yet comprehensive account of the great pyramid of Gizeh, and of the recent discoveries and claims respecting it.

The Mother-In-Law. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This popular author loses none of her general acceptance, but has to-day as many admirers as when she first began to write, some five-and-twenty years ago. The reason is that she has lost none of her power of graphic description, none of her dramatic force, none of her keen instinct into what constitutes the real "inwardness" of a successful novel.

Jolly Good Times. By P. Thorne. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. New York: Roberts Brothers.*—There has been a run, this year, on books about children, written, not so much for children to read, as for grown people. One very successful venture led the way, and then others followed like a flock of sheep. The present tale is one of "child-life on a farm," as the author phrases it. We find it much better than most of its kind. It can be read to children, also, with profit.

They All Do It. By J. M. Bailey. Illustrated. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author of this book made quite a hit, some time ago, with his "Life in Danbury." His present venture deserves to be equally successful, and, we think, will be. It is in his own humorous words, "a faithful record of what befell the Miggsees on several important occasions," and is a series of hasty sketches of character, of village life, etc., etc. The book is full of fun.

A Summer in North Sparta. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Boston: Loring.*—This is a story of New England country life. It is evidently written by one familiar with the subject, for it is full of local color and quaint sketches of character. Mrs. Slocum, Mrs. Hedley, Mrs. Pulsifer, and Deacon Peabody are evidently drawn from life. The love-story is merely the thread on which to string these sketches.

Out of the Depths. The Story of a Woman's Life. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A very powerfully written story, from the pen of an anonymous writer. It forms one of the cheap and popular "Dollar Series," of which we have so often spoken. The volume is handsomely bound in blue cloth, embossed and gilt.

Happy Days for Boys and Girls. One Hundred and Thirty-six Illustrations. 1 *vol., small* 4*to. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—This is a book for children, and really a very superior affair. It is most bountifully, as well as beautifully, illustrated, and would make a nice Christmas gift.

Flirtations in America: or, High Life in New York. 1 *vol.,* 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—There is a good deal of spirited delineation of character in this novel, and the plot is well conceived, and skilfully carried out.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

In Getting up Clubs, it would be well to tell your friends what is thought of "Peterson" by dispassionate critics, such as the editors of the United States; all of them, north, south, east and west, unite in pronouncing it the *best of the lady's books, because not only the cheapest, but combining more excellencies than any other.* Says the Everett (Mass.) *Free Press:* "Peterson is undoubtedly the most popular of the lady's books; the best stories fill its pages, the prettiest steel engravings are to be found there, reliable articles on fashions and fancy work abound; it is the cheapest magazine in the country." The Wheatland (Mo.) *Star* says: "It is the cheapest of the really first-class lady's books, and should be in the home of every woman in the land; the fashions are the latest, the reading excellent; it is the best of the lady's magazines." The Williamsport (Pa.) *Banner* says: "A lady's book is a necessity to every cultured woman, and we cheerfully recommend 'Peterson.' In the number before us, the literary contents are fully up to the high standard of this magazine." The Littletown (Pa.) *News* says: "It embraces every feature of the household; is surpassed by none, and is cheaper than others." The Reading (Pa.) *Journal* says: "The best two dollar magazine in the United States." The Pulaski (Tenn.) *Citizen* says: "The last number is ahead, as usual, and is one of the grandest numbers of this splendid lady's magazine." The *Church Advocate* says: "The magazine, throughout, is at all times first-class; to us it seems as if ladies could not well do without it." The Littleton (N. H.) *Argus* says: "The fashions are exquisite, the stories and poetry bright and sparkling; it is full of useful and indispensable suggestions for the household; where it once visits, it is always retained." The Lansing (Iowa) *Mirror* says: "It is the queen of the fashion magazines, always progressive, always entertaining, and invariably ahead of its competitors." The Randolph (Ala.) *News* says: "By all odds the best, the cheapest, the handsomest, and the most interesting lady's book in America." We have hundreds of similar notices, but can spare room only for these. What other magazine can show such a record?

Back Numbers of this Magazine can always be supplied by the publisher. If news-dealers say they cannot get back numbers, it is because they will not take the trouble. Any back number will be sent, postage free, from this office, on receipt of the retail price.

Woman's Beauty.—Every lady ought to know that Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is a combination of wholesome elements, capable of imparting a natural and exquisitely beautiful complexion. Ladies, try it.

"Always Keeps its Promises."—The Catasauqua (Pa.) *Record* only echoes the universal voice of the press, when it says: "Peterson's Magazine gets better and better, and *always keeps its promises.*"

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Department of Nursing.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XII.—Preparing External Remedies—Concluded.

Poultices of elm or flaxseed, or of the two combined, are generally too thinly spread. Another fault in their make-up is, the ground elm bark is very apt to not get thoroughly moistened, in the haste of mother or nurse to apply it. This substance especially will absorb a great deal of water, and it is often not wet when it so appears, as will be apparent if it is allowed to stand for a time, when the water will be all absorbed, and the material be comparatively dry. Have a care, then, that poultices from these substances be both thickly spread and thoroughly wet before being applied, as their object, mainly, is to afford warmth and moisture to the part, and thus reduce inflammation or fever suppuration. The moment they become dry, they should be replaced or remoistened, and it is better to cover them with paper or oiled silk to retain them in proper condition. As a rule, ground elm and linseed are mixed with cold water, and are more pleasant to the patient to be applied cold. It is advisable also to cover them, when applied to the eye, burns and denuded parts, with thin gauze or *bobbinet.* *Blistering* patients are becoming less and less frequent, and they, with the lancet, will ere long be like the school-boy's tale, "Gone glimmering through the mists of things that were." Time was (and even in my youth) when every physician carried his spring lancet in his vest pocket, and it was resorted to in every inflammatory disease, to be followed in due course, with the everlasting "fly blister." But, happily for suffering humanity, partly through the successful strides of homeopathy, and a better common sense in the profession, both are being laid aside, as the pathology of disease is being better understood, and their uses being replaced by more positive and less harmful agents. Still, as blisters are much used in some localities, where the light of modern therapeutics has not yet dawned, some remarks upon them must needs be made. Blisters are generally prepared by the physician or apothecary, and handed to the nurse, whose province is to apply them, and conduct the after management. If there should be any difficulty in keeping them in their place, strips of adhesive plaster can be applied over them, and a bandage. It is not necessary to cover the surface of the blister with gauze, for it should never be left on long enough *to raise* and *break the skin,* and thus do mischief by having its active irritating principle absorbed through a raw surface. The sensibility of the skin in different patients differs widely, hence the blister should never be ordered to be left on so many hours. A correct practice is to order its removal as soon as the skin is uniformly reddened, ascertained by raising an edge of the plaster from time to time, and thus save the patient unnecessary pain. When the blister has been applied to parts that render exposure of the body unavoidable, the nurse, previous to dressing it, should see that no current of air will strike the patient, and that the temperature of the room is not too low. Patients are often bedewed with perspiration at these times, and we have often heard them complain very much of being chilled during the process, where this caution has not been observed. Well wilted and rolled cabbage leaves, or a bread and milk poultice, should be applied to the blistered part, in order to raise *full blisters,* which should at once be clipped with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, so as to permit the fluid to escape, which should not be allowed to run down over healthy skin, but be absorbed by a cloth prepared for the purpose, as it escapes.

The leaves, as above prepared, should be again applied in two or three thicknesses, sufficient to retain the moisture for five or six hours.

Lastly, bathing the face and hands frequently with vinegar and water, diluted spirits, cologne or other toilet water, is very refreshing to the sick, in fine, often a real luxury, in which the nurse should give the patient free indulgence.

HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE.

WINDOW GARDENING.—II.

The aphis or fly, "our little, green brother who lives on the rose," if a single one is permitted to live, soon multiplies into an annoyance. Smoking the plants infested, as they

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stand in your window, is useless. Green fly can be quite smoked off only in a well-closed greenhouse, or, for want of that, in a large chest, in which the plants may be shut up with a little smouldering tobacco. Branches badly attacked may be smeared, and thereby cleared, with a brush soaked in a strong infusion of tobacco; but it discolors for a while the shoots to which it is applied, and, moreover, stains fair fingers. Slighter visitations of the insects may be kept down by continually brushing them off with a small, clean painter's brush, kept for the purpose.

Brown or turtle scale is a still more displeasing insect pest, to which orange trees, camelias, and even evergreen ferns are liable, often caught in and brought from infested greenhouses. Therefore, when buying such plants, look sharp to see that they are clean. If you discover that your orange or lemon tree is thus disfigured, paint all its leaves and stems with a mixture of soft soap and tobacco juice; wash it off next day with a sponge and tepid water, and watch closely, for some time afterwards, that none of the culprits have escaped to leave behind them lineal descendants.

Not a few houses have a back yard, at the bottom of which is some sort of out-building—scullery or wash-house—to which the family often go to and fro. By promoting this appendage to the rank of a back or second kitchen, and connecting it with the house by a lean-to covered passage with glazed roof and front, in the first place, the real kitchen is relieved by an annex, which the mistress can visit and inspect without catching cold; and, secondly, the glass corridor will render good service as a greenhouse. The warmth from the house and the back kitchen will keep out ordinary frosts. In summer you may make it as gay as you please, with the whole list of conservatory flowers to choose from, and it need not be anything like bare in winter. We have seen excellent grapes grown in such a passage, whose utility is obvious, while its beauty is acknowledged at very first sight. The longer and broader it can be made, the more effective it becomes.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.—This is usually played thus: One person being sent out of the room, another, who acts as public prosecutor, goes round the circle, and invites each of the company to accuse the absent one of some offence; the more absurd the imputed crime, the better. This done, the culprit is introduced, and the public prosecutor addresses him. "It is my painful duty to inform you that in this open and honorable court, you have been accused of—" here follows the offence imputed. "Dyeing your hair"—"Conceit"—"Punctuality"—"Modesty"—"Going to sleep in church"—"Wearing green gloves"—"Flirting"—"Writing poetry"—"Believing in compliments" are all good crimes. Having heard the accusation, the culprit makes a short defence of himself against the charge, and winds up by pointing out the person whom he supposes to have made it, as a proof that no credence can be attached to it. If he guesses right, the accuser is in turn sent out, and made to sit on the stool of repentance—if not, the next charge is heard until they are all exhausted. The following appears, however, a better way of playing the game: When the culprit has been selected he should be allowed, before leaving the room, to choose counsel, who leaves the room with him. The company will then elect a judge and counsel for the prosecution; the crimes will be named, and the prisoner again introduced. The judge, who must assume a becoming gravity and spectacles, and, above all, must sit in an arm-chair, then states the charge that has been made, and calls upon the counsel for the prosecution, who thereupon rises and makes a speech to prove the commission of the imputed crime. When he has come to an end, the counsel for the prisoner replies, and, in consideration of his ignorance of the accuser, has beside the right to call three witnesses for the defence from among the company. The rule of evidence is that he is not allowed to examine witnesses with regard to the actual commission of the crime, and any approach to an actual reference to it must be stopped by the judge, or objected to by the counsel for the prosecution. His object, therefore, will be so to examine the witnesses with regard to the circumstances attending the crime or the supposed motive for it, as to discover which of the company could have actually seen it or known it to be committed. When this is done, the judge sums up, the matter is referred to the company as a jury, and if the prisoner is acquitted—as he may sometimes be in consideration of a good defence—the accuser takes his place. If, however, he is found guilty, he is asked what he has to say, "why sentence should not be passed upon him?" and he then makes a guess at his accuser. This method gives an opportunity for the display of much oratory and ingenuity on the part of the counsel and witnesses, and may be made productive of great fun.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Rabbits with Onions.—After the rabbit is cleaned, truss it and put it on to boil with cold water enough to cover it. When the rabbit is boiled tender, take it out and fry it in boiling lard to a light brown; take it out and set it near the fire. Have six onions sliced, and put them right in the boiling lard. When they are fried a nice brown, pour a little boiling water in the frying-pan, and one tablespoon of browned flour; pour this gravy over the rabbit, and serve. Season with pepper and salt.

After boiling the rabbit tender, it may be served with drawn butter sauce, that has had six boiled onions put in it. The onions must first be boiled perfectly tender. Pour this sauce over the rabbit, and serve.

Baked Hash.—Mince corned beef very fine, and any kind of cold fowl, one onion, cayenne pepper, and salt. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, and mix in with the minced meat; add one tablespoon of butter, and not quite cover it all with boiling water; let it brown nicely, and serve. It will not take long to cook. Cold, boiled Irish potatoes are sometimes mixed with the beef; they must be mashed smooth, and then mixed with the other ingredients.

To Fry Souse.—The feet must be split in two, and boiled in enough water to cover them, with a little salt. Then put them in a jar, and pour over them half vinegar and half broth that they were boiled in; boil down the rest of the broth to a jelly, and add to the feet; roll the feet in cornmeal or cracker dust, and fry them in boiling lard, or they may be fried in batter. Souse is very good served cold.

To Stew Fresh Pork.—Cut the ribs into chops; put them into a deep stewpan; cover them with cold water; season with peppper and salt, and stew until tender. Stir in one tablespoon of butter, with one teaspoon of flour for thickening. Slice either sweet or Irish potatoes, and put into the stew when half done. One hour is enough to cook the stew. It can also be served with green peas.

Turkey with Oysters.—Cut up the turkey very fine, that is, cold roast or boiled turkey. Put a layer of turkey, and and one of oysters alternately. Season with cream, butter, pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, an onion, and strew crumbs of bread and small pieces of butter on the top, and bake it. When the oysters are done, serve it.

DESSERTS.

A Christmas Pudding that will keep a long time.—Ten

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pounds of plums stoned; ten pounds of currants and four pounds of raisins, washed and dried; ten pounds of coarse, brown sugar; ten pounds of fresh beef suet; two pounds of mixed peel, cut thin; ten pounds of very fine bread crumbs; mixed spices; two nutmegs grated; twenty-seven new laid eggs; two bottles of good, brown brandy; one bottle of sherry: enough flour to prevent the suet from caking when chopped; add the ingredients one at a time, and stir till they are thoroughly mixed. Well grease a number of basins with fresh butter, fill them not too full with the mixture, tie a floured cloth over each, put them in pots full of boiling water, and boil them for six hours or more, according to size. These puddings will keep a year. If not wished to keep, of course, the proportions may be decreased.

Oxford Sauce for Plum Pudding.—Stir together melted fresh butter and sugar, and continue stirring until cold. If the proportions have been rightly judged, the result is a white mass of the consistence of an ice pudding. When put on a hot plate it melts. A small allowance of brandy mixed with sauce is liked by many.

ECONOMICAL PUDDINGS.

Coffee Cream.—Put a breakfastcupful of made coffee into a stewpan with rather better than half a pint of boiled milk; add eight yolks of eggs, a pinch of salt, and one-half pound of sugar; stir the cream, briskly on the fire, until it begins to thicken, stir for a minute longer, and then run it through a sieve into a basin; add two ounces of dissolved gelatine; mix, and set the cream in a mould embedded in rough ice.

Apple Pudding.—One-half pound of suet, one-half pound of apples, and one-half pound of bread crumbs, two eggs, and one-quarter pound of moist sugar, all to be well mixed, and boil in a basin; the apples and suet to be chopped fine, and the pudding well boiled; to be eaten with melted butter and sugar at table, if preferred.

Batter and Apples.—Pare and core six apples, and stew them for a short time with a little sugar; make batter in the usual way, beat in the apples, and pour the pudding into a buttered pie-dish; the pudding, when properly done, should rise up quite light, with the apples on the top; to be eaten at table with cold butter and moist sugar.

Galoni.—One-half pound of flour, a pinch of salt, two eggs beaten, one-quarter pound butter; knead all very thoroughly for three-quarters of an hour, roll out very thin, cut in strips or any fancy shapes, fry in boiling lard, place on a hot dish with a napkin, sprinkle with pounded sugar, and serve.

Fig Pudding (very good).—One-half pound of figs, same of suet and bread crumbs, and enough treacle to mix the ingredients, and a little sugar; the figs and suet to be chopped fine, and the pudding well boiled.

Boley-poley, made with molasses instead of jam, is a very good pudding for children.

CAKES.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, four nutmegs, two pieces of citron, two and one-half pounds of currants, two and one-half pounds of raisins, one pound of almonds, pounded in a mortar, with rose water, to keep them from oiling, one-half pint of wine and brandy mixed, to be added last, sugar and butter well creamed, eggs beaten very light, and then added, then the flour, and then the fruit, cut fine, and rolled in flour. It will take two hours to bake.

Neapolitan Cake.—One-half pound flour, six ounces butter, two ounces loaf sugar, two ounces sweet almonds, finely pounded. Rub all well together, and mix it with one egg. Put it in a cool place to harden; then roll it out to a thin paste, and cut it with an oval quart mould; then bake the pieces in an oven. Whilst warm, place layers of different sorts of jam between layers of the paste. Ice it over with white of egg and sugar, and ornament to your taste.

Breakfast Rolls.—Mix one-half ounce of sifted white sugar in two pounds of finest flour. Make a hole in the centre, and put in about two tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, mixed with a little water. Let it stand all night. In the morning add the yolks of two eggs, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and sufficient warm milk to make it a proper consistence. Bake half an hour in a rather brisk oven. This makes twelve or fourteen rolls.

Gingerbread Nuts.—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of molasses, one-half ounce of ground ginger, three-quarters pound of flour; melt the butter, sugar, and molasses, pour it on to the flour, knead it well, let it stand for a few days before it is rolled into cakes, and baked in a slow oven.

Half Black Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, twelve eggs, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins, one-half pound of citron, cloves, mace, and cinnamon to taste. Mix as for fruit cake. Wine-glass of wine, and one of brandy.

Mush Cakes.—One pint of corn-meal, boil half of it to a mush; when nearly cold, add two eggs beaten light, one tablespoon of butter, one gill of milk, and then the rest of the meal. Drop a tablespoonful at a time on the griddle, or bake them in greased tins.

Raisin Bread Cake.—Two and one-half pounds of flour, one pound of brown sugar, three-quarter pound of butter, four eggs, one pint of milk, one teaspoon of soda, one gill of yeast, two pounds of fruit.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF PEACOCK BLUE CAMEL'S HAIR; the under-skirt is one of the new round skirts, that is not made with a train, and is plain. The upper-skirt is very long, shirred in front, so as to fall in easy folds, and is very simply draped at the back. The very deep close-fitting jacket is buttoned down the front, and is trimmed like the skirt, with bands of embroidered silk, and a heavy worsted fringe. Bonnet of satin, of the color of the dress, trimmed with rich ostrich plumes.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF THE NEW LIGHT GREEN MOSS COLOR; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a full wide ruching of silk, notched out at the edges. White gauze forms draperies with silk, like the dress in front. The gauze is tied in a knot in front, and is fastened under long sprays of pink honeysuckle on the right. The gauze forms scarf ends with the silk, at the back, when they are again caught down with sprays of the honeysuckle. Very deep cuirass waist, trimmed with fringe around the bottom. Gauze berthe with honeysuckle brand in front, and a sprig of honeysuckle in the hair.

FIG. III.—EVENING DRESS OF PRIMROSE-COLORED SILK, with a fan-shaped train at the back; the front of the dress is trimmed with puffings of silk, and embroidered muslin ruffles. The back has a narrow train of thin muslin, trimmed with embroidery. The waist and sleeves are made to correspond with the skirt, the sleeves being puffed lengthwise to the elbow, when they are finished with embroidered ruffles. Primrose-colored ribbon at the back of the hair.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the skirt has a demi-train. The wrap is made of a rich cashmere shawl, with very long loose sleeves. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with an ostrich plume, and black velvet, piped with gold-colored satin.

FIG. V.—VISITING DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the train is rather long and plain, and fastened to the front of the dress by a row of gold-colored buttons. The front of the dress has a petticoat trimmed with several rows of knife-plaitings,

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and over this falls the upper-skirt, which is trimmed with a band of gold-colored satin, and black velvet, edged with a back silk fringe. A very plain flounce above this is trimmed in the same way. The Breton jacket is cut square in front, and filled in with tulle, and is piped like the sleeves and pocket, with gold-colored satin. Black satin bonnet, with short and wide lace strings, tied under the chin, and trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

Fig. vi.—House Dress of Dark Brown Cashmere; the tunic is turned up with a deep crossband of the same material, and the skirt is plain. The tunic is draped at the back under a pouf, and the long cuirass bodice is ornamented with brandebourgs and wood buttons; it is laced at the back.

Fig. vii.—Winter Carriage Dress made of rich black armure silk, and trimmed with black plush, which has a short thick pile. Both the front and back of the paletot are demi-fitting, and a trimming of gimp is laid down the fronts, and as far as the waist at the back; it is also continued in a line above the plush border, and the sleeves and pockets correspond in style. The plain skirt is of silk of a dark color. The bonnet is trimmed with velvet the color of the skirt, and gold-colored feathers; the strings are tied at the side.

Figs. viii and ix.—Promenade Dress of Bourrette de Lain, a new woolen material, which is rough on surface, and has different colors shot through it. The front of the skirt is bordered with a plaiting stitched down twice. The Princesse polonaise is fastened the entire length of the front; it is draped at the hips and left open at the sides, up which the ball fringe is carried. Sleeves with double cuffs and plaitings. The back of the skirt has a queue de paon plaiting. The tunic is square, and draped beneath a Breton tab, and is bordered with ball fringe, having a netted heading. The mantelet scarf, which fits the figure, is cut squarely at the back, and likewise edged with Spanish fringe.

Figs. x and xi.—Ulster of drab-colored cloth, ornamented with wooden buttons. The lowest of the three capes falls to the elbow at the side, and to the waist at the back. The revers at the throat are similar to those on a man's coat. The sleeves are long and close fitting, and terminate with revers. Two rows of buttons at the back.

General Remarks.—We also give two head dresses: the first, for evening wear, with the hair plaited down the neck, where it ends in louse curls tied by a bow of ribbon, the color of the dress; the second head dress is of a more simple style, and arranged with the hair waved, loosely banded, and two long curls at the side. The bonnets are some of the prettiest among the many new styles, that have appeared this winter. The first is for half mourning, and is of black silk and tulle, and trimmed across the front with bunches of small grapes and leaves. Black ribbon strings. The hat is of gray felt, trimmed with black velvet and grey feathers. The other bonnet is of brown plush, trimmed with chestnut colored feathers and silk. In front, are three tea roses, and brown silk bow. Ribbon strings tied in a bow on the left side.

We gave in the November number, such ample descriptions of the latest change in the fashions, that but little is left to be said this month. The new favorite color is the moss green, which has a yellowish tinge, and it comes in as many shades in silks and woolen goods, as are found in shady moist places in the woods in spring time. The lighter shades appear in silks and satins, for evening wear; the darker ones being used for street and day wear. Myrtle green, bottle green, lizard green, and olive green are all used for day wear, whilst the "crystal" and "cascade" green are so light that they are only worn in the evening. Light blue looks very well with some of the greens, and navy blue, and dark ruby also combine well with some of them, but great care must be taken to use the proper shades together, which can only be accomplished by placing the two colors in contact, for it is quite impossible to describe the exact tones that should go together. Some of the new steels and greys are very soft and pretty, but look cold beside the darker hues. Plum blue, dark wine color, seal brown and bronze are all seen in the new goods. The woolen goods are of all qualities, prices, and names, and are much more worn than silk goods, on the street, by the best dressed people, though silk is almost always used in combination with the woolen material. The one exception to this rule is the black silk costume, which is considered indispensable by those who can afford it, as we have already said in our October number.

In the November number, we spoke of the style of making dresses, and nothing newer has appeared. The habit basque with the vest front, is gaining in popularity. Sleeves for ordinary dresses are made closer-fitting, and some wear the cuff outside the sleeve in the Anne of Austria style. These cuffs fit closely around the wrist, are deep, and flare at the upper edge, but we warn our readers that they are unbecoming, except to the prettiest shaped, and whitest of hands, without they are made of lace. The stiff dried white linen cuff, turned back over the sleeve, is one of the ugliest fashions possible, but deep lace cuffs, which soften the hands, and form shadows, are not so objectable. The same may be said of the large Anne of Austria collars, which accompany the cuffs—eschew the linen, and use the lace, if you have it. For house wear, the elbow sleeve with its softening ruffles, is very popular, and very pretty.

Nothing newer has appeared in wraps since those described in the November number. One of the newest has the three capes like the ulster, as shown in the present number. This especial style of ulster is called the "Carrick," though the capes are often called "coachman's capes." All out-of-door garments are long, only young girls wearing the short jacket.

Bonnets are of felt, satin, and velvet, satin cordings and pipings being very fashionable. The Marie Stuart bonnet with its pointed front, and close-fitting sides, is sometimes worn, and to some faces is very becoming.

The Style of the First Empire becomes more and more marked, every month, in the fashions that come out from Paris. The clinging skirts, the short boddice, are all there. We see in every figure, a nearer and nearer approach to David's famous picture of Madame Recamier.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. i.—Girl's Costume of Light Brown Cloth; it is trimmed with a broad band of brown cloth, and is fastened with two rows of wooden buttons. The paletot is cut in rather close to the figure, at the back, and has a brown worsted sash tied loosely around the waist. A deep cape, and a double collar, and sleeves are trimmed with bands of brown cloth. Light brown felt hat, trimmed with dark brown velvet.

Fig. ii.—Girl's Costume of gray cashmere, which is cut out in turrets, at the bottom, over a plaiting of blue cashmere. The neck is cut square over a white plaited chemisette. Band across the waist in front. The back of the dress is in the Princesse shape.

Fig. iii.—Young Girl's Dress of Green Bourrette, Shot with Red; the under-dress is trimmed with two bands of dark green velvet. The upper-dress has a band of velvet just below the pouf. Cuirass basque trimmed with a band of velvet. Square collar. Bonnet of green felt, trimmed with a wreath of red berries.

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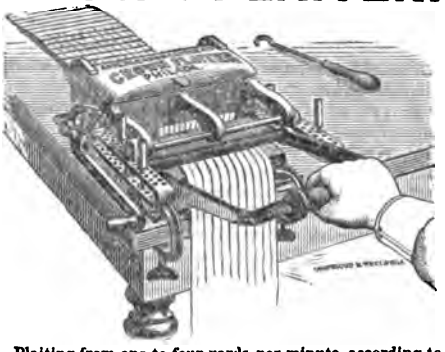

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